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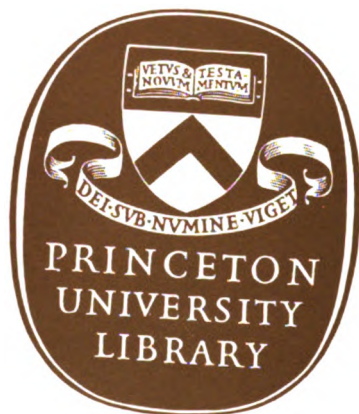
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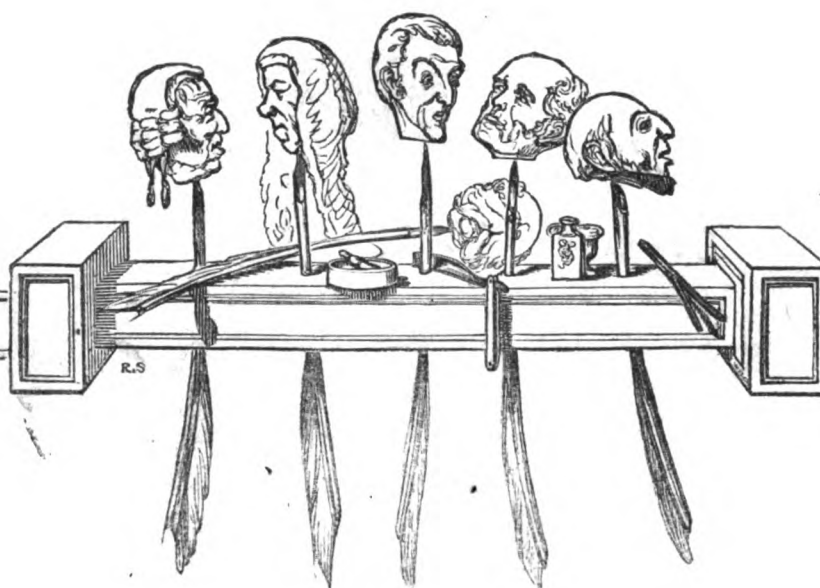




FIGARO IN LONDON.

VOL. III.

FOR THE YEAR 1834.



LONDON:

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PLEASE NOTE:

This issue
(Dec. 27, 1834)
is bound out
of order.



PREFACE.

This—the Third Volume—closes the publication as far as its projector and original Editor is concerned—who is no longer responsible for any thing that may appear in any periodical bearing the title of *Figaro*.

Our labours in this work comprise Three Volumes—it being little more than three years since the first number of *Figaro in London* was sent forth, without being preceded by even one solitary advertisement. Its popularity was soon great, owing, however, more to the novelty of the plan, and the opportunity given for ridicule by the position of political parties, than to any merit the execution of the design could boast of.

It is gratifying to the Editor to feel that he abandons the work from none but a voluntary cause, and that the public still patronizes this little paper to an extent that renders it in a pecuniary point of view a sacrifice to abandon it.

3-17-47 - 1/2 cent
The venomous who are always sure to be idiotic, will very probably vent forth a stupid cry of obvious and common place sarcasm. This ignorant howl, will experience no contradiction from us—the *Figaro* is known to be at this time a very profitable work—and even if it were not generally known, the publication of the fact would be to us a matter of utter indifference. A thousand surmises cannot overturn one fact, which one fact is to us perfectly satisfactory.

We have often alluded to rivals of this work. We need not say they have all long ago departed. We now at once bid our readers one and all FAREWELL.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 160.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

SINGULAR ANNOUNCEMENT.

Figaro in London is about to commit, as it were, a literary suicide, that is to say, the individual who projected it, and has solely conducted it from its first appearance, three years ago, to the present time, is about to discontinue his labours in this publication. We have a variety of reasons for coming to this conclusion, the first, and in our estimation the most weighty of which is, that the weekly execution of our editorial task is an irksome interruption to other business of a more important kind, and an impediment to more advantageous pursuits, unconnected with periodical or any other kind of literature. Another reason for our abandoning this work is candidly this, we have become thoroughly tired of furnishing, week after week, for three successive years, a series of trifling comments on political and other matters; indeed, when we have felt the tediousness of writing, we have often thought it most marvellous that the public, by its undiminished patronage of *Figaro*, has proved itself to be never tired of purchasing and reading it. Indeed, so profitable is it to this moment, that the publisher, we believe, intends continuing the title, though we must be understood as having ceased all connection with any thing that may appear after this number, which terminates the third volume.

We really feel an honest impression, that the new *Figaro*, who assumes the razor which we resign, will execute his office better than we have lately done at least, for we have sat down to our weekly task with indelible distaste for a very long period.

Whether we ever resume the formidable instrument at a
Vol. III.

future period, is a matter entirely for our own most gracious consideration, though *at present* we have not the smallest intention of doing so. There may be, and doubtless are, a number of low-minded creatures, who may consider, that because we have resigned a most formidable weapon, we have no longer the power to wield it; such persons may chuckle at our resignation of such power, but we would warn them, that we *can resume* it at pleasure, and certainly shall do so if we find it expedient.

To those of a more liberal, because of a less ignorant and malicious stamp, we can only say, that we have spoken very often of many persons in ridicule, with a heedlessness of the consequences to them, which, while it may have appeared unfeeling, was never more than inconsiderate. To these, one and all, we really owe this acknowledgment, though we have great pleasure in saying, that from the air of burlesque with which our harshest strictures have been surrounded, we suspect that our severity, in those instances, where, if cruelly intended, it would have been unmerited, has never done any one an intrinsic injury.

Many persons have advised us to continue *Figaro*, if it be merely for the sake of its unequalled theatrical influence, but it is our unwillingness to benefit by this accidental advantage, which is one of our chief causes for resigning it. Since we have dabbled in dramatic authorship, we have found it quite repugnant to our wish to speak unfavourably of dramatic pieces, but we have unfortunately often found it inconsistent with our judgment to do otherwise. We have therefore frequently had to choose between seeming to speak invidiously of an author,

W. Mellieux, Printer, 13, Belle Buildings, Fetter Lane.

or neglecting our duty to the public by sacrificing our judgment, and we have often (lately in particular,) preferred the latter alternative.

We have been told that the cesspool of malice will be opened upon us the moment we resign the powerful engine which we have handled for so long a period. These warnings we ridicule, for malice is always impotent, and counteracts itself, besides which, if we find it necessary, we can, as we said before, at any time resume the razor, and wield it with the more vigour from having had a little relaxation from the constant use of it. For further explanation *vide* the preface to the third volume.

OUR LAST LEADER.



This being *our* last leader, we may as well take leave of our political friends, who have for so long furnished us with subjects for the political department of *Figaro*. We believe we have had occasional jokes at the expence of every party, and are consequently under the deepest obligations to Tory, Whig, Radical, Republican, Revolutionary, Destructive and Conservative. We consequently may be said to belong to none, which is, we believe, almost the fact, though we have had such a thorough sickener of the Whigs, that we do expect something better from the new government, although it be a Tory one. With respect to our political butts,—they being with very few exceptions, men of education and gentlemen,—it would be superfluous to explain to them, that we have never had any personal animosity against any one of them. However we have been in the habit of treating them all as fair game, whether they have been of our own or opposite principles.

Our caricature this week is cut at our friends Peel and Wellington, the latter of whom is stumbling over the former, who is rather aptly represented by a piece of slippery orange-peel. The vision is decidedly good, and reflects no small credit on the genuity of the artist. We cannot answer for

the implied prediction being soon verified—and merely leave it as a matter of after-speculation to the nation in general.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The readers of the FIGARO IN LONDON are respectfully informed, that in consequence of a change of Proprietorship, the Editorship of this publication has been entrusted to a gentleman of first-rate talent, and that it is the intention of the new Proprietor, to spare neither pains nor expense, to render it worthy of the extensive patronage it has hitherto experienced. No. 161, will be published January 3, 1835.

THE INTERPRETER.

The Itinerant Drama.

At the approach of Christmas every preparation is making for the theatrical campaign, and there is one department of the drama, which, at this season of festivity, particularly courts our attention. The regular theatres have their regular seasons, but Easter is the time when at Greenwich fair, Richardson's company commences its brief campaign of three days, for the amusement of the Itinerant Drama patronising portion of the community. At Richardson's there is no waiting between the acts, no tediousness in the performance—a tragedy, embracing the best incidents from *Romeo and Juliet*, *Virginus* and the *Grecian Daughter*; besides a comic song, and a pantomime, are all got through in the space of twenty minutes, to the complete satisfaction of the audience. *Virginus*, in the Richardsonian version, is not the dilly dallying irresolute father that Mr. Knowles and history have so impiously conspired to make him. At Richardson's he is brought at once to the grand incident that attaches interest to his name, and with a bold contempt for the unities, he kills his daughter without any of the intermediate rigmarole with Appius. All the scenes of the Richardsonian drama are noted for coming to the point at once; while in the bloodiest of tragedies a high moral is inculcated by the invariable appearance of a ghost immediately after the perpetration of Murder, who comes in a sheet and white satin slippers for retribution, as regularly as the collector calls on quarter-day for the taxes. The managers' attachment to this species of dramatic justice, has given rise to many very amusing stories, and among others, is the following delightful anecdote which may be relied on, for its strict authenticity, as it is derived from a party high in the confidence of the Astleyan Rôscius. Many who have seen Mr. Cartlich at Astley's Amphitheatre have, we know, been much puzzled to account for the strength of his lungs, which admits of his being heard occasionally by persons standing beneath the outside portico. It is not generally known that this

"Mortal engine whose rude throat
Th' Immortal Joves dread clamours counterfeit."

commented his theatrical career in the company of Mr. Richardson, of "fair fame," who has amassed an immense property by his itinerant management. Mr. Cartlich was always an especial favourite with the manager, who is said to be very proud of his protégé, since by the force of merit he has become the leading

tragedian of Astley's. There are many anecdotes on record respecting Mr. Richardson, who, as may be expected from his long experience, knows the taste of his audience, and is a perfect adept in the arts of management. It is well known, that the ghosts are amongst the most attractive members of his company, and being aware of this, he never produces a piece without one; and even where the author has omitted so important a feature, Richardson adapts it to his own theatre by the voluntary introduction of a spectre. On one occasion a piece was going off badly, and the audience were growing impatient, when the manager easily enquired for Cartlich, who, he knew could restore good humour, when he was informed that the part he had been performing had nothing more to do in the play; "Never mind that," said Richardson, "let him go on and speak for himself, if the author has nothing more to say for him." "But, sir," was the reply, "Mr. Cartlitch musn't go on again, for he has just been killed in the presence of the audience." "Has he?" subjoined the manager, in a tone of exultation, "then the piece is saved—on with his ghost."

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

The Repeal Question.

The agitators have long clamoured for *Re-Peal*, but we suspect they will find themselves now *Re-Peeled* in a manner not quite satisfactory.

A Reverse.

It is a maxim that *honesty is the best policy*. But politicians often reverse it, making *policy* their best *honesty*.

A Miracle.

We are astonished that the poorer classes should require *annual parliaments*, for they have even now great reason to complain of having *too short commons*.

An Obligation.

The Duke of Wellington who is partial to ruling by force, proves that if he does not wish to benefit the public, he is at least always ready to *oblige* them.

A Doubtful Encomium.

The other evening, a lady having exerted her vocal powers for the amusement of the company at a *soirée*, received the following rather ambiguous compliment: "Your singing makes you appear a *delicious screecher*" (*delicious creature*).

An Amendment.

"Should I be discovered *I am lost*!" exclaimed the hero of a Surrey melodrame, as he concealed himself in a closet on the stage. "Should you be discovered *you are found*," was the amendment of a wag in the gallery.

Epigram

On seeing *fast colours* labelled on some goods in the window of a linen-draper.

Oh, can you think your goods to recommend

By such a notice? Are you not in fun?

By marking up "*Fast colours*," you but tend

To prove the colours will be apt to *run*.

Signed

CAPT. ROSS.

A Hard Bed.

The cry seems to be in some parts, *Down with the Tories*; but if this call be general, it will be anything but a *bed of down* with the Tories.

To the Editor of *Figaro in London*.

DEAR SIR,

I am delighted to find that Higgins has come in for a good thing, no less a sum than 25,000*l.*, having been left him by his late master. Who would not bear what he put up with for one half the money? But now, sir, let me ask you, as a man of honour, this conundrum:—

Why is Colonel Higgins like overdone leg of mutton?

A. Because he has been so much *roasted*!

With best respects to all at home,

Believe me, dear sir,

Your faithful friend,

CAPTAIN ROSS,

Discoverer of Boothia, and of *no thoroughfare* somewhere, through which I wanted to pass, and I was compelled to come home again.

THEATRICALS.

Playgoers will, we think, generally regret that this is our last theatrical article in this periodical; but there are many imbeciles who will rejoice at losing the wholesome correction of our most healthful criticism.

When we first started this periodical, we were most entirely out of the sphere of all theatrical connection, neither knew one actor on the boards, or one writer for the stage, and certainly wrote our opinions with a freedom that at least was a proof of our being uninfluenced by considerations of partiality. Since then, circumstances have much changed; we know and highly respect many members of the theatrical profession, we are acquainted with many authors, and we therefore feel ourselves not in a position to do justice to the public as critics, since we cannot have the duplicity to meet a man as a friend one day, and criticise him the next in the pages of a periodical.

With respect to the stage, we fear we leave it in a precious state; a worse condition than that in which we found it, since Captain Polhill, whose purse has so long supported the two patent theatres, has at length abandoned them in disgust, and they must now rely upon their own resources; at least, we believe it is not the intention of the present occupant to sink in them any further capital. So had indeed been the stage at present, that a report has gone abroad of its being Mr. Jerrold's intention to give up dramatic authorship; but we can hardly believe that this gentleman, who is the first, if not the most prolific, of comic writers, should be induced to abandon a pursuit from which he does derive so much deserved fame, and from which he ought to derive very considerable emolument. The country ought indeed to be ashamed of its dramatic taste when it drives one great genius to America, and induces, by its apathy, another to contemplate the discontinuance of his labours. We, however, attribute more blame to managers than to the public, for the taste is more enlightened than it ever was before, though bad management has made it unfashionable to visit the theatres. Still those that are the best managed succeed the best, and where an attempt is made to pander to a degraded taste, failure is the invariable consequence. One of Jerrold's or Buckstone's pieces does more for a theatre than fifty inferior productions, which, if not damned, never draw, and thus act as a kind of slow poison on the prospects of the house at which they happen

to be brought forward. The way to make a theatre succeed is by the careful production of well-written pieces, which, if liberally got up and decently acted, will always repay the production. We could not resist this (our *last*) opportunity for a little general remark, but we now proceed to our usual criticism:—

At the large houses old pieces have been played, *Manfred* and *Gustavus* at one house, with *The Red Mask* at the other, being the only *attractive* performances, thus proving that those things which are the best still please the most, in spite of all the whining and howling to the contrary. The theatres in general have been destitute of novelty, owing to their Christmas preparations; but the indefatigable management of the Strand has produced a one act piece called *The Masked Battery*, which is smartly written, abounding in neat dialogue, and made droll by some situations very ingeniously imagined. The acting is excellent, particularly that of Mrs. Nisbett as a young officer, a disguise she assumes with a natural air that no lady we ever saw on the stage came at all near to. Forrester plays in the piece with his usual whimsicality and animation, while Oxberry, Chippendale, and Miss Mordaunt, each fill short, but good, parts with great cleverness. By the bye, *Turn Out* has been played here, a fact, we mention *en passant* to do justice to the rich acting of Mitchell as Gregory. It certainly is the funniest thing we ever saw, and this is saying a great deal, recollecting, as we do, many very distinguished actors in the character. The Strand novelty will be a burlesque on *Manfred*, and will be called *Man-Fred*. Mitchell is to be the hero. The scenery is all burlesqued with great tact by Hillyard, and *the abode of the evil principle*, as it is called at Covent Garden, will be represented at the Strand by a view of *the inside of the Italian Opera House*. We believe Mrs. Waylett also appears in a new piece on Friday, so that the attraction to this flourishing little theatre will be rather considerable. *The Twelve Months* run their career very prosperously, and, thanks to the kindness of the press, it is expected they will do so for a very long period.

The Victoria commences its Christmas campaign with immense spirit, and produces a grand spectacle as well as a Christmas pantomime. All the juveniles will of course prefer this house on account of the looking-glass curtain, and it is to be hoped their friends will take them all to see it, as it is well to encourage, in youthful minds, an early habit of reflection.

A new farce by the author of *The Twelve Months*, &c., has been produced at Madame Vestris's, under the title of *St. Mark's Eve*. Its success has been fortunately quite unequivocal, owing to the admirable acting of Mrs. Orger and Keeley, both of whom keep the audience convulsed with laughter to the falling of the curtain. The press, with its usual liberality, has been universally laudatory.

Drury Lane is about to bring the *quadrupeds* again on its boards, an introduction by which we think its claim to enlightened patronage is *four-footed* (*forfeited*).

The Fitzroy is again about to flare-up under respectable management, Laurent, the French play proprietor, having taken the house, the management of which he has confided to Mr. Broad, late of the Victoria. We wish it every success, and, as far as we have yet heard, we augur well from the arrangements. Wrench, who is an universal favourite, has been secured, and his name will give at least an *eclat* to the theatre, while, we believe, other popular performers are enlisted in the *corps*, a prominent feature in which will be Mrs. Brindal, who was, at the commencement of last year, so deservedly a favourite at this then temporarily flourishing establishment. We trust that

success will wait upon the exertions of the new proprietor. Many have failed before him, but still he need not despair. We believe he intends combining French plays with his English performances. This is a most judicious arrangement, and we do not doubt that he may at least make a better thing of it than many of his predecessors. He cannot make a much worse thing of it, and that is one consolation at any rate. We think he should have opened at Christmas, for he loses one fortnight of the best time in the whole season.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Those who have been patrons of this publication from the first, will probably, in some cases, wish to complete their sets, as here terminate the labours of the original editor. The work, as far as he is concerned is now complete, and is comprised in three volumes, at about six shillings each, in boards, with title pages, prefaces, and all the paraphernalia to make a perfect book. We understand, also, that the back numbers are all in print, and we are perfectly conscious that part six, price 2s. 6d., may be had of all booksellers. Each volume comprises two parts, and each year one volume.

F. H. J. is informed, that his M.S. can be returned to him through the printer.

NOTICE.

Already published, by J. Miller, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden price one shilling each,—

THE KING INCOG.,

(A farce in two acts,) by G. A. A'BECKETT.

THE SON OF THE SUN,

(A mythological burletta,) by the Same.

THE REVOLT OF THE WORKHOUSE,

(A burlesque ballet opera,) by the Same.

Also, published by W. Strange, Paternoster Row, only 6d. each,—

THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG,

(A farce,) by G. A. A'BECKETT.

THE SIAMESE TWINS,

(A farce,) by the Same.

Also, shortly will be published, price only 6d. each,—

ST. MARK'S EVE,

(A farce,) by G. A. A'BECKETT.

THE TURNED HEAD,

(A farce,) by the Same.

FIGARO IN LONDON,

(A burletta in two acts,) by the Same.

THE TWELVE MONTHS,

(A burletta in two acts,) by the Same.

Country managers are informed, that Mr. Miller, the dramatic agent can supply the whole of these pieces.

GENERAL ELECTION.

TO REFORMERS GENERALLY!—ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS, the ANCIENT and most salutary RIGHTS of the COMMONS of Great Britain, wherein is shewn that the statutes of 4 Edward III. and 36 Edward III. which ordain, "that a parliament shall be holden every year once," &c., must necessarily be understood to mean,—NEW ELECTION OF REPRESENTATIVES; "every year once and more often, if need be."
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Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGU.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones) of Political history. They supply information as to the personal habits, and often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CHAMBERLAIN'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 109.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1834.

[Price One Penny]

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

It is to be hoped that in politics the 1st of January, 1834, may be looked on as the dawning not only of a new year but also of a new *æra*, and that the succeeding twelve months will really succeed in yielding us some of the political advantages we have been most anxiously expecting from the hands of a Reformed Parliament.

At the opening of a new year, it is usual to make various presents, and indeed the frequency of new year's gifts has rendered a necessity for their interchange. Seymour has shown us,



in the following caricature, an emblematical picture of Grey refusing to Durham the office of premier by way of new year's gift; a boon that would probably have been conceded but for the unpopularity and the fear that a change might affect the stability of the present government. Its present unsettled state in the scale of public estimation, has been the only reason why grand changes have not been resolved on; and certainly judging from his speechifying in the North, Durham was about the only man in the whole crew of Greys, Grabs, and Grunblers, who is fit for the office of premier, to which he aspires with a noble determination to get all he can, and amiably to preserve the whole of the ministerial patronage to his own delectable family. There was, however, in the radical ranting of Durham too much evident straining after effect; for it to be of much utility to the plans of the Cabinet, or rather to the scheme of Grey, which is not altogether palatable to the rest of his colleagues. Grey is getting not only tired of the bother of office, but he is very naturally somewhat annoyed by the perpetual castigation his actions are obtaining; and though he would retain his influence even to his expiring gasp, he would rather have a Scape Goat to bear the burden of the labour, and the brunt of his unpopularity. The thing was, however, not to be done; the plot has failed in the execution, and Durham has been wasting his clap-traps about "popular rights," "unflinching expositions," "efficient measures," "salutary Reform," and all the other broad unadulterated gammon which kept the Whigs popular for one year; retained them in office a second; but being now seen through, is destined to send them precipitately to that

Perdition which always awaits the detected quacks of political tomfoolery.

Seymour has given a placid gash at the whole system of nepotism adopted by Grab Grey, and has depicted in the countenance of the Reform Rip a strong disposition to retire in favour of Durham, mixed with a stern resolution to risk nothing, and to keep every thing to himself, as heretofore. We can, for the consolation of the premier, only anticipate a decided kick out of the whole crew before Easter; for we are quite certain that the people will not stand another session of slang and speech-making, with no other result than finding themselves just as they were before the Parliament was reformed, or rather we should say, before the Whigs became the successful robbers of the public purse, instead of the Tories as hitherto.

THE INTERPRETER.

Another Blow for Blessington.

Old Mother Blessington, she of the goose quill and the gorgeous form, has once or twice been with considerable propriety rebuked by us for having made poor Lord Byron one of the sincerest twaddlers that ever contributed rubbish in rhyme and rhythm to the leaden pages of a two-penny periodical. Among other trash she makes him talk is the following. "Who would wish for genius," a question which she makes him reply to by saying, that nobody would wish for the distinction, and then he is made to go into a maudlin whining catalogue of the ill effects of being possessed of more than ordinary ability. "Genius," he is made to say by old Lady B. "is the source of great misery," an assertion which we can prove in a negative manner, for Lady Blessington is we believe one of the happiest creatures in existence. That Byron mumbled forth a page and a half of morbid sentiment on such a theme we do not in the least believe; and if he did, it was only to prove satirically to the gay and invariably happy Lady Blessington, how small an opinion he must entertain of her when he held it as a firm opinion that misery is inseparable from genius. Lady B. is writing herself down an ass, in giving publicity to many of his Lordship's sentiments.

News for the Londoners.

"All yesterday, and more particularly to-day, London has been visited by a deep gloom and constant rain, unusual even at this period of the year."—*Sun*.

Our worthy contemporaries are particularly good in the communication of facts, and occasionally we obtain from them intelligence of no ordinary interest. In the extract we have made above, there is a pleasant illustration of the utility of the press, for it shews us the fidelity with which fact reaches us through the channel of the newspapers. Here, for instance, is *The Sun* telling us on Tuesday night that London was gloomy on Monday, and (mark the pains to get early intelligence) "to-day (Tuesday) also." This is a grand triumph for *The Sun*, which, we believe, prides itself vastly on the celerity with which it is enabled to lay before its readers the very latest intelligence. The peruser of *The Sun* at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon in a London coffee-house, might actually have been in possession of the fact, that the metropolis had been in gloom not only yesterday, but even "that very morning also." How much more wise must a subscriber to *The Sun* feel himself than the readers of a more remiss—a less active, and not so minute a news-detailed as some of the other journals. Considering the all-engrossing topic of conversation which the weather furnishes, and that the newspapers are looked to as the

guide for conversation in most cases, *The Sun* of Tuesday last must have been an invaluable help to the dealer in small talk; Since, through its medium, he could be quite sure of the fact that it was gloomy "to-day as well as yesterday." What eloquence the fact must have inspired, and how great must have been the happy *Sun*-subscribers' advantages over talkers in general.

Brutality of Bull.

The ancient family of the Treweeks are supporting old English hospitality, in the Isle of Anglesey.—*Morning Post*.

That this announcement is important we do not mean to raise a question, though "Who are the Treweeks?" might be made a very nice and subtle point for the inquiries of the curious. That it is an ancient family nobody need doubt, for it is of so early a date that nobody in the present generation has ever yet heard of its existence. The Treweeks, however, do exist, and are at the noble work of cramming the stomachs of the poor in the Isle of Anglesey. "Old English hospitality" we know is merely a slang term for gluttony; and Christmas festivity is only a polite phrase to express drunkenness, gourmandising, and the general indulgence of a filthy mania among the English, for an annual cram of their stomachs with "old English fare," or in other words "coarse meats, grease, currants, turkeys, hog's lard, cloves, sausages, sugar, pepper, raisins, mustard, cinnamon, salt, and indeed a general conglomeration of every thing exciting to the true John Bull passion for indiscriminate hoggerly. The Treweeks are enabling the population of Anglesey to debase itself in this filthy way; and all we can say is, that we do not doubt the process is well worthy of the auspices under which it is practised.

The Language of the Fingers.

The *Penny Magazine* people, ever sympathising with the ignorant and the low, have thought proper to enlighten the world on a point of immense importance to the people in general. Not content with useful knowledge, Vaux, Knight, Clowes, and Company have launched into the field of accomplishments, and have commenced with an admirable exposition of the art of talking with the fingers, which fascinating proceeding may now be practised by all the subscribers to the *Penny Mag.* who may allow their tongues to luxuriate in passive indolence. Lord Brougham has, however, not been so complete in his system as we might have hoped; since from so mighty a mind as his it would be presumed, every thing would emanate in perfection without the smallest detracting from its completeness. He has however omitted all notice of that most important and expressive art of finger eloquence, which consists in the application of the thumb to the nose, the digits being extended to the longest point possible. We should have imagined this popular process might have made an admirable theme for a scientific disquisition from the pen of the Chancellor. It is however, perhaps, in his estimation, an act whose signification is beyond the limited power of words, and in fact we are half-disposed to agree with his Lordship's presumed idea, since we believe it is a motion every one intuitively understands, though none could, we suspect, define it properly. If we were asked, we should be disposed to describe it as synonymous with "fudge," which created the other day so singular a sensation among the *Savans* in the court of Exchequer. It is to oratory what fudge is to writing, as for example, suppose we were to read the following paragraph—

"The Wing government is truly the people's friend, and has the interest of the nation at heart most faithfully; but Lord Brougham is, perhaps, of all his colleagues, the most truly devoted to the advancement of the well-being of the community, to assist which end he would not pause at any personal sacrifice." Now to the end of a sentence of this kind we should of

course, if it were written, affix the monosyllable *fudge*! whereas, if we were to hear it spoken, our thumb would perhaps fly to our nose were it not for the vulgarity of the proceeding.

Masquerade Mummery.

The papers have lately been puffing a disgraceful display of blackguardism under the title of a *Masquerade*, which is spoken of as a spirited and witty affair, where the joke and the glass circulated with equal rapidity. Now, we can only judge of the thing by its result, and the only result we can learn is from two or three police cases to which the low set out has given rise, and from which it appears that the glass circulated in somewhat too liberal a sense; for the tumblers, &c., flew about the heads of the company in a manner highly indicative of the *will* that was prevalent amid the very respectable assemblage alluded to. The supper was also greedily devoured by an indiscriminate gang of hungry blackguards who, it seems, pelted the musicians with the bones and other fragments of the meal, as if the fierceness of hunger being allayed the guests had turned to the savage exercise of physical brutality. Yet this is called "*esprit*," and some of the papers even go so far as to assert, that an English masquerade may sometimes come up to those so common on the Continent. We having been at both may be allowed to judge; and though the latter are often *dull* enough, they are at all events free from that brutal riotousness which is, among the mass of the English, the only substitute for *esprit* and gaiety. Noise is not mirth, and pelting a band with turkey's bones is not humorous, but a mere drunken ebullition of natural ferocity. What persons our contemporaries can have admitted to act the Masquerade we are at a loss to conceive, unless the Editors of the papers previously sent parties whom they thought worthy of the company they were to meet; and who, to be so, must have been devoid of all taste, gentlemanly feeling, or even a decent sense of propriety.

GLoucesteriana, No. 65.

"Higgins, my boy," exultingly chirped Gloucester, after a sojourn of an hour at Elphick's gin temple, "let's be off to the play." The *aid-de-camp's* countenance was illumined with a ray of happiness at the thought; and aided by the flush induced by the liquors he had imbibed, it assumed an almost celestial radiance. "I'll tell you, Higgins," continued the inspired and almost frantic Duke, "into what part of the house we'll go; for I'm in a humour for all sorts of wickedness." Higgins blushed right up to the frontal extremity. "Yes," roared the fiery Duke, "I'm in the humour to be gallant, and so we'll go where there will be plenty of the fair sex, and that's in the *Gall-ery*, you know." The *aid-de-camp* affected ignorance of the Duke's meaning.

On arriving in the one shilling, they met several of their young phymates, and called loudly for the *seven Champions* of which they both swore lustily they had seen nothing. Gloucester, on his road down the staircase, cried vehemently for the manager, and on a policeman interfering he maintained that he had expected to have *seven baked taters*; for *champions* could be nothing short of *murphies*, an error which was corrected by a smart crack from the policeman's staff; so that Gloucester left the house howling with torture, and Higgins accompanied him whimpering with sympathy.

FIGARO TO HIS FRIENDS.

The third year of our work has commenced; and, as it grows in age, its strength will, we hope, be augmented. As an earnest of our intention to continue our exertions, we have the honour to announce a grand batch of

SIX CARICATURES.

for the purpose of illustrating with adequate splendour

A GRAND POLITICAL SPECTACLE,

which we have had in preparation during the whole of the summer, and on which.

SEYMOUR, THE LEVIATHAN,

has been employed for an immense period. It is impossible to fix the precise day on which the number will appear; but next week our arrangements will, we expect, be sufficiently advanced for us to nominate the time at which we shall be prepared to produce our grand political spectacle.

The following purchases may, in the mean time, be made with advantage to all parties:—

	s.	d.
Figaro's Caricature Gallery, Part 1.	0	3
Ditto Part 2 (reprinting).	0	3
Gallery of Terrors (<i>horresco referens</i>).	0	3
<i>The Wag</i> (nine numbers out).	0	3
Grand Total	1	0

It is No. 8 of *The Wag* which contains the

CHRISTMAS BOON,

still the object of popular idolatry.

No. 9, of Sunday, contains a caricature of

DUCROW, AS THE ENGLISH CHAMPION.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakespeare.

A Benevolent Wish.

In wishing the Ministers a happy new (y)ear, we wish them also new eyes to look at all matters touching the popular interest.

A Last Look-out.

We understand Twiss has made an application to the society for giving employment to the poor. The answer was "they did not dispense briefs;" but the reply is that "if they have any work, however dirty, Twiss is not particular."

A Close Shave.

Parliament is to open in February. We trust it will be rather more open in its dealings than it has been heretofore.

A Question of Poll-tax.

Many of the civic officers are elected first by a show of hands, and then by voting if the place is contested. There is not an officer in all the Cockney Court, from the Lord Mayor to the beadle in whose behalf a *poll* ought not to be demanded; for there is not a head among the whole lot of them.

A Regular Do.

Some of the papers, in taking a retrospect of the past year, declare that the Ministers have done nothing. There may be truth in this assertion, since the Whigs seem to make nothing of doing the people.

New Year's Gifts.

For Gloucester, half an ounce of sense;
 For Philpotts, something like urbanity;
 For Horace Twiss, a few stray pence;
 For Wynford's lord, some mere humanity:
 These would be gifts indeed; but, alas!
 I fear each party would refuse it;
 Since there's not one of all the set
 Who, if he had his gift, could use it.

THEATRICALS.

As we opined the horse flesh at Drury-lane has done no good, and the *Seven Champions* have been sacrificing their lungs and risking their limbs for nocturnal lucre, without any advantage being reaped by the treasury. Captain Polhill is getting heartily sick of Bunn; and unless he does something to bring himself once more into favour with his master, the annuitant will most unquestionably be turned adrift upon the ocean of fate before the Easter holidays. Farren has kindly condescended to help himself to 30l. per week out of the Captain's pocket; and as the money must go, we do not think it could be bestowed better than upon this admirable artist, who may as well while the thing lasts get all he can out of it. He has been playing Sir Peter Teazle, and Cooper has been thrust into Charles Surface, in which he displayed his customary hardness of style and a new pair of white silk stockings, which considering that they were ornamented with *clocks*, may be called the most striking feature in his performance of the character.

At Covent Garden they have been forced to reproduce *Gustavus*, for *Old Mother Hubbard* disgusts the grown up people and sends the little folks to sleep; so that if Covent Garden is intended for the public to come to, it is absolutely necessary that there should be something to counteract the nausea engendered by the pantomime. Farley's red nose has been of no utility whatever on this unsatisfactory occasion, and he has been hiding it ever since the fated night on which the abortion of the festive season made its appearance before a horrified audience. Every thing is going on right drearly. Phillips has cut the concern in a fit of despondence brought on by the caricature in last week's *Wag*, and has been laid up with a horrible attack of *Seymour-mania*, which is a disease new in the annals of human suffering. It is a kind of theatrical cholera, and flies about among actors with a fury only to be equalled by the spasmodic complaint of the year just completed. Poor Baker has been running frantically about his apartment in Little Drury-lane ever since last Saturday, and has been heard to sing wild snatches of the fierce ballad of the *Dogs' Meat Man*, ever since Seymour doomed him to everlasting contempt by digging out his effigy in our threepenny periodical. The inhabitants of the room in which he has half a bed, held a meeting that was attended by nearly twenty shareholders of the sleeping apartment; when it was suggested that it might be proper to smother Baker, to prevent any mischief arising to his co-residents. It was, however, determined that he might live, and he still breathes accordingly.

Mr. J. Russell has been most shamefully put out of the Strand, where, with the aid of Dibdin's entertainment, he was supporting himself and contributing to the public amusement by the exercise of honest industry and histrionic ability. Some shabby influence has been at work here, we will be bound; and thus one more man of talent is sent as it were with a brutal somerset, flying out on the wide world to help to keep up the almost proverbial saying, "that in England ill-treatment, and very often poverty, are the only rewards of genius." Lawyers

live, by setting people to litigate, doctors live by killing their fellow-creatures, and divines live by dooming us all to damnation; but authors and actors may starve for what the community cares, since their office is to instruct and amuse, which are about the two occupations that are at the same time the most praiseworthy of all as well as the most profitless.

We have not yet had time to see the Sadler's Wells' Pantomime, though report speaks well of it.

The Victoria Pantomime is excellent, and has been preceded by some good legitimate acting from Mr. Butler, who has been playing Richard the Third in a style which has caused Wardé to inquire the price of laudanum, and to send his razor to the knife-grinders. We trust it is but a paroxysm; and though comparisons are odious, we advise Wardé to take comfort, for after Mr. Butler's performance it is not likely his (poor Wardé's) will be very long remembered. At this pantomime season we have not space for minute legitimate criticism.

Buckstone's comedy of *The Rake and his Pupil*, at the Adelphi, is written with so much true wit that we could never be tired of listening to its pointed dialogue, and we therefore went to see it previous to the pantomime, which is founded on the ballad of *Margery Daw*, so familiar to the juveniles. It has every advantage of a most liberal outlay in scenery, dresses, and properties; with a very clever pantomime company, and every thing to prevent its being tedious. Circumstances prevent our continuing our remarks after we can no longer speak favourably; but we are happy to give our verdict of unqualified approval on the pantomime at the Victoria, where Messrs. Butler and Elton have been presenting a treat in the way of legitimate acting which can be equalled at no other establishment.

The Fitzroy has opened with greater *éclat* than ever yet attended the early career of any theatrical speculation within our memory. Novelties are in active preparation, and thanks to the press, the public, the manager, and the company, a long run is expected for the pantomime, which has been a large tax in the way of expense on so small an establishment. *The Templar*, though its attraction is immense, and its interest more absorbing than that of any drama produced for several years, may probably have to be withdrawn shortly, in order that the manager may act on his spirited plan of producing now original pieces by native authors.

TO THE TRADE AND THE PUBLIC.

In consequence of the rapidly increasing circulation of *Figaro in London*, it has been impossible (acting upon our old arrangements) to supply the work with a celerity adequate to the wants of the immense accession of new subscribers. Sooner, however, than disappoint our patrons, we intend commencing the year upon a new system of additional expense, in order to ensure dispatch and punctuality sufficient to print in good time the whole of the tremendous impression now necessary to be issued, owing to the still rising popularity of this favoured periodical. The trade, therefore, will not again have cause to complain of want of punctuality in the publishing, and subscribers to any amount may be accommodated.

N. B. This number being double, is charged 2d., and the Preface is included, not to be sold separate.

BEST BEAVER HATS, TWENTY-ONE SHILLINGS.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Esquimaux and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 110.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1834

[Price One Penny]

CHURCH REFORMOPHOBIA.



A new malady has lately sprung up among the Bishops (always full enough of ill), to which we shall give the name of *Church-Reformophobia*.

This disease is characterised by the most alarming symptoms of rabid fury, and is always accompanied by a strong discharge of froth of a venomous quality from the mouth of the unhappy animal who chancas to be suffering under the dreadful calamity. Several of the Bishops have been bitten, and have rushed in a state of fury among the people, biting all they can; but happily the *phobia* at present seems to assume rather an exclusive character, very few besides those belonging to the Church having taken the *mania*, even after the insane Bishops have bitten them. Seymour, who is a perfect mole in ferreting out the foundations of every thing connected with the political

world, and who dives down, into the well of truth with the same precision and effect that a trained dog would evince in bringing up the thing he may have gone down after—Seymour has sprung upon the root of the malady we have been alluding to. It first existed in a dog of Irish breed, an excellent creature at hunting the rats out of dirty places, and distinguished by the remarkable strength of his wholesome vigorous bark of *No Tithes*, which he has for some years kept up with honest pertinacity. Coming over to this country, he met his friend the *Bull-dog*, who had been somewhat too supine upon the subject; and giving him a gentle friendly grip of the ear, infested him with the *mania*, which has put the Bishops so much into confusion, and the *Bull-dog* has ever since joined his Irish friend in the bark of *No Tithes*, so that they have kept up the sound between them till there is not a person in the country who has not heard it, and joined, for the most part, in its burden. Immediately on hearing the unwelcome bark, accompanied by intermediate growls, at once honest and terrible, the Bishops fled in confusion; and raising the wild cry of "*mad dogs*," would gladly have excited the people to put a *quietus* on those whose watchful bark keeps the public attention for ever directed to Church Reform, the point so much dreaded by those who have long flourished on the abuses of the unreformed system. Seymour has, happily, chosen this period of the disease for his caricature, which shows things as they are at present, but he has not prophetically (as is his occasional wont) pictured forth what they will be. The legislature (scarcely more powerful than our artist's pencil) will have to decide the course that must be pursued very speedily.

VOL. III.

W. Melhuux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fleet Lane.

On the opening of the Session the Doctors of the State will be called upon to sit in consultation on the *Church Reformophobia*. "What is to be done with the mad Bishops?" will, of course, be the cry from one end of the land to the other, and the answer will depend much upon any turn that may happen in their furious holinesses' insanity. We should say, in mercy to the miserable madmen, *use the soothing system*; but if, by their insolence, they render such lenience impossible, they will have only themselves to thank for the consequences. If the dogs are refractory treat them, say we, like all other mad dogs, *smother them*; in fact the *Bishops* must be regularly *Burked* if they are very mad, and, indeed, betwixt *Bishop* and *Burke* there is no absence of affinity. We would, however, rather see them disposed of in a milder manner; but the approaching opening of Parliament, for which the *Bull-dog* naturally pants, will settle this and other questions for which our razor is sharpening.

INTERPRETER.

An Amiable Family.

If virtue is to be purchased by money, it (*the money not the virtue*) is decidedly in the right hands; for being in the possession of the aristocracy, it of course enables them to procure what they so much stand in need of, namely, the *virtue* which, as aforesaid, money is capable of purchasing. However, a family of rank does occasionally appear to us to lay in rather an unnecessarily abundant stock, and buy amiability in a public print with a prodigality that seems to our poor judgment exceedingly extravagant. The following example will illustrate our meaning, and we think our readers will agree with us, that the Marquis of Camden has been rather too liberal in the purchase of puff, since this is the paragraph for which he must have paid down a good round sum to our most especial friend and renowned contemporary, the *Court Journalist*:—

"The Earl of Brecknock, (only son of the Marquis of Camden, deservedly distinguished for his *patriotic resignation* of the large income arising from his office of Teller of the Exchequer), whose health under the kind attention of Dr. Paris, had apparently been restored, is we regret to say, not so well; and fears are entertained that this *amiable young nobleman*, may again relapse into the languid state in which he had been for some time before Dr. Paris visited him. The *excellent* Marquis of Camden has been a widower for several years and has one daughter now living, Lady Georgiana Elizabeth, unmarried who resides with her father, and is the noble Marquis's *great place* now in her twenty-fourth year." — *Court Journal*.

Was ever such an *amiable* crew heard or written about? *patriotic* marquis, *kind* Dr. Paris, *amiable* young nobleman, *excellent* marquis, and to wind up, an unmarried daughter who achieves the consolatory in her twenty-fourth year, and is a *great* solace to her widowed father. We really wonder what all this puff could have cost. We never saw so much virtue in so short a paragraph. It is really the most complete thing of the kind we ever met with. Old Camden does it cheap, for he contrives to lug in not only the whole of his own family, but also Dr. Paris, who doubtless bears a portion of the expense in consideration of the good he expects to derive from the joint advertisement.

The Stamp-Office Swindlers.

Every body on earth knows how much we love the legislature and glorify the Government, so that all will enter into our feelings when we find ourselves under the horrible necessity of giving a gash at the Stamp-Office, which is as it were a limb of that Government we so particularly idolise. The Stamp-Office

has, however, been upon the most decided swindle, as we learn from a most respectable chemist, who, finding out an abuse, lays it, with patriotic taste, beneath our razor, and leaves us to "*cut away*," in that style which now happily goes by the name of "*Figaro's own peculiar*." The following is a brief sketch of the case upon which we are called on to operate.

The duty was, as all the world knows, taken off soda about six months ago. Nobody can be ignorant of that fact—we had a *brevity* about it, and down goes the act to posterity as a matter of course, so that no one dared pretend that he had never heard of it. Chemists sell soda of course without the duty; but in sneaks a Stamp-Office spy to a chemist's in Lothbury, and insolently pouncing on a box of Seidlitz powdere, accuses the respectable proprietor of having incurred penalties. "What d'ye mean?" cried the chemist with a look of patriotism that would have scared the whole Cabinet. "Is not the duty taken off soda?" "Yes, Sir," snivelled the blood-hound of the Stamp-Office, "but they're in a *box*, and the duty an't taken off *boxes*." The chemist kicked the ministers in their sneaking representative, and the Stamp-Office swindler in a few days declared him liable to some thousand pounds of penalties. Now if the Government is to humbug the people in this manner, what is to be done to elude the low chicanery? They need take off no tax at all in effect, while in name they may relieve us of every one of our burdens. When the window tax is off (*for off it must come*), shall we be told by a drivelling tax-gatherer, "Oh, yes, the tax is off windows, it is true, but not off the openings to which they were let in?" Or if the tax be removed from knowledge shall we be told, "Yes, yes, the stamp is off the paper, but not the printers *ink*, &c.?" This fact about the soda is truly characteristic of the Whigs—liberal in name, shuffling in practice. Is Grey hard up? or what is the motive for this distinct swindle? This Stamp-Office is a shabby set out; the whole establishment is brought up in dirty work, and the spy system is the very life and soul of the conduct of all its myrmidons. We should like to pitch every clerk, messenger, underling, principal, or scrub, from the very top of Somerset House to the bottom. It would be ridding the country of a set of low and paltry vagabonds. The soda scheme ought to be looked to. It is a sad exposure of the meanness of the Government. Whenever Grey wants a few shillings, he sends out a Stamp-Office scamp to swindle the poor chemists with the soda stratagem. We trust they will be on their guard for the future.

The Lottery Lunacy.

The *Times* having once exposed the Glasgow Lottery humbug, it is needless for us to interfere; though, in the sphere of our personal acquaintance, we know of at least 50 victims to the infatuation of one chance against some thousands for making a large sum on a small outlay. It was rare folly of all the lunatics who sent good coin running after much worse than bad, though, had we got a six and three penny prize, we would have demanded our *share* of the house, to which the whole ticket would have entitled us. We might have come off the owner of an inch in a back attic; but on that inch we would have established some intolerable nuisance, so that it would have been worth the while of the lottery folks to buy us off the premises. We would have taken advantage of the proffered choice as to being paid in money or in houses, and our six and three penny prize should have been strictly paid, not in coin but in property. However, we were not so lucky, and got the answer of "*Blank, sir*," from every d—d lottery office clerk in London, in reply to our repeated inquiries as to the fate of our 19 shillings worth. We cannot help noticing a new piece of humbug connected with the affair, which we observed the other morning in one of the advertisements. It says "*Immediate application will be necessary to prevent a repetition of the disappointments that*

then occurred." Here's a rich idea! so, because people were *disappointed* last time, they are to make fools of themselves once more to prevent being disappointed again. If this be the *logic* of the Stock Exchange, we recommend a general perusal by bulls, bears, and lame ducks, of the elementary work by Dr. Watts on that most useful of sciences. Bish and Swift ought to go to school, and have a good opportunity now that the academies are all opening after the Christmas holidays.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 66.

Higgins and the impassioned Duke were fervently engaged over *The Morning Chronicle* of last week, at a small coffee-house in Fetter-lane. The paper being an old one in compliance with a by-law of the establishment, that "Gentlemen learning to spell are not to use the paper of any date later than two days from the present." Mavor was as usual, when the *duo* are in a studious mood, throwing a light upon their labours, and they had got down merrily to the end of Warren's advertisement, when the following notice puzzled them to a degree which caused their evident embarrassment to become painful to the affrighted by-standers. "*Heads after the antique*" was the *Sphinx* they could not unravel. It was a muzzle on the mouth of both, and it was only by indistinct howls that they could make known their dilemma. At length by a vigorous appeal to Murray, Mavor, and a fourpenny edition of Johnson, they got to the word *antic*, which they found to signify that with which in their own delightful vocabulary a *lark* or a *spree* is synonymous. "*Heads after the antice!*" cried Gloucester, the blushes running into his fat cheeks as thick and fast as the common sewer into the Thames, "this must be an exposure of the state of our *heads* after the *antice* we had last week at Elphick's." Higgins turned the colour of bright red lead with amiable confusion, and both concealed their repentant blushes in their pewter coffee cups.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakespeare.

Old and Young.

The *Herald* sagaciously observes, "The present Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty was left a *minor* at a very *early age*." Perhaps our venerable old contemporary will tell us a case of a *minor* being left at an advanced age, though it is evident that some old folks are, *quoad* the years of discretion, in their minority.

A Rat in Favour of the Whigs.

It is pretended by the friends of Ministers that they even now enjoy the full confidence of the people. We will even go further than this and say, in a vulgar phrase, "They must have the confidence of the very devil to have pursued so long their Whiggish system of duplicity."

A Mine of Wit.

"General Mina, from his being engaged in various political intrigues and underplots, ought," said a Cockney satirist, "to go by the name of a *general underminer*."

Odd Customers.

Some of our contemporaries lament there is a decrease of the customs of the year. We think there are some *customs* among us that cannot be decreased too speedily.

TO THE EDITOR OF FIGARO IN LONDON.

DEAR FIGARO,

At this festive season of the year, or rather this *year* festive season, I am of course overboiling with that wit which has placed me so high above my fellow-creatures, that I look down upon humanity as dross, and get myself worshipped by Higgins once regularly every week as a mythological deity. To prove how worthy I am of such intense honour, I send you a few conundrums, of that choice kind which has induced me to suppose that a set of archives should be constituted to receive the various witticisms I from time to time pour out, like balm upon the grateful community. Let me, however, without further delay put before you those tremendous specimens of wit, to which, had Pope been living, I would have got him to write a preface.

Yours truly,

GLOUCESTER.

The following were written on a dirty piece of scouring paper, but their brilliance splendidly atones for the imperfection of the material:—

When is a house not a house?

When it's *a-fire*.

When is a ship not a ship?

When it's *a-ground*.

We certainly agree with the Duke, that something ought to be done to put his jokes in the way of becoming part of our national history, by entering them as public records in some authorised volumes, kept purposely for such an important registry.

THEATRICALS.

Every body knows that we hate *puff*, and particularly when, as Liston says in the *Water Party*, "*there is no occasion for it*." Now the Adelphi is sufficiently prosperous, without having recourse to falsehood; and therefore we are somewhat disgusted by its announcement of the trash about *See Saw*, *Margery Daw*, as the *only successful* pantomime. Every body knows that, to say nothing of any other, the Victoria and Sadler's Well's pantomimes are both infinitely better than that at the Adelphi; but perhaps, in speaking of it as the manager does, he means to say that it is "*only successful*," and nothing more, which from the coldness of its reception is about the truth of the matter. It is all fair to speak in high terms of admirably written pieces like Buckstone's *Rake*; but *See Saw* being puffed in the bills obviously without cause, throws suspicion on the praise awarded to the productions really worthy of eulogy.

A pleasant farce called *Martial Law*, from the pen of Mr. E. Mayhew, the proprietor, was produced at the Fitzroy on Monday, and was received with refreshing rapture by an acute audience. It owes its success to the smartness of the dialogue and the admirable acting of Mrs. Brindal and Mitchell, as an Irishman and his *coquetting* wife, both of which parts were played with considerable humour and vivacity. The manager has got rid of Mr. Parry, and his part of *Brasset Stone* in *The Templar* was undertaken at short notice by Mauders, who went through it considerably better than its original representative, which is saying a great deal, since Mr. Parry made it effective, if not quite all the author had intended it. A new farce from our own pen will have been produced here before this number gets into the nation's hands, though we go to press too early

(for the purpose of supplying the whole world) to know what reception it will experience. It is called the *King Incog.*, and, anticipating a failure, we will be beforehand with our apology. The following history of the thing must be the excuse for its errors:—

Commenced on Friday,
Finished on Saturday,
Copied by Monday,
Parts distributed on Tuesday,
Rehearsed on Wednesday,
Acted on Thursday,

and (for what we know)

Dead and d—d by Friday,

which is about as concise a record as we are able to give of it. Whatever may be its fate, we shan't care; for it would be poor philosophy in us not to bear a laugh at our own expense, when we indulge in so many at the expense of others. Whether received with favour or the reverse "we bow (in the words of an established clap-trap) to the decision of a BRITISH* audience."

It is some time since we have been able to pay visits to the Minors; for occupation increases with us, and we find it hard to get so far as the New River head in favour of Sadler's Wells, and we should be a second Captain Ross to reach the Pavilion in these nights of dreariness. We shall, however, emulate the discoverer of Boothia some evening, and effect the grand pass of the Whitechapel shambles; for Farrell is a spirited manager, and deserves encouragement. New theatres, we are told, are springing up in all quarters of the city, and shoals of desperate vagabonds are to be found clad in party-coloured rags, running about the boards of various buildings in the eastern quarter of the metropolis. As long as pockets are not picked to too great an extent by the thieves who frequent them, the authorities are right to let them go undisturbed; but the police should have a sharp eye on the ingredients composing an audience at one of these delightful establishments.

When we smash, we smash; and when we patronise, we do patronise; or in other words, there is nothing half and half in our style of criticism. It is a fearless and almost truculent crush; or it is such an enthusiastic *puff* as Boreas might sometimes indulge in, when he might feel in a particular mood for *blowing* up every thing. Among those whom we have thus honoured is Turnour (surnamed our *protégé*), whom with the cheerful blasts of our trumpet we have sent bounding up the mountains of fame, till he is on the very *Alp* of reputation, and reposes as it were on the *Mont Blanc* of popularity. Turnour once on the level still occupied by the swarthy Shogog, or the uselessly ambitious Tuckwell, now soars upon the wings of his intellect above the atmosphere of the supernumeraries, and the balmy airs of our laudatory breath keep him happily floating in the æther of unbounded appreciation, high indeed in the theatrical hemisphere. When Turnour is attacked the tiger rises within us, and we feel disposed to pounce upon the aggressor with the rabid fierceness of a Bengal Cassowary. It is well known that our *protégé* has been enacting Simpson in the pantomime, and has hit off the hero of Vauxhall with an accuracy only to be attained by one master mind entering into the feelings of another master mind, with the aptness of a germane intellect. Turnour had done this, and is doing it every night; but some miscreant dares to hiss now and then, which we advisedly denounce as sacrilege. We will allow that there are spots on the sun, but we will not quietly hear of a speck being imputed as a blemish to the blaze of our *protégé's* abilities.

* To the Printer.—Be sure to put BRITISH in capitals.—Figaro in London.

"There are some subjects," as the Irishman said, "that are not to be joked upon, and *potatoes is one*." We reiterate the exclamation of the Hibernian substituting only *Turnour* for *taturs*, and after this warning we hope no one will be rash enough to try the experiment.

It is pleasant indeed, when we experience the rare treat of a legitimate piece at one of our patent theatres; and the production of Jerrold's *Wedding Gown* is, of course, therefore, a source of peculiar gratification to us, the sincere and unflinching advocate of the drama's interests. Jerrold's new piece is written in that neat epigrammatic style which no other dramatist of the day can by any means equal, and he has contrived to add great interest of plot to the (in our eyes much superior) attraction of sparkling dialogue. If Mr. Bunu would bring out such pieces as *The Wedding Gown*, we would at once abandon our opposition to his management; but instead of doing so, the annuitant inundates us with translations and filthy spectacles, for the purpose of introducing Ducrow and his quadrupeds. We have no personal hostility to the little creature who trots about in Polhill's livery velvets; but knowing the sort of man he was, we judged by anticipation what his management must be, and the small receiver of the once unshackled *forty-two twelve*, has strictly fulfilled our too veracious prophecies. If Zamiel were to take the two houses with Eblis for his stage manager, we would support the diabolical *duo quoad* their connection with the two theatres, provided they pursued a system favourable to the drama's interests; and on the contrary, were Drury Lane and Covent Garden under the direction of a Committee of Cherubim, we could not think of giving them our countenance, if the plan were inimical to native actors and authors of genuine ability. This lovely statement of nude fact, will at once *Burke* the howlers who impute to us any thing like personal feeling in our honest strictures. If malice be seriously imputed to us, we will get a cast made of our head, and it shall be deposited at our publishers', that the nation may go and examine the bumps phrenologically, when it would be found that what is by some mistaken for ill-feeling, is in reality nothing more than the immense development of our conscientiousness.

The Victoria has been the scene of some magnificent treats in the way of legitimate acting, by the grand union of Messrs. Butler and Elton, in some of Shakspeare's tragedies. We have not been able to get to the house on the nights of the performance of *King Lear*; but Mr. Butler's *Lear* is spoken of, as one of the finest personations of the part that has been seen for a long period. Elton's *Edgar* is said to have been extremely creditable to that actor's admitted abilities.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are really very grateful for the advice of an *Admirer of Wit*, and shall certainly attend to it.

Shortly will be produced, a

GRAND POLITICAL SPECTACLE!

for which there have been in preparation during the whole summer,

SIX CARICATURES BY SEYMOUR.

The number of *Figaro* in which it is to appear will soon be decided on. There are now published two vols. of *Figaro in London*, price 6s. each, in cloth, which may be had together or separate, by order of any bookseller; Half-yearly Parts, back numbers, &c. constantly in print at the Publishers.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

“ Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere.”—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 111.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

BLACK MONDAY.

The following is a graphic representation peculiar to the season, and shows our friends (the Ministers) in the characters of schoolboys returning to their tasks after a somewhat lengthy holiday.



As the vacation for the little children throughout the land is now nearly over, so also is the vacation so long enjoyed by these great children the Ministers. They have been ever since the close of the session taking it extremely cool, enjoying themselves in the country, and thinking nothing of the lessons last session taught them, or of the lessons they will be made to learn in the ensuing one. They have been playing at all sorts of idle games, instead of preparing for the work they will have to do when the vacation is at an end; and not being properly prepared, the rod of the public schoolmaster will, we fear, be

VOL. III.

very often required to castigate. The caricature of Seymour is in itself an article—and Seymour has shown how insignificant are the dashes of our pen compared with the superhuman digs of his iron-veined pencil. What can be finer than the figure of Brougham, with the air of surly *bravado* that he is assuming on giving a knock at the door of Parliament, the school-room of the Ministers! Did any painter, dead or living, ever do any thing worthy to be mentioned in the same sentence or looked at with the same eye, as the figure of Master Grey, whose consciousness of having been a bad boy is finely developed in his faltering gait, his crouching attitude, and his woebegone countenance. Palmerston's visage, too, as he goes slowly towards the school door, is finely indicative of rather-not-ishness. With a nice eye to phrenology Seymour has managed to give him the bump of stop-at-home-iveness, which little magic touch of his influential pencil is equal to a whole page of writing on Palmerston's evident desire to keep out of his place in Parliament as much as possible. Althorp's effigy is hit off with immense felicity, and the idea of making him borne down by the weight of the Budget is a happy thought that could only have entered a brain formed for the reception of the most splendid conceits and the most magnificent of images. Melbourne (the last of the gang of ministerial urchins) is evidently following very unwillingly in the train of his schoolfellows. However their reluctance is of no avail. Black Monday (which is the day of opening Parliament) is not now far distant, and they must then begin the labours from which they so frequently played truant before the commencement of the holidays. What they undertook they very often neglected, and it is to be feared that the

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

vacation will only have confirmed them in their former habits of inactivity. The brats have capacity, and ought, therefore, to be made to work. "Spare the rod, spoil the child," is a very fine maxim, and it shall not be our fault if there should be any spoiling of the Ministers. When we lash them, however, it ought to be fully understood that we are more pained than they are, as the schoolmaster told the boy while he was being flogged, and it is only out of the sincerest regard that we ever make any one the object of a blow from our renowned tomahawk. "It is all for their good," as the humane father said when he laid open six of his sons' heads with a wooden hoop-stick;—"they will feel the benefit of it hereafter," as the pedagogue observed when he knocked a boy down dead with his fist for being unable to decline a Greek adjective. However, joking aside, a little whacking does a ministry a vast deal of good; and if we had not kept them upon their good behaviour by an occasional lunge with our razor, they would have been out of office some months ago.

They know this, and are overflowing with the liveliest gratitude.

THE INTERPRETER.

Interesting Fact.

Yesterday afternoon the hawks belonging to the Grand Falconer were placed in the enclosure in Regency-square, and attracted considerable attention.—*Morning Post*.

There is an office in existence (with what salary attached we are not aware) called the Grand Falconer, a dignitary who seems to do nothing but keep a few hawks; and as the hawks seem to do nothing but live and be looked at, the birds, as well as their noble master, appear to luxuriate in sinecures. We should like to know whether this zoological foolery costs the public any thing, for it seems but of little moment that a few people should have the enviable privilege of staring at a hawk now and then in the enclosure of Regency-square at Brighton. One may see as much any day in the New Road *gratis*; but there is something attractive about the pomp and dignity of a Grand Falconer to superintend the absurd birds, which, however, does not, we think, quite counterbalance the folly of making them a part of the national establishment. Perhaps, however, we are ignorant, and the rapacious hawk is only emblematical of some active officer, as the premier might be represented by a cormorant, or some other member of the administration by some equally rapacious animal.

The Manager in Distress.

There are about 300 members in the Trades' Union at Arnold.—*Nottingham Review*.

We scarcely know what to make of this very laconic announcement. Mr. Arnold the respectable proprietor of the English Opera House is really, we should imagine, about the last person in the world to give offence to the Trades' Unions. And yet, according to the *Nottingham Review*, 300 of the members are at him. At Arnold!!! What about? What on earth can they want with him?

Quiet Splendour.

"The Right Honourable Lady Charlotte Bury, sister to the present, and daughter to the late, Duke of Argyll, had the honour of presenting to her Majesty her poem on the "Three Sanctuaries of Tuscany,"

dedicated by permission to the Queen, and was most graciously received by her Majesty."—*Court Journal*.

There are some geniuses too bright for mere ordinary patronage, and who will not give to any rank short of royalty the benefit of their blazing abilities. Of this order seems to be Lady Charlotte Bury, who has we find written a poem, of which no one has been blessed with a sight but her most sacred Majesty, who, of course, is quite equal to the exclusive appreciation of all its merits. We only notice the fact to lament that Lady Charlotte Bury should be so aristocratic as to shied her lustre only on the court, when the public would be delighted to find her ladyship "flaring up" in a manner more general. Of course the "Three Sanctuaries of Tuscany" must be first rate, having experienced a *gracious reception* from majesty. We cannot help admiring the good taste with which their Majesties patronise aristocratic writers, leaving the mere plebeian poet, such as Knowles, to get on how he can, without the sunshine of the smiles of royalty. Mere genius is, of course, a farce in the eyes of the enlightened pair who fill the throne; but when Lords or Ladies write, then it is time for royalty to patronise. At least, if persons with titles can scribble even common sense, it ought to be encouraged for its startling novelty.

The Rutland Revellers.

A long rigmarole in the *Court Journal* describes the hog-gery transacted at Belvoir on the occasion of celebrating the birthday of the Duke of Rutland. From what we can learn it seems to have been rather a vulgar set out, country-dancing and cramming having been the attractions of the evening. The hero of Waterloo joined in the sport, and kicked up his martial heels with Lady A. Manners as a partner. The most peculiar feature in the entertainment was the position of the Duke of Rutland, who, according to the *Court Journal* occupied the *centre* of the table. This place is usually assigned to some splendid article of plate, but a Duke seems in this case to have been substituted for an *epergne* or some other inanimate ornament.

Fan for Royalty.

The King and the Duchess of Gloucester took a carriage airing yesterday before luncheon, on the Lewes Road.—*Court Journal*.

We only give this paragraph in order to congratulate our beloved monarch on his good spirits and alarming appetite. There is something truly waggish and abominably greedy in the idea of taking luncheon on the Lewes road, as if the King and his fair companion could not possibly wait till they got home, but facetiously indulged in a blow out upon the highway. It is pleasant to find that the monarch is always ready for a feed, and that he can at any time gulp down hunches of bread and cheese with jorums of double X in the public thoroughfares. We congratulate him on his youthful habits, and the country ought to be happy in possessing a Sovereign who is as much of a child in manners and every thing else, as a mere ten-year-old. His mind evidently retains all its juvenility, and his intellect has most palpably all the charms of fascinating infancy.

Libel on the Premier.

The Marquis of Abercorn has purchased a set of twelve handsome Greys for town use.—*Court Journal*.

That a rich nobleman often buys tools to augment his political influence is known well enough, but that such purchases can be made wholesale from the *Greys* is degrading indeed to the premier and his family. It is really our steadfast hope that the paragraph is mere humbug, and we trust our Court contemporary will candidly admit the fact in its next number.

White turned Humane.

We have, at last, to announce a change, to which revolutions are as mere nothings, and to which the Reform Bill becomes as an *innovation*, positively insignificant. The miracle we have this week been startled by is a *magistrate in the melting-mood*, and what is more marvellous still, that magistrate is no less a personage than *White*, so long distinguished as the Queen-square ruffian. He has, however, this week found pity in his breast, where we should have thought of looking for it as soon as we should have expected to find a bug in the fragments of an avalanche. Yes, it is an absolute fact, *White* has absolutely expressed pity in reference to a culprit brought before him for the serious offence of firing off a pistol in Westminster Hall, to try the experiment of how it sounded. But let us do justice to the warmth of *White's* heart, and not to injure the effect, we will give the paragraphs that include the expressions of his benevolence.

Mr. White.—How much do you earn a week?

Boy.—I gets about six shillings.

Mr. White observed that it was a pity his master gave him so much wages.

Here is an excellent beginning—*White* can feel pity, and though his first lesson in humanity is to lament that a boy has such large wages as six shillings per week, yet we hail it as an event in the history of police magistrates that one has been found to express *pity for anything*.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 67.

It is well known that our *protegé* the Duke of Gloucester (impertinently called Silly Billy by some persons) is extremely jealous of his most Christian Majesty, Billy the Fourth, King, Defender of the Faith, and all the rest of it. Now *we* (whose loyalty not even our bitterest foe ever dared to question) have an exactly equal veneration for both the *illustrissimi* we have named; and what Gloucester has in wit, we allow the King makes up in shaking hands with common sailors, and talking the most delightful of slang to the populace. The pair hate each other, because they are jealous of one another's renown; and Gloucester often enviously declares "any fool might make a king," with other cutting remarks of a trite and treasonable character. By his saying this he doubtless fancies himself fitted for the office; but we can't encourage such views, for we don't want a second Richard the Third making a fuss in our history. Higgins would make a superb Buckingham; but we can't encourage revolution, and so we recommend the pair to confine themselves to Elphick's and the gin barrel, leaving ambition to those better able to grace its paths, and surmount its dangers. This, however, is from our purpose, which is to give an idea of how a mind even like Gloucester's may sometimes condescend to the most paltry of jealousies. Seeing the announcement of the *King Incog.* at the Fitzroy, he dragged Higgins wildly through the Mazourka movement; and with an oath that would make even Philpotts shudder, swore he would go and see the *King in cog*, for he was sure *cog* was something awkward, and he should like to see that cousin of his in a predicament." Higgins commenced reading a folio volume treating particularly of malice; but found himself suddenly cut short by receiving down his throat the contents of the vinegar cruet, interspersed with occasional extracts from the mustard-pot and the pepper-box.

AUGUSTA'S ALBUM.

It is well known (now that we have said so) that her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta is one of the merriest old souls that ever vibrated with a broad grin, or uttered a witticism. We promised to do her justice in a department started expressly for her *jeux d'esprit*, and we have in compliance with that promise started a new head entitled *Augusta's Album*. The name is sufficient to make any one, if only out of mere gallantry, read with avidity and receive with favour. We subjoin a few specimens.

Sir Willoughby Cotton they say gave a dance.

A dance! I insist that its not 'un,

And to prove this assertion—the fact I advance,

Its no *dance*, but a *ball*, boys, of Cotton!

The following conundrum is a beautiful specimen of Cockney wit, and does much credit to her Royal Highness's ingenuity.

Why is my cousin the Duke of Gloucester not likely to be any better to-morrow than he is to-day?

Because its the *any-worse-ary* (*anniversary*) of his birth.

We shall from time to time continue our interesting extracts from *Augusta's Album*.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakespeare.

A Wise Enquiry.

Gloucester has read in the paper that the Sultan has been sitting in the Divan. He sent Higgins all over London to enquire which *Divan* the Sultan was honouring with his presence, *that in the Strand or Gliddon's?*

The Worst Pun ever Printed.

Nicholas has been, it is said, making a tool of the supreme head of the Turks. This has been called, by the worst punster in the world, *insultin the sultan*,

No Go.

Sir Stratford Canning was to have gone as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, but old Nick politely declined his company. Sir Stratford being still intruded on the Russian court, the Autocrat laconically sent his compliments, observing that "Sir Stratford would'n't do at no price." The would-be Ambassador therefore stays at home.

Decisive work.

The Ministers stand pledged to some measure immediately on Parliament assembling, respecting the Church Pluralities. We trust it will not—*respect them*, but dispose of them in a manner at once just and summary.

A Bear on Change.

"Lyndhurst," said Twiss in one of his insolent familiar moods, "You ought to be a good judge of the funds—at least as applied to politics." The Ex-Chancellor with a courteous sneer demanded an explanation. "Why," said the briefless one, "In politics you, I think, know pretty well the *value of the exchange*."

A standing joke.

Sir Robert Peel is generally admitted to have taken a very high standing in politics, yet how can he be said to have taken a *standing* when he is perpetually shifting from side to side.

An awfully bad conundrum.

Why are the poor fellows who suffer the knout of the tyrant Nicholas, like well bound books?—Because their backs are *Russia leathered*!

The Legal Lampooner.

"I should imagine Philpotts must have been a very dull boy at his lessons," said Lyndhurst in a fit of gentlemanly satire which comes over him about once a fortnight. "Why should you think so," was the ignorant reply of a person in the company. "Because," said the Ex-Chancellor with a gentleness of tone and an urbanity of manner that must have soothed a Bengal tiger, "it must have been impossible for him to have got any thing *by heart* at any time."

THEATRICALS.

Our worthy friend Trueba, who enjoys an immense reputation because he has got a Spanish name, and writes the language of the country in which he has been brought up, produced, on Friday, a piece at the Victoria, called the *Court Delinquent*, which has been in preparation for several moons, or three months of the calendar.

Parturiunt the managers, *nascitur* a ridiculous piece.

The *Court Delinquent* is, we regret to say it, rubbish of the rarest kind, and abounds in the deadliest of stale clap-traps. We have long been anxious for an opportunity to puff Don Trueba, and the bellows of our laudatory breath would gladly have blown him up sky high into the regions of renown; but his piece is so decidedly bad, that we are reluctantly compelled to tell him so. There is no humour in the dialogue, and no sense in the more serious portions of it. One fellow in the piece disgorges some trashy clap-trap about duty, as if every child did not know that "*we ought to do our duty*," without paying away some silver coin to go and hear the admonition at the Victoria. One does not go to the theatre to hear truisms put in a trite shape, *ergo*, Trueba's intention is better than his fulfilment, and his play reminds us more of a school-boy's theme than the production of a dramatist. As a theme generally consists of a series of repetitions of one proposition, so Trueba insists in almost every instance that "to do one's duty," it is "one's duty to do;" and that "to be in the right" is the only way by which wrong is to be avoided. Now this is all true, and truth is most lovely—sometimes; but however beautiful, it is cursed stale, and when we go to see a *new* piece, we really *do* look for something new, either in the way of plot, dialogue, or incident. Trueba has made himself on this occasion a *true-bore*, and we should imagine Friday's exchequer must have been about the worst criticism his piece had to encounter. As to the acting, *that* was well enough. Abbott was very good in the part of the Royal Delinquent, but *Royal Delinquents* are now every day characters. Williams also took pains, and so did every body else, though unfortunately *pains* constituted *all* they took by their activity. The curtain fell like a lump of lead on the hopes of our friend the Don, who had been, previous to the commencement of the piece,

perambulating the lobbies in tremendous agitation and immense *moustachios*; as if the importance of authorship demanded the encasement of the upper lip in dirty black worsted. We quite regret we can't puff the Don, we were so anxious to do so. We went on purpose to be pleased with his piece, and it would not allow us to follow our benevolent intentions. Trueba would have thrown himself headlong into the pit, but that he was kept back by one of his friends. They might have let him do it; we will answer for it, we shall never hear of Trueba dashing *his brains* out.

The Fitzroy has been singularly happy in its novelties, not one of them having been in the smallest degree unsuccessful, but all having been received in the most flattering manner possible. On Monday a new domestic drama, called *A Father's Plea*, was played for the first time, and excited the most intense interest in an overflowing audience. The acting was excellent in all parts; Miss Mason and her brother supporting the serious portions with their usual ability, while Mrs. Brindal and Mitchell kept up the fun of the piece with their accustomed spirit and vivacity. It was immensely successful, and will have a terrific run, to the considerable advantage of the treasury. By the bye, we did ourselves injustice last week respecting the *King Incog.*, for which we had anticipated a failure. Owing to the extraordinary talent of the performers, and their great anxiety to make the most of their parts, as well as the extreme good nature of the audience, it met with a reception which has authorised its announcement for every evening till further notice. A new farce from the pen of Ralph Rigmarole, Esquire, was to be produced on Thursday, under the title of the *Wandering Minstrel*. We can venture to announce beforehand its triumphant success, for we know the piece to be admirable; and though the part was, we understand, originally intended for Reeve, we are quite confident that Mitchell will do it more justice, for he is sure to be perfect in the character.

A new drama, called *Lurline*, was brought out on Monday, at the Adelphi, and is perhaps one of the most splendid spectacles ever seen on the stage of a minor theatre. The piece itself is highly creditable to the talents of its author, Mr. Dalrymple, who is new to dramatic writing, but who has evinced great tact in this his maiden effort. Hemmings struts about in a suit of armour, and handles his sword with the same dexterity as he evinces in brandishing his carving-knife, at his flourishing beef establishment. He seems as ready to slice a foe as he would be to slice a round of boiled bull's flesh, and to fork up an enemy with the top of his dagger, as he would fork out a *saveloy* or a small German with the end of his toasting-fork. The scenery was very superb, and so was Mr. Jones, a supernumerary, who leads the choruses. This gentleman's voice would be worth 6d. a day to a street ballad-monger. It bears the impress of that attractive hoarseness so peculiar to the songsters of the *pave*, and so efficacious in collecting a crowd in the public thoroughfares. By way of a grand effect in the last scene, there is a splendid union of the two elements, fire and water, by which it is ingeniously managed that the Theatre shall be in jeopardy by the former, to be put out by the latter. We think this is going a little too far for an effect, since it would be no joke to depopulate London, by burning alive once per night an Adelphi audience.

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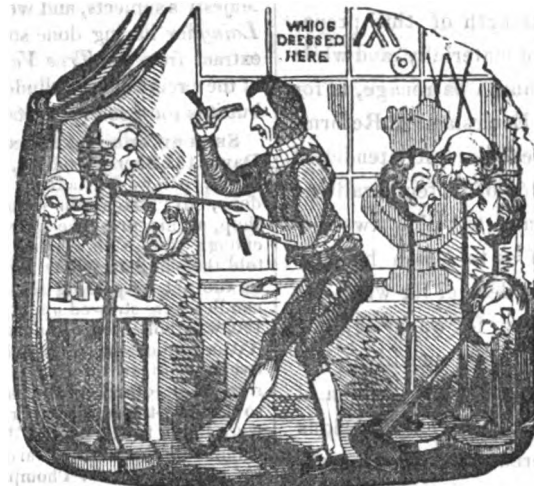
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No. 112.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE DIVIDED CABINET.



The papers have lately teemed with rumours of a division in the Cabinet, the Tory prints roundly asserting in the morning that Ministers are *out*, and the Whig journals protesting at night that they are *all in* as fast as ever. The *Post* tells us Grey has resigned, and the *Globe* answers it by announcing that “he never thought of such a thing.” We, however, are a great deal better authority than any thing official, for we have no interested motives to govern us, and we take upon ourselves most advisedly and cautiously to declare that the Ministers have been *out* for some time in their calculations upon John Bull’s gullibility. That there is any other ground upon which they may be said to be *out*, we cannot as yet state with confidence, but we happen to know there is much truth in the rumour that that there have long been *divisions* in the Cabinet, we allude

to the *divisions* of places, &c. among the relations, friends, and numerous dependants of the Ministers. It is said also there is a *split* in the *heads* of the Cabinet, a fact to which we can give our undoubted testimony, for we know them to have been *cracked* long ago;—at least that is the only excuse we can possibly make for them. However, putting aside all levity, we suspect his most blessed Majesty Billy the Fourth, defender of the faith, &c. however much a sinecure *that* office may be, has had no small difficulty in defending *himself* from the various importunities of his disagreeing Cabinet, or rather we may say of his *dissenting Ministers*. Seymour has painted the situation of our most enlightened Sovereign between his two principal tormentors Grey and Brougham, the former of whom is anxious to pull the King one way, while the latter is particularly desirous of drawing him the other. It is a pity his Majesty is not able in this instance to follow the example of certain politicians by going accommodatingly on *both sides*, but, unhappily, however pliant he may prove in the end, he can only take one path at a time, though eventually he may be not unlikely to take both of them. It is not known, but it has been the subject of much speculation, what is the positive point of difference among the worthies composing the administration, some attributing it to a variance of opinion on foreign policy, and some assigning other causes of disagreement among those delectable persons who sit at the head of our affairs, and precious affairs they contrive to make of them. We, however, who are never wrong in a statement, and seldom far out in a surmise, strongly suspect that that venerable humbug, old Mother Church is very nearly connected with the alleged disunion in the Ministry. It is well known that the old lady has

to undergo, in the ensuing session, a very active course of purgation, and that a bolus of no ordinary strength will very speedily be administered. About the strength of this preparation, however, the Ministers are divided materially, and while Brougham, who does not cultivate his church patronage, is for a good clap-trap in the way of a thorough Ecclesiastical Reform, Grey, who has a brother a bishop, has become vastly tender of the Bench, and proposes a very cautious lop of its temporalities. Between these two, the King is importuned to follow two different paths, and he is in some dilemma as to which he shall fix upon. However, he will soon have to decide, for when the Session once begins, there will be no time for wavering, one course or other he must take, and that very speedily. We suspect, however, his choice will be much after the fashion of *Hobson's*, and that he will find it advisable, in his gracious liberality, to condescend to do with reference to the Church, what the people desire.

With this impression we leave the subject for the present, and trust his Majesty will see the necessity of doing what he ought to do.

INTERPRETER.

The Innocence of the Rich.

It is amusing to remark how the police magistrates are guided in their estimate of an individual's intentions by the length of his purse, and if a poor man be somewhat wronged by his offences being over-calculated, there is more than a counter-balance of liberality in the vast allowances that are made for a rich person who happens to get himself into the presence of a police magistrate. A recent instance of this kind of thing occurred the other day at Marlborough-street, where a case came before Mr. Dyer, in which some male person's character, not present, seemed to be involved, and the magistrate, not seeing the individual, could not make up his mind how he ought to speak of him. The following conversation turned the scale. He had been wavering betwixt indignation and lenience, and was doubting whether he had to denounce a heartless vagabond (that is a poor man), or make every allowance for a rich and respectable man (that is a gentleman.) The following dialogue put him out of all difficulty upon the subject.

Mr. Dyer.—Do you know any thing of him.

Witness.—I understand he is a gentleman, living in Albemarle-street.

At the words "*Albemarle-street*," Dyer found himself seized with a violent fit of charity, and he declared in the most amiable way,

"It would be *illiberal* to attribute any thing but honourable motives to the gentleman."

Vastly *illiberal* no doubt, Dyer, but if, instead of "*a gentleman of Albemarle-street*," it had happened to be "*a person of Drury-lane*," we wonder how much Dyer would have said or thought about liberality. He would have stormed out lustily on the subject of depravity, we will be bound, for what would be the "*basest design*" in Drury-lane, would of course be a "*perfectly honourable intention*" in Albemarle-street. We congratulate Dyer on his discrimination, a quality of which we do not doubt he reaps the full benefit.

An enemy to Waggonery.

Ferocity is a fearful foe to fun, and the police magistrate is, of course, the mortal enemy of every kind of drollery. However, we do not

think that the gloomy propensities of a Dogberry should be vented in acts of oppression towards the more facetiously disposed of his Majesty's subjects, and we shall, therefore take the liberty of trouncing Laing for having done so on a recent occasion. We must make an extract from the *True Vestryman* to put our readers in possession of the circumstances alluded to. The statement is somewhat lengthy, but it is too good for curtailment.

SEIZURE FOR TAXES IN ST. PANCRAZ.—On Friday the 10th instant, Davis, the Sheriff's officer, attended at Mr. Thompson's, in University-street, to levy for taxes. He seized two boxes of candles, that being done, Mr. Thompson requested that he would immediately leave his shop, as his presence interrupted him in his business, and it was quite enough to lose his goods; he then put the goods outside his door, and told the officer to follow them. A cart was procured by Davis, and while in the act of placing the boxes in the cart, the box broke, and the candles were strewed about the street. A number of persons, perhaps 100, were collected, a general laugh was the consequence, when Inspector Titterton, of the E division of the police, ordered his men (about twelve) to draw their staffs and seize a young man of the name of Sparrow, who joined in the laugh, and a lad of fourteen, who happened to groan—there was no riot or interruption to any officer—the two were taken to the station-house, and in the evening were placed at the criminal bar of Hutton Garden, before Mr. Rogers. Davis having made his charge, Messrs. Thompson and Newberry presented themselves to speak in favour of the accused, when Davis immediately charged them with interrupting him in his duty, and the magistrate ordered all four to be locked up, and to give twenty-four hours' notice of bail. They were handcuffed, chained to fifteen other persons accused of various offences, and dragged through the public streets to Clerkenwell prison, where they were kept till Monday at noon, when after the most vexatious examination by Mr. Laing, bail was admitted for Mr. Newberry, but as regards Mr. Thompson, one of his bail was refused because he had been seized upon for taxes, though ready to swear that he was worth the amount required after payment of his debts. Mr. Thompson was required to give twenty-four hours' notice of fresh bail, and the amount doubled. He was not released till Tuesday at noon. During their imprisonment they were subjected to the prison allowance, and Mr. Newberry's goods seized for taxes by Davis the officer.—*The True Vestryman*.

From this it appears that the blue devils won't stand a joke, and that a cracked skull must be received as the *guerdon* of an appreciator of waggonery. A fellow who hates a joke or a laugh, is always a true savage, and the barbarian Laing is another instance of such being the case in general. Inspector Titterton could not stand to be laughed at, and twelve policemen drew their staves to transfer the laughter to the wrong side of the mouth of the cacinating audience. The dignity of the new police can't stand to be grinned at, and accordingly the ring-leaders, or rather (by a transposition of the letter *g*) the *grin-leaders* are marched off in custody, and brought before Laing on the awful charge of having interrupted the police in the execution of their duty. As our comments on this fellow's conduct would be any thing but facetious we leave the contemplation of it to our readers' sagacity.

The Baron and his Family.

Mr. Baron, Lady, and Miss B. have left town for a short time for the continent. The learned Baron's absence, it is expected, will not exceed a fortnight. Her ladyship, it is said, has lost her voice, and she is recommended this excursion by her medical attendant, as the means of being instrumental to her recovery.—*Standard*.

The above paragraph has gone the round of the papers, but we are at a loss to divine its purpose. Is it considered of so much importance to the public, to be made acquainted with the movements of the B. family? As long as the Baron attends to his duties as a judge, nobody cares to know how he thinks proper to fill up his leisure; and as to Lady and Miss B. they are individuals of no public interest whatever, and the former is not a professional singer, we think it strange that we are called upon to sympathize with her for the loss of her voice, or be supposed to have a curiosity about the means she is adopting for its recovering. If her vocal powers are on the wane, and she thinks a continental trip would be *instrumental to re-toning* them, why does not she start off at once, without heralding her intentions in the public prints, which she ought to know by this time, are looked to for information on subjects of more importance than the movements of herself and family.

BROUGHAMIANA, NO. 30.

The sufferings of the Chancellor have for some time acted on this department of our work, by causing its temporary discontinuance, but as the Parliamentary Session approaches he is sharpening up those satirical powers which have so frequently cut to atoms the opposition of his enemies. His last sally has been beautifully directed against the bar, as the following speech made the other morning in his own Court doth testify. "Usher," cried Vaux, "I will have no gentlemen sit in those back seats. I see a few *gentlemen* in them now, I have repeatedly said they are only for the *barristers*." At this marked and sardonic *distinction* between *gentlemen* and the lawyers, Sugden gave a look and a grin which Satan might covet as an acquisition!

AUGUSTA'S ALBUM, NO. 2.

Her Royal Highness is continually adding to this entertaining volume her small facetiæ on the passing events of the day, and she transmits us the book every Tuesday evening for the purposes of selection. She has been witty on some portions of the biographical sketch of the late Lord Grenville, that has just appeared in the newspapers. We make the following extracts:—

The papers say Lord Grenville rose *rapidly* at the University. This is obviously false, for at College he could only have *got on by degrees*.

I find the lotteries are drawn by a *wheel*, which accounts for the sums lost by foolish speculators being *round* ones.

HORRIBLE CONDITION OF HORACE TWISS.

Poor Horace has been angling for briefs at Westminster Hall, but his wig, which was a mere preparation of flour, has been made up into a pudding, the grease from the collar of his coat having been added by way of suet. He, therefore, now appears in court with his head embedded in a sheer cabbage net, which by constant rubbing upon the whitewashed wall of the court, he has contrived to render rather the colour of the wigs of his brother counsel. He has taken a small cellar for chambers in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane, and his *air-hole*, which he calls a window, is fitted up with a leaden inkstand, an old steel pen, a brief, and an affidavit. The words *H. Twiss, Barrister*, ornament the top, while in small letters underneath are written the words *counsel's work in general*. On one door post is inscribed *writs prepared with accuracy*, while on the other is painted *the cheapest house in London for all kinds of motions*. We really wish poor Twiss every success in his new establishment, but the profession is so overstocked, that it is only by the very moderate scale of charges he has adopted, he can ever hope for the smallest encouragement.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakespeare.

The Whigs in for it.

The opponents of the Ministers protest that the Government will not stand long, as they talk of resigning. When it is remembered that the Whigs *never do what they talk about*, their present declarations must be received as a proof of the Cabinet's stability.

A New Opinion.

A wag, on perceiving that no arrangements seemed to be in progress for completing the building of the London University, observed that he did not wonder at its remaining without its *wings*, for a *pinion* (*opinion*) is now decidedly against it.

Ins and Outs.

The acts of the Tories are said to be all *in character*. We object to this assertion, since *character* is a commodity they have long been quite *out of*.

A Proverb excepted to.

It is said that "*honesty is the best policy*," though the *best policy* of certain parties in the state is decidedly any thing but *honesty*.

Whig ascendancy.

Many people have expressed surprise at the continued ascendancy of the Whigs, notwithstanding the perseverance of the opposition. That the *Whigs*, however, should keep *a-head*, is to us perfectly natural.

A Tax on Wind.

"The King of Corsica," says a recent African traveller, "when he wants money puts a tax upon wind." If the King of England would follow the example, the long-winded speeches of certain *M.P.s* might be made what they never have been yet, a *source of profit*.

The Wheel of Fortune.

"The natures and dispositions of men," says the philosopher, "are mere lotteries." If so, when Wynford got his heart he took only a *sixteenth*, and that is a *blank*.

A Humane Wish.

"Long life to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester," cried a fishwoman at Brighton to a mercantile friend near her. "Oh yes," was the reply, "and he will have a long life too, for, as the proverb says, bless him, '*Who ever heard of a dead jackass*.'"

THEATRICALS.

We have positively nothing to say respecting the scenic representations going on at the two large houses, but anecdotes are flying about in myriads respecting the rare combination of animals congregated in the allied companies. Ducrow is generally at war with the self-styled legitimates, and G. Bennett in particular, who is the very soul of dignity, is much offended at being associated in the same piece with what Mears classically denominates the *dum Hannibals*. Ducrow makes, however, especial small work with the actors, and complains to Bunn of their inattention to the *cues*, declaring his quadrupeds beat the two-legged brutes quite hollow in sagacity. He had made this charge against G. Bennett, the hero of the iron lungs and the rolling eyeballs, who walked up to Ducrow, in stilt he keeps for dignified purposes, and demanded, with a majestic oath, "What the devil the dirty stableman meant by bringing accusations against the *legitimates*." Ducrow, who is one of the best blackguards in any quarter of the globe, contrived completely to exhaust a slang dictionary in a single speech, and added, "Sir, I've been *patternised* by Kings and your great people." G. Bennett could not dispute this, but added, "Yes, for your buffoonery." "No, Sir," rejoined Ducrow, with a cataract of sheer blasphemy, "for my *talent*, which is what you'll never show if you live to the age of *Methooset*, yes, Sir, I think that's the word, *Methooset*."

Among other green room stories is the following:—Bunn has been cutting down every expense, and in fact, goes out every morning to sell his own kitchen stuff, consisting of the candle ends of the preceding evening. Not content with this, he has been curtailing a little outlay in the pantomime, wherein a bottle of wine used to be drunk on the stage, but finding the pantomime don't bring in the value of the liquor, or in fact hardly *draws*—the cork, he has lately substituted a filthy compound of swipes and ditch water. On the first night of this poisonous mixture being administered, the company were one and all seized with such violent gripings that the performance could not proceed, but Bunn swore he would have no affectation, and he would "bring their proud stomachs down" till they suffered no inconvenience. The poor wretches have consequently been physicked every night, and now they gulp down the ditch water with a disregard of delicacy that nothing but the indiscriminating throat of the common sewer can parallel.

The Adelphi piece of *Lurline*, draws prodigiously, for an enlightened public delights in the contemplation of ladies legs, and other theatrical delicacies. This house may be said to go on swimmingly indeed, when twenty nymphs are to be seen every night floating about the stage, which is arranged to represent real water.

At Sadler's Wells, we understand, a grand piece is in preparation, called the *Clerk of Clerkenwell*. We shall go and see it, and hope to report with favour. We hear the business has been excellent.

The Wandering Minstrel, by Ralph Rigmarole, Esquire, has taken the metropolis by surprise, being as it is, the epitome of humour, and the concentrated essence of double-distilled comicality. The character of Jem Bags, the ballad-singer, is the most natural piece of low life ever produced on the stage, and Mitchell's mighty personation is worthy the majestic conception of the racy Rigmarole. It is a part which will elevate the reputation of Mr. Mitchell to a very high degree, and indeed we are quite sure that Reeve, for whom the part was intended, would have fallen very far short of the present representative. Miss Crisp, as the real Wandering Minstrel, sings very sweetly a pretty French air, and by her looks shames the animal who yelps at the *Beulah Spa*, in a seedy tunic, and patched hessians. This fellow with his lanky white *moustache* and goggle eye, is about the most impudent hoax that ever pocketed public pelf, and endeavours to get himself mistaken for the Don Juan de Vega, a *real* gentleman and a good singer, who three or four years since traversed the provinces. The Richmond ragamuffin is nobody, as is well known to every body,

he wears glass rings to the tune of about two-shillings and sixpence, but as to any thing else of value being connected with him, we deny the thing flatly. He ought to be indicted for swindling sentimental boarding school idiots out of the money allowed to them for lollipops. There is more pocket-money drained out of the small purses of the humbugged young souls, than they can afford compatibly with their ardour for tom-trot and novel reading. It is decidedly *toffy** versus *twaddle*, Everton against the *Beulah Spa*, a bad ballad in opposition to a good brandy-ball.

* Everton toffy is a favourite with the juveniles.

TO THE PUBLIC.

For divers excellent reasons *The Wag* is deceased.

1st. It was too much trouble.

2nd. It only paid 99l. 10s. per week, and we could not go on without *one hundred pounds* net profit, and the public was lazy in cashing up the extra half sovereign.

3rd. The *Figaro* readers were jealous of our attention to another periodical, and as they are our oldest friends, we pay the first attention to their wishes. We, therefore, do not intend to edit any periodical but *Figaro in London*, which, like the last *Rose of Summer*, flourishes when every penny periodical is dead, or drooping round it. As the song says—

'Tis the last of the pennies
Left standing alone,
All its upstart opponents
Are vanquished and gone.

Not a work of its kindred,
Nor rival is left;
To reflect back its brilliance,
Or live by its theft.

All the imitators we once had, are long since deceased; and those are gone who gained an ephemeral existence by pilfering from our pages. But having the field to ourselves, will not make us relax in our exertions, and we therefore liberally announce

SIX CARICATURES

for Saturday next, as a species of intervening treat, preparatory to the production of our promised

POLITICAL SPECTACLE,

which owing to the extensive preparations necessary, is postponed till after the Assembling of Parliament.

Our Publisher has now ready, the Fourth Half-Yearly Part, price *Two Shillings*.

BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.—Of all the valuable discoveries in science and art that characterise this eventful age, nothing has so benefited the cause of humanity, nor had its importance so gratefully acknowledged, as BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS; the inventor of which, in the pursuit of his professional studies, by a perfectly new and scientific consideration of the nature and cause of this disease, has completely overthrown the old theory of the disorder, and, in the simplest form of the materia medica, discovered a remedy that has exceeded his most sanguine expectations as such, and backed with the approbation of many thousands of persons, with a demand for them at home and abroad unparalleled; they are respectfully submitted to the afflicted of the public who have not yet availed themselves of their benefits, being convinced that, in so doing, a duty to the public and humanity will be performed that would be criminal to neglect. In cases of gout or severe rheumatism their effects are truly wonderful, generally giving relief in one or two hours, and often carrying off the attack

in two or three days, even when the patient has usually laid up for weeks. Rheumatism, of however long standing, has never failed to give way to a slight perseverance in their as well as lumbago, and pains in the head, face, rheumatic fever, &c. As they may be taken without inconvenience or hindrance from business at any time, and by the weakest constitutions, no one subject to these complaints should ever be without them. Sold by Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London, 7 doors from Temple-bar; and all the respectable medicine vendors throughout the kingdom. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

TO FLUTE PLAYERS.

THE FLUTONICON, for February, (No. 2, price only 8d.), will contain four most beautiful solos for the flute by Oginsky, Gabrielsky & Farrene, besides the celebrated Galoppe in GUSTAVUS, with variations, composed (January, 1834,) expressly for this work, by M. Dressler. No. 1 may now be had, the demand for which has been immense. (Price only 8d. every month.)

Published by Sherwood, 25, Paternoster Row; Geroch, 79, Cornhill; and Duff, 65, Oxford-street, who have just published for the guitar, the GIULIANIAD, No. 7, price 2s. 6d., 1st vol. ditto (for 1833) 16s.

This edition of the Flutonicon has the ROYAL ARMS on the wrapper.

On Saturday the 1st February, No. 1, price 3d., of

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 113.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1834.

[Price One Penny.

THE COMING SESSION.

In politics nothing is now stirring, but there is a fearful tranquillity in the political atmosphere which seems sullenly to bespeak a coming storm in the approaching Session of Parliament. Everything in the world of politics is dull; but the busy time is coming on, and then there will be enough work for us in looking after our old friends, the Ministers. His Majesty begins to feel rather forcibly that he is not exactly having his own way, and a person who met the monarch a short time since in the neighbourhood of Brighton, heard William the Fourth distinctly singing the following parody on Alexander Selkirk:—

I am monarch, at least so they say,
For there's no one my right to dispute;
Yet, I'm cursed if my minister, Grey,
Don't lord it o'er me like a brute.

Oh! sovereignty! where are the charms
That in thee I thought could be seen?
'Tis a state of perpetual alarms,
And of squabbles 'twixt me and the Queen.

I am out of all honest men's reach,
In my Ministers' hands, all alone.
They write out a horrible speech,
And force me to call it my own.

The beasts that are out in the street
My form with indifference see;
They flock not my carriage to meet,
Their apathy's shocking to me.

Vol. III.

Such is the strain in which his most gracious Majesty is frequently heard to indulge, and it is very likely there is sincerity in his lament over the cares of Monarchy. He was, doubtless, happier as Duke of Clarence, for his social disposition was always averse to ceremony, and he feels the distance at which regal dignity forces him to keep some of his old friends particularly disagreeable. He was not made to bow at six yards distance, or to enact an automaton in having his hand kissed; he had rather grasp the paw of a coalheaver, than let his own digits be slobbered over by the mouths of the whole aristocracy. However, there he is, and we can only recommend him to make the best of it. We wish him well through the approaching Session; for we are sure the struggle will be no insignificant one for his Ministers, and as he is identified with them, to put them on their good behaviour will be for the Monarch's interest.

In consequence of the dulness of the political world, which we have before alluded to, we select theatrical subjects for our present batch of six caricatures, because the *drama* is just at present more thought about than the theatre of politics, and however great may be our influence in the latter, it is well known that our sway in the histrionic world is vast, if not infinite. Without abandoning our promised *Political Spectacle*, on which Seymour has been engaged all the summer, we give the treat that adorns our present number, and which may be regarded as the *bonne bouche* intermediate!

W. Molineux, Printer, 18, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

FIGARO'S THEATRICAL GALLERY.

When it is considered how much we have repeatedly said against Bunn's management of the large houses, it will not be wondered at that in selecting the *elite* of the united company as a theatrical gallery for our work, we serve up to the public six effigies of the most ungainly kind, and we solemnly assert that they comprise the chief part of the *talent* of the joint establishments. The first in rotation is Bunn himself, whom we have deposited in those identical velvets which have through our pages acquired such high celebrity, and he has been put by Seymour into the part of Alfred the Little, strutting in all the pride of a petty monarch, and an overbearing manager.



MR. BUNN AS ALFRED THE LITTLE.

This is a part Bunn plays only in private life, his stage performances having been hitherto confined to the somewhat various characters of Polhill's livery servant, the dragon in the St. George piece, and Napoleon Buonaparte. As the servant he is quite at home; as the dragon, his squat figure and fierce looks carry him through, but as to his Napoleon, it is nothing more than a libel, and as he has been in France, some say he has been bribed by Louis Philippe to bring the memory of the late Emperor into contempt, by making his person the subject of ridicule. Instead of looking like Buonaparte, he resembles an awkward serjeant of a badly drilled volunteer corps, and as he is generally muzzy, he rolls about in a style to which a fillet of veal upon castors offers the only known parallel.

We next come to the star of the beginning of the season, who turns out to be a rushlight in the end, and on whom a shade has judiciously been placed, in order to be in character with his total lack of every thing approaching to brilliancy. We of course allude to Mr. King, the tragic hero that was to be, and the supernumerary that will be probably. His handsome looks were to have drawn all the town to Drury-lane, but six feet of carcase surmounted by about half a yard of face, had not the effect Bunn had ventured to anticipate. We will not, however, enter further on King's merits, nor shall we com-

ment on his appearance, which must speak for itself in the following sketch of



MR. KING AS THE DRURY LANE ADONIS.

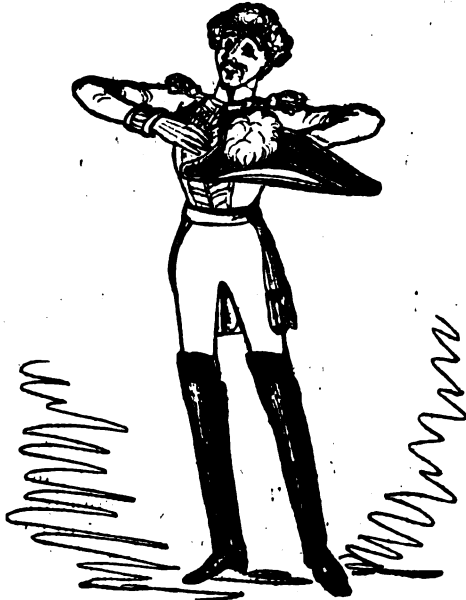
The next lovely specimen of humanity which we shall offer is in the leading tragic actress of the two great national theatres, and we defy any one to prove that nature trusted even one of her journeymen to put together the materials composing the being whom Seymour, in a plethora of humour, was playfully pleased to delineate. She is the Siddons of the Bunn dynasty, and modestly engaged as a sort of *tria juncta in una*. A species of Siddons, O'Neill, and Kemble united in the same individual. Of course we allude to



MRS. SLOMAN AS LADY CONSTANCE.

the actress who went into the country six years since, a failure, and returned to the metropolis at the commencement of this season a reputed genius. The critics, however, shrewdly declare that *flesh* is the only advantage she seems to have acquired by her provincial sojourn, and unfortunately for her fame intellect is not necessarily included in obesity. Having

disposed of the tragic strength of the two houses, let us pay due tribute to the pink of its vocal *corps*, which is to be recognised in that concentrated essence of propriety, the correct and chilly Templeton. With an attention to business that does him the highest credit, Templeton flings feeling to the dogs, and like a true musician talks sentiment to the chromatic scale: he makes love in *A flat*, and will, in fact, do anything but *B natural*. He throws a glance to *C sharp*, and what an actor would regulate by common sense, Templeton coolly settles by the laws of harmony. His attitudes also are invariably the result of musical arrangement, and nothing that he does is without its note by way of an accompaniment. But we will let him speak for himself, and without further ceremony introduce



MR. TEMPLETON AS LILIEN HORN.

Our worthy friend Templeton is not alone in his peculiar style, but possesses a most appropriate partner in the principal singing lady of the joint houses, to whom all will apply that we have said of her male associate. As we detest repetition, we shall content ourselves with merely presenting in due form,



MISS INVERARITY AS MADAME ANKARSTROM.

Our exposition of the vagrant troop is now nearly complete; but we shall wind it up with one who is all in all in his own precious opinion, which is about the worst compliment he can pay himself. He is that important personage, the stage manager of Covent Garden, whose delightful study it has long been to shelve deserving performers and put himself forward. He is amazingly proud of his talent, and makes it the object of so much dignity, that really the vulgar eye of the public has never yet been allowed to feast upon it. If he possesses any, it is a precious gem, concealed in some hidden casket, but as yet there have been no symptoms of any intention on his part of making it manifest. Every body knows him, because when one goes to Covent Garden, he is sure to intrude himself in some chief part, and if we go to see a performer we approve, Bartley is sure to be acting as a vigorous alloy to the pleasure we derive from our favourite. If he is not hissed, it is because people begin to think it is of no use; but a calm generally precedes the energetic demand for a removal of established nuisances. We have given him the advantage of sketching him in the only part he has been at all bearable in during the whole of the present management.



MR. BARTLEY IN MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE.

The above remarks, illustrated as they are by pictorial representations, form a copious practical analysis of the merits of the joint companies of the two patent theatres, under the hateful influence of the velvet breeches management.

THE INTERPRETER.

Masked Ball at Paris.

"It is a circumstance worthy of remark that many ladies appeared without either characters, costumes, or masks, but merely in fashionable ball-dresses."—*Court Journal*.

Our court friend one would imagine must be little acquainted with the set whose movements he records, when he expresses astonishment at the facts he here alludes to. He will perhaps show more wisdom another time, and recollect that for great ladies to appear anywhere *without characters* is not at all remarkable.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakespeare.

State of the Church.

Though many may dispute the policy of a separation between Church and State, there are few but will allow, that the true interest of the Church and the existence of its present State are incompatible.

Too bad.

It is said the Bishops are to be deprived of their *seats*, which they complain of as being very hard, particularly at a time when they have scarcely a leg to stand upon.

Parts of speech.

The King's speech is not his own, but that of his Ministers. This is *saying very little for himself* on the part of his Majesty.

Measure for measure.

All eyes are turned to the Ministers, to see what they will do in the approaching Session. It is to be hoped that they will let their *measures* go to a sufficient *length*.

All alike.

Swindlers flock to London as the town fills, and the Members of Parliament come to it. This is verifying the old proverb, "*Birds of a feather flock together.*"

The part for the whole.

The Whigs though without much talent are in one respect *men of parts*, for they have a terrible aversion to *whole measures*.

THEATRICALS.

Owing to our humane interference the Pantomimists at Covent Garden, are now spared the swill of swipes and ditch-water, which was inflicted on them till we noticed the cruelty. Healthy double X is now the gentlemanly substitute, which Bunn in his liberality now causes to be dispensed to them. In consequence, however, of a shilling being wanted to rescue him from the Harp, where he was detained for his score on Thursday, the beverage was on that evening entirely omitted.

The Fitzroy management brought out its *ninth* [successful] piece on Monday evening, in the shape of a dramatic sketch called *Matteo Falconi*, which is short but full of interest, and aided by admirable acting on the part of Miss Mason and her brother, together with effective situations and a splendid scene, passed off to the utter satisfaction of an over-brimming audience. The piece is written by Mr. E. Mayhew, the manager; but a criticism in *The Chronicle* assigns the authorship to Mr. F. Lawrance, a gentleman well known in the world of periodical literature, but who has not yet, we believe, *flared up* for the benefit of the dramatic glory of his country. Our contemporary has therefore made an error in crowning Mr. Lawrance prematurely with a garland of laurels, though we do not doubt that when he does write for the stage, he will merit a complete bush of bays, and that his head will deservedly be incased in a perfect forest of evergreens. "*Palmas qui meruit ferat,*" and, *ergo*, we correct the slight error of our much respected contemporary. The piece is, as we said before, by Mr. E. Mayhew, the author of the Father's Plea, &c., and is one of the best serious one-act dramas we ever had the pleasure of witnessing. Notwithstanding the success of everyone of the many novelties, there is to be A NEW DOMESTIC DRAMA produced on Monday, of which, as it is by the author of *The King Incog.*, we ought, perhaps, to say nothing; but we like in these cases to criticise

first, lest the sudden disappearance of the subject should leave us no opportunity of doing so afterwards. The drama is called *The Gaming Table*, and the principal character is founded on that of Mr. Beverley, though in other respects the play of *The Gamester* has furnished not one atom of material. It may be presumption to touch an established five-act tragedy, but there are good reasons for doing so. First, small houses are forbidden by law from acting legitimate pieces, and as *The Gamester* is very heavy, it is advantageous to rid it of all its dull portions. A part, therefore, of Beverley's character is all that has been retained, the whole of the rest of the *Dramatis Personæ* being entirely original. Sentiment has been swept away wholesale, and a substitution has been made to introduce the tremendously powerful comic talent of the Fitzroy establishment. Such actors as Mitchell, Perry, Oxberry, and Manders, with Mrs. Brindall, who is really without a rival in lively characters, would carry any rubbish through, and it will be the fault of the author indeed if *The Gaming Table* should be so bad as to fail when supported by so much first-rate ability. The grand attraction of the evening will be the appearance of the manager himself, Mr. E. Mayhew, who makes his *debut* as Mr. Mornington. A good tragedian will be a dramatic god-send, and we really anticipate that the phenomenon will at last be found at the Fitzroy. The *debutante* seems to excite great interest, for the box plan for Monday is, we hear, filling rapidly.

The brain of Mr. Buckstone is perhaps the most prosperously prolific cerebral article of the present day, for it seems to be never exhausted, but continually to be drawing on public favour, which, is always sure to be awarded to his pieces as a tribute to the talent they invariably manifest. *Isabelle* was produced at the Adelphi on Monday last, and bids fair to become equally popular with *Victorine*, *Henriette*, and others by the same felicitous dramatist. The *Herald* ignorantly ascribed the new piece to a French origin, but we know it to be purely the composition and invention of the English author, with the exception of Reeve's part, which he at once acknowledges to be founded on one of Paul de Kock's characters. The large demand which our six caricatures have made upon our space, renders it impossible to do to *Isabelle* the ample justice its excellence would merit.

The same reason precludes us from noticing the *Headsmen* this week at the Victoria, and the *Clerk of Clerkenwell*, at Sadler's Wells, the latter of which is, we believe, got up in a style of splendour never before attempted at a minor establishment. Next week will be a grand one in dramatic affairs, as there will be novelty almost every where.

TO FLUTE PLAYERS.

THE FLUTONICON, for February, (No. 2, price only 8d.), will contain four most beautiful solos for the flute by Oginsky, Gabrielsky, and Farrene, besides the celebrated Galoppe in GUSTAVUS, with variations, composed (January, 1834) expressly for this work, by M. Dressler. No. 1 may now be had, the demand for which has been immense. (Price only 8d. every month.) Published by Sherwood, 28, Paternoster Row; Geroock, 79, Cornhill; and Duff, 68, Oxford-street, who have just published for the guitar, the GIULIANIAD, No. 7, price 2s. 6d., 1st vol. ditto (for 1838) 16s.

This edition of the Flutonicon has the ROYAL ARMS on the wrapper.

This day is ready, Price One Shilling,

THE KING INCOG,

A Farce in Two Acts,
BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

Now performing at the Royal Fitzroy Theatre.

Published by John Miller, (agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society,) 14, Beale Street, Covent Garden.

FINE BEAVER HATS.—EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS.

THE Beaver Hats, manufactured by the undersigned Patentees, and sold at the above Price, will be found fully equal to those sold by retailers at Twenty One Shillings. Dealers supplied:
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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen.
Wound with a touch that scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere.—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 114.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE KING'S SPEECH.

His most gracious, most *puissant*, most Christian, most religious, most munificent and sagacious Majesty, Billy the Fourth, has *flared up once more* in a speech to his most pliant Parliament, and he has bleated out as precious a collection of taradiddles as ever emerged from the mouth of a monarch on occasions of a similar character. As he is a mere spout through which to pour the meaning of the ministry, in fact, a pump whose handle is to be worked by those about him, we do not hold him accountable for his speech, of which we give the intelligible version as usual, by way of a key to the ambiguous rubbish that appears in the newspapers.



The above glorious illustration shows the situation in which the monarch stands as a speech maker; and where the pencil has been so powerful, the pen may as well be laid aside, for all it could add on the theme would be superfluous.

We will, however, proceed to our solution of the hieroglyphical humbug which has been thrust through the royal head (in at the eyes and out at the mouth) like peas passing through a callender:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I rely on your interest in keeping things as they are, to preserve the foundations of our established constitution, that is, keep in the *base*, for that which is *base* is to the advantage of all of us.

You pleased me very much last session, for I'm d—d if you did any thing but talk, and I trust your tongues are all in readiness to tire the patience of those idiots, my people, bless their loyal souls and plunder their pockets! Your smash for slavery in Jamaica was a fine clap-trap at a small expence. It was nothing when done, and a great deal to talk about. That's what I call *efficient* reform, so do as much as you like of that sort of business.

I am much obliged by the jobs you have placed in my hands, by the institution of various commissions, since it not only provides snugly for several tools, but provides ample subject for *talking*, which I hold to be the grand attribute of a reformed Parliament.

Don't go to war, it takes money, mind that! so let's be peaceable. As long as foreign states are civil, leave 'em alone. Observe neutrality, except when partiality is convenient.

W. Mellor, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fleet Lane.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

Fork out the cash with your usual liberality.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

There's a great deal of distress in the country, but talk about improvement, and the people will starve quietly.

O'Connell will, I fear, cause a *flare-up* in Ireland; but he must be kept in awe, therefore, if I find another dose of coercion expedient, help to make it strong enough.

The people of that country want a repeal of the Union, and I don't. Though the question interests them, we must cut their throats, and coerce them more than ever, unless they will submit to be oppressed in a quiet peaceable manner.

O'Connell is a dangerous fellow. I just throw this out as a hint, may it not be as well to persecute him? But caution will be required here, for the scoundrel is infernally popular."

This is the substance of the Royal Speech, and if we are not so correct in the *words* as our contemporaries, we are, at least in this respect, superior to them, that we have given the *meaning*. We have no doubt a *reformed* Parliament will know how to profit by the hints of a *reforming* Ministry.

INTERPRETER.

Farebrother on the Flare.

Lord Farebrother, who from his dignified position as King of the Cockneys, is of course looked to as a pattern card by all the scum of the metropolis, has been broaching a doctrine that is likely to set the whole city in an uproar, and to render pugilism almost as fashionable outside the Mansion House, as folly has always been in the interior. His lordship has given it as his official opinion, that "breaking heads" is the best possible method of keeping up the dignity of the English character; so that it will be quite under his lordship's peculiar patronage if the whole of Cockney land should in a few days be one scene of fights, rows, squabbles, bruising, bullying, and blustering. The case on which he came to this enlightened conclusion was, that of a man who having incapacitated himself for work by becoming a party to a blackguard street row, claimed of a benefit society, against its laws, a recompence for his being disabled. Lord Farebrother declared the man entitled to his allowance, and flew off into such a wild rhapsody on the subject of resenting blows, that every one in the office expected his lordship would have sprung up for a *set-to* with Hobler, by way of a little exercise. We understand on good authority, that he took a round or so with the Beadle on quitting the chair, and that he graciously promised to have a turn-up with Cope, the city Marshal, on the very first opportunity. Encouraged by the knock-down doctrines of the Lord Mayor, it is, we believe, intended by the swell mob, to confine their operations principally to the city, as the *manliness* of an assault is in Farebrother's eyes a sufficient reason for letting it pass with impunity.

White's Virtues.

Every one is aware of our vast appreciation of White, the Dogberry of Queen-square, who commits the most horrible cruelties with a *sang froid* that nothing short of magisterial iciness could at all be likely to parallel. A delightful case for the exercise of his brutality occurred on Saturday last, when he visited the crime of houselessness with that amiable severity which is at once so elevating an attribute of the party inflicting it, and so beneficial to those receiving it. However, the fol-

lowing case speaks so prettily for itself, that we cannot by any means think of curtailing it.

"Mary Bray, a distressed looking object, with a child about four weeks old in her arms, was charged by a police officer of the B division, with begging in the public streets. The latter stated that he found her asking charity of several persons in Eaton-place, Pimlico.

Mr. White asked her where she lived?

Defendant.—I live in St. Ann-street, and am in great distress.

Mr. White.—Where do you come from?

Defendant.—I came from Brighton about six or seven weeks ago.

Mr. White.—And why did you not stay at Brighton; what did you come here for?

Defendant.—I wanted to get to Cheltenham.

Mr. White.—And how are you to get to Cheltenham without a penny in your pocket? You must go for fourteen days in the House of Correction, and perhaps they will pass you from there to your parish!

Defendant (crying bitterly).—Pray don't send me to a prison. For God's sake don't.

Mr. White.—It is the kindest thing I can possibly do for you; and you do not appear to be sensible of it.

The defendant was then removed, imploring the magistrate not to commit her.—She was locked up."

Such is the report in the *Morning Advertiser* of Monday, and such the cool disposal that White makes of houselessness. We suspect that ere long, in the eyes of the magistrates, lodgings will be criminal, and any thing short of a whole house punishable by a month at Brixton. If to be without a home be a sin, why should there not be grades of guilt from the occupant of a mansion in Grosvenor Square, to the tenant of a back attic in some obscure street of the metropolis. A first floor might then be a type of innocence, and the *three pair back*, might very probably be regarded as a proof of every thing diabolical. In the scale of police justice, respectability would of course end upon the second floor, and villainy be at its highest pitch in the garrets. Such, at least, is White's estimate of guilt, and he always packs off to jail, those who have no place to lay their heads in. He occasionally contrives to blend a species of humour with his truculency, and in the case above quoted, he facetiously calls his victim to account for not being *sensible* of his *kindness*, in locking her up for a fortnight in the House of Correction. If this be White's kindness, we should like to know his idea of cruelty, for it must certainly embrace some scheme of torture unheard of in the Book of Martyrs, or even untalked about in the Newgate Calendar. Kind soul! to send a poor woman to prison for a failure in the point of residence. A woman without a card of address is of course an abomination to White, and her incarceration is in his own humane language, the *kindest thing he can do for her*. This implies an effort at benevolence on his part certainly, but with such a lame and impotent conclusion he cannot too speedily abandon his novel attempt, since nothing beneficial appears to arise from it.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 68.

Owing to the opening of Parliament, the Duke has been for some days past *reading up* for an oratorical display in the House of Peers, and he has been under an able orthographer for the last fortnight in order that his spelling may be upon a lofty *par* with his acknowledged genius. His studies have been confined hitherto to the daily journals, and the *Herald* has been the favourite print with this dignified daisy of the house of Guelph, the flower of the royal family. The other morning innocently reposing in the lap of his nurse, with his milk and water mug in one hand, a hunch of bread and butter in his mouth, and the *Herald* under his eye, Higgins employed in licking a spoon he had slyly extricated from the sugar pot, and all presenting a *coup d'œil* of infantine repose which Wikkie

might be proud to paint, or the Royal Academy to exhibit—while, we say, thus disposed, Gloucester appeared suddenly seized with a paroxysm of grief, to which he gave frightful vent as follows:—"Holloa! holloa! here's a take in, here's a regular do. Higgins, I say, Higgins." The *aid-de-camp* flared up feebly, and inquired what was the row with his customary *naïveté*. "Why, lookye here," continued the excited Duke, "here's an imposition on the public. Listen to this," and he read out from the *Herald* the following short paragraph:—

"There will not now be any obstacle to the performance of the new comedy of the *Minister and the Mercer*, which will, therefore, be brought out immediately."

"There," cried the Duke, with a look that scorched the *aid-de-camp's* pinafore, "they're going to play the *Minister and the Mercer* without any obstacle. Now, I would venture to take my oath that the obstacle would be the best part of it." Higgins fled in consternation, and howled piteously through the premises.

TO OUR READERS.

In consequence of the immense increase in the public avidity for this periodical, now that Parliament has assembled, preparations have been made for an improved rapidity of supply, so that disappointment be occasioned to nobody. The two houses have begun in a way that promises ample exercise to our razor; for which, in fact, the finest *hone* is in the proceedings of the Parliament. Its doings will ere long be made the subject of A GRAND POLITICAL SPECTACLE, which has been long in preparation, with some SPLENDID SCENERY by SEYMOUR. By the activity of our printer we are happily enabled to say YES, to myriads of anxious supplicants who have written to enquire if more are to be had of our last week's number, containing in SIX CARICATURES a *bonne bouche* called FIGARO'S THEATRICAL GALLERY; the charge on the weeks of these extra attractions, is still as the showmen say, NO MORE THAN A PENNY.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

Soft Heads of the Church.

A favourite expression in reference to the established religion, is "*the mother church*." The *mother* must be a pretty ancient lady by this time, which perhaps accounts for her having several *old women* as her chief representatives.

The Incurribles.

On the first night of the session, two amendments were proposed in the House of Commons, and rejected by an overwhelming negative. We are not surprised at this, any thing like amendment was always unpopular in Parliament.

A good take off.

If Ministers be really desirous (though they do not say so in the speech,) of taking off the burdens of the country, we would recommend them to begin by taking themselves off.

Parliamentary Ignorance.

There are some who complain that the poorest and *most ignorant* of the community send no members to Parliament. About the *poorest* we will say nothing, but certainly the *most ignorant* have in both houses a very large majority of representatives.

The Gen. conclusive.

What part of speech, does that vague collection of rigmroles, the King's speech, resemble? Why, to be sure, the article indefinite.

Effects without Cause.

Some of the Bishops have, with a holy zeal, declared their determination to fight to the last for the *cause* of Christianity. Hitherto their energies have been directed to looking after the effects.

A Speech of Parts.

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said of the speech, that the Ministers proposed no *substantive* measures. We suspect, that unless they suggest something tangible, there measures will be too *substantive*, for having no one to support them, they will be things *standing alone*.

Significant Slang.

Continental affairs are the *interesting* topics of the royal speech, and *Spain* occupies a prominent position in the precious document. This is not to be wondered at, for the *Spanish* (*vulgo money*) seems to engross the minds of the Ministry.

Bunn Forget.

The Ministers commence on Monday giving their political dinners. Among their guests, there will be doubtless many, who though attending in apparent amity at the feasts, would be glad if they could by a *side wind*, give a blow out to the Ministers.

The One of Clubs.

A new political Club is said to be forming without any reference to either of the two great leading parties. It will be an efficient club indeed, if it should be found capable of *knocking on the head* both the Whigs and the Tories.

THEATRICALS.

We have just ascertained that the *Minister and the Mercer* instead of being by Mrs. Gore, is a literal translation by the Small Amutant of the well known French comedy. This Bunn having picked up a slight knowledge of French by talking with the stewards of the Calais steam-packets, and taking advantage of this dares to call himself an author, and print his school exercises in the shape of farces, or even comedies. The *Revolt of the Harem* came out on Wednesday, and as the petticoats of the women are higher than their wearer's knees, the piece was received with enthusiasm, by an enlightened audience. Such an indelicate set out was never before seen any where, and we understand warrants are out against Bunn at the suit of the Suppression of Vice Society. We shall next week enter into a more lengthy notice of the proceedings. *Pauline Leroux* has in the interim our approbation.

The minors are at present the only theatres worthy of critical attention, Thalia and Melpomene having been most regularly kicked out of the patent houses, to make way for Terpsichore and her attendant train of foreign *figurantes*. We really shall be under the necessity of declining to notice the two patents,

if things continue to proceed there as they have done lately, unless indeed, we give an occasional glance at their doings under the head of *foreign intelligence*. The French troop has already placed its feet upon the boards, and Parisian nudity usurps the place of English genius. Native ability has been sent scampering after a meal to the minors, while Gallie indecency is received and pampered instead of it. If the drama is to give place to *spectacle* at the large houses, let it be so by all means, but let the thing be properly understood, and let us have no more humbug about *patent* establishments. We willingly turn from Bunn to the more agreeable subject of the minors, the managers of which are one and all exerting themselves in such a way as to command the success of their establishments. The Olympic, the Fitzroy, and Sadler's Wells, have all (to speak *intelligibly*) flared up with new pieces, and enthusiasm has gone the round of these houses with wholesome alacrity. Peake's genius has illumed the Olympic, fine acting has flourished at the Fitzroy, and Sadler's Wells has shone splendidly with superb scenery and singularly successful spectacle. Peake's farce, *In the Wrong Box*, is a production full of the admirable quaintness of that prince of farce-writers; but his most gracious Majesty having just been delivered of his annual rigmarole, we are forced in some degree to curtail our theatrical notices, so that Mr. Peake's farce can receive no tribute beyond a brief eulogium. At Sadler's Wells, the activity of Mr. Almar has amazed an approving audience, and the *Clark of Clerkenwell*, has completely captivated curious crowds of visitors. Alliteration aside, it is one of the most splendid and expensively got up pieces ever attempted within the walls of a minor theatre, and we trust that gold will flow into the manager's coffers, like the cataract that gallops down the deep declivities of the lofty Appenine! poetry aside, it is a spectacle that one might walk ten miles to see, and be amply repaid for his ambulatory achievement. At the Fitzroy a piece has been produced, called *The Gaming Table*, by the author of the *King Incoo*, who, as men are only required to be silent on their merits, may in this instance talk *ad libitum*. The piece is a mutilation of Moore's tragedy of the *Gamester*, which being a heavy piece has been made *light of*, by the introduction of a host of new characters, who are made to talk nonsense instead of spout stale sentiment. The comic parts are admirably sustained by Mitchell, Manders, Perry, and Oxberry, who have shown their cleverness in adapting great talents to very insignificant characters. Oxberry is the only one whose *role* is at all worthy of him, and he makes the very most of it. We should not omit a notice of the comic ladies in the piece, Mesdames Brindal and Manders, who both act admirably in the characters allotted them. Mrs. Brindal is perpetually strengthening the

very high opinion we entertain of her abilities, and we are quite certain that she requires nothing but opportunity to become one of the most favourite, as she is now one of the best metropolitan actresses. Mrs. Manders as a half flirting, half sentimental, servant-maid, plays with considerable humour, and shares with Oxberry the approving laughter of the audience. The principal character is assigned to Mr. E. Mayhew, who made a most successful *début*, and acted throughout with intense feeling, so as to produce a powerful effect upon his audience. He portrayed the remorse of a gamester with admirable discretion, and his dying scene was so faithfully natural as to excite the most painful feeling among the spectators. He has evidently modelled this portion of his performance on reality, for several of the faculty who were in the house on the first night, declared they never saw the effect of poison more truly depicted than in Mr. Mayhew's assumption of the tortures attendant on a dose of arsenic. His appearance was hailed with immense applause, and his acting altogether was allowed to indicate the possession of no ordinary genius. We have great pleasure in paying a tribute to the extraordinary talent displayed by Miss Mason in her personation of Mrs. Mornington. We are quite certain no actress now on the stage could have surpassed her in several of the famous points of the character. Her delivery of many passages electrified the house, and drew down, most deservedly, spontaneous thunders of approbation. We are always delighted to find a confirmation of our critical opinions, and it gave us the sincerest pleasure to witness the appreciation by the audience of this young lady's abilities. In the present state of the stage, she is really an acquisition to any theatre, and every lover of the drama should out of respect even to it, attend for the purpose of encouraging, by applause, one of its very few remaining ornaments. The press has kindly spoken with great favour of the alterations we have made in this piece, and have approved the introduction of the comic parts which are all entirely original. In spite of this, we have resolved never again to alter another person's production, but to draw entirely on our own resources, such as they are, for we cannot help thinking that even pure swipes is better than champagne adulterated. We shall, therefore, in future, stick to our own dross rather than commit the injustice of alloying the gold of others. By the bye, every one should go to see Rigmarole's *Wandering Minstrel*. Mitchell, Hughes, Mrs. Brindal, and Miss Crisp are positively superb in it. Never was a piece better acted since the world was created. Miss Crisp's song alone would repay the expense of a visit, being in itself "*worth ten times the money you pay at the door*," as they say in Bartlemy-fair phraseology.

BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC

PILLS.—Of all the valuable discoveries in science and art that characterise this eventful age, nothing has so benefited the cause of humanity, nor had its importance so gratefully acknowledged, as BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS; the inventor of which, in the pursuit of his professional studies, by a perfectly new and scientific consideration of the nature and cause of this disease, has completely overthrown the old theory of the disorder, and, in the simplest form of the materia medica, discovered a remedy that has exceeded his most sanguine expectations as such, and backed with the approbation of many thousands of persons, with a demand for them at home and abroad unparalleled; they are respectfully submitted to the afflicted of the public who have not yet availed themselves of their benefits, being convinced that, in so doing, a duty to the public and humanity will be performed that would be criminal to neglect. In cases of gout or severe rheumatism their effects are truly wonderful, generally giving relief in one or two hours, and often carrying off the attack

in two or three days, even when the patient has usually laid up for weeks. Rheumatism, of however long standing, has never failed to give way to a slight perseverance in their use, as well as lumbago, and pains in the head, face, rheumatic fever, &c. As they may be taken without inconvenience or hindrance from business at any time, and by the weakest constitutions, no one subject to these complaints should ever be without them. Sold by Thomas Frost, 229, Strand, London, 7 doors from Temple-bar; and all the respectable medicine vendors throughout the kingdom. Price 2s. 6d. per box.

Every week, Price Three-pence

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No. 2, published this day, contains a variety of valuable information respecting that useful animal.

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This day is ready, Price One Shilling,

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BY FIGARO IN LONDON.

(Being No. 16, of the Modern Acting Drama.)

Now performing at the Royal Fitzroy Theatre.

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No. 115.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

HORRID CHARGE AGAINST FIGARO.

France has been convulsed, Europe has been agitated, and England has been afflicted by a dreadful charge recently brought in the French Chamber of Deputies, imputing to *Figaro* the crime of having been *bought by the government*. The moment the whisper was breathed, an alarm was spread through the country, for naturally cried every body, "What is integrity? Where is reliance to be placed? What is high character? What is independence, if *Figaro* can be purchased for filthy lucre by Ministers!!! These doubts do not offend, but in fact rather flatter us. They shew the high station that we occupy in public opinion, for the stopping of the Bank of England could not have caused greater consternation, than the suspicion that *Figaro in London* could be accessible to the fatal influence of bribery. Oh, cried one, "I know he has received offers of enormous pay, if he would only sacrifice his integrity." "Yes," exclaimed another, "and I have seen letters from the premier, proposing the acceptance of important offices to *Figaro*, if he would consent to sacrifice his integrity." These fears have flattered, but annoyed us, since they at once prove how justly high is our reputation for independence, while they show that some have been induced to think that we have been guilty of the horrible treachery alluded to. As, however, we consider it a duty to the world (our purchasers), to clear our integrity from even the most trifling speck, we insert the whole of the matter from the debate in the French papers, which has through misconception brought for a time in connection with our name the taint of bribery. The following extract from the French paper, will explain how the mis-

Vol. III.

take has arisen, and will show that it is our French brother who has been guilty of the dreadful delinquency. We make no defence for him, for the charge seems too true; we can only regret that one bearing our name does not participate our patriotism. The following will be read with eagerness, as the explanation of a rumour that in this country had caused the greatest uneasiness—

M. CABET.—The Minister knows very well of what journal I have spoken. He knows as well as the Chamber does that I speak of *Figaro*.

M. HUMANN.—Is this a journal to be cited.

M. CABET.—Yes, and it is the infamous journal of the infamous Government.

M. D'ARGOUT.—Make use of other expressions. (*Agitation and uproar. Order, order.*)

CENTRES.—Order, order!

The PRESIDENT.—M. Cabet, the word "infamous," of which you have made use is not parliamentary. It ought not to be addressed to any power of the state. (*Approbation on the part of the Centres.*)

M. CABET.—I have been addressed in the same terms. As for that, however, I speak of facts and principles, and not of persons. The Chamber knows and Paris also that *Figaro* is ordered to occupy itself chiefly about me to calumniate me every day in a manner the most infamous.

M. D'ARGOUT.—Whose fault is that?

M. CABET.—Allow me. The affair is grave. It is not a private person, but it is a Deputy and a political character who is attacked daily by *Figaro*. *Figaro* is a journal paid by the Government. I demand of the Minister whether the Police and the Government are strangers to the salary received by *Figaro*. Let the Minister declare publicly; the public notoriety of the fact can then be judged.

The Minister remained silent when this charge was made.

M. CABET continued.—Well, gentlemen, the Minister is silent, and what do you conclude? Why that *Figaro* is paid by the Minister to attack opposition Deputies, and accuse them even of crimes. (*Loud and violent uproar.*)

M. D'ARGOUT.—You have not the right to put questions to me. (*Hear and laughter.*)

M. CABET.—Is it not disgraceful that a Government born of the

W. Melland, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

Revolution of July should thus employ the taxes of the people to pay a journal to calumniate and injure, without ceasing, the Deputies of the opposition (*violent murmurs*). And it is thus, by even these calumnies, that the Government seeks to obtain a judgment against a Deputy, as it endeavoured to do in June 1832, and is now again attempting. However, I have announced, and I will keep good my word, that I will prosecute before the Tribunals, not only *Figaro*, but the Prefect of the Police, and the Minister of the Interior (*violent uproar—laughs, shouts, and cries.*)

M. D'ARCOUR.—I wish you would—

M. CABET.—You will have to answer whether you are a stranger or not to the infamous calumnies which are propagated without ceasing against a Deputy, and if you can not justify yourself completely, I shall maintain and repeat the word “infamous” of which I have made use.

M. D'ARCOUR.—And I, on my part, return and retort the word “infamous” to you, the Government is ignorant of the editing of *Figaro*, and had nothing to do with it.

Many Deputies of the Gauche asked “Yes, but is *Figaro* paid by you?”

M. SALVERTE went to the Tribune, but his voice was drowned in the shouts of “Close the discussion”

M. JOLLIVET.—M. Cabet has complained that, before he was brought for trial, his doctrines and opinions had been attacked. But how could we discuss without examining them? We ought to decide as judges who have listened with a patience which has been well tried, to the defence of our colleague. Now let us pronounce our judgment as judges, and not discuss.

M. SALVERTE opposed the closing of the discussion. Two questions presented themselves to us; the one which interests M. CABET, the other, the liberty and independence of the members of the Cabinet. (Here the noise was excessive, and the discussion was closed.)

The Chamber then voted, by a large majority, its permission to the Minister of Justice to prosecute M. Cabet, though the Chamber was sitting.

The following scene terminated the sitting of the day:—

THE PRESIDENT, M. Cabet, has the right of speaking on a personal matter (*profound silence*).

M. CABET read from a paper the following words:—

“I have already said, and I repeat it, that neither the speech I pronounced to-day at the Tribune, nor in any of my expressions and affirmations, did I intend to offend personally the Minister of the Interior.”

M. D'ARCOUR read the following paper also from the Tribune:—
“In the reply that I was bound to address to M. Cabet, I declare that in attacking his acts and his doctrines, I had no intention whatever of offending him personally.”

And so the sitting closed.—*The Herald report of the Chamber of Deputies.*—Feb. 9.

THE INTERPRETER.

The Shop Boy Nuisance.

As our object is to smash in all directions humbug of every shade and character, we shall say a few words on the above subject, to which our attention has been drawn by a paragraph in the papers stating, that a fashionable tailor has recovered damages amounting to 4*l.* 17*s.* against an *auctioneer's apprentice*, for a pair of trowsers with “*silk linings and padded calves*.” The claim was allowed inasmuch as clothes (including *calves* we presume) were found *necessary* to this youth, whose relations accordingly had to pay the amount sued for. This case is a slight exposition of the kind of people who strut about Regent-street on occasional week days, and perpetually on Sundays, in that vulgar finery which is deposited on the carcase of sundry animals, to whom as they are finished off with a substance resembling a head, we must, we presume, allow the title of human beings. The march of shop-boyism has been progressing so rapidly for some time, that we may be accused of negligence by the public for the tardiness in the application of our terrific tomahawk. We are far from wishing to disparage shop-boys in general; they are harmless creatures, and when confined quietly to their own sphere we see nothing to object to in them, and manfully leave them to repose in

the shadowy foliage of their own most abject insignificance. But that which we set our face against is the presumption of these persons in jostling with gentlemen, and assuming a familiarity with individuals far above them in all the requisites constituting superiority. We allude not to the respectable persons connected with trade, to whom the airs of the class we allude to are as odious as they can be to us, but our disgust is directed against those upstart bipeds who throng Regent-street with a cigar smoking in their mouths, and with insolent vulgarity stamped in their otherwise unmeaning visages. These are the creatures who lounge in the theatrical saloons practising dissipation on the product of a plundered till, and who rush hot from the counter to the *pavé*, to strut *en amateur* as gentlemen one moment under a gas light, and who probably would be found in the next dark corner picking a pocket professionally. These are the creatures whom we would exterminate as being just as contemptible in our eyes, as they must be in the eyes of those respectable tradesmen and apprentices, whom they disgrace by being of the same fraternity.

An aged Hunter.

That veteran sportsman, the Earl of Lonsdale, follows the bounds with even youthful ardour. His Lordship has had a constant round of visitors at Cottesmore Lodge, near Oakham.—*Court Journal.*

We congratulate the peerage on possessing among its members a person like the Earl of Lonsdale, who seems to be agog for a hunt at the age of nearly eighty. We appreciate the high feeling that prompts the Earl to follow the bounds at foreshore, but, perhaps like his favourite quadruped, he feels by *instinct* that the peerage must go to the dogs rather rapidly.

BREVITIES.

“Brevity is the soul of wit.”—*Shakespeare.*

A Tale of Mystery.

Some opposition members complain of certain passages in the King's Speech. We know of no *certain passage*, seeing that the whole document is involved in ambiguity.

A Spiritual Subject.

(On gin-shop Fearon's work, on the Materiality of the Soul.)

The mob agree that Fearon's notion's right;

In his late treatise on the soul ethereal:

On Holborn Hill, they prove from day to night,

To them at least, *the spirit is material.*

A hard Case.

It seems that every newsvender is bound to know the contents of the paper he deals in. Lord help the worthy men who constitute the news trade, if they are expected to *read* all the periodicals.

Men of Distinction.

The Court Journal says, “the Duke of Devonshire is convalescent, and his Grace may soon be expected in England.” The Duke's *grace*, according to this, will soon be here, but when is the *Duke himself* coming?

Good Intention.

The Times says, it has “no wish to undervalue the talents and good disposition of the peers.” *Query*, could any attribute of the blessed gang be *under-valued*.

Distinct but Distant.

It is said there is very often a *distinction* without a *difference*. This we can conceive, for there are many persons of *distinction* who are very *in-different*.

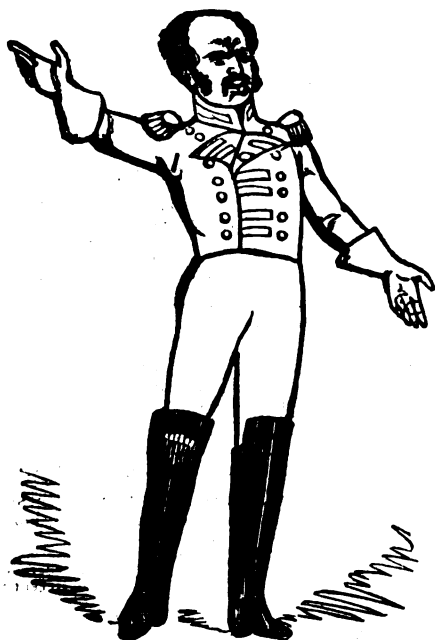
FIGARO'S THEATRICAL GALLERY.

No. 2.

Our penultimate number, *id est*, our last but one, has been the object of immense competition, owing to its having been adorned with the first part of our Theatrical Gallery, and as the clamours for the second section have been somewhat turbulent, we take this early opportunity of appeasing the public appetite. The sketches which follow are further illustration of the present state of the theatrical profession, and as in the present period of political interest, we cannot break in upon our customary space, we shall content ourselves with merely introducing the portraits that follow. They will be recognised by all our play-going readers, and where is there a playgoer who does not take as his text book the pages of this periodical?



CELESTE IN THE DANCE DES FOLIES.



H. PHILLIPS AS ANEASTROM.



MISS SHIRREFF AS OSCAR.



MR. O. SMITH IN GRACE HUNTLEY.

THEATRICALS.

After puffing, pruning, postponing, pirating, and pillaging, Bunn's blank brain has been delivered of an affair called the *Minister and the Mercer*, which, with his usual impudence he calls a new comedy, though every one knows it is merely a series of his French Exercises, consisting of literal translations

from the French, which he has been lately studying. We shall not condescend to criticise a thing of the kind, for if we were to descend so low, we might as well rake up the metropolitan semiaries, and we will be bound to say we should find in the French Exercises of the little boy's, more wit than is to be met with in Bunn's bald conversion of sparkling French dialogue, into the dullest of English taradiddles. The hero of the velvet smalls is really proceeding in a style which will render requisite a summary lop of the presumption he evinces in daring to intrude into the field of authorship. As we have said above, the *Minister and the Mercer* is so horribly murdered by the assassin-translator, that we vainly look for the wit, which is acknowledged to abound in the French comedy. We understand that if the dismal annuitant makes any further effort to *write a piece*, the neighbourhood in which he resides has boldly resolved to indict him under the common nuisance act, and that under the section which prohibits the perpetration of any annoyance whatever, he will find himself deposited on the wheel that turns the far-famed mill of Brixton. We should be sorry to hear that the joint lessee had found his way into *quod*, but there will be no other alternative than the tread-mill or bedlam, for a person who thinks he can start author on no brains by way of a capital. When his calf's head was served up to him, it is quite clear that (as at a dinner table) the brains were not included.

The novelty at Covent Garden is, *The Revolt of the Harem*, brought out for the purpose of introducing to the public no less than 160 female legs, some good, some bad, and the chief part very indifferent. The piece includes every variety of feminine hock, which is the only novelty the exhibition presents, and the sole attraction that it offers. The awkward thick, and the ungainly thin, are seen in all their choicest varieties; some look like straight pieces of flesh with a wen in the middle by way of an apology for a calf, whilst others are lank and perpendicular, shewing the *straights* to which the management has been reduced, in hunting up women with sufficient impudence to put up with petticoats which are truly comic, if it be a fact that the soul of wit is brivity. That the legs may have a run is not improbable, though the piece is replete with that ripened rubbish that has been from the commencement the distinguishing feature of the velvet breeches management. As to the bath scene, we would undertake to do a better thing with a good sized bucket, and two gallons of the liquid element; while the *Revolt* is merely the bungling attempt of eighty women to go through the military exercise, and the Sultan is so alarmed at the prospect, that even while they are proving how little they know of the art of war, by the awkwardness they evince in *manœuvring*, still the Sultan stands trembling behind as if the authorities at his command could not have encountered with success a band of stupid, but pretty girls, going through the platoon exercise. The thing succeeded amid some hisses, but we readily allow great praise to the dancing of the principal character. The graceful acting of Pauline Leroux is also worthy of notice; and we, therefore, praise her in a piece we disapprove, as we relish a superb Milton (*oyster*), though the shell be queer in look; and as we have have even found merit in a short article, of a generally dismal periodical.

The Fitzroy is running the same glorious career that signalized *Vestris's* entrance on the management of the Olympic, and crowded houses nightly attest the public appreciation of the spirit of the proprietors. Continued success seems to excite continued exertion, and powerful additions appear to be perpetually making to the already admirable company. On Thursday two new pieces are announced, but as the nation still

insists on purchasing *Figaro* with frightful cupidity, we are forced to go to press at too early an hour to notice the novelties alluded to. One of them is called the *Lion*, which if it has no other advantage, promises a grand treat in the performance of Perry, Oxberry, and Mrs. Manders, but the other called the *Son of the Sun*, is by ourselves, and however pointless it may be, it has the advantage of the most delicious music by Auber. &c., while the expense bestowed on it, makes us fearful that any minor theatre's receipts can possibly, even in the prosperous state of the Fitzroy, warrant the lavish expenditure. Happily, however, the house has the advantage of the delightful vocal abilities of Miss Crisp, in addition to whom Miss Chaplin of Drury Lane, has been secured, that nothing shall be wanting to strengthen the cast of the characters. These two young ladies form an attraction no rival minor can present, and their musical talents being of the highest order, a rich treat may be expected from their execution of the delicious music assigned to them. Perry and Manders *flare up* in the parts of Jupiter and Epaphus, while Mrs. M. is appropriately chosen as the representative of Venus. The opening scene displaying a *Fancy Fair in the Sky*, makes us tremble for the risk the management must have incurred in the expenditure of the frightful sum that must have been laid out in preparing the *coup d'œil* that the public will be treated with. Our piece must shrink into insignificance when blazed upon by the splendour of the performers' talents, and the gorgeous magnificence of the decorations prepared for it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA is informed that we should not think of treating with contempt the suggestion he so politely offers. However, we do not think the arrangement he reprobates is disagreeable to the majority of the public, as the circulation of this periodical far exceeds in sale, that of any work that has been put forward for a very long period. We trust, we shall not have given him further offence; but however courteous an individual may be, in favouring us with suggestions, it is impossible we can attend to the voice of one subscriber when we have more than one hundred thousand to cater for.

Published this day, price Three-pence, No. 3 of

THE HORSE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"It will be very useful; and the writer seems to be (riding) master of his subject."—*Literary Gazette*, Feb. 8.

"It is evident that he is an old experienced hand; and many of the remarks are shrewd and good. It cannot fail to embody useful hints, that old and young may profit by. It is neatly got up—the style is easy—and the price moderate. We wish it success."—*New Dispatch*, Feb. 2.

Published by J. Hamlet, Temple Bar, and to be had of all vendors of the "*Figaro*."

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

LABERN'S BOTANIC CREAM.—The increasing popularity of the above article having given rise to a host of spurious imitations, which are highly calculated to injure the Hair, the Public are respectfully informed that the only Genuine preparation, bearing the title of LABERN'S BOTANIC CREAM is endorsed, with directions for use attached to the Pots and Bottles, and contains the words H. Labern's Botanic Cream, for strengthening and beautifying the Hair.

The BOTANIC CREAM is to be had of the Proprietor, H. LABERN, perfumer, both wholesale and retail, at 49, Judd-street, Brunswick-square, nine doors from the New-road, and may also be supplied by the following agents: Messrs. Hannay and Co., 63, Oxford-street; Messrs. Mudie and Son, 15, Coventry-street, Haymarket; D. Boulter, 307, High Holborn; R. Dickens, 80, Holborn-bridge; J. Taylor, 84, Chiswell-street, Finsbury-square; J. Lucas, 40, Bishopsgate-street Without; Mechl. 4, Leaden-hall street; R. Johnson, 68, Cornhill; Bradford, 165, Fleet street; Prout, 229, Strand, seven doors from Temple Bar; G. D. Midgley, 48, Strand, opposite Agar street; and by Butler, 4, Cheapside, the corner of St. Paul's.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 116.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

SET-TO IN ST. STEPHEN'S.



The most striking feature of the proceedings in Parliament, during the short time it has been sitting, has been a grand set-to between Althorp and Shiel, which has excited considerable interest, both within and without the doors of St. Stephen's. The sparring was of that *much a-do about nothing* order, that distinguishes the whole proceedings of the present House, and though it commenced in a vigorous *flare up* on the part of both combatants, it ended in a most lame and impotent declension of hostilities on the part of each of them. It is no doubt fine fun for honourable members to see two other honourable members taxing one another with all kinds of roguery, and the fierce demand for an explanation which arises in the first instances, is of a kind to make people out of doors imagine that honour is *something* to the persons constituting the present House of

representatives. It is, however, in the highest degree amusing, to observe how unanimously the whole gang drew back, when it was proposed to take any step in the way of explanation, on the part of either of the two *honourable* antagonists. "Decidedly not," was the palpable feeling of the whole body, fight as much as you please with your tongues, but do not attempt to clear your characters by any thing more substantial than a little parliamentary blackguardism, at which every member is *au fait*, as becomes his character as a member of the Whig-ridden Parliament. The squabbles that take place in the House, make admirable excuses for inattention to the public business, and while they amuse John Bull by knocking up a bit of a sham quarrel amongst themselves, the worthy M.P.'s take advantage of the affair to busy themselves in picking the public pocket. It is a kind of trick frequently practised with immense success by the swell mob, and is likely to be productive as a *ruse* very frequently. Two members of the gang pretend to get into a fight, while the rest assemble round, and make use of the opportunity to rob the unfortunate bystanders. At all events, if these tricks be not practised to plunder the public purse, they at least have the effect of wasting the public time, and they ought to be dealt with accordingly.

The above caricature is very expressive of the position we have been illustrating with our pen, but Seymour's pencil gives a more vivid picture of it than we could possibly have had the invention to conceive, or the power to execute. Whenever you see a row in the House of Commons, you should remember the advice that the police will give you at a crowd in the streets,

and "take care of your pockets." John Bull should never encourage exhibitions of the kind, for there is seldom any good intended by, or arising out of them.

INTERPRETER.

Terrific Twaddle.

A very interesting and undoubtedly most useful correspondence is understood to be carried on by the amiable Duchess of Northumberland and the Princess Victoria, to whom the Duchess is governess. It is said the Duchess of Kent and her accomplished daughter will visit Alnwick Castle in the autumn of the present year.—*Morning Post*.

Frequently as we have thought it necessary to protest against the right-down rubbish circulated in reference to the small Princess, our well-beloved Victoria, it has seldom been our fate to have to comment on a piece of gammon coming within a hundred degrees of that which forms the subject of the above quoted paragraph. We are constantly hearing tributes to the abilities of our enlightened "*future queen*," as her friends are pleased to designate her; but, unhappily, when we look for an account of her positive achievements, we find them chronicled with those of her exalted mother every morning in one well-known paragraph of the Court Circular, "*the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria walked and drove in Hyde Park yesterday*." This important fact is circulated through the country every day in all the newspapers, and England is every day provided with a fact, the interest concerning which can only be equalled by the importance of the communication. This is all very well to be told once, since a loyal people like the English loveth to know what has been doing by the members of the royal family. Yet we should have thought that even that toad-gulping monster John Bull must have had sufficient information respecting the movements of the duchess, and her daughter who is destined to govern us. At present her achievements seem to have amounted to a daily drive in the Park, though this tremendous duty is now divided by the occasional *fiare-up* of a letter to her governess. What these letters can refer to, God and the Duchess only know, but we have heard they take a striking view of things in general, and introduce occasional disquisitions on nothing, and other topics of which she is equally mistress. The *USEFUL* correspondence will of course be published and as the *useful* only is to be retained, we warrant that a blank leaf will contain all the pith of the manuscript.

Agnew in agony.

That prince of humbugs and most indubitable of asses known by the name of Sir Andrew Agnew, the fellow who made himself the object of universal ridicule and contempt, by his quackery on the subject of the Sabbath, has been giving a further exposition of his true character, by figuring at Queen Square police-office as Plaintiff in a case of most unspeakable paltriness. It will be remembered that when public opinion fell in an *avalanche* of contempt on Agnew's Sabbath Observance Humbug, there were a few weak-minded old women and young children who might possibly have said, "What an excellent man Sir Andrew must be! and how much he must have at heart the interests of religion!" Some, at the same time, excused and laughed at his insane ravings, apologising for his conduct on the ground of its *sincerity*, as if a *sincere* fool were not more thoroughly contemptible than a pretended one. We, however, never let him off so cheaply in our judgment of his conduct and its motives, for we know from experience that in proportion as a man *talks* loudly of the importance of a rigid observance of the outward forms of Religion, he is less ready to act as if properly imbued with its inward principles. Here we have a case in point, and as the Report is long, we will content ourselves with giving the substance of it. Sir Andrew,

whose pious principles not extending to his purse, makes a rule of never listening to applications for charity, and who would much rather draw upon his faith than on his bankers—this said Sir Andrew makes it a point never to listen to tales of distress, which, for the convenience of his conscience, he coolly calls *frauds on the public*, and neglects them accordingly. The other day a poor Scotchman got into the presence of the saint, who with wonderful acumen, reading the man's business in his countenance, "*did not wait for him to ask for charity*, but instantly rang the bell, and sent for a police officer." This proceeding seems to us rather more summary than saintly, and it is followed up, on the part of Sir Andrew, in the same business-like and brutal spirit, by a vindictive rigmarole against the suspected beggar, before White, the magistrate. The charge was, however, so shamefully groundless, that the saint was hurried out of the office amid universal laughter and contempt, clenching the thing by a mad and malignant declaration, that "he trusted the man would give up such practices, or they would decidedly lead him to the gallows." This is a savage libel, the only offence proved against the man being, that *he looked as if he was going to ask charity*. This, in Agnew's charitable estimation, "is the road to the gallows," but however ill poverty may be used, we are glad to say, that in spite of Agnew's doctrine, want is not yet a capital felony.

PARLIAMENTARY OPENINGS.

The session has commenced with those same manifestations of sagacity that have acquired the name of the collective wisdom for the two houses of Parliament. The openings of several of the speeches are remarkable for their truth and eloquence. We are glad of the opportunity of giving a few specimens:—

Lord Lyndhurst said he had only just got upon his legs, but was now willing to pay—

Mr. Gully said that, as to the question now before honourable gentlemen, he was not one of those—

Mr. Hume said that before entering into the question relative to the Bench of Bishops, he did not think it necessary—

Lord Brougham said, for his own part, he wished to obtain every thing—

Bishop Philpotts, in speaking of the church, declared it was really horrible—

AUGUSTA'S ALBUM, NO. 3.

We give a few more specimens of scraps from this interesting collection of royal *facetiae*. The princess is a wag of the first water; she and the Duke of Gloucester have completely drained from the sconces of their relations the stock of wit allotted to the Royal Family. But let the nation read and judge of the mind capable of producing the following:—

"I see that judges of law are by some called judges of the land. This is paradoxical; for a judge of the *land* would not be fitted to decide on any but agricultural questions."

"*A propos* of judges, now that *old Bayley* has retired from the Bench, what is to become of Newgate; for I always understood the Old Bailey was Newgate?"

"*A propos* of the same subject, how can the *Old Bayley* retire from the Bench, when the former is at the top of Snow Hill, while the Bench, every body knows, is over the water?"

"*A propos* of prisons, they say the Fleet is not over the water. Now I think the Fleet ought to be."

"*Mem.* There is a prison they call the Counter (*Compter*) in Giltspur Street. How many ruined tradesmen find themselves ending their days behind the Counter."

These splendid jokes evince on the part of the Princess an extraordinary knowledge of the topography of prisons, and while they make us admire her learning, we are struck also with her wit, and are startled to find in one person the magnificent unison of the *wag* and the *geographer*.

FIGARO'S CARICATURE GALLERY.

No. 3.

As we find that our Theatrical Gallery excites extraordinary interest, we shall resume it from time to time, for the benefit of that immense portion of the world which has a relish for dramatic drollery. Our present subject is one at whose name the public ear will start, and in looking at whose effigy the public eye will fly wide open with anxious astonishment. The following sketch of MR. BAKER AS A CONSPIRATOR, will at once set at rest any further surmise on the grand question of "*who is the illustrious?*"



As an appendage to this admirable picture, we give a slight sketch of the life of Baker, carefully culled from private sources, and compiled with much caution, the author having felt the magnitude of his task, and being perfectly aware that Baker's biography must be looked upon by posterity in the light of a national document.

Mr. Baker was born of, we believe, two parents, in the year of our Lord 1744, so that he is now a tolerable long way down in the vale of years. Before he was thirty years old, he could read large print with ease, and about this time, being of a sanguine temperament, he was very naturally attracted towards the play-bills, and his bosom being fired with histrionic ardour, he entered the theatrical profession as a supernumerary in a strolling company then acting, in proud defiance of the Vagrant Act. His success was not marked, but he carried a banner even at that time with singular skill, and several persons who knew him at the time have born testimony to the extraordinary grace with which he was in the habit of placing chairs for the superior performers in the company. Success such as this was sure to have a powerful effect upon a middle-aged man, and in 1819, we find him purchasing a new pair of Bluchers in Compton Street. He subsequently took lodgings in Little Wild Street east, where he passed much of his time in observing from

his window the various men traversing the street with boards on their shoulders, and to this early study of nature we may attribute the life-like ease with which he even to this day bears a banner across the boards of the two patent establishments. It would be useless to follow him into all his different lodgings, or to trace him through the various second-hand coats that he has worn in his long and arduous career, but to come to the present time, he is now at the age of ninety, just one cut above a supernumerary, in the united Drury Lane and Covent Garden company. Mr. Baker's style of acting is excessively good, his intellect is nothing ordinary, and his hair is of a lively grey, his countenance, though not by any means handsome or expressive, is of that delightful neutral *caste*, which means nothing in particular. His nose has the advantage of being rather thick, and he is altogether a man of first-rate endowments. In private life he is amiable and addicted to onions, while his public character has always been unimpeachable. He has an excellent wife, and a rare troop of children, and in his capacity of a father, is distinguished for his affectionate treatment of the cherubim composing his family.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 69.

"I'll just tell ye what," said Gloucester, after bolting a brandy ball, "I'm quite convinced that that fellow Sheil means to fight a duel with Althorp after all, though he promised not to be party to any hostile movements." Higgins with an humble look of the most utter ignorance, inquired what the deuce the Duke could possibly mean. "Yo ho! *flare up you rip*," rejoined the star of the house of Guelph, "I'll prove my assertion. Now, listen, miscreant—I say that Sheil wants to fight Althorp, as the following extract from his speech will prove: he said 'he trusted the house would indulge him for a few seconds,' now, "added Gloucester, with a scowl that would beat Day and Martin's jet in nigritude, what the devil can a fellow want with a few seconds unless he has a decided intention to fight a duel." Higgins let off a Waterloo cracker in honour of his master's brilliancy.

"Every thing is going to nothing," cried Gloucester, the other night in a fit of frenzy. "Even the King's English is being destroyed, and damnation in full seems to be all that is left us." Higgins with a volley of groans by way of overtone asked what the deuce was the matter. "Why," growled the angry Duke, "here's the language of the country upside down, for I have just been reading a paragraph in the *Sheffield Irish*, now I always thought they spoke *ENGLISH* in *Sheffield*." The *aid-de-camp's* countenance flared up under the painful brilliance of a ghastly smile.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

An explanation.

Lord Wynford declared the other day he had often sacrificed his feelings. This announcement may account for his being found now to be without any.

Another Miracle.

Lord Althorp has promised to be ready shortly with some *distinct* motion. If he is about to do so, he contemplates that which his general conduct would induce us to believe was impossible.

Order and Disorder.

Wednesday, on the motion of Lord Althorp, is to be added to the *order* days. We should like to know what days those are, for *disorder* has been generally the *order* of the day in the present Parliament.

A new Hohenlohe.

It is not at all to be wondered at that Althorp refused to fight a duel with Shiel, since the Irish M.P. would have performed a miracle, indeed, if he had been the cause of making a Whig Minister go out willingly.

A plan for Annual Parliaments.

The following will be found an excellent *recipe* for securing short parliaments in England. Follow the example of France, where they encourage duelling among the Deputies, by which means they get rid of so many in a year, as almost to amount in advantage to *annual* parliaments.

THEATRICALS.

Bunn and the Bishop of London have been having a vulgar squabble about the Oratorio of Jephtha's Vow, his Holiness swearing "he'd be d——d if it *should* come out," and the little joint lessee taking his oath "he'd be *dittoed* if it shouldn't." The Father in God has ultimately got the best of it, so that there will be no oratorio, and the Bishop has comfortably satisfied his conscience that it is for the good of religion he has thrown many people out of employ, and prevented hundreds of persons from enjoying a rational Lenten entertainment. When we talk of religion in the Bishop's sense, we of course mean "outward appearances," and so far old London has shewn himself a pattern of piety. The spirit of humbug having prevailed, and all the theatres in London under the Chamberlain's authority being closed, it is well for the public that there are two theatres not subject to the influence of cant, and that the Fitzroy and Victoria are open on Wednesdays and Fridays, so that two of the most agreeable establishments in the metropolis are accessible on those nights which are sacrificed to the dominion of quackery.

The Adelphi has brought out another novelty, and it is a novelty in more senses than one—it is a failure. The title is *the Knight Errand*, but he did not run for more than six nights, and is now shelved to all eternity. Yates is at Home every Wednesday and Friday, with some very stale reminiscences. He is assisted by Mrs. Yates, who recites *Collins's Ode on the Passions*, &c., but we hardly think the Olio worth witnessing.

We beg to draw attention to the advertisement of Mr. Butler's benefit in this day's Figaro. We need not again enforce his claims upon our readers.

Knowles's new play, or rather the new version of his old one was produced on Wednesday at the Victoria, though with what

success we are not aware at the time of writing this, as we go to press too early to notice any thing that transpires at the theatres later in the week than Tuesday. That we wish it every success we believe we need not observe, for every one is aware of our high appreciation of the talents of our first living dramatist. We have heard with some surprise that Mr. Butler's engagement at this theatre expires in a few days; and we perceive that Monday next is announced for his benefit. We think it a great pity that the proprietors should have allowed themselves to lose the services of so great an actor, for we had hoped that they would have taken advantage of his engagement to have treated the public with some legitimate plays and legitimate acting. His benefit, which is fixed for Monday, will be an object of much interest, as he plays *Rolla* on the occasion; and, after the failure of our friend King in the part, it will be quite refreshing to see a man of genius once more in the character. We need not exhort our readers to show their appreciation of Mr. Butler's great talents by an attendance at his benefit, which, we trust, will be such as to convince us that there is still a large portion of the public capable of a proper respect for histrionic excellence.

The Fitzroy has been, and continues to be, singularly fortunate, *the Son of the Sun* having succeeded in drawing Lord Castle-reagh, Lord W. Lennox, Lord Harrington, Lord Ranelagh, and the Lord knows who to the establishment. Mrs. Honey was in a private box on Friday last, and was remarkably liberal of her applause to Misses Crisp and Chaplin, both of whom, the one for her singing and the other for her acting, are already immense favourites at this establishment. Miss Crisp is nightly *encored* in the song of "*Fleetly off at six this morning*," in the execution of which she blends most happily the humour of acting and the sweetness of melody. Immense interest seems to be excited out of doors by the forthcoming *burlesque ballet opera* called *the Revolt of the Workhouse*, in which Mrs. Brindal, Mitchell, and Oxberry are all to represent female paupers. The arrangements are proceeding on the most extensive scale, and the piece has been *twice postponed* on account of the extent of the arrangements. The houses, we understand, continue to be excellent. It is said Abbott and Egerton are about to relinquish the Victoria to Yates, who is trying to form a company. Unfortunately for him, the Fitzroy including so much comic talent, he finds great difficulty in procuring one.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Figaro's Theatrical Gallery, Nos. 1 and 2, gave a wondrous impetus to the numbers in which they are presented.

The Public is informed every number of this work is on sale constantly.

BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC

PILLS.—Of all the valuable discoveries in science and art that characterise this eventful age, nothing has so benefited the cause of humanity, nor had its importance so gratefully acknowledged, as **BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS**; the inventor of which, in the pursuit of his professional studies, by a perfectly new and scientific consideration of the nature and cause of this disease, has completely overthrown the old theory of the disorder, and, in the simplest form of the materia medica, discovered a remedy that has exceeded his most sanguine expectations as such, and backed with the approbation of many thousands of persons, with a demand for them at home and abroad unparalleled; they are respectfully submitted to the afflicted of the public who have not yet availed themselves of their benefits, being convinced that, in so doing, a duty to the public and humanity will be performed that would be criminal to neglect. In cases of gout or severe rheumatism their effects are truly wonderful, generally giving relief in one or two hours, and often carrying off the attack

in two or three days, even when the patient has usually laid up for weeks. Rheumatism, of however long standing, has never failed to give way to a slight perseverance in their as well as lumbago, and pains in the head, face, rheumatic fever, &c. As they may be taken without inconvenience or hindrance from business at any time, and by the weakest constitutions, no one subject to these complaints should ever be without them. Sold by Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London, 7 doors from Temple-bar; and all the respectable medicine venders throughout the kingdom. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

A NEW WORK!!!—A COMPLETE PLAY FOR 32 THE MINOR BRITISH DRAMA.

All Copyright Plays, with beautiful Embellishments by Findlay and Hart, published every Friday, in octavo. No. 1, Wallace the Hero of Scotland. 2. The Skeleton Hand, which will be followed by popular pieces, by Fitzball, Serle, Moncrieff, Milner, and other celebrated authors. Published by John Duncombe & Co., No. 9, Middle Row, Holborn, W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row; and sold also by all Dealers in Periodicals.

ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. BUTLER, AND LAST NIGHT OF HIS ENGAGEMENT.

Mr. FARRELL, Manager of the Royal Pavilion Theatre, has kindly offered his services, on Monday 24th, 1864.

FIGARO,

ROLLO, and MR. BUTLER,

LUKE THE LABOURER.

LUKE, and MR. BUTLER.

PHILIP, (a Sailor) Mr. FARRELL.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

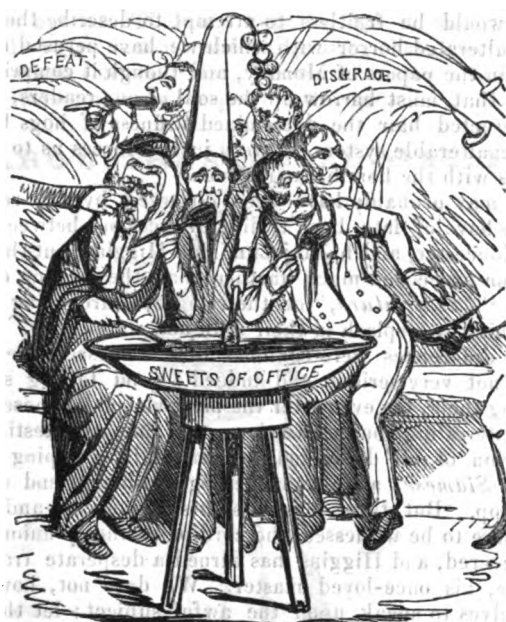
"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 117.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE SWEETS OF REFORM.



THE caricature above may be regarded as a typical illustration of the present position of the Whig Ministers, and indeed the emblem it presents is so perfect in every respect, that it hardly requires from us a word in explanation. With a kindness which they have not shown themselves capable of appreciating, we have been perpetually warning the Whigs of the situation to which they must be reduced, if they omitted to pay proper attention to our friendly remonstrances. Instead of reading this publication with care every Saturday, and regulating the proceedings of the next week by the parental rules

VOL. III.

contained in its pages, the Ministers have lately given only a cursory glance at our contents, and proceeded recklessly in their wild career of ruin. In vain have we sent an early copy to each Member of the Cabinet, for in no instance lately has it acted upon the wholesome suggestions we have put to it. Having accomplished the grand clap-trap of Reform, the Whigs leisurely sat down to enjoy the sweets of it, and appeared to think that a Bill bearing the mere name of Reform having passed, the permanency of their places was secured, and they had nothing further to do, than sit down in the plenitude of their fancied popularity, enjoying the sweets of power, and fattening on its perquisites. This was very well during the vacation, but the Session has commenced, and put a stop to their hopes of a placid drain from the coffers of the Treasury. One naturally begins to ask for the *good* that was promised by the accession of the Whigs to power, and at present the answer has been anything rather than satisfactory. Instead, therefore, of luxuriating as they had expected uninterruptedly upon the sweets of Reform, their feast has been disturbed by the exclamations of disgust and discontent which have been excited by their obvious apathy to the popular interest. Not only out of doors, but also in the House itself are these disagreeables to be encountered, for even the Reformed Parliament, so contemptibly synonymous with every thing servile and obedient to the Ministry, even *that* has lately been forced to place its masters in a minority. But there they are, still clinging to their places, amid repeated disgraces and defeats; gourmandizing in the midst of infamy on the good things, that the mere possession of place, under however degrading circumstances, will always secure to those who are ready to

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

clutch them. They have lately been building up with immense rapidity a hill which must presently crush them; their horrible treatment of the Editor of the Pilot, their mean disregard of the public desire with reference to the Assessed Taxes, and their general want of sympathy with the public demand for Reform, in fact as well as in name, have all conspired to form an *avalanche* which must inevitably crush them within a very short period. We fear warning is too late, and satire fruitless: we are afraid that as far as improvement of the Whigs is concerned, we brandish our pen, and Seymour wields his pencil in vain—

For oh! if artist's sketches ere could win
Earl Grey from error, and the Whigs from sin,
One dash of Seymour's pencil would have chang'd
The guiltiest Whig that ever place estranged;—

But they are too far gone, and it is no use mentioning it.

THE INTERPRETER.

Amiable by Advertisement.

We are often much entertained by the tone of sentiment adopted in advertising a death in one of the public newspapers. There is frequently such a facetious union of puff and despondency, that it is difficult to peruse the list of deaths without being excited to risibility. The English are so thoroughly a commercial people, that business is blended with the most doleful of circumstances, and if a tradesman dies, his widow is sure to puff off her husband's stock in trade and lament his virtues (to save expence) in the same advertisement. To illustrate this we will give a specimen of a "*death*" as recorded in a morning newspaper:—

"DIED,

On the 14th ultimo, at his shop in Fleet-street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable, and as a hatter upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only twenty-four shillings. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of his life, and just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap, that his widow can supply beaver bonnets at a more reasonable charge than any other house in London. His disconsolate family will carry on the business with spirit and punctuality."

This, though perhaps a little amplified, is a very fair specimen of the record of a tradesman's death, and in a country *boasting* of its commercial feeling, we perhaps ought to admire these evidences that the nation fully deserves its delightful character. It certainly would be a pity to waste the advertisement duty when puff and pathos may be combined in the same paragraph, and surely there can be no objection to lamenting a relation and getting off a stock of goods at the same moment in the same newspaper. Business is the order of the day in England, and of course every other feeling is subjected to its influence. We once heard a dear affectionate mother, and charmingly economic wife, congratulating herself that her favourite daughter died about the same time as the King, "because," she said, "the poor dear girl did not put one to the expense and trouble of new black things, as *luckily* our beloved monarch had just died, and we were of course in *deep mourning* for his late *lamented* Majesty." Such are the amiable sentiments of *people of business*. They estimate men by their property, and when called

on to give an account of their deeds at the last day, they would think themselves sure of heaven if they could present a well-kept ledger, and a clear set of books, or appear with all the bills they had given in their life time carefully taken up without having ever been renewed, or subjected to the process of *noting*. *Virtue* proverbially means *wealth*, and *sin* is only another word for *poverty*, so that a man's goodness may be calculated as easily as his income. According to established opinions, we should say nothing under £100. a year would preserve a man from damnation, and that it would require at least £5,000. in the funds to ensure (by an *English* estimate of virtue) a place among the cherubim.

A Fortunate Wight.

We see from a review in the *Courier*, that Lord Brougham has given a valuable living to a Mr. White, the author of a book called Church and School, because he (White) dedicated the said book to him (the Lord Chancellor)! Preferment at the price of toad-eating is easy work, and if such are the terms on which Brougham deals out his church patronage, the candidates for it will be likely to be rather more accommodating than respectable. We might probably take the Attorney-Generalship next year, by dedicating the third volume of the *Figaro* to the Lord Chancellor. But we cannot, for any consideration, however valuable, condescend to digest the toad, for in saying a good word for his Lordship, we must indeed make an awful sacrifice of our conscientiousness.

GLoucesteriana Extraordinary.

It would be fruitless to attempt to describe the feelings of unadulterated horror with which we have perused a police report in the papers of Monday, and though it comprises a statement that must harrow up the soul of our readers, and give to his erected hair the determined stiffness of hogs bristles, yet our unalterable system of stern justice forces us to darken our pages with the horrible narrative.

It may probably have been observed by our readers that there have of late been trifling altercations between the Duke of Gloucester, and his abject minion Higgins, but their quarrels seldom proceeded much farther than the pelting one another with "*baked laturs*," or the reciprocal drenching of the two worthies by a splash in their milk and water cups. As long as these differences were confined to the nursery, they were perhaps not very serious, and indeed a good feeling still existed among them, for even after the most violent of these squabbles, the interesting couple have been seen amiably attesting a mutual oblivion of all dissension by gracefully grouping themselves *a la Siamese*, and each sucking a different end of the same lollipop. But these blessed sights of innocent amity, are now no more to be witnessed, the cord of brotherly union is for ever severed, and Higgins has turned a desperate traitor to the Duke, his once-loved master. We dare not, however, trust ourselves to speak upon the awful subject: let therefore the following frightful extract from the daily papers of last Monday, save us the horror and the shame of recording with our own hand the infamy of the once cherished *aid-de-camp*!!!

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER FIRED.—Yesterday Byers, the informer, summoned his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, before Messrs. DYER, CONANT, and HALLS, for an infringement of a particular Act of Parliament. Colonel Higgins attended on behalf of his Royal Master to answer the complaint.

The offence appeared to be that a cart belonging to the Duke of Gloucester, had not a board with the name and surname of the owner painted on it, and affixed on the off side of the cart as well as at the back part of the vehicle.

The Gallant Colonel admitted that such was the fact; and, on the part of his Royal Highness, particularly requested that no lenity should be shown to the Royal Duke in case an offence was established against him.

Mr. DYER said the case appeared to be an exceeding slight one, and, had the defendant been a poor man, the Bench would have considered that a fine of a shilling sufficiently met the offence; but, as his Royal Highness had specially requested that no regard should be paid to the dignified rank which he held, but that he should be dealt with in a more rigid manner, because in a situation which ought to prevent him from pleading ignorance in mitigation, they had determined to inflict a fine of 20s. and costs.

Can any thing be more truly frightful than this instance of treachery. The Duke is summoned for an innocent inability to write his own name, and sends Higgins to get him out of the dilemma. The *aid-de-camp* instead of pleading the severe difficulties of spelling, instead of quoting the most abstruse words from Mavor, to show that orthography is no joke, and that the name of Gloucester is not an easy one to write properly, instead of doing this as an honest advocate would have done, he turns round upon the master who has fostered him, and insists on no mercy being shewn to his Royal Highness, for having been guilty of the offence he is charged with. What is the result? Why a fine of one pound, which Gloucester cannot rake together if he is sold up, and a comprehensive *pledge* is resorted to of the whole of his property. His movables are not worth ten shillings, and indeed of his worldly goods, a white plate, with the word William painted on it in gold letters is about the principal. He has been running wildly over the town ever since the conviction, uttering incoherently the words "Higgins! one pound! Byers! name on the cart! traitor damme!" and other splendidly powerful exclamations at intervals. He was told to borrow a sovereign, and rushed to Brighton to ask the King to lend himself for the occasion, but on being refused, he endorsed himself, or rather threw himself on his back, with convulsive agony. The only hope is that it may turn his brain, and so give him a chance of proving that it has hitherto been the wrong side upwards. If his brain should turn, there will be immense curiosity respecting the upshot.

FIGARO'S THEATRICAL GALLERY.

No. 4.



We are this week enabled to present our readers with a *bijou* in this department of our periodical, being a representation of Mitchell as Jem Bags, in the *Wandering Minstrel*. Seymour has hit off the air and character of the itinerant

clarionet blower, with a precision highly creditable to his acknowledged genius, but the piece must be seen, to be appreciated. It is playing nightly at the Fitzroy, and is the best farce that was ever written. The part is also represented by Mitchell, in a manner that places him in the very highest rank of his profession, for such a perfect impersonation of a perfect character was never before witnessed on the boards of any theatre. *Jem Bags* is indeed the *gem* of the Fitzroy, and as he takes a benefit on Monday night next, we sincerely trust that all our readers will flock to the doors on the occasion, and testify their appreciation of genuine genius. The part was intended for Reeve, but luckily for the author, it has devolved on Mitchell, who has stamped it by his admirable delineation, and rendered it permanently popular.

THE GLOUCESTER FINE.

In another part of our paper we have alluded to the fine inflicted on the illustrious Duke, and are happy to say that subscriptions are already in active progress for raising it. The following have already been received:—

	£.	s.	d.
Cann (proprietor of the soup-house)	0	0	6
Thompson and Fearon (gin temple)	0	0	6
Elphick (ditto)	0	0	6
Cabriolet No. 45, (a playmate)	0	0	2
The Waterman in the Strand (ditto)	0	0	0½
The Princess Augusta (one week's pocket money) ..	0	0	3
Some of the boys at the Green Coat School, Westminster	0	0	0¼
The Editor of Figaro in London	0	0	0
450 Admirers of the Duke's wit	0	0	0½

It will be seen from the above that the subscription list is filling rapidly, and though the sums are not large, yet there is something pleasing in perceiving that all the Duke's companions and real friends are coming forward to assist him in the hour of adversity. Subscriptions for the Duke are received at all the principal baked tatar stands in the metropolis—and he will attend personally every morning in Middle-row, Holborn, for the same purpose.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

Epigram.

(Laudatory of the Reformed Parliament.)

Last Monday with our parliament,

We ought indeed to be content—

For then, as I make bold to say,

Was the most truly useful day.

They've had in all the session yet,

For on that day—they never met.

A Bad Bargain.

When the ministers are asked questions in the house they frequently withhold a reply. The fact is that the government is a *bad bargain* and *don't answer*.

On their Last Legs.

Lord Althorp is perpetually on his legs: as the administration may be said to be on its *last legs*, we should recommend every member to make use of them.

A Bad Pack.

The ministers are said by some to be very open in their dealings. We differ from this opinion, and think that in their *dealing* they betray an immense deal of *shuffling*. Nearly every one of them has in the end *turned up a knave*.

A New Tax.

Lord Althorp intends to abolish the house tax at the first convenient opportunity. If it is to be done thoroughly certain M.P.'s ought to be interdicted from speaking, for there is a *tax on the house* whenever their mouths are opened.

Members on their legs.

We perceive that to assist the Speaker in the direction of the library of the House of Commons, a *standing* committee has been appointed. We presume it is not to consist of *sitting* members.

THEATRICALS.

Bunn, rabid at the failure of the gauze petticoats in the *Revolt*, and furious that the public will not come to see the women naked at Covent Garden, has fled in consternation to the Continent, and when last heard of was at Vienna, engaged in a desperate struggle to find some new indecency wherewith to insult and humbug the Londoners. Whether he will succeed in his scheme, we of course are unable to say; but the failure of his school exercises put together in the shape of a comedy, and called *The Minister and the Mercer*, has had an effect—(we were going to say) upon his *mind*; but we remembered in time that we were speaking of the small annuitant. As the short petticoats in *The Revolt* do not draw, we presume *no petticoats at all* will be the grand feature of the next novelty at the patent establishments.

It is a long time since we have given the Surrey a turn, for our antipathy to sitting among scavengers is so thorough, that we have not of late ventured into the dress boxes of this *Trans-Thamesian* establishment. It has, we are told, of late been *flaring up* in the respectability of its audiences, and fustian jackets have been common in the dress circle, while coats have been seen in the private boxes more than once recently. Report says that Osbaldiston has made money, and if this be true, *ex nihilo nihil fit* (nothing can come of nothing) will no longer be an axiom. He started on the wide world without anything either in the way of capital or talent, and if he now possesses anything, he owes it entirely to accident. He has been lately putting forth some execrating rubbish in his bills on the subject of *The Devil's Bridge*, and has been endeavouring to get up a case, because Mr. Arnold, its author, very properly refuses to allow its mutilation by the Surrey company. Mr. O. pretends that he is hardly dealt with, because he is not permitted to plunder other people of their property, and indeed his whole management has been one series of paltry pilferings from the ideas of others. We shall return to the subject shortly, but at present we have neither time nor space to waste upon the proceedings of this precious establishment.

The assets of Almar are upon the perpetual flare up, and money flows fast into the coffers of the spirited manager. The *Clerk of Clerkenwell* is got up on a scale of splendour that no rival establishment could excel, and the ledger of the lessee bears evidence of the attractive powers of the spectacle. We understand he devotes one hour every day to the contemplation of his cash account, and we are delighted that he has so pleasant a theme for his mercantile reflections. He idolises the entry of the receipts, and sings nocturnally a pious *requiem* over the expenditure. This holy conduct reflects the highest credit on Mr. Almar, and we are glad that his religious zeal has such a profitable subject for his mysterious meditations.

Madame Vestris finds a powerful rival in the Fitzroy, and she has determined to close at Easter. Her system is acted on at the above named establishment, and indeed light, humorous, and masical pieces are the only kind that can give satis-

faction now-a-days to an audience. People do not want serious rubbish—they have no gout for being made to shed tears, or if they have they can enjoy the luxury at home by laying out a penny in a rope of onions without paying for admission to a theatre. Pathos is at a fearful discount, and sentiment sticks in the market like a bankrupt's bill, or the promissory note of an avowed pauper. Yates has made arrangements for eloping over the Thames to the Victoria, for he declares keeping the Adelphi open after Easter would be madness so long as the Fitzroy perseveres in its present career of unparalleled spirit and unexampled liberality. Bunn means insanely to hold out for a short time longer. Morris had made arrangements for opening as early as last year, but has since relinquished the notion; and in fact every establishment in London begins to feel the deadening influence of the success of the Fitzroy. Laporte has been trembling over the opera house for the last three weeks, but has at last mustered courage to open on Saturday. We wish him every success, as we do to every manager in London who carries on his plans with spirit and liberality.

The enterprise and activity of the management of the Fitzroy have been exhibited in the production of *The Son of the Sun*, and *The Revolt of the Workhouse*, both of which have been got up on a scale of expense that is not often aspired to by a minor establishment; *The Revolt of the Workhouse*, though very trifling in its construction as a piece, is so splendidly worked up in *burlesque* of the Revolt of the Harem, by the tact of Mitchell, the very clever stage manager, that the effect of the whole is truly irresistible. The superb dancing of Oxberry, Mitchell, and Mrs. Brindal, in ridicule of the absurd antics of the foreign troop, would alone be sufficient to draw all London to the establishment. The acting of Perry and Manders, together with the singing of Miss Crisp, who executes delightfully some of the choicest gems from *Gustavus*, contribute to render *The Revolt of the Workhouse* one of the greatest hits within the narrow limits of mortal memory. Miss Chaplin in *The Son of the Sun*, nightly obtains the admiration of the audience. We perceive Mitchell takes a benefit on Monday, and we understand there are even yet general symptoms of a *flare up* in his favour all over the metropolis. The audiences at the Fitzroy are now brilliant as well as numerous, and half the aristocracy may be nightly seen lounging in the lobbies. We understand the next measure Lord Grey means to propose (and he cannot do a more popular act), is to be a resolution to the effect "*that the House of Lords do now adjourn to the Fitzroy Theatre.*" We think the people will hail such an auspicious omen of ministerial liberality.

TO OUR READERS.

Part 3, of Figaro's Caricature Gallery, will be ready in a few days, Price 3d. Parts 1 and 2, of which several editions have been eagerly bought, will be republished.

This day is ready, Price One Shilling,

THE KING INCOG,

A Farce in Two Acts,

BY FIGARO IN LONDON,

(Being No. 14, of the Modern Acting Drama.)

Now performing at the Royal Fitzroy Theatre.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 118.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

A BUDGET OF BUDGETS.



INGILBY VERSUS ALTHORPE.

It is not often that much amusement is to be derived from the Parliamentary Debates, but the recent display of the worthy Sir William Ingilby has really been the theme of some most sincere and most salubrious merriment. Though the style and manner of the respectable M.P. were both calculated to excite mirth, yet we strongly suspect that half the risibility which he caused in the House on the occasion of his speech, may be attributed to the fact that he spoke out honestly what he thought would be for the public good, and the novelty of the affair was perhaps sufficient to cause the feeling of ridicule that his financial suggestions encountered in the blessed *Reformed* Parliament.

Sir William supposed himself for a short time Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the imaginations of his hearers could not

be led to the same point, insomuch that so long as he proposed measures of salutary retrenchment, it was beyond the sphere of human possibility to fancy him for one moment a minister. Had fancy ever at any previous period suggested the pleasing idea that such a thing *might* be as a Minister with the good of the nation at heart, the conduct of Grey, Althorpe, and Co. since their accession to office, has done sufficient to dispel any doubts that might have been suggested of the now thoroughly-established axiom that "*place and patriotism are incompatible.*"

The imaginery budget however proposed by Sir W. Ingilby, was vastly better than any real one ever introduced by an absolute Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir William undoubtedly filled for a time the post of Lord Althorpe in a manner that caused *us* at least to wish the elevation of the former to ministerial honours had been a little more permanent. Many of his suggestions are admirable, particularly that of recommending a tax on gambling, "for," he naturally inquired, "why should not a man be taxed for going to hell?" a question that might have been replied to however by saying, "that it would be unproductive as most gamblers will get to hell *gratis*, so that the revenue would be defrauded out of the impost to which they would be subjected." Among all his numerous devices for making up the deficiency that must arise from the taking off the malt tax, Sir William Ingilby forgot one very important proposition, that we now merely throw out as a hint for the further consideration of Parliament. As a general tax which every one *must* pay, let Wetherell and a few others be appointed to make long speeches, and these must indeed be a *tax* on the patience of every one who hears them. This *tax* would

at least have the recommendation of being not only very equal but also very general.

Our caricature represents Ingilby and Althorp as two rival Chancellors of the Exchequer, each throwing in the articles he has brought for making up the grand compound of the Ways and Means in the bowl before them. Both are made to cut rather ridiculous figures, but Seymour cannot help being waggish, even at the expence of a warm friend to the cause of retrenchment and economy.

INTERPRETER.

The Reformed Russians.

Mr. HALCOMB, amidst loud groans and cries of "Oh!" and "Hear," which made it very difficult to catch the purport of the hon. member's observations, was understood to deny, from Parliamentary returns, the correctness of the hon. member's (Mr. Hughes's) statement. (Hear.) Hon. members were mistaken if they supposed he was to be disconcerted by a cheer of that kind. (Laughter and cries of "Hear.") They might not think fit to treat him with courtesy ("Oh, oh!"), though he had always endeavoured to conduct himself with decorum towards them. (Renewed groaning and laughter.)

Mr. HALCOMB ("Oh, oh!") would tell the hon. member for Cheshire, who had that evening thought fit to treat him with so much personal insolence—(loud cries of "Oh, oh!" "Order, order!")

Were it not for the probability that we should be inconvenienced by being brought before the honourable house for a breach of privilege, which would be an interruption to business, were it not for this we should certainly do ourselves the pleasure of giving it as our most decided opinion, that the M.P.'s are about as blackguard a set of thorough bears as ever congregated over pots of porter, or assembled amid the offensive mists arising from the union of the filthy fumes of the gin glass and the tobacco pipe. We, however, say nothing of the sort, merely because the Sergeant-at-Arms is an inconvenient visitor, and it is not worth our while to pay a hundred pounds or so, in fees, to the harpy underlings of the house, merely for making a statement, which the above extract from a recent debate will show to be both trite and superfluous. It would be really redundant in the last extreme to stigmatise persons who are capable of the ungentlemanly conduct pursued towards Mr. Halcomb. The unmeaning howls and ribald ejaculations of the Reformed House, are sufficient in themselves to shew its character. If we were disposed to publish a most malicious libel against the present precious Parliament, we are quite sure that the most sarcastic and cruel thing we could possibly do, would be to *print its proceedings*.

Slow Promotion.

On the 25th ult., at Yarmouth Norfolk, Lieutenant G. D. Barclay. He received his promotion for his gallant conduct at the battle of Trafalgar, as midshipman on board the *Mars*.—*Death in the Newspaper*.

When a man dies, his relations generally get up a crow over his achievements in the advertisement of his decease, but certainly in the case of poor Barclay, there is the most shabby pretext for a chuckle; and in fact NOTHING seems to have been about the sum total of his worldly triumphs. He was it seems in the navy, and died a *Lieutenant at the age of fifty one!* so that he was at upwards of *half a century*, just precisely one petty cut above the grade of an eight or nine year old midshipman. His promotion for gallant conduct at Trafalgar makes a fine line in the newspaper announcement, but one naturally enquires how the deuce he came to die a *Lieutenant at fifty one!* if he really were the gallant being that his friends make out that he was, according to their seven shillings worth of posthumous gammon in the daily newspapers. We presume his bravery was like the eloquence of single speech Hamilton, and that Barclay having been a hero at the age of eight, thought it

impolitic in more advanced years to weaken the effect of his infantine *coup* by any further attempts at heroism.

Patriotism and the Pocket.

Though we estimate highly the talent exhibited in the conduct of the *True Sun* newspaper, and though we coincide generally in the principles it professes, yet we cannot help reprobating a system of humbug which it occasionally puts in practice, by puffing itself up as a *martyr* to its own vaunted integrity. Scarcely a day passes without a long rigmarole of filthy rant from some illiterate fellow, who sends his sixpenny subscription and a rubbishing letter of fulsome, as well as ungrammatical adulation, of the proprietors of the *True Sun* newspaper. We do not doubt the pure disinterestedness of the parties, and are willing to believe, if they wish it, that the editors, writers, and proprietors, are all far above drawing any salary for their services, and that it is the most unadulterated patriotism which induces them, one and all, to expend their talents and their means in promoting the grand cause of liberality. But why fill the paper with vaunting taradiddles, under the guise of letters from correspondents? Why not let the conduct of the *True Sun* be its own eulogy? We fear that those who talk the loudest of their disinterestedness, are not always the most sincere, and indeed we remember repeated squabbles between the *True Sun* and *Dispatch*, arising out of jealousy of one another's circulation, whereas, if the promotion of the cause were the only object in view by the parties, each would be glad to hear of the other's rising in its sale, and would try to assist it accordingly. But property gives an immense smash to patriotism, and we fear very much that the cause would in very many instances be left to take its chance, but for the *profit* to be derived from advocating it with *real* zeal, induced by a prospect of emolument. The *True Sun*, if it would gain or keep a reputation for disinterestedness, should talk less about its "*struggles to obtain emancipation for its fellow countrymen*," for one naturally begins to enquire whether it is not just possible these struggles may be to obtain salaries for its editors, and profit to its proprietors. The *Weekly Dispatch* is its "excellent and talented contemporary," till the *True Sun* people start a *Sunday* paper, and then a petty squabble ensues upon the subject of superior circulation. We therefore, knowing these facts, can only say 'humbug' to the boast that patriotism, and nothing but patriotism, is the motive of the labours of the *True Sun* proprietors.

A Wag in Parliament.

Sir E. Codrington described the hardships attending on impressment.—*Parliamentary Report*.

That there is a great deal of waggery in the House of Commons there is no denying; but the wit of St. Stephens, like the abuses of the constitution, can only be respected on account of wondrous antiquity. In the above case, Codrington has coolly stolen an old joke from *Hood*, and talks of the *hard-ship* of being pressed, or going on board the *Tender*. This is a very sorry *jeu d'esprit*; it is dull in the extreme; but it is quite in character from a member of Parliament.

BROUGHAMIANA, NO. 21.

The Chancellor finds stimulants are necessary to keep him up to the duties of his office, and he therefore divides his time between pots of porter, the *Penny Magazine*, and brandy mixed in *hot water with sugar*. This delicate beverage brings out his lordship's wit in splendid force, and his satire is considerably sharpened by the slice of lemon that he occasionally draws through the top of the above described luscious drinkable. The other day he had got through four glasses of the

precious compound, and was conversing with Charles Knight on the losses sustained by the *Penny Magazine*, which has been ruined by the frequent expositions we have given in *Figaro*. "D—d if I know what to do," said Brougham. "And dittoed if I know what to do either," echoed Knight, "Well," bawls the Chancellor emptying his glass, "Curse commerce—answer me this conundrum." The Pall Mall monopolist put on a look of enquiry, "Why," shouted the conscience-keeper, "are the profits of the *Penny Magazine*, like one of Althorp's jokes." Knight gave it up with a yawn. "Because," cried Brougham, "they're both *invisible*." Knight emptied his pot of heavy in token of reverence.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 70.

"I tremble from head to foot," bawled the Duke on Monday last, "for I know, I feel, I think, I fear, I opine, that the Peerage will go to Almighty smash speedily." A low moan announced the awful attention of the anxious *aid-de-camp*. "Yes, Higgins," continued his Royal Highness, solemnly, "I perceive that in the House of Commons somebody is going to *move the standing order*. Now what *standing order* is there but the Peerage, and if they're going to *move that*, what's to become of us?" Higgins prostrated himself among the fire-irons, and wallowed impressively in the cinders as an omen of humiliation and penitence.

AUGUSTA'S ALBUM, NO. 4.

We subjoin a few extracts from this delightful *olio* of royal rubbish.

I wonder why it is that all *premiers* are called *prime* ministers. They are not all *prime* alike. Wellington was a *prime* fellow, but as to Grey I don't like him; why should he also be called a *prime* minister.

I think my brother the King (God bless him,) must be a great ass, for he is getting very old, and they say *asses* are distinguished by the *length of their (y-)ears*.

The Queen must be very miserable, because she wears so many *rings* on her fingers, and I know it is a mark of unhappiness when you see persons very much (*w-)ringing their hands*.

It is not often I attempt an epigram, but the peculiar period of the year invites me to the honourable task. Therefore here goes—

Epigram.

(On the present season of Lent.)

Sure none just now can call his time his own,
However usefully that time be spent;
Still it must be to every body known,
The time can't be *his own*, because its *Lent*.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakespeare.

Common wit.

"Are you going to vote on the Malt question?" asked Inglis of Sir Robert Peel. "Why," replied the latter, "I wish to vote, but don't want to wait for the division." "Then," said Inglis, "suppose you and I leave the house together, and as you are *Peel* it is only natural you should *pare (pair) off*."

Vice versa.

Certain stupid blundering M.P.'s present in their Parliamentary conduct a strange anomaly, for whenever they bring a question *forward* they are certain to throw it *backward*.

Unpleasant Seats.

A Committee of the House is, it seems, to sit upon the case of the distressed hand weavers. The Committee, as the case is a very *hard* one, will not have a very comfortable thing to sit upon.

Wood if we could.

Some one in the House the other night wished to augment the duty on timber and deals. In case this should be done, a difficulty will arise as to the method of treating His Royal Highness of Gloucester, for though his head must be taxed as *wood*, it will be urged on the other hand, that he has not a *deal* in it.

Smoke in St. Stephens.

It was formerly a custom in the House of Commons for the Members to smoke tobacco during the sitting. For what we know, the practise is about to be revived, for we perceive that Mr. C. Puller moved on Tuesday evening for *certain returns*.

FIGARO'S CARICATURE GALLERY.

No. 5.



MR. REEVE, IN LULLINE.

We have very little to say upon the present subject of our gallery, he is never any thing as an actor till he is too far gone in brandy and water to recollect the words of his author. If we were to write a part for Mr. Reeve, it would be somewhat of a laconic one, for it would be comprised in the following pithy instructions to the *soi disant* comedian. Let Mr. Reeve get as drunk as he possibly can, and let him be pushed on to the stage about once in every five minutes, during the time the piece is being represented. This is all we should trust him with, and we have no doubt the part would be a very funny one. Were we to try to get him to say a few jokes, the exhibition would be about as dull a thing as even Reynolds could conceive, or Barnard laugh at.

THEATRICALS.

We are given to understand, that the reason poor Bunn never brings out a good thing is, that he has in his innocence of the art of reading, transferred the office of perusing the pieces to

one Reynolds, a *quondam* dramatist, who, mad at finding his infernal rubbish thoroughly out of date, does all he can to impede the success of rising genius. This old driveller, who has spent eighty years in exposing his folly through the medium of the stage, is now, in the night of his life, employed in damping the exertions of clever men, and as reader for the two theatres, refuses every thing, that by the slightest manifestation of genius, may conspire to render him more contemptible. It is horrible, to a well regulated mind, to know that a fellow of this kind has it in his power to keep talent on the back ground: but the minor theatres are now rising into such importance, that the writers for them are sufficient to crush the presumptuous twaddle of an ass like Reynolds, who gets an income for slobbering his filthy venom over the productions of abler men, in the shape of mis-called opinions, on the plays sent in to the patent theatres for approval. He is the intimate friend and patron of Barnard, who has written the rubbish that introduces the horse-flesh at Drury Lane, and these two worthies are always in each other's society, an achievement by-the-bye, that ought to entitle both to the honours of martyrdom. Barnard is a worthy disciple of Reynolds, who eats beef-steaks at the expense of the other, and teaches the art of making bad jokes at the price of one dinner *per lesson*. We have it on good authority, that Reynolds is so disgusted at finding his vulgar stuff completely *passé*, that desparing of appreciation, he, whenever he makes what he calls a *joke* (?) sends for the cook, and despatches a messenger for the pot-boy from the public-house adjacent, so that he may be quite certain of having *two* persons to laugh at his dull taradiddles. A man in this state is, we need not say, in the very last stage of confirmed idiocy, and we therefore need not wonder, that when Reynolds is reader, *Barnard's* are the pieces most frequently produced at the large theatres.

The Easter pieces are, we believe, commenced at some of the theatres, but we have not as yet heard the arrangements in progress at the various establishments. At the Victoria they bring out nothing new, but the Adelphi nymphs carry their delicate attractions over the Thames, and are to appear in all their original nudity. Whether the neighbourhood over the water will be attracted by this nauseous exhibition, we cannot pretend to say, though, when we consider the peculiar reputation of the Waterloo Road and its vicinity, we should imagine that the display would be about the thing to suit the people in the quarter alluded to. We are somewhat sorry that an establishment, which has been rendered sacred by the genius of a Knowles, should be degraded by such ribald indecency, as is comprised in the piece alluded to. At the Fitzroy the Easter piece will be of novel construction, and will comprise a series of splendid effects, never before thought of on earth, or attempted any where. The company engaged will be in number upwards of two hundred strong, and an expense of one thousand pounds has already been gone to by the management. This, however, is the only plan to act upon, and the lavish outlay on *The Revolt of the Workhouse*, has been already repaid, by the troop of fashionables who nightly throw down their spare specie at the doors of the Fitzroy! Mitchell's benefit on Monday was a bumper of course, and one of the grand attractions of the evening, was a farce of his own, called *The Newspaper*, in which he made a most successful *debut* as an author, so that he now possesses two distinct claims to immortality. Our limits will not allow us to enter largely into its merits, but justice demands a few words for Mrs. Brindal, who acted a part in the piece with so much spirit, and displayed such versatility of talent, as to enhance, if possible, the high opinion we have before expressed of her great abilities. Misses Crisp and Chaplin, in Apollo and Phaeton, nightly thin

the House of Lords, by attracting many peers to this, at present, most flourishing and most favoured of all theatrical establishments.

If variety be charming, Friday was a charming night at the Fitzroy theatre, for certainly the variation from the general plan of the management was rendered most complete on the occasion of Mrs. Kirby's benefit. Blood and horrors for one night took the place of fun and satire, while the substantial lungs of H. Kemble, the elastic heels of Walbourn, and the Chinese antics of the agile Goll, triumphed over the more quiet, but certainly not *less* attractive qualities of the general company. We do not intend to depreciate by any means the performances on the night in question; broad-sword combats have their admirers, and we know the metropolis contains myriads who would be thrown into ecstasies by the touching tragedy contained in the fine old Cobourg melodrama of *The Broken Sword*; but we cannot help observing the contrast between the performances of the night in question, and those running at the theatre under its present management. The latter are all for laughter, the former calculated for nothing but tears; and so powerfully was it expected: the audience would be affected by Mr. H. Kemble in *The Broken Sword*, that mops were distributed at the doors on the evening of Mrs. Kirby's benefit. Joking aside, the bill of fare was very attractive of its kind, and showed a combination of a great deal of peculiar talent. We are glad to hear that the house was full, and the speculation a very successful one.

The Opera has opened with high treason, which, if state offences were punished as of old, would certainly have subjected the head of Laporte, the enterprising lessee, to the axe of the executioner. The high treason to which we allude, is the wilful murder of God save the King, by the Italian company. They sang it so badly, that our loyal ears have not yet recovered from the effects of the dreadful sacrilege. We forbear further criticism, to give Laporte a chance, for we presume he does not mean to put forward Madame Feron, *alias*, Mrs. Glossop as a specimen of his operatic company. The ballet is at present more promising, though Duvernay, who was worn out last year at Drury Lane, is being made a feature of at the King's Theatre. *La Sylphide*, though pretty enough, is threadbare by this time, and *toujours* Taglioni is as bad almost as ditto *perdris*, so that we are eagerly looking for novelty. We earnestly wish success to Laporte, for he is a very spirited manager, and in fact the only one, for some years past, who seems to be acquainted with the style of conduct necessary to the success of such an establishment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are pleased to perceive that Buckstone is about to publish a perfect edition of his admirable plays, the first number of which is to be *The Wreck Ashore*, with an illustration representing Reeve and Buckstone in the drunken scene. The edition is published by Strange, and will be brought out in the spirited style that distinguishes the publication of all the various works he gives to the community.

NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING,
THE SON OF THE SUN,

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A classical burlesque Burletta, by the Author of *The King Incoo*, *The Revolt of the Workhouse*, &c. &c. Also is published, Price One Shilling,

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No. 119.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

REVOLT OF THE TORY PAUPERS.

During the last few weeks *Revolts* have been the order of the day in the theatrical world, but they have long been very prevalent on the stage of politics. The following sketch suggested by a scene in the *Revolt of the Workhouse* gives an admirable idea of the position of certain Tory paupers who have long been luxuriating on the Pension List, and who though not quite so humble perhaps, are certainly as *Revolting* in their conduct as the meanest of the workhouse inmates.



It would be needless for us to enter into a very minute description of the graphic effort which speaks for itself, and is a happy dig of the Seymourian pencil, at the tenacity with which the pauper Tories cling to the luxuries of the Pension List. The grand array of Whigs that stands opposed to them, is

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ludicrously represented by the parochial authorities, and the present Ministry cannot be better typified than by those self-important and yet imbecile idiots who constitute the council of a parish, or are comprised in the numbers of its officers. Grey is an apt illustration of a workhouse governor, all bombast and bluster, when his foes are in a disadvantageous condition, but succumbing and accommodating to the last degree when the enemy exhibit any thing like a zealous spirit of determined opposition. In accordance with this character he was violent against the Tory paupers, when flushed with the triumph of Reform he had brought them to a state of humility, but when grown desperate by defeat they make a last effort to retain the remnant of their former spoils. Grey alarmed by the boldness of their front, feels inclined to *conciliate*. The figure behind him represents (we need hardly say) the spare and sardonic Brougham, who, as it were, performs in the ministry the same duties that are undertaken by the clerk in the workhouse, and in fact does all the literary work of the body he is a member of. If an opponent is to be blackguarded in the *Times*, Brougham is the convenient man; he is useful *because he can write*, and his contributions to the public prints, unlike the effusions of his less literary colleagues, are fit to appear in the newspapers. Of the various other figures in the grand *tableau* at the head of this article we need say nothing. Wellington cannot be mistaken, and Eldon by being drawn in the dress of an old woman is recognised without difficulty.

In the struggle between the Tory paupers and the Whig Dogberrys we hardly know which will prevail. Had we our

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own way, we should put an end to the ludicrous contest by a general overthrow of both parties. The one deserves destruction for its roguery, and the other for its most contemptible imbecility.

THE INTERPRETER.

A Sprig of Nobility.

At the dinner given to Sir John Beckett, last week, the Earl of Mexborough treated the company with a song, in the course of which he admirably imitated the cackling of geese, the clucking of hens, and the braying of asses!—*Halifax Express*.

It gives us the most sincere pleasure to find that there is a disposition abroad among our aristocracy, to fulfil those offices for which nature seems to have intended the greater part of them, and that playing the fool in public has consequently become highly popular with a portion of the peerage. Now Earl Mexborough is one of those quiet creatures of whom nobody ever heard, and in whose favour fame had not hitherto blown even the weakest and most contemptible of her penny trumpets, so that in the paragraph above he bursts upon us with all the freshness of the most utter and abject insignificance. It appears that the obscure nobleman went out to dinner, and imbibed, doubtless, large quantities of wine, when in innocent support of the maxim, *in vino veritas*, (*when the wine is in, the true nature comes out*), his lordship began lustily to cackle and to bray, after the fashion both of geese and asses. We understand that the company were delighted, and one and all declared such a complete ass as the Earl made of himself was never before found in human society. His lordship's success in displaying, by way of accomplishments, the characteristics of the goose and donkey, will suggest to him the wholesome hint, that he will do well to cultivate their interesting attributes, for as Pope has truly said—

Each might his separate province well command,

Would all but stoop to what they understand.

Earl Mexborough's province is evidently that of the goose and jackass.

Ross in difficulty.

We perceive that our worthy friend Ross, the indefatigable hero of the canvass breeches, the discoverer of Snooksia and the bosom friend of Booth, the gin-shop keeper, has sent a petition into the House of Commons for some cash on account of his recent grope into the unknown regions. Now really we are sorry Ross should be so dreadfully out of pocket by his wild-geese errand into the North, but consideration for the public purse forces us to say, that we see no claim Ross can have on account of his late long walk, and his retreat on discovering there was no thoroughfare. If every simpleton who went such journeys could calculate on a *bonus* from Parliament, any fool who took a walk into Coventry Street, Haymarket, might, by turning down into Panton Square, apply to the Commons for a grant, inasmuch as he had found it impossible to proceed further, and had gallantly returned on finding no thoroughfare. This is positively the sum total of the achievements of poor Ross, and under the circumstances we really cannot discover what claims he has upon the assets of the community. He took a long and fruitless journey, so that we think he ought to be thankful for having got safe home again, without calling upon the country for his travelling expenses, which, if granted, would encourage any other mountebank to a like display of inefficient activity.

Triumphs of a Traveller.

One of the papers recently contained a paragraph announcing the fact that a Mr. Wilkinson after a residence of twelve years

in Egypt, and indefatigable study of hieroglyphics during the whole of that period, has arrived at the important conclusion that *the beast with the square ears cut is Osiris*. We really have to congratulate the country on its possession of a man like Wilkinson, who first hurries out to Egypt, then gets hold of an antiquated hieroglyphic, which after patiently poring over it for a period of one hundred and forty-four months, he comfortably pronounces to be *Osiris*, and having done all this he hurries home in all the pride of his discovery to announce his triumph in the public prints, and to threaten a journal of his twelve years residence in Egypt. How interesting must such a journal be—indeed so full of amusing matter that we will venture on a specimen.

Monday, January 1st.—Got up at six, looked at the beast with square ears cut until eight. Breakfasted and returned at nine to the contemplation of the beast with the square ears cut, which I examined attentively till two, when I dined. Walked out for exercise after dinner till half-past three, when I again pursued my research into the enigma of the beast with the square ears cut until six, when I took my tea. At seven I returned to my labours, and continued at them sedulously until midnight, when I reluctantly left the beast with the square ears cut, and retired to rest.

Tuesday, January 2nd, ditto.

Wednesday..... ditto.

Thursday..... ditto.

Friday..... ditto.

Saturday..... ditto.

Such during the whole of his twelve years sojourn in Egypt, must have been the interesting diary of the indefatigable Wilkinson: and the journal can only have been varied by the grand "*Eureka*" when the glorious fact occurred to the hero of the old hieroglyphic that the beast with the square ears cut is — *Osiris*. This discovery beats Captain Ross and his *no-thoroughfare* expedition all to atoms. Ross is a mere nobody to Wilkinson. Boothia a mere molehill to Osiris.

AGNEW'S NEW BILL.

The details of this precious document have not as yet publicly transpired, but we have been put in possession of a few of the most important features. We give a few extracts.

And be it further enacted, that any person blowing his nose more than twice on Sunday be subjected to fine and imprisonment, except in cases of cold, then the fine alone is to be considered sufficient.

And be it further enacted, that any cat hunting a mouse on the Lord's day be hanged immediately, and the same punishment is to be awarded to any mouse that may run away from such cat as hereinbefore specified.

And be it further enacted, that any one trying to make either head or tale of one of Lord Althorp's candid speeches, be sent for one month to the tread mill, inasmuch as it is not lawful on the Lord's day to practise labour of any kind.

Such are a few of the heads of Saint Andrew's new measure, of which we have given enough to show that it is about as wholesome and practicable as that rejected in the last session.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

Hard work.

If Sir Andrew Agnew would prevent Sabbath labour, he should stop some of the dull parsons from holding forth, since listening to them on Sunday is the *hardest work* possible.

Horace in London.

The tea is going off very leisurely at the India House, which has given rise to a joke from Horace Twiss, and as such it will take its place among the remarkable events in English chronology. The following is the *jeu d'esprit*. Somebody complained to the briefless one, that the tea was lagging in the market. "Ah," cried Twiss, "if it does not go off *briskly* we should not call it *tea* but *slow (sloe)* leaf.

Vice versa.

"I think," said a friend to Gully, "that Inglis when he gets up to speak makes such a fool of himself that he's a disgrace to his *species*." "No," answered the pugilistic M.P. who is not remarkable for his erudition, "I should rather say his *speeches* are a disgrace to him."

A point in favour.

Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath, has at least one great recommendation, considering its absurdity, namely, that it is *quite impracticable*.

Rather teasing.

There is a strike among the tea trade against the East India Company, and indeed the sale has been destroyed. It seems strange that they cannot at least get the *gun-powder* to go off.

FIGARO'S THEATRICAL GALLERY.

No. 4.

**MR. HUGHES AS MR. CRINUM.**

Though we occasionally devote this portion of our work to a summary smash for arrogant pretensions, yet sometimes, and certainly in the present instance, we appropriate it to the exaltation of ability. The subject of our present Gallery is Mr. Hughes, an actor who though young in the profession and as yet but slightly known to a London public, has distinguished himself by his excellence in two or three parts, in themselves unimportant, but which have been really rendered prominent by his genius. Of these parts perhaps there is none so much indebted to the actor as that in which our artist has sketched him, viz. Mr. Crinum, in that first-rate of farces, *The Wandering Minstrel*. It is a character which we have heard the author of the piece himself declare to have been originally most meagre and insignificant, yet Mr. Hughes has made it conspicuously stand forth, as indeed (to do justice to a most clever

actress), Mrs. Brindal has contrived by her talents to render Mrs. C. a character, which was a mere nothing without the performer's colouring. The dress and gait of Mr. Hughes in this piece are far beyond our humble powers of description; we shall not attempt it, but will sum up the actor's merits in at once a pun and an axiom,—"*Hughes (Use)* is second nature."

THEATRICALS.

Mrs. Glossop, *alias* Madame Feron (the wax-candle woman), has given place to a more brilliant light, one Madame Hynterland, who has flared up in Pasta's character of Semiramide. We have not yet had a sufficient opportunity of judging of her abilities, but she is decidedly superior to the lady whom she has succeeded. *La Bayadere* was played with great effect on Saturday night, but the *ballet* was brought to a premature conclusion by the singular behaviour of the gas, which coolly took itself off at about twelve o'clock, and left the audience in darkness and astonishment. We were at first unable to conceive the cause of this odd proceeding, and began to doubt whether the Imperial Gas Company might not have been seized with a religious fit, and refused to contribute its gas towards the profanation of the Sabbath; we conceived that probably the dispensers of the carburetted hydrogen throughout the metropolis were determined to save the *souls* of the community by taking out their *lights*; but unfortunately for these pious suggestions we discovered that a strike among the gasmen was the worldly and philo-nummie cause of the darkness at the Opera.

The Easter pieces at Drury Lane and Covent Garden have, we believe, been begun upon with much spirit, and half-a-crown has been already placed in the hands of Mr. Stanfield to purchase colours for the new scenery. This heavy disbursement has driven the small annuitant into a corner for assets, but he won the other day four and two pence at a game of thimble-rig with one of the supernumeraries, so that the preparations will now proceed with comparative prodigality. Should the *specie* continue scarce, the piece will embrace the grand feature of no dresses at all, so that the delightful taste of the public and the resources of the lessee may be consulted at the same time by the absence of a wardrobe. Something powerful is supposed to be in preparation, for Mears, the bosom friend of Bunn, has been seen strutting through the metropolis in all the honest pride of a clean face—an omen which savours much of *novelty*.

A considerable sensation has been excited in all human circles by a mysterious advertisement in the papers calling for 200 female children to be engaged at the Fitzroy for the forthcoming Easter piece. This startling *aviso* has produced a strange effect upon the astonished metropolis, and myriads of mothers daily present the interesting spectacle of offering up their infants at the shrine of managerial enterprise. That sacred air of mystery which gave so much solemnity to the old rites and ceremonies of the classic æra, contributes to impart an almost religious interest to the forthcoming Fitzroy Easter piece. Speculation is busy on the awful theme, but surmise has not yet assumed the character of certainty. Groups occasionally congregate in the neighbourhood of the theatre, discussing the probable views of the management, but as yet nothing more is definitely known than that two hundred children are in the course of engagement, and that about two thousand pounds have been devoted to the necessary materials for the production of a fairy spectacle for Easter.—These facts are grand texts for rumour to enlarge upon, and reports fly about in every variety of shape as to the ensuing flare at the Fitzroy. By the bye Oxberry takes his benefit there on Wednesday, and Miss Crisp on Thursday. Should the

house fill on each occasion as the merits of the two performers respectively deserve, each night will be signalled by the inundation of the establishment. A farce by Oxberry himself is to be brought out on the occasion. We trust that a hedge of laurels will be reaped by the author, who, if he be but half as clever a writer as he is an actor, will have a most capacious niche assigned to him in fame's immortal temple. Miss Crisp is a most admirable singer, a very clever actress, and a rising favourite. We earnestly hope that the public will testify its readiness to encourage the talents of a young performer, by filling the house on the present (we believe her first) occasion of a benefit in London.

There is an end, we believe, to the negotiations between the Victoria proprietors and Yates, who injudiciously we think, is about to ally himself to the troop congregated over Blackfriars Bridge, under the wings of Osbaldiston the Surrey manager. We are happy to hear that our remarks have taken effect in excluding *Lurline* and its indecencies from the stage of the Victoria, and we must confess the Surrey is the fittest house we know of for the reception of the Adelphi Amazons. The *Jonathan Bradford*, or rather the pickpocket school of dramatic writing, is perfectly appropriate to the place, and we do not see why courtesans should be excluded from a stage so famous for its introduction of highwaymen, &c., to the refined audiences of St. George's, Surrey. By the bye, we understand Yates is taking measures to recruit his company on account of those leaving him who remain only during his regular season, or who refuse to follow him into the wretched recesses of Osbaldiston's establishment. That he is right in endeavouring to persuade poor deluded creatures into herding with the Surrey gang we readily admit, but that he is justified in trying to seduce rising performers from respectable theatres, we certainly deny in terms most positive. We have heard that certain managers finding that the performers at the Fitzroy are rising in public favour, are taking all the means in their power to draw away the leading persons from that rapidly progressing establishment. We have the most thorough contempt for this kind of conduct, which is at once piteously paltry, and egregiously asinine. All these performers whom they now seek to seduce, were disengaged before the Fitzroy was under its present management, or were playing in other London theatres, but were being kept in the back ground by bad management. Miss Crisp for example, (and though others might be named, we will content ourselves with particularising one). Miss Crisp whose reputation is rising rapidly, was previous to her engagement at the Fitzroy, playing at the Pavilion for the diversion of the heroes of the shambles, and though it is no reflection on her, was certainly unappreciated by the knockers down of bullocks, and the assassins of sheep in the neighbourhood. She was recommended by a person who had seen her at the Strand theatre, to the Fitzroy manager, but his taste being anti-musical, she was buried in obscurity, singing about one mawkish ballad per night in some equally mawkish character. No London manager then wished to take her from the house, for *idiots* as they half are, and guided only in their judgment by the gallery hoo's, they could not see in her that talent which the new management discovered, and has introduced to public notice most effectually. We enter into these details to show performers (what most have the sense to know,) that they had better be with a management that can appreciate, and is willing to make the most of their talents, than fly to some dolt of a director who can only see genius when public approval has stamped it, and as he would have been unable to give it the means of coming forward, would most certainly impede

its further development. These observations are unnecessary to actors, but they will be very profitable as hints for the consideration of stupid managers, who have ruined more reputations by indiscreet shelving, than they have ever made by all the puffing in the universe. By the bye, the fashionables are *flaring up* in shoals, and the establishment is inundated with aristocracy. Lord John Russell, Sir Vincent Cotton, and numerous others, on Tuesday night were prominent in the private boxes. The benefits are coming on, and that of Mr. Ollier occurs on Monday. He plays Reuben Glenroy, a part that has been played by Kean and John Kemble; a successor to the former is much wanted; there is decidedly an opening for Mr. Ollier, and we trust he will be found capable of filling it. It is his first appearance. The duties of an acting manager are, we believe, to place the check-takers at night, and attend daily to the disbursements. Not that we mean to hint there is no affinity between acting manager and playing *tragedy*, more especially as the office mentioned includes the payment of the salaries. This, however, is more in the heavy line, and decidedly serious business.

Another *Revolt* has appeared at the Victoria. We have not yet seen it, but as it is from the pen of Dibdin we do not doubt its humour. We blame the managers for their tardiness, for we understand the piece was in their hands months ago, and now they have been forestalled by other establishments.

We are happy to hear Mr. Serle has a *drama* forthcoming at the Surrey. The piece may do something towards raising the character of the establishment, a consummation we devoutly wish for, for the honor of minor theatres in general.

Among the fashionables at the Fitzroy on Wednesday were Lord A. Fitzclarence, Lord W. Lennox, Lord John Russell, Lord Belfast, Mr. Wombwell, &c., and the other theatres being closed, Madame Vestris, Buckstone, the Vinings, and nearly all the actors from the patent houses were present on the evening in question. The house is to be splendidly re-decorated at Easter; so great is the encouragement given to the present system of management.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have seen two excellent lithographic theatrical portraits, the one of Mrs. Brindall in *The Templar*, and the other of Miss Chaplin as Phaeton in *The Son of the Sun*, or the fate of that young gentleman. The likenesses of both are admirable, though the artist of the latter has injudiciously made the dress of Miss Chaplin too long, and thus concealed a leg whose symmetry has been the theme of at least half a hundred newspaper rhapsodies.

NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

The Revolt of the Workhouse,

By G. A. a'Beckett. Also just published, price one shilling.

THE SON OF THE SUN,

or, The Fate of Phaeton,

By the author of the Revolt of the Workhouse. Also just published, price one shilling.

THE KING IN COG.,

By the author of The Son of the Sun, &c. And also is now ready, price one shilling, the celebrated farce already played upwards of SIXTY SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS called

THE WANDERING MINSTREL,

By HENRY MAYHEW.

These pieces are all now performing at the Royal Fitzroy Theatre, and are published by James Miller, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.

They are all comprised in Miller's Edition of the Modern Acting Drama, and may be had by order of any Bookseller.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 120.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

LAWS FOR THE TORY PAUPERS.



Much has been said of the mal-administration of the poor laws, but we suspect that to use up an old *bon mot* of the Duke of Gloucester, it is not much the fault of the persons acting on them, but the fact is they are *poor* laws that one has to administer. Every variety of suggestion has been started, in the hope of improving this branch of legislation. Commissioners have been appointed at large salaries, jobs have been got up at an enormous expense, and in fact, the whole humbug of a projected Reform has been most thoroughly put in practice in this instance, with a spirit in every way worthy of a Whig ministry. Every thing that talk and twaddle could possibly effect has been put in operation on this important subject, and even old mother Martineau, the virgin political economist of fifty has been hired to inundate the topic with her milk and

watery speculations on its various points and peculiarities. Miss Martineau coolly proposes a preventive check to the increase of population, and sagaciously suggests that to do away with poverty, the best plan will be to put a stop to the entrance of those persons into the world who may by possibility become poor hereafter. This is Whig wisdom, and deserves eulogy of course, but unfortunately as with every thing Whigish it is a theory that tumbles to the ground the moment it is subjected to the test of scrutiny. To prevent poverty we are to check population, or in other words, to get rid of our poor we are to take care not to have any. This is on a level with the splendid proposition for preventing the possibility of accident by gas, which was to be achieved by attending to the one simple direction—not to use any.

As there could be no accident if there were no gas, so if there were no poor people we should have no poverty. But this is in some degree irrelevant to our caricature, which has the noble intention of pointing out a remedy to Tory pauperism. This is an evil that cries almost as loudly for legislation as the other, and it is one for which it would be highly desirable to find an antidote. Our artist has happily sketched Brougham in the character of a female political economist, who is seen spiritedly presenting a preventive check in the shape of a reform bill to the principal state paupers. These are the persons who are already superabundant, and to prevent the increase of whom a preventive check would be admirable. The paupers inhabiting a workhouse consume but little of the public money, compared with that which is swallowed up by those luxurious mendicants who loll in palaces. A parish pauper costs a few

pounds *per annum*, but there are very few of the pension list vagabonds who take less than some thousands. It is they who require the preventive check, and for them it is that our artist has ably sketched the above emblematical scene, as a hint to the members.

INTERPRETER.

Throwing the Old Shoe.

At the termination of a splendid *dejeuner*, after the marriage of Miss Sutton, the Speaker's daughter, and Mr. Sanderson, and as the bride and bridegroom were about to set off in a new travelling carriage for the seat of Mr. S., a large party of fashionables assembled in the balcony to see them depart, and just as the carriage started, a servant of the family, at a given signal, threw after it an old mouldy shoe, "for luck," as it was said, upon which the assembled party in the balcony loudly cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, Lady Manners Sutton herself being the most enthusiastic of the group. We understand, that the old mouldy shoe was taken up, and is carefully preserved in the family, to be again used upon the next occurrence of the kind.—*Bell's New Court Journal*.

We once came to the charitable conclusion that nothing on earth could be more stupid than the *Court Journal*, but Bell's *new ditto* has knocked charity on the head, and given the lie to our most benevolent impression in favour of the human intellect. The above extract is a rare specimen of the quality of the *New Court Journal*, which records more palpable follies, and indulges in more real twaddle than even its predecessor, which has long disgraced the name of literature, and formed a horrible instance of the abuse of the noble art of printing. The above paragraph is merely a narration of a most asinine exhibition of buffoonery and ignorance by the servants and family of the speaker of the House of Commons. A drunken domestic (for we allow him in pure charity to have had a gallon of porter and a pint of gin at the nuptial flare-up) a drunken domestic seems to have been guilty of the savage indecorum of pelting his young mistress with a mouldy shoe, and the wedding party, under some active influence which we need not describe, instantly commenced cheering the brutal assault with a rabid rapture worthy of the ancient Bacchanals. We regret that Lady Manners Sutton should have been forward in exposing herself, and we also lament the custom of taking wine on occasions of this sort, since it sometimes leads to consequences of a very derogatory character. The subsequent preservation of the mouldy shoe, is an act of antiquarian filth which is perfectly in accordance with the whole proceeding, and we do not wonder that, in the fictitious excitement of the moment, it was resolved to throw it again at the next daughter that should be got off in the same family. We, however, are benignantly disposed, and will in future give it as our opinion that, on the next morning, reflection and soda water would totally have changed the notions that, in the exuberance of the excitement on the preceding day, had entered into the minds of the Manners Sutton family and its wedding visitors.

Our Infant King.

The royal rambles have, since the commencement of this publication, been matters we have loved to register, and affectionate loyalty like ours has of course been often gratified by having to record some of those light and eccentric fooleries which are a pleasant relief to the more sombre attributes of majesty. Connected with the name of our present sagacious sovereign, are some of the most touching social reminiscences, and his name is often breathed with affectionate ardour in the jovial recesses of the wine vaults about Wapping and its vagabond vicinity. There is scarcely a tar in the neighbourhood whose hand has not had a clutch at the royal digits, nor a female however humble, with whose lips those of the sovereign have not at one time been condescendingly, but most innocently, familiar. These are the insinuating qualities that have made

his Majesty the pride of his people, and it is for attributes like these that his name will roll gloriously down to posterity on the tide of immortality. But we must unwillingly abandon this loyal strain of rhapsody, and congratulate the monarch on his still youthful propensities, which prove to us that at near seventy he is still in intellect the interesting boy who, as a midshipman, was wont to indulge his sweetly infantine humours at the expense of what the cold world has christened propriety. We perceive, from a most interesting passage in a public print, that William the Fourth is still a child in disposition, though a terrific veteran in years, for he is still (God bless him,) an enthusiastic follower of the diversions of his boyhood. *The Court Circular*, for instance, informs us that "*on Monday, the King left the castle in a close carriage.*" Now what does this prove, but that on Monday his Majesty had been amusing himself with a plaything castle (a popular toy among infants) and that he had left it in his carriage. How delightful to find that our sovereign, who is in years at about the middle point of his second half century, should, in his notions and pursuits, be still at that interesting point of juvenile thought and idea which finds diversion in toys, and can be charmed by those objects the appreciation of which is, in most cases, confined to a boyish intellect.

The Bug Butchers.

Bugs effectually destroyed by M. Ribbins, widow of the late John Moriarty, eldest son and successor to C. Tiffin, bug destroyer to his late Majesty George the 4th, where the business has been carried on for upwards of thirty years on the same premises.—*Vide 387, Strand*.

The above may seem at first sight a startling text for an interpreter, but it is one which struck us as being so richly ludicrous, that we cannot forbear making it the subject of a few observations. There is something so amusing in the serious announcement of a *gout* for bug destruction running through a whole family for the last six generations, and it is excessively rich to observe the pride with which skill in the art of squashing the filthy reptiles, is carefully attributed to all the lineal descendants of the illustrious house of Tiffin. This singular family appears to be a race of Hannibals *quoad* the bugs, and every branch of it must have come into the world with a rooted hatred for that wretched race of reptiles. There is no hope where a Tiffin takes cognizance of the unhappy vermin. Not only in the London bedstead does the searching eye of the bug assassin detect, or his cruel fingers smash, the noisome intruders on our midnight repose, but they are pursued even into the more tranquil scenes of rural retirement, and can find no rest, even in the remotest recesses of a country four-post or a village half-tester. No—there is no hope—*Tiffin destroys bugs in town and country*. The bug metropolitan or the bug provincial is equally subject to the peril of the Strand assassin, and the wandering vermin who flies from civic turmoil to suburban tranquillity finds a Ribbins or a Moriarty ready to receive him between the thumb and fore-finger, thus putting a speedy end to his rural rambles. To drop, however, the high tone of sentiment which the subject has most naturally inspired, we should like to know what Tiffin means by the rebellious and treasonable boast that he was for thirty years bug destroyer to King George the Fourth, as if his late Majesty had been in such a state, so, in fact, literally swarming with vermin that it took nearly half a century of Tiffin's most active slaughter to rid the person of the sovereign of the animals alluded to. This is either a matter for the Attorney-General or the historian. Either the late King was a prodigy of filth, or a criminal information should be applied for against Tiffin for saying so. We presume the matter will undergo an investigation in Parliament, and we therefore leave the bug butchers for the present.

A Venerable Flare up

The venerable Dowager Countess of Cork and Orrery, now in her 93rd year, commenced her *reunions* yesterday evening in Burlington Street. Her ladyship will entertain another party this evening.

Morning Herald.

The venerable Dowager is decidedly no joke. Ninety-three is not an age to be trifled with, and we are therefore somewhat astonished at her carrying on at her time of life the humbug of *re-unions*. "Her ladyship," says the paper, "will entertain another party this evening," but we should like to know what *entertainment* can possibly be derived from a lady who has almost completed her first century. The idea of the Dowager flaring up at ninety-three, with all the fooleries of fashion! It is really time she should look higher—or lower—as it may happen. What can have kept her alive for a period of ninety-three years we cannot by any means imagine, unless indeed being a Countess of *Cork*,—that quality which is implied in her title may have kept her so long above water.

FIGARO'S CARICATURE GALLERY.

No. 7.



MR. DUCROW AS ST. GEORGE.

Here is the hero of Drury Lane, the star of our first national theatre during a period of three months, between the Christmas and Easter holidays. Here is Ducrow, the director of living dog's-meat under the ambitious title of a stud, and the bosom friend of Bunn, who has nightly been personating the Dragon in the Drury Lane spectacle. This dreadful *duo* has now for three months degraded the boards of the theatre by their disgusting antics in their two popular parts; Bunn acting the beast with a natural aptitude for the part, and an intellect quite on a level with the creature he has represented, and Ducrow, blustering about the boards, flushed with gin, and excited by the yelps of the greasy gods, fancying himself the veritable champion of Christendom. We have impaled the couple in our pages, as a means of handing down their enormities to posterity, and Ducrow, with his friend the dragon, will be a mark for the finger of scorn, and the vigorous hoot of offended decency.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

The truth no libel.

Lord Althorp the other night with great good nature declared he should not consider himself libelled by a charge that he was

less clever at law than at breeding cattle. We wonder if his lordship's father would have considered it libellous to say, that he (Lord A's father) was famous for breeding asses.

Cruelly candid.

Among other equally liberal admissions, in the course of the discussion on the law of libel, Lord Althorp candidly declared he thought it no libel to attribute incapacity to Ministers. This is a grand admission, for it admits the inconsistency of calling truth a libel.

Not the Select.

We perceive that a Bill introduced lately was referred to a number of members among whom Gully was one, which was termed a Select Committee. We cannot give it credit for being very *select*, when the pugilistic M.P. was one of the members.

A dishonoured Bill.

The admission of Lord William Lennox that he went to purchase a ticket in the Glasgow lottery, has created a great deal of amusement. "It is infamous," said O'Connell, "that he should patronise what is illegal; he ought to be taken up."—"Pooh," replied Duncombe, "Bill does not deserve to be taken up, though, by the bye, it was with the hope of *taking up a Bill* that he purchased his ticket."

An impracticable Plan.

A Bill is proceeding through the House of Lords called the *Irish Judgments Bill*. Is it a plan for giving something like discretion to our friends of the sister isle?

THEATRICALS.

Bunn has returned from the Continent in somebody else's coat, *to wit*, a new claret coloured surtout of evidently foreign texture; which doubtless in the hurry of business he has exchanged for the very seedy affair in which he started from England. It looks well to see the lessee in a respectable rig out, and we believe upon the strength of his appearance he is getting credit for his Easter pieces, one of which is to be a melodrama by Pocock, while the other will be the opera of *Le Pre Aux Clercs* by Herold. We think the latter may be worth looking in to see, but of the former we augur little. We heartily wish Bunn every success, and trust that he will never allow a bill to be noted, or be behind hand with an instalment on a *cognovit*. The claret coat looks as if something was being done, and we really congratulate the little man on the sudden *flare up* in his wardrobe.

Drury Lane was degraded on Monday last by the benefit Ducrow, who appeared with the whole of his stud of living cat's meat, in Barnard's rubbish called *St. George and the Dragon*, besides various other fooleries which ought to have been confined to the Lambeth establishment. We understand that the hero of the horse flesh makes his tradesmen take out what he owes them in benefit tickets, and victimises those with whom he deals by causing them to witness his mountebank performances. It is we understand a fact, that many tradesmen have been threatened with a loss of custom in case they refused to take the nauseous documents known by the name of Ducrow's benefit tickets, and they have been forced either to sell the filthy things for half price, or what is still worse, undergo the martyrdom of being present at the benefit.

The minor theatres are carrying every thing before them, or rather they are leaving the patent houses very far behind. The Victoria is we believe about to produce for Easter, a piece by

Serle, an author whom we rank extremely high among the dramatic writers of the present day, and who is excluded by Ducrow and the dog's-meat from the two national establishments. His secession from the Surrey will be felt by that house, more especially as Osbaldiston has engaged Yates and his Adelphi Amazons, whose indecencies will render more valuable the respectability of the Victoria management. Osbaldiston is also about to raise his prices, so that, the finishing blow will at once be put to his hopes of competition with the neighbouring establishment. It is, however, much to be lamented that there is not more spirit in the proceedings of the proprietors of the Victoria, who have much curtailed their chances of success, by the very niggardly manner in which they have gone to work in the preparation of pieces produced at *their* establishment. The veteran Egerton would walk fifty miles barefooted to save a penny, and has been known to grope through a whole night in the dark about the stage in search of a pin that had been dropped in the evening. Economy is all very well, but the Victoria system of saving is much of that sort which would allow a ship to go to pieces for the sake of a hap'orth of tar; and we therefore think, the sooner Egerton gets his views enlarged, and his faculties extended to meet the contemplation of a respectable expenditure, the better will it be for himself and his fellow adventurer. We understand such is his sparing disposition, that if a supper be required in a piece he stops the price of it from the performers' salaries, and packs up the remnants in his old greasy hat to replenish his domestic larder. We do not include Abbott in this charge of narrow-mindedness with regard to expenditure; but old Egerton the ex-poppy of the Covent Garden boards, would positively to save the specie, find a dinner on a fly's fore leg, and he would then make soup of the remainder. This system cannot be amended too speedily, and we hope that justice will be done to Mr. Serle's forthcoming production, which judging from the same author's former works, is sure to be a fit object for managerial liberality.

The Adelphi and Olympic close on Saturday, each having had a very successful season, the former principally by the aid of the legs in *Lurline*, the latter by the light *Faudevilles* and agreeable musical pieces, which have been introduced under Vestris's management. The widow gives a supper at the conclusion of her campaign, where she invariably takes the Chair, proposes toasts, makes speeches, and in fact goes through the whole routine of the duties of a President; of course she is constantly on her legs, and perhaps she could not have any thing better to go upon. She is very witty on these occasions, and makes a most admirable *Chair-woman*. One of her *bon mots* at a festive occasion of the kind is well worth recording. Having seen a great stick playing some part at another theatre, she was told he was acting with a view to an engagement. "Indeed," said the widow of Wych-street, "with a *view* to an engagement you say; then the young man must be tolerably *long sighted*." James Vining who applauds all the jokes of the fair lessee, broke a wine glass in his raptures, and the amount was of course carefully deducted from his next week's salary.

Though the national drama is almost quenched as to the stage, yet there of course still exists some at least of that genius which is adequate to the production of plays worthy of the theatre in those days when horses were not our principal tragedians. We therefore think it but justice to notice any thing of merit that the rude ladies in the *Revolt* or the dog's-meat of Ducrow may have shut out from its chance of success at the two patent houses; and one of these ill used productions is certainly a tragedy that has been forwarded us written by a Mr. Bullock, and entitled *Octavius*. It abounds in forcible language, and evinces throughout the possession of something far

above mere ordinary ability. It was not we believe written with a view to the stage, because the author seems to have been aware that there was no chance for it under the velvet breeches management. Our chief aim in noticing it is to protest against a mean and witless attack on it in the *Athenæum*, a journal conducted by a troop of clerks in the government offices, and a work which was never known to contain one sentiment of liberality, or one encouraging remark on rising ability. Its aim seems always to be to crush struggling talent, and what it wants in innate power is made up by the ponderous weight of the paltry and pithless periodical. It has an instinctive horror of any thing like elevation, and its pump-like editor does nothing but spout out his dirty cold water upon every literary effort of promise while complete silence is always observed in its pages on any performance that has such merit as would render the ill-natured malice of the *Athenæum* too obvious were it to dare to depreciate. Bulwer has indeed most justly damned this dismal periodical by giving it the ignoble nick-name of the *Asi-næum*.

A little farce by Oxberry, the comedian, has been the only novelty this week at the Fitzroy. It is called the *Conscript*, and is written very neatly, exhibiting also a tact on the part of the author which shows him to be thoroughly versed in stage effect, and quite capable of amusing the public either in an actor's or an author's character. The principal parts were represented admirably by Miss Chaplin, Manders, and the author himself, who gracefully acknowledged the greetings of the audience in his double capacity.

Yates has come to terms with the Surrey manager, who is to give him half the receipts of every night, and the whole house on every Monday for the use of himself and his company. The prices are to be increased, and an attempt is to be made to corrupt the yet moral bargemen belonging to the various wharfs in this delightful neighbourhood. We have quite depravity enough among our aristocracy, without tainting the minds of honest hard-working men, by the indecent exhibition of the Adelphi Amazons. Osbaldiston's lease of the Surrey, we are happy to hear, expires in October, when we trust he will be effectually put out of an establishment which he entered without a *sous* of his own, and which he only got into by the assistance of a friend whom he has since treated with the basest ingratitude. We have not heard what is to be the Victoria novelty at Easter, but we believe an original play by Serle will be the treat for the holidays. This is a measure likely to sustain the high reputation the house enjoys for introducing to the public the dramatic productions of men of real genius.

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Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 121.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

A FEMALE PHILOSOPHER.



Some few months ago *Fraser's Magazine* contained a most felicitous sketch of a certain female political economist, whom we have already immortalized under the most appropriate title of *My Eye and Betty Martin-oh*. This lady is not, however, the only sour old woman who pores over preventive checks, and proves the truth of the maxim that we have a *surplus* population by being herself an illustration of the fact, that there may be *one too many*. Miss Martineau has a very worthy associate in the Right Honourable Lord Brougham, between whom and

the aforesaid Martineauan interview took place, which must have been equally agreeable and interesting to both parties. Miss Martineau we believe broached her Marthusian doctrines with the complete approval of the Chancellor, who most gallantly complimented the lady on the excellence of her position, and added with a fascinating smile, (a sort of grin something between that of Satan and the Duke of Cumberland,) “I can assure you, my dear Madam, so fully convinced am I by your arguments of the expediency of celibacy, that I believe if all women were like yourself, no man would ever think of marrying.” The lovely Betty blushed up to the commencement of her false ringlets in graceful acknowledgment of the Chancellor's overpowering compliments. The pair took leave of each other with mutual endearments, Miss Martineau protesting privately that the Chancellor was “so easily to be comprehended, and, in fact, a very *plain* man,”—while Vaux on his side has been heard to declare over the brandy-and-water glass, that “Miss Martineau is an admirable practical philosopher, and he feels assured she never will be found to be guilty of a breach of Malthusian principles.”

The sketch above is finely illustrative of the person and the habits of the present Chancellor. His finger is gracefully supporting his nasal organ, in order that he may keep it free from those extraordinary vibrations which agitate it when he is on the woosack, or in the Court of Chancery. The cat at his side, the pen in his mouth, and the whole appurtenances of the picture are faithfully true to nature, for such as we see him here is the Chancellor when in the privacy of his domestic retirement.

VOL. III.

W. Mollineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

THE INTERPRETER.

Convenience of lying.

With respect to public libel, he would almost agree that truth should be a justification, but still there were cases to be excepted. For instance in the war, a publication had stated that the transport ships had been so unseaworthy as to endanger the lives of the troops, and that statement excited discontent in the minds of the troops.—*Speech of Lord Althorp.*

Althorp's candour sometimes leads him into strange admissions, and of these, that which forms the subject of the above paragraph, is perhaps one of the most singular. His idea of a libel is truly comic, for he seems to infer, that truth though pardonable when spoken in reference to individuals, is atrocious indeed when it has for its subject any measure of the government. This is an operation that places a ministry in no very favourable light, for it's as much as to say, that there can be no telling the truth of an administration without rendering it contemptible. There is a savage coolness in the assertion we have quoted above, for it is equivalent to a declaration that murder by government is quite venial, since it is a libel to say the lives of troops are in danger from insecure transports, even when there is truth in the allegation. It is shameful, according to Althorp, to make people discontented by a prospect of drowning, and it is libellous to deter men from risking their lives wholesale in unseaworthy vessels, when such risk is incurred in the service of the government. Althorp's candour is indeed sometimes convenient, for the purpose of making us acquainted with the news of his colleagues.

A Romantic Flare-up.

Romance is by no means common in high life, and it is therefore doubly delightful to find sensibility illumining the bosom of a nobleman. An interesting specimen of sentiment in high life is presented in the conduct of the Earl of Kerry, who has married and knocked up a bit of romance to give a zest to the honeymoon. Can any thing be more chastely touching than the following announcement from the *Court Journal*?

"The bride and bridegroom left town for Rowand Park, to spend the honeymoon, and on their way stopped to dine at Flaschmann's Castle Hotel, Sheen Hill, where they admired the beautiful surrounding scenery for which Sheen Hill is proverbially noted."

We are quite charmed with the idea of the newly-married couple making a matter of business of their love of nature, and growing enthusiastic over the beauties of Sheen Hill in honour of the honeymoon. It was evidently pathos by (as the play-bills say) *particular desire*,—the occasion was one of sentimental twaddle, and it mattered little whether the theme should have been the splendour of Sheen Hill, or the beauties of Bayswater. As the happy pair proceeded on their journey, they of course got more mawkish and more sentimental,—since such are thought generally to be the indispensable attributes of a trip to the provinces. Kerry is we dare say a thorough cockney, and got regularly inspired by every object of nature immediately after the vehicle should have got beyond Kensington. We do not doubt that he got more melancholy at every mile stone, and that he measured his feelings by the ground he had to travel over. so that by the time he had got fairly off the stones he must have been in a refreshing rhapsody on rural felicity.

A Financial Flare-up.

The Countess of Blessington launched a new carriage in Hyde Park on Sunday, painted the fashionable carriage, a bright olive, with the panels splendidly emblazoned.—*Morning Herald.*

It is, alas! in vain that we are constantly reprobating the practice so prevalent among some of our stamped contemporaries of making the private means and proceedings of certain parties the subject of impertinent paragraphs. The *Morning*

Herald has often occasioned us much pain by this species of fault, and the above-quoted paragraph is only one out of the daily instances of its rude interference with the circumstances of such individuals as have by some means or other achieved the very questionable honour of notoriety. What interest can there be in the announcement that Lady Blessington has launched a new carriage? Let her launch a man-of-war if she likes; it can be nothing to the readers of the *Morning Herald*, that her assets are upon the sufficient flourish to warrant the favourable flare-up in point of equipage. To make a marvel of the fact is to doubt her means. It is as much as to say by insinuation—"Lady Blessington *has got* a new carriage, but where the deuce she got it from is another question. It is a handsome set out certainly, but so much the worse for the coach-maker." Now such is the libellous purport of the *Morning Herald* paragraph, and we notice it in justice to the gorgeous old Countess, that we may counteract its malicious tendency, by stating that we think her Ladyship is well able to afford the luxury. She has written novels for Colburn, who pays well, and has been, we believe, a constant contributor to Limbard's *Mirror* for a very long period. With such resources as these, how doubly impertinent of the *Herald* to deal in its mysterious paragraphs and implied insinuations respecting the new equipage.

A King in a Quandary.

From one or two things we have seen in the papers, during the few last days, we suspect that the financial distress that has pervaded all classes for a long time, is not confined to the community alone, but that even kings are in a situation that looks most strangely like insolvency. A list of the King of Prussia's dishonoured bills has been figuring, to the amount of about three columns in all the newspapers, which proves his Majesty to be in no very flourishing condition, while poor Otho, the King of Greece, is in such a state that the sooner he takes the benefit of the insolvent act, the better will it be for himself, and about as well for his creditors. A paragraph in a morning paper dilates on his circumstances, from which it seems that he has raised money upon his territory, and now the money lenders want further security. This is sad work, for a king generally takes care to be pretty well off himself, however much his subjects may have to suffer from poverty. If it should come to this in England, we shall have our beloved William, (whom heaven preserve, though by the bye we wish heaven paid him his salary,) we shall, we say, have our hallowed monarch pledging a province to raise the wind, and getting a small advance upon Kensington or Hammersmith; then we should, to use a vulgar phrase, be subjected to be thrust up the spout by districts, whenever the needful was wanted by our sovereign. We trust his credit will always be good, and that he will not be reduced to the extremities of poor Otho. As to the latter, he cannot stand much longer, and by way of accommodation we advise him to draw bills upon Bunn, endorsed by Tom Duncombe.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare.*

A Natural Miracle.

It would not be surprising if Twiss should attain the very highest honours,—that is, if the proverb that *Extremes often meet*, be a true one.

Robin Adair.

"The late Mr. Adair has left," say the papers, "200,000*l.* to Sir Thomas Baring." This seems *Robin (robbin')* Adair with a vengeance.

Vice Versa.

Sir Thomas Denman, they say, is to be *raised* to the Peerage. Rather say the Peerage is to be *degraded* to Sir Thomas Denman.

Epigram.

(Eulogistic of Stormont's eloquence.)

If Stormont would support a Bill,
I can a ready method teach,—
He must support it, if he will
Against it only make a speech.

Fitting it Strong.

Lord Wynford, they say, ought to have a monument to his memory. So he ought, for if monuments be to remind us of the departed, a *stone* will, in his case, be quite appropriate.

FIGARO'S THEATRICAL GALLERY.

No. 7.

We need make no comment on these three subjects which are all taken from Gustavus. We, however, subjoin an ode to our friend Seguin.



MR. SEGUIN AS COUNT DE HORN.

Wherever he wanders, wherever he goes,
He sends as a herald his thundering nose;
Which juts out from his face just like as may be
A peninsula running its lengths in the sea.
'Tis lucky his nose has a bridge put to cover it,
For without one, egad! there'd be no getting over it.
In fact, to be candid, the truth to disclose,
The fleshy protuberance *can't* be his nose.
From the tip 'tis exactly twelve inch to the root,
And *twelve inches* can ne'er make a *nose* but a *foot*.
But don't be offended, good Seguin, your voice
Is quite of a quality suiting my choice.
You're a very good singer, and spite of your face,
In favour you stand on an excellent *bass* (*base*).



MRS. FITZWILLIAMS AS ARVEDSON.



MRS. VINING IN GUSTAVUS.

THEATRICALS.

This week the theatres have of course been closed, with the exception of the Adelphi, which was blasphemously opened on Monday with a Lenten entertainment, and summarily closed on Tuesday, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, superintendent (*quoad* the theatres,) of public morality. Though dramatic business is at an end as far as acting is concerned, during Passion Week, it is perhaps the very busiest time of all behind the curtains of the various establishments. Bunn is rather in a pickle, and in spite of the claret *surtout* (immortalized in our last,) will only be able to bring out an Easter piece at one

house, while at the other on Easter Monday he gives *Der Freischutz* as an after-piece by way of novelty to his holiday visitors; the affair at Drury Lane is *said to be* on the same subject as that at the Fitzroy, but we suspect it will bear no resemblance, that at the latter house being played entirely by two hundred clever juveniles, while in the Drury Lane bills, the renowned names of Ayliffe, Cathie, East, &c. &c. do more than threaten the infliction of the most veteran imbecility. The fact is, Bunn heard the Fitzroy Easter piece would out-do in splendour any thing before seen, and taking advantage of his intimacy perhaps with some disaffected supernumary of the Fitzroy corps (if such there be), got from him the intimation that the Frolics of Puck would be the subject, and the joint lessee accordingly walked into a library with Pecoek, to get a sight of the book by pretending to enquire its price with a view of purchasing. In this way they may probably have got hold of a subject from the volumes named, but they are much mistaken if they expect to produce any thing like the *Frolics of the Fairies*, or *Puck in a Pucker*, which is the title of the production at the Minor above mentioned. We see by the papers that the expense of its production is unparalleled, and we believe rehearsals are proceeding rapidly, the management intending to have one with all the dresses and scenery, on Saturday evening. The engagement of Miss Pettifer is announced; and it is said Miss Chaplin is to play Puck, so that the piece however meagre must be well acted, and certainly the extravagant splendour of the appointments would carry off the dullest of dialogue. The theatre is being re-decorated throughout, and the private boxes will present a series of elegantly furnished *boudoirs*, fit in every way for the reception of the most *recherché* frequenters of the house, and adapted for the laziest lounge of luxury. We did not notice Miss Crisp's benefit last week; the house was of course crammed, which is a fact highly honourable to public taste, inasmuch as there is not a more promising, nor we believe, a more deserving actress on the stage, than the young lady alluded to. Oxberry's friends rallied to a most respectable tune on Wednesday, and made various offerings to the money-takers at the shrine of his merit. He is rising rapidly, and in fact, is a very balloon in his profession.

We have already spoken of the Surrey set-out, which we suspect will not take, and for the honour of humble purity, or rather for the credit of a bargeman's morals, we almost are ill-natured enough to wish for a failure. The character of the British bargeman is as yet unsullied by French taste, and it will be a national shame if the legs in Lurline should fascinate away that high tone of austere stoicism, which has long been the elevating characteristic of an English coal-heaver. He has in his present unsullied state, a soul far superior to Adelphi Amazons, and a mind that may be said to be infinitely above short petticoats.

Our publisher has received a lawyer's letter on behalf of Ducrow, the subduer of the Drury Lane Dragon, and the owner of what even with the fear of an action before our eyes we must persist in distinguishing by the name of living cat's-meat. The most illustrious of horses will come to this at last, and cat's-meat in *embryo* is the very highest rank we can award to the stud at the Astley establishment. This is from our purpose, however; we have had a letter threatening an action, for libel, unless we made ample apology in this number. Now apologies (especially *ample* ones.) are quite out of our line, though if we ever state in error what is false, we are always ready to explain, and of course we regret the mistake without the form of saying so. We do not see what Ducrow calls libellous in our last number, and on a consultation with the legal part of our

establishment, we found there was no libel in the number aforesaid, so that Ducrow's fury at his effigy being in our last week's Figaro took a wrong direction altogether, when it vented itself in a threat of an action for libel; the law as it now stands is a tempting way of *paying off in an action for libel a grudge on some other grounds*, but this sort of feeling on the part of plaintiffs is *seen through by a judge*, who sometimes takes it into his head very properly *not to certify*. Besides every lawyer is not a Dica, and it is not every one who would lend himself to be the instrument of grabbing private malignity. We are however assured that Ducrow did not compel his tradesmen to take benefit tickets, in *lieu* of his debts, and if he had done so our mentioning the circumstance could not have injured his credit, inasmuch as it would not have proved or insinuated any want of ability to settle them otherwise. There is evidently no libel in the case, but Ducrow can take his own course, as he may think proper. We believe the assurance of his solicitor who is a respectable man, that our informant was erroneous.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have seen a famous lithograph of Mitchell in *Jam Bags*. It is a most faithful portrait, and gives a very perfect idea of this most popular of modern dramatic characters. We are this week very liberal of our Theatrical Gallery, but such is public encouragement, that were we to lay out fifty pounds per number, we should only be showing a proper sense of gratitude.

We have read with the most intense delight and truly ecstatic approval, a clever squib upon Bunn, under the appropriate title of *Alfred the Little*. It is a *bouche* full of point, and will serve to increase the amount of contempt already incurred by the velvet breeches management.

NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

The Revolt of the Workhouse,

By G. A. a'Beckett. Also just published, price one shilling,

THE SON OF THE SUN, or, The Fate of Pha'ton,

By the author of the Revolt of the Workhouse. Also just published, price one shilling

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No. 122.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1834.

Price One Penny.

TORY TRADES' UNIONS.



are formed (as it is alleged) for the purpose of oppression and tyranny, there are other combinations which most decidedly tend to these results, and which ought to be dealt with accordingly. Our caricature above expresses rather plainly the kind of combination to which we allude, and in fact we do not hesitate to say that we mean to point attention to the Carlton Trades' Union, commonly known by the name of the Conservative. Of all trades, that of politics is the most dishonest, and a combination of Tories to keep up the value of their stock in trade, should be treated as a far more dangerous combination than that of a few simple mechanics who merely strike for their wages, which they may with great propriety term the rights of industry. But the parties in the political combination to which we allude are altogether men of different character, and with different objects; their aim is, not to protect themselves, but to plunder others; their view, not to get paid an honestly remunerating price for their labours, but to clutch an enormous revenue for their idleness. We allude in fact to the Tory clique, who, in the last gasp of their existence, and at the verge of total extermination, formed themselves into a club calling itself the Conservative, and having for its purpose the preservation of things as they are, in preference to things as they ought to be. These fellows, if they do not go through mystic ceremonies, nor bind themselves by oaths, are as strictly united by that understanding which prevails under the false title of "honour among thieves," to stand firmly by one another in their capacity of public plunderers, as ever were the members of the Trades' Union associated with the views we have before alluded to. Our artist has ably delineated a scene representing a council of these united plunderers, and they are seen going through the

Considerable sensation has been excited by a sentence of transportation for seven years having been passed upon some unfortunate persons who had joined one of the Trades Unions, and who, as members of the body, had taken certain oaths, (or assisted in the administration of them to others,) which subjects them according to law to the heavy penalty that has been inflicted. We shall say nothing now of the admirable justice of that system which allows a man no means of becoming acquainted with a law till he finds it put in force against him; for it has long been a characteristic of some Parliamentary enactments, that a knowledge of having offended against them is only obtained at the same time as the punishment. We do not either think it judicious to make any observations on the principle of Trades' Unions, but we must confess that if they

Vol. III.

W. Mellor, Printer, 13, Holl Buildings, Fetter Lane.

inaugural ceremonies of admitting a member to participate in their unholy league against the pockets of the community. We cannot but urge that if men are transported wholesale for ignorantly doing an offence against law, under an impression that they were merely taking measures to preserve themselves from tyranny, we can, we repeat, only say that if such be the penalty with which these poor creatures are visited, the Carlton Club should be compelled to adjourn to the hulks, with a prospect of *re-union* at Botany Bay as soon as possible. The subject is a serious one, and we are glad to see will be taken up in Parliament.

There is, however, one chance for the Tory Unionists which is likely to exculpate them from the danger of a charge for taking illegal oaths, since it is well known that if they were to swear, protest, vow, and promise in the strongest and most solemn language it is possible to use, they would be just about the same as if they had taken no oath at all, as far as concerns *the doing* of what they may have undertaken. A Tory oath may give rise to a case of perjury, but for it to be treated as a circumstance productive of the slightest alarm, is utterly incompatible with their characters. We shall leave them for the present, but we trust that the *gout* for examining into Unions will extend to the great and mischievous, as well as to the humble and innocent.

INTERPRETER.

One for his Nob.

The defendant declared that his wife was the most violent of women, and he produced a poker which he said she bent with a blow which was aimed at his head, but struck against the table. The moment the poker was exhibited, there was a roar of laughter in the Justice-room, for it was actually doubled up so effectually that the nob and the bottom touched each other.

Defendant—My Lord, this is always the way with her. She often takes it into her head to smash my furniture.

The Lord Mayor—Why what can you expect when you stay out such unreasonable hours? how, in the name of heaven, can you expect that a woman can patiently bear such neglect?

We are not among those few but determined maniacs who look for wisdom in a lord mayor, and we are reasonable enough to allow to such a character a most extended license for the exercise of the most complicated buffoonery. We however do consider it our duty to be ready with a light tap from our critical rattan, when the idiocy of that animal who happens to fill the civic throne, shall be found leading him into the commission of the acts of a ruffian. We can overlook the mere lunatic, but the savage demands a little wholesome chastisement. It so happens that for some long time Farebrother has been let alone by us, for he is, happily for himself, half-swamped in an ocean of insignificance, but in the paragraph prefixed to these remarks, he figures in the united characters of an egregious dolt, as well as a barbarian. A poker is presented bent double as an instrument of assault, the duplication of the instrument being alleged as a proof of violence, when the Lord Mayor coolly declares "such a thing is to be expected by any person

who keeps late hours." Now we are at all times advocates for early retirement to rest, but we cannot go the whole length of Farebrother's argument, and assert that a man may expect to have a poker folded on his skull if he chance to be a little late in arriving at his domicile. Such is the savage tendency of civic logic, and such a barbarous principle we must really decline to recognise.

Danger of Arms.

A discussion arose the other night in the House of Commons on the danger of *arms* being put into people's *hands*. What use could be made of *hands* without *arms* we do not exactly see; we shall be hearing next of the danger of putting *legs* upon the people's *feet*: though we know well enough that *legs* without *feet* would be almost as worthless as many of the honourable members themselves, who every one knows are *calves* without *understandings*.

Libel on Royalty.

We have perceived, with unfeigned sorrow, a passage, in many of the most respectable papers, throwing a slur upon the character of our beloved William, which, we trust, has arisen from an error in the press, and is neither founded in truth, nor, we trust, has been dictated by malice. In a report of a late public dinner, we find it asserted that "His Majesty was drunk," and not only was he drunk, but "with great applause." Heaven forefend that His Majesty should have been really in the state described, but more particularly do we hope that none were found brutal enough to triumph by means of "great applause" over a justly beloved monarch in an unfortunate situation. We are sorry to add that the following *jeu d'esprit*, which we have heard, gives a colouring of truth to the affirmation. It is said that his Majesty, on recovering, observed, in nautical language adverting to the melancholy dilemma, that "he couldn't well have been brought to till he had retched the port."

Judicial Jeu d'Esprit.

The best pun we have heard of the late Lancaster Assizes, was one perpetrated by Mr. Brand. In a case against a man, McEwen, who was convicted some time ago for being actively engaged in the riots at Wigan; a witness who happened to be a Freemason, stated the prisoner was Tiler to the Freemason's Lodge in that town. "What Tiler is the prisoner, eh?" asked the learned counsel. The pungency of the pun, of course, produced a burst of laughter, in which Mr. Baron Vaughan heartily joined.—"Courtier."

The editor of the Courier is, indeed, to be pitied, ~~is~~ is in the habit of having inflicted upon him puns inferior to the one above recorded, as we presume he is, by his giving it as the best he has for some time heard. Whatever may be the quality of the pun, it may be found in the farce of 'Teddy the Tiler, proving, at least, that the witticisms of Mr. Brand are any thing but *brand new*. The bit of waggonery excited a burst of laughter in the court, in which Mr. Baron Vaughan heartily joined. If this be true we must, with all due deference to that learned individual, protest that we think him not by any means qualified for a judge of puns, however well adapted he may be to the more serious business of passing sentence on a criminal.

Axle about, and ending out.

"While Mr. Jos. Macpherson, at Calderbrackliff, was opening a drain a few days ago, he discovered a bronze axe, on the centre of which was the likeness of a heart. This relic of antiquity was handed to Captain Shaw, in whose hands it now is."—*Intermesh Journal*.

Captain Shaw must be tolerably patient to have had the axe all this time in his hands. If he has such a propensity for

holding axes in his hands, he had better at once add ode to his arms, which would save him a vast deal of unnecessary trouble. We suppose this identical axe has come to light accidentally.

GLOUCESTERIANA. No. 71.

His most facetious Royal Highness has been labouring under a severe attack of dulness for some time past, and Higgins has waited on his master with the fidelity of a Newfoundland. On Sunday last the Duke however began to show striking symptoms of a recovery of his faculties, and made one or two jokes of a rather elevated character. Higgins who swallowed them all with rabid gout, congratulated his master on the sensible improvement of his wits, when Gloucester happily remembered the fact of its being Palm Sunday. "That," he cried, with an ecstatic gasp, "that is the reason why I palm off my jokes upon you. Higgins ambled round the Duke who swooned with the exertion attendant on the above *facellio*.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakespeare.

Lack of Spirit.

The Ministry of Spain is standing still for a lack of assets, so that in vulgar terms it may be said to be stopped for want of the Spanish.

Worse and Worse.

Pepl has turned fearfully witty of late, in accordance with the spirit of innovation now abroad, of which the ex-sec's having said a good thing is a most remarkable evidence. Hearing that a friend had lately married an Indian lady, he declared that he was sorry to hear it, for the gentleman must be *Indi-sposed* to a certainty.

A Lack a Day.

"I understand," said Sir Francis Burdett, to his bosom friend, Croker, "that our friend — is extremely rich, and has innumerable lacks of rupees in the East." Croker, who sometimes makes a joke, though he is out of office, declared, that "it was quite absurd to say the man could be rich, for if he has a lack of rupees how the deuce can the thing be possible?"

On the Danger of Gloucester's wit.

Sure he's enough to make us die of laughter.

When with his jokes he gives so little quarter;

I'd have him though, take care what he is after,

For if we split our sides, 'twill be *man's laughter*.

Rather Ungallant.

At one of the Duke of Sussex's late *conversazione*, a lady had been exerting her vocal powers for the amusement of the company, and was receiving general encomiums, when the witty Gloucester paid her a somewhat doubtful compliment, by saying she was indeed a *delicious screecher*!

A sharp look out.

Our esteemed friend Twiss on being informed of Michael Boai's fame arising from his *aira* on his chin, enquired with his customary simplicity, what would become of the artist, if any one were found sufficiently *barberous* to *shave* him.

THEATRICALS.

This being Easter week, public attention has been much directed towards the theatres in general for at this festive season, the lowest of the low throng in noisy troops to the play, where they are welcomed under the courteous title of holiday visitors. However, we are thoroughly conscious of the grand fact, that cash is cash, no matter whence it may come, and if Beelzebub himself were to present himself at the gallery door with twelve-pence, we see no reason why the Prince of Darkness should not be admitted among the audience. Astley's opened as usual with the whole of the dog's meat, and five shillings worth of red fire, aided by the extra attractions of that lump of human flesh, which having been moulded into the form of man, has been christened by the name of Cartlitch, the gentleman, whose lungs have long been the mysterious idol of Lambeth adoration. The set-out commenced its season with a squib upon the ex-premier, called *The Warts of Wellington*, and in order to render the thing as severe as possible, an old man named Palmer, was dug out of Sadler's Wells, in which theatre he had been engaged for many years, and who was torn out of his native soil to be at once a libel on, and the representative of, the Hero of Waterloo. Of the piece we shall say nothing, it was one of Waterhouse's, and the immortal J. H. has long been known as the father of bread and cheese literature, as well as the founder of the clap-trap and rum and water school of dramatic composition. The theatre was of course crammed with Bacchanals, and a greasy collection of gin-swamped riff-raff rewarded the talented exertions of Duncrow and his company.

At Drury Lane, Bunn dosed the holiday folks with some trash called *Anster Fair*, but at Covent Garden he showed more mercy to the public, for he brought out no novelty. Pocock is the author of the new piece at Drury, and we cannot help thinking that he, (Pocock,) has brought himself under the third section of the fifty-fourth chapter of the third of George the fourth, which humanely provides a remedy to ensure the mitigation of all public nuisances. The thing is not likely to be played very often, so that the mischief may be said to be trivial. At Covent Garden Herold's *Pre Aux Clercs* has been brought out under the title of *The Challenge*, and to do Bunn justice, we may say, that we were unquestionably much pleased with the opera. The music is a great deal in Auber's style, a school which we are glad to find is gaining rapid ground in favour, and is fast smothering beyond hope of redemption that most odious rubbish which in antiquated phraseology worthy of the subject, goes by the name of good old English harmony. It is all very fine to talk of native talent, and a little gammon on its abuse makes a lovely paragraph in the newspapers. But we hate twaddle of every description, and if imbecility of native growth comes before us, we are at once ready with a sight from our bosom, and a blow from our tomahawk. We do not spare it because it is *native*, but probably labour it with more zeal, inasmuch as it not only offends us by its existence, but annoys us also by its claiming to be of the same country. We do not believe

there are six composers in England who are worthy of doing more than the composition of a jig or a ballad, and it is for this reason that we (who delight in music) hail the importation of any new triumph of talent in this line from the continent.

The minors, we are happy to see, are making great exertions, but there is little novelty at any one of them. The Surrey has only got a few worn out pieces from the Adelphi, and as to the Victoria we cannot help sincerely lamenting that a concern with such prospects as it lately had, should be sending itself so ignobly and so effectually to the dogs, as it is doing by its present dismal system of management. It seems rapidly retrograding to its former condition, and *two new melodramas* in its bills of the week, bring the Cobourg days most forcibly back upon our memory. Blood, bones, blue fire, bluster, and blackguardism, were the elegant components that in the days of yore made up the aggregate of a Cobourg piece, and it is a most lamentable fact that such is the material that is being now presented at a theatre, lately made illustrious by Knowles's genius. Where is Mr. Serle's new piece that was spoken of as an Easter novelty. Messrs. Abbott and Egerton might by a spirit have made a fortune at the house, but the style of thing they are now at is really sufficient to hold out lamentable visions of Bench dishonour, defeat and ultimate bankruptcy. Heaven forbid that such may ever be the case, for we could not without emotion, see the veteran flower of the stage (Egerton, *vernamed* the poppy) hurried in the evening of his life to an untimely *quod*, and the leaves of this veteran plant (to continue our poetical rhapsody,) crumbling up beneath the blasting influence of a *docquet*, or withering under the simoom of a commission of bankruptcy. If the joint lessees will only *flare up*, this horrible doom may be averted, and Egerton may still shunt forth a fresh blossom of talent to tall his declining years, and send his audiences sleeping.

The Fitzroy fairy opera is, according to the whole press, the greatest hit ever made, and we are glad to find that it is so, for the outlay has been such as would have startled all prior lessees of the same theatre. The speculation is a bold and an immensely successful one. Of the piece we have nothing to say, of the getting up we cannot say too much, and the assiduity of Mitchell will ensconce a niche in Westminster Abbey, when the rulers of that pile assign a corner for the monuments of stage-managers. The acting is immense, though the performers are very little. Miss Pettifer from Vestris's, plays Oberon with excessive good taste, and considerably more judgment than is often evinced by persons old enough to be her great great grandmother. Miss E. Chaplin as Titania, Miss Angelina, and Miss Holmes, all deliver their dialogue with more point than older actors might have imparted to it, while Mademoiselle Marie, as the Lord Chief Justice of Fairy Land, speaks as sententiously as Green Park, looks as fierce as Bolland, and dances as well or better than the late Sir Christopher Hatton. Miss Chaplin, who played Phaeton with such unbounded success, has taken another terrific leap in public estimation by her impersonation of Puck, in which she displays symmetrical legs and great ability. She always understands her author's meaning, and is in every respect able to give it the best effect of which it may be capable. The success of the piece with such aid was of course triumphant, and the run must be terrific beyond all precedent. We think that in criticisms less justice than is due to them is often done to those whose exertions contribute so much to the splendour of a piece, but whose names are not often put prominent. *The Frolics of the Fairies* is immensely indebted to the talents of the painters, machinists, property men, and dress makers. We therefore think it right to allude to the excellence, in their various departments, of Messrs. Findley and Young, the scene painters

of the Fitzroy, Mr. Ray, the carpenter, Mr. Buckley, the very ingenious maker of the properties, and Mrs. Balding, who superintends the making of the dresses. These are the parties whose exertions have contributed to produce that blaze of splendour which is attracting every one to the Fitzroy theatre.

There was a slight disturbance after the performances on Monday night at the Fitzroy, owing to one Ollier, the exacting manager (*exact*ing in more senses than one) having thought proper to pocket part of the receipts of the house, and declining to offer any account of them. This cool proceeding of course produced a flare-up of honest indignation in the breasts of the assembled company, who did not precisely see the justice of one of the servants of the house keeping back upwards of 10l. (nearly one ninth of the whole nights proceeds), and passing it into the hands of parties who had no more claim to the *specie* than Mr. Horace Twiss has to the throne of England. Ollier's friends, the penny-a-liners, who have probably had a blow-out of rum and cheese on the strength of the preservation of their chum, got stupidly drunk over the report, and wound up with a most pathetic lie, declaring Ollier "would have been murdered but for a friend's interference." The idea of taking the trouble to murder Ollier is too rich to be entertained; but the actors, who were all present, have smashed the gammon of the poor fuddled reporters by a letter to the several editors of the newspapers which gave currency to their drunken insinuations. Poor Ollier, in a fit of extreme consequence, in fact in the very last stage of a severe attack of dignity, called himself *sole manager* of the Fitzroy. The insane misrepresentation has of course received a most summary smash from the landlord of the premises, and the whole company of performers, who declare in most clear language, the real managers, so that Ollier's bit of bluster at Marylebone has been hounded by attention from no one but Shutt, the magistrate, who not knowing what to do, coolly made a virtue of his ignorance and did nothing. The public ought really not to be bothered about these things, but as we knew the circumstances we were unwilling to let any one entertain a wrong opinion on this matter. If Ollier be sole manager of the Fitzroy he is a more clever fellow than we took him for, since he contrives to do the business without entering the premises, and indeed if he wants the respect from these concerned his *absence* is the best way of securing it.

Signor Paganini, we are told, has lately taken the motto of *toujours fidele*; his fruitless attempt to raise the prices at the Opera, proves that he does sometimes make *too sure* of his fiddle.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,

Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 123.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE APISH ARISTOCRACY.



The above caricature is delightfully emblematic of the recent degradation of the Upper House by the cheapening of Peerages, which are now to be had in almost any quantities that may be desired. Limbs of the law are elevated wholesale to the dignity of Barons, and a coronet is ready for any scamp who is prepared to take the necessary rodd of time-serving and toad-eating. The caricature which Seymour has this week shot forth from his brain is about as magnificent a thunderbolt as ever was issued against folly from the forge of his genius.

VOL. III.

It represents an Aristocracy of Apes all weighing on the back of John Bull, and seeking to accomplish their own individual elevation by his depression. On the head of the poor sufferer is seated the King of the Apes, fixed well on by his claws, and holding up coronets to the competition of the animals under him. The legal monkeys who are looking with visages bespeaking half expectancy and half disappointment, are drawn in a style that reflects the highest credit on the artist's talent, while the face of Brongham as he pettishly repels the advancing Denman, is at once characteristic of the despotism of the man, as well as of the expression of his countenance. Some of the lordly apes are seen crouching and endeavouring to get the ear of John Bull, so that Seymour has contrived in this effort of his pencil, at once to delineate and satirise the tottering condition of the aristocracy. It would be injustice to add any thing more on this subject, for we feel that our remarks must tend to curb the reader's imagination, which might revel on the above picture to almost any extent, for the more it is looked into, the more meaning is found in its delicate touches of humour and irony. The face of Bull beneath his burdens, will suggest a mental essay, to every contemplative observer.

THE INTERPRETER.

A Roman Flare-up.

It seems that a dinner was given in Rome, on St. Patrick's day, that the resident Irishmen might celebrate their patron saint, and of course, as in all cases where Irishmen meet, there was a vast deal of honest twaddle, and a good display of the heartiest of humbug. An absurdity or two we can of course excuse, when we reflect who formed the party, more especially

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fleet Lane.

as the *locale* was in the pope's dominions, where *bulls* are doubly excusable. We have nothing to say against the trash about their king and country being uppermost in their hearts, for where wine is very cheap, twaddle is sure to be very plentiful, and every body is certain to be particularly patriotic who is not only dead drunk, but some hundreds of miles off from the place in which he was born, which always gains immensely in one's estimation by being a long way distant. But the richest humbug of the night was the drinking the health of "Lord Alfred Paget and the army." One might as well propose "Robert Warren and the English poets," or "Mister Mears and the English Drama." "Alfred Paget and the army" is one of the finest bits of burlesque we ever heard! Irishmen are indeed wags, when such toasts as the above emanate from them when they congregate. It is almost as good a joke as we remember some two years back at the Hogg dinner, when some one actually got up and proposed the health of "Lord Mahon and the English historians!!!"

Mad Mardyn.

Every body with two grains of sense must by this time have been thoroughly disgusted by an affected rhapsody from old Mrs. Mardyn, whom Bunn has been puffing for the last month in newspaper paragraphs, and who is not forthcoming after the said puffs have been in active circulation for a very considerable period. With the impudence of Bunn we have nothing to do in this department of our work, but mother Mardyn's insane rant, just arrived by the Paris post, is fair matter for comment. The following is one of the most ridiculous paragraphs.

"Yet now at the very instant *when trumpets flourish, and banners are unfurled*, I seem to fly ingloriously from the fight my rashness had invoked." The plain common sense of all this is, "now that you've been puffing me in all the papers, and the posting bills are all stuck, I don't mean to come, as you knew well enough when you first put my name into the play bills."

The idea of blowing trumpets and unfurling banners for old Mrs. Mardyn!! Bunn, had she come over, would of course have met her at the stage door with due honours. He would have blown his nose by way of a salute, and have waved his pocket handkerchief round on the point of his walking stick. But Bunn is now precluded from this opportunity of shewing his respect to the pathetic and poetical Mrs. M., who by the bye was formerly a *figurante* in the *corps de ballet* of the then Tottenham-street Theatre, now illustrious and flourishing under the name of the Fitzroy.

Not an upright Judge.

Lord Denman, assisted by Lords Causton and Tenterden, sat in the House of Lords this morning.—*Courier of Wednesday.*

It really says but little for the dignity of the peerage, when it requires two noblemen to assist another in sitting. We, however, attribute the *inuendo* to a mistake on the part of the editor of *The Courier*, or malice on the part of the penny-aliner. Lord Denman could not have been so drunk as all that, he must have been able to sit up without the assistance of Lords Causton and Tenterden.

Ross and Royalty.

Captain Ross had an interview with the King the other day, and the enlightened pair instantly got upon the puff reciprocal. "Your a devil of a clever fellow," said the King. "So's your Majesty," said Ross. "You discovered—what the deuce was it," said the King. "Boothia, Sire," said Ross. "Ah! ah! grand achievement that—grand achievement, indeed," said the King. "It's not so bad," said Ross. "Well, very good; by the bye, are you any relation to Ross, the bear's grease man in

Bishopsgate-street," inquired the King. "Brother—that's all," answered Ross. "Allow me," continued the great navigator, "to congratulate your Majesty on your abilities." His Majesty stared. "Come, old fellow," said he, "I stand nothing of that sort." "Pardon me, Sire," said Ross with a saalam; "but I had heard a great deal of the King's *Muse*, and I thought your Majesty might have been writing some poetry." The monarch, indignant at what he thought was intended for raillery, pointed to the door, and kicked out the astonished veteran, with an admonition against intruding any further into the presence of royalty. Ross don't to this day know what to make of it. He has called upon every one of the Ministers, not one of whom can throw the smallest light upon the Sovereign's eccentricity.

The Knowledge Tax.

The Duke of Sussex issued a card the other night, of which the following is a copy, "Sussex at home next Wednesday at nine o'clock precisely. N.B. clean shirts and conundrums." On the company having assembled, to the amount of about forty, his lordship leaped up on to the table, and asked the following riddle, "Why is the tax on printed newspapers the most obnoxious of all imposts?" The assembled guests were confounded, and uttered not a syllable, "Because," vociferated the Duke, "an impost on printed paper is, in fact, also an *Ink'-em* (*Income*) Tax." The roof rung with plaudits, and the Duke was carried out in a state of insensibility.

GLOUCESTERIANA EXTRAORDINARY.

The following are from an enlightened correspondent, who has perpetual access to the Duke in his moments of *facetia*. They are of the minor order, but are still redolent of that infantine grace and puerile simplicity, which throw such a singular charm over some of the otherwise trivial remarks of this fondly cherished chip of the old wooden block of Brunswick:—

A few evenings since the Duke was entreated by Col. Higgins to make a pun. "On what subject?" said the Duke. "On the King." "Pshaw! you blockhead!" replied his Highness, "the King can't be a subject." The joke was somewhat stale, but they both laughed immoderately.

The Duke being facetiously disposed, the other day, said to Higgins, "If I were an unmarried man, what famous toasting cheese should I resemble?" "Ha, ha, ha! single Glos'ter." "Bravo! Higgy."

The Duke will not believe that paste ornaments are made of flour and water. He is also of opinion that asses skin tablets are not made from the skin of donkies, never knowing any person who had seen a dead ass, nor had he heard of such a thing, but in a novel written by one Sterne, and he's sure no one would skin the poor beasts alive.

The Duke won't believe any candles are made from mould, and therefore mould candles are all a fudge—*does* believe that candlesticks for illuminations, are sometimes made of clay.

AUGUSTA'S ALBUM, NO. 5.

The opportunities we have had of selecting from this hal-
lowed volume have not recently been numerous. We however now furnish a few specimens of her Royal Highness's private memoranda.

I perceive that part of the square at Windsor is called a *quad-rangle*, now this is a thing I can by no means comprehend, for I thought a *quod-wrangle* meant a watch-house row; or something of that kind: at least I know *quod* means *custody*, and a *wrangle* means a *row* any way.

I thought nothing could have been more general or more

truly distressing than that disease which they called the cholera, but I now see from the newspapers that the *Hague* (*ague*) is making frightful ravages, at least I see articles headed *Hague* every day in the public newspapers.

FIGARO'S THEATRICAL GALLERY.

No. 8.



MR. MANDERS AS MAHOMET MUGGINS, IN THE REVOLT OF THE WORKHOUSE.

The above is an admirable sketch of a superb original, for assuredly nothing can exceed the dressing, the attitude, the making-up, and the acting altogether of Mr. Manders in the part which Seymour has drawn him in. It presents one of the most admirable pieces of burlesque performing which we ever saw, and is immeasurably beyond Reeve, inasmuch as it comes nearer to the reality. Reeve always seems to be aware he is doing something funny, whereas Mr. Manders in the scene wherein he is here drawn, appears to be really agitated by the feelings which he is burlesquing, and which but for the rich extreme of extravagance, might be taken for positive tragedy. To be imagined, however, this racy piece of acting must be seen, and as every body is going to the Fitzroy, we presume all our readers are among the number, for we cannot suspect any one of them of being a nobody. We do not mean to flatter Mr. Manders when we say that Reeve who has a high reputation for burlesque, never did and never could equal his acting in the above character.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

Consumption and decline.

In articles of excise there has been an increased *consumption*, while in prosperity there is again a most palpable *decline*.

Re-leaving the country.

There are several *branches* of the public expenditure which though we wish them to be lopped off, we should be glad to find *taking leave*.

A hole in our resources.

According to the estimates for the ensuing quarter, the public pocket must expect *no quarter* from the Ministers.

The old Hack.

Lord Eldon is about to sell his old state carriage at the Pan-technicon. His Lordship, we presume, intends to give up *riding*, and indeed Gully was heard to observe on the occasion that "he has long thought the dignity of Old Bags to be all *Walker*."

Bad customs.

The account of the Revenue for the year 1833 declares the customs have increased. While on the other hand the tradesmen declare that *custom* has diminished.

Right and left.

"Eldon has even yet a great deal of judgment left," said Twiss to Croker. "Yes," replied the Ex-Secretary, who is severe even upon friends, "Eldon's judgment, at least what is *left*, cannot you know be *right*."

An Uncomplimentary Acknowledgment

A person speaking of the mental powers of a certain narrow-minded, self-styled philosopher, declared that "such was the quality of his mind, it *took in* any thing with which it came in contact." "Very likely," was the reply; "at least if you use the term *taking in* in the sense of *contraction*."

Rather Ominous.

The *Globe*, the thick and thin supporter of the Whigs, contained on Monday evening a paragraph, that seems to portend a winding round against the Ministers. It says, "there was nothing of consequence in the Court of Chancery this morning." There is no mistaking this—Lord Brougham was there, and the *Globe* must be on the eve of ratting when it declares *him* to be *nothing of consequence*.

THEATRICALS.

Bunn, whose humbug continues to be of the most refined order, has been issuing a rubbishing puff of *Gustavus*, in which he says it must be laid aside for a week in order that the dresses may be renovated. This is rare trash to put into a play-bill, inasmuch as the public can have nothing to do with the seedy state of the lessee's wardrobe. What is it to the public that H. Phillips's small-clothes may need an extra stitch, or that Templeton's green-baize coat may require patching at the elbows? We do not want to be let into all the mysteries of Monmouth-street, and the cry of "old clothes" comes with but an ill grace from the joint lessee of the two national establishments.

One of the richest hoaxes that Bunn has yet played off upon the town is the paragraph about Mrs. Mardyn, who is to appear in *Sardanapalus*. The play-bills declare she is to enact the part intended for her by the noble poet, when it is known to all the world that Byron never meant the play to be acted. Humbug, however, at any price of respectability, or at any sacrifice of truth, is the delicious theory of the velvet-breeches *regime*, and a six line lie in red ink, is quite as good by way of a puff, as anything with merely truth to recommend it. Mrs. Mardyn is now an old lady, pretty far advanced into the midst of her first century, and is to appear after nearly thirty years of retirement, as a youthful heroine. We do not know how the poor old soul may turn out, after being put by for six lustrums, but though women and wine ought never to be dated, we do not think the former like the latter is much improved by keeping. Mrs. Mardyn has been bottled up for thirty years, and we shall expect to find her crusty at least with so long a retirement. The lady is unknown to us altogether; being an actress quite before our time, and one whom we shall therefore not speak of, till we have taken an opportunity of seeing her. Age always has our respect, and Mrs. M. is tolerably safe, but veteran imbecility cannot be altogether free, so we earnestly

entreat the venerable star to be on the look-out, for when a failure is extreme, we are forced to be at once unflinching and truculent.

Success has attended the performances at the Fitzroy in the most eminent degree, but novelty is already announced, and on Monday there is to be a new farce in which one character will be played by two performers, for the subject is the Siamese Twins, which will be embodied by those admirable low comedians, Mitchell and Oxberry. It was contemplated for Mitchell and Keeley at the Strand, some time since; and the author is indebted for the idea to the former, whose notion was seized upon and mutilated in *The Mummy*, a piece which has no merit beyond the first thought, and which has only become popular by Reeve's personation of the character. *The Siamese Twins* must be a droll thing to see, for the idea is immensely good, and the acting in the hands of Mitchell and Oxberry will be as near perfection as possible. The piece is written by the author of *The King Incog.*, who will be sure of as much assistance as the talent of actors is capable of affording to a piece, however it may lack intrinsic merit. The author of *The Wandering Minstrel*, which has taken so high a stand in fame's bright annals, has we hear a new farce on the tapis, and of course the whole world will be upon the look out for it. A new piece from his tremendously pithy pen must excite a curiosity so far exceeding the intense, as almost to verge upon the painful, and we understand every box at the Fitzroy is pre-engaged for that eventful evening. A farce from such a source is not an every day occurrence, and social circles are already in commotion to greet it with due honours.

We understand that a theatre has sprung up recently in the neighbourhood of Kensington, and as we love to patronise talent even in the suburbs, we have very serious thoughts of going some night to the new temple of Thespis in the High-street of the hamlet aforesaid. *Othello*, and a variety of legitimate work is in progress, as we see from the bills, which likewise threaten the perpetration of some old five-act comedies. Whether there will be a rural flare-up in favour of Shakspeare and the elder dramatists, we cannot pretend to say, but we certainly wish every success to a concern which seems to open with every reasonable prospect of failure to the proprietors. We do not, however, wish to act as a wet towel to managerial ardour, and therefore will not drench the hopes of the lessees with a bucket of probability.

Foreigners are flaring-up at the Adelphi and Olympic, Paganini having got into the former, while the latter is occupied by a very mediocre French company. The latter is patronised by his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, who attends the performances with a French dictionary and the governess, who gives him a severe kick whenever there is a joke, and he of course laughs accordingly. His mirth is, however, sometimes a little too late, and he is frequently to be seen on the most extensive grin some five minutes after the witticism has been uttered which is supposed to have given rise to his appreciation. With reference to Paganini it is now quite unnecessary for us to say any thing by way of exposition, for he has evidently had his day, and only succeeds in taking in a few fools, so that the mischief is slight in comparison with what it was formerly. When he first came over, the King's Theatre was too small in size, and too low in its prices for the herd of the catgut; but now he slinks quietly into the Adelphi, and finds the smallest theatre in London quite large enough for the accommodation of his few remaining votaries. Matthews thinking it necessary to be *At Home*, as he calls it, every Spring, has very properly refrained from dishing up old jokes and

worn-out stories as a new entertainment, but honestly goes back to one of the earliest he ever gave, and it is much better worth listening to than any he has inflicted upon us for the last four or five seasons. That he makes it pay there can be little doubt, for his expences are merely a gallon of lamp oil, and a clean white handkerchief. He certainly began the world on no other capital than a clean cravat and very great ability.

At the opera very little has been doing, and in fact the proceedings of the management since the opening must have been any thing but profitable. Castelli, relieved by Salvi, and Mrs. Anderson by way of an intermediate star, cannot be presumed to be a style of conduct that can hold out the smallest attraction to any one. In the ballet department we have lost Taglioni, and got nobody as a substitute, though we believe the Elslers will come due in about a fortnight, and their presence is much needed. Duvernay is the only apology for a *premiere danseuse* in the whole theatre, so that the *corps de ballet* is almost as bad as the *corps d'opera*. Guiliotta Grisi has made a promising *debut*, and we are to have Ivanhoff on Saturday; at least so say the bills, though of late they have been no criterion.

We went to see *The Challenge* at Covent Garden, but it was a challenge to which few people appeared disposed to be called out, and it therefore gave only limited satisfaction. The music by Herrold is, as we predicted, decidedly good, but it is much inferior to *Zampa*, by the same composer. The house, as we said before, was thin, and Bunn, who has made five thousand pounds in six months, will lose it all again in the remainder of his season. He has nothing coming forward that is likely to draw him any thing.

Sadler's Wells we lament to hear is not doing well, and Almar has gone to Paris to look for novelty. He has done ill in parting with some of the most favourite performers of his establishment. W. H. Williams was very popular at Sadler's Wells, and should have been retained here.

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* No. 1. *The Wreck Ashore*, dedicated to Master John Reeve.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen.
Wound with a touch that scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

“ Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though bumble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere.”—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 124.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.



THE position of kings on the Continent is beginning to be rather equivocal, and especially of those kings who have as it were dropped in upon foreign countries to do a bit of monarchy. A year or two ago in the theatre of politics, the various ministers or managers were making alterations in their respective companies, and those situations that fell peculiarly vacant at the time happened to be those of *sovereigns*. Any gentlemen with half an ounce of royal blood in his veins, and half a column of liberal humbug in his mouth, was excessively welcome to walk up, and take his seat upon the throne in any of those countries which wanted such a person for a short time, just to fill up the supernumerary post, until further arrangements could be made, more in consonance with the spirit of improvement that has been abroad now for some considerable

period. Among these candidates for crowns was Leopold, who finding a good deal of spare time on his hands, and having a wish to improve on his income derived from England for having condescended to marry a princess, caused it to be known throughout Europe, that he was ready to accept a throne whenever any one should be offered to him. He seemed to imagine he had merely to walk into his palace, and draw his salary, occasionally making himself up as a figure in a pageant to receive those vulgar yelps of *Vive le Roi*, &c., which go by the name of *loyalty*. He has, however, made a most unfortunate speculation of the whole affair, and but for his property acquired by marriage, we might expect to have him back very shortly in the same state as he formerly was in England, when he occupied the very high position of a second floor lodger in an oil and Italian warehouse at the corner of Oxford-street. Our caricature is happily illustrative of the fate of the *amateur* monarch, and the bungling interference of William and Louis Philippe in behalf of their *protege* Leopold. The latter, who was in the frying pan of England, where he was being perpetually roasted on account of his utter inutility and enormous income, has been thrown by William carelessly into Belgium, where his royal patrons hoped he would be at least free from the importunities of the English, who were daily *flaring up* against him for extracting so much from the public pocket, without being productive of the smallest benefit. In sending him to Belgium from England, he has, however, been merely thrown from *the frying pan into the fire*. Louis Philippe has been blowing the bellows most lustily upon the flames, and between the two patronising Kings, poor Leopold

finds himself in a situation at once distressing and desperate. His case, besides illustrating the old saying of out of the frying pan into the fire, likewise proves the axiom of *between two stools one often falls to the ground*, which will doubtless be the destination between Belgium and England.

INTERPRETER.

Exquisite Miss.

A paragraph under the head "*Advertisement*," appeared in the papers of Tuesday to the following effect:

ADVERTISEMENT. We are happy to learn that, under the gracious patronage of her Majesty the Queen, for the purpose of restoring the statue of Queen Eleanor at Waltham Cross, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester has been pleased to give five guineas to the Ladies' Subscription for that purpose.

This interesting fact is, indeed, a delicious morsel for the dealers in that which is pleasant. How exquisite is the idea that the Duchess of Gloucester has "*forked out*" five guineas to patch up an old figure of Queen Eleanor, at Waltham Cross, a place no one ever thinks of visiting once within half a century. How "*happy*" the editor of the *Morning Post* must be to learn that the old statue is to be placed in *statu quo*, and it is really extacy for the public to feel aware that a thing is about to be *restored* which was not even remembered to be in existence, and the world has the refined pleasure of feeling that it possesses a *restored statue* at Waltham Cross, which no one ever dreamt about. There are some persons who have been so "*happy*" to learn the fact, that they have done themselves the extra pleasure of paying 5*l.* or so to put it into the newspapers.

More pleasant News.

The pleasure of the past week ought to have been unbounded, if we are to judge from the speeches in Parliament, which have been of a vastly congratulatory character. The high theme for comfortable congratulation which was offered in the house on Monday last, was the fact of the public having got two pictures, for which Mr. S. Rice moved a grant of 11,500*l.*, which was agreed to by a large majority. The following extract from the honourable member's speech, will explain to our readers the grand achievement England has performed, in paying 11,500*l.* for a pair of *Correggios*.

Mr. SPRING RICE said the second vote which he should have the honour to propose would be that which stood second on the list. It was a vote for two pictures purchased for the use of the National Gallery. He (Mr. Spring Rice) never recollected a case in which a stronger feeling had been exhibited by the gentlemen of that house of all parties and opinions—the most economical as well as those who entertained opposite views. The house had recommended to the government that it was the opinion of the house that a national gallery should be established, and they at once adopted the resolution of purchasing two of the finest pictures that had ever been seen in Europe—two *Correggios*. He would state one single fact, to satisfy the house that they had been purchased on reasonable terms. They had obtained distinct evidence, from the gentlemen who had been appointed trustees to the National Gallery, that private individuals had in the way of trade offered 10,000 guineas each for them, many years ago, in Italy. They were afterwards brought over to England, and were valued at 12,000 guineas, but he (Mr. R.) was happy to inform the house that they had been enabled to purchase them at 500*l.* less than at that time. (Hear.) He had procured the certificates of various individuals as to their value, but he thought it unnecessary to refer to them, as it might give rise to a debate upon taste which would not be very useful to the house. He moved that a sum of 11,550*l.* be granted for purchasing two pictures for the use of the National Gallery.

We cannot but admire the enlightened policy of purchasing expensive pictures, while paupers are starving in every parish, and we doubt not that to a man just famished for want of relief, it will be a grand consolation that though he is *starved* his country possesses a pair of valuable *Correggios*. What

patristic bosom will not *flare up* with honest pride, to remember that England has bought pictures which nobody else could be found to purchase; and who is there, however pressed by hunger, who would not gleefully sink down into the grave and find comfort in the consciousness of being one of the many millions whose country possesses in a place he will never visit (to wit, the National Gallery), two pictures he will never see (to wit, the two *Correggios*). Refinement and civilization of course ought to be considered before the gratification of actual want and starvation, with the *eclat* of being one of a nation of *connoisseurs*, is of course preferable to plenty, with a National Gallery and no *Correggios*.

THE FIGARO CORRESPONDENCE.

WE are frequently enlightened by communications from astute correspondents, and some of the letters we receive in the course of the week are replete with the most intensely pleasant reminiscences. This interesting bundle of amusing manuscript multiplieth so greatly on our hands, that we open a valve for some of the pent-up *facetiae* of our letter-box, and devote unto the promulgation thereof a column of this week's *Figaro*. The two following letters are delightfully expository of one or two recondite points in things theatrical:

To the Editor of *Figaro*.

SIR,—The other day I had occasion to call at Drury Lane Theatre for one halfpenny, being the amount of a small bill for onions consumed by Mr. Bunn for his dinner in February, 1827, which, as you know, was before he became acquainted with the rich Captain Polhill. I was shewn into the treasury, where the annuitant was sitting in great pomp, and he threw down a penny-piece, demanding change, when I presented him my small account for payment. While in the room I observed an excellent *ruse*, which does infinite credit to the joint lessee, whose velvet breeches are still worn, I see, as a *memento* of his *quondam* footmanship to the rich captain. I perceived, Sir, that he had a large file of papers bearing the inscription of "*Bills paid*," and I likewise noticed another file with nothing on it, having the words "*Bills unpaid*," written above, by way of superscription. Can you tell me what this means? for, knowing the man, I am in a labyrinth of the most extreme mystery.

Your's obediently,

JOHN JONES,

A COSTERMONGER.

In answer to this letter we can only say that we presume the whole affair to be a *ruse* on the part of our friend Bunn, who crams up his file of *paid bills* with all the waste paper he can get hold of, to give an idea to creditors in *embryo*, that bills are paid by the establishment. That is all the light we can throw upon the subject.

To *Figaro* in London.

Bow street.

DEAR FIGARO,—Among my reminiscences is one of a Mr. John Mason, who played three or four years ago at Covent Garden, and who was as cold in his acting as a statue. The memory of the fact has occasioned in my mind an *epigrammatic flare-up*, and I gleefully remit to you the result of my vivid fancy. With thanks to you for my present high position as the green-room Momus, I am,

Your's truly,

W. TURNOUR.

EPIGRAM.

His acting is as cold as stone,
 You might as well, I'm free to own,
 The stage a *statue* place on;
 But that is natural—indeed,
 Since *statuary*, as we read,
 Is always join'd with *Mason*.

Our *protégé's* humour has inspired us with a desire to emulate him in the same line; and the product of our emulation is the following epigram

On Mr. Chas. Kean's resemblance to his Father.

They say he has his father's very smile,
 Look, voice, and action,—which I'll not debate;
 Hence, if the youth has got his parent's *style*,
 He's very likely also got his *gate* (*gait*).

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 73.

"Higgy," exclaimed the coronetted rival of Joe Miller, one morning to his toady, evidently under the inspiration of a double charge of Elphick's "cream,"—"Higgy! why is an elevated clergyman like my play-basket?"—Higgins put down his bandalore, and "*fasait des grands yeux*," but after sundry attempts, "gave it up."—"You fool!" said his Royal Highness, "because it's made o' wicker." (*Made a vicar.*) The petrified Colonel held up his hoop, and jumped through it, but alighting on a soft place on his head, ran yelping to his nurse.

The following is an extraordinary document; we do not know what to make of it. It reached us by the twopenny post, and the word "*paid*" had been erased after having been written on the envelope. The meaning of this is manifest. The Duke of Gloucester must have sent the letter to the post by Higgins with the money to pay for it, but the *two-pence* must have been illegally appropriated by the treacherous *aid-de-camp*. It forms a melancholy instance of the defeat of honesty by a love of lollipops and shews how *Tom Trot* may in some minds be paramount to principle. These grave reflections are, however, not to the point, which is a communication from the facetious Gloucester.

DEAR FIGARO,—

The present juncture seems to call loudly for the interference of all who understand the science of politics, and I have therefore taken up the skewer and dipped it into the blacking bottle in order to write you a few lines on French politics. It seems that all in France who may be called the *contents* of the country are malcontents, and that the fellow called Phillipe is in bad odour, for that he is only a *Louis* and they do not like him to be passed off as a *sovereign*. I find there have been insurrections at *Lions*, which have ended in slaughter, but how could it be otherwise, for when people fly out at *lions*, they must expect to come off second best against such savage animals. It seems the troops sealed their triumph with their blood, and I presume when *blood* forms the *seal*, the *wax* (*whacks*) must be truly horrible. I hear also that the national guard is armed in *masses*, so that even the churches it seems are filled with armed soldiery.

I shall not at present descant further on this very frightful theme, but I trust to your exercise of that prompt wisdom which so often has been the admiration of your devoted slave.

GLOUCESTER.

We beg to inform the Duke that he is an ass, and beg to apologise to our readers for the insertion of so stale a fact in Figaro.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

Scan. Mag.

It is expected in the legal circles that an action for libel will be brought against Mr. Bunn, by Horace Twiss, who considers himself scandalised by the performance of the *Poor Gentleman*. We do not see how the case can be supported, seeing the inapplicability of the latter part of the title.

Unfounded Rumour.

A daily contemporary asserts that the Duke of Gloucester is shortly going to *Brighton*. This is a declaration we safely can venture to contradict, since for the Duke of Gloucester to be going to *brighten* is obviously impossible.

A Candid Con.

"Why am I like an estate in George Robins's catalogue," asked Peel of Lord Grey, whom he met accidentally in Downing-street. "Because you are for sale, you hypocrite," replied the Premier, scornfully. "You have hit it precisely," rejoined Sir Robert, at the same time placing in the earl's hand a prospectus of the terms on which he was ready to adopt Whig principles.

Hard Hit.

"One hears an immense deal about legal tenders," said Lord Brougham to his man, "but, upon my soul, I never heard of any thing *legal* yet, that was not infernally *hard* instead of *tender*? eh," and the Chancellor took a flying leap over the head of the housemaid.

A new Brevity.

It is strange that one whose writings are so replete as Miss Martineau's are with the humbug of *economy*, should have so little to do with that which is *reasonable*.

Union is strength.

Government, though it opposed the separation of the two countries of England and Ireland, is becoming very anxious for a dissolution of the *Unions*.

A Colourable Pretext.

The House of Commons has granted eleven thousand pounds to buy two pictures for the National Gallery. This prodigality in *pictures* must be habitual to M. P.s, who generally pay very dearly for their *canvases*.

A bad Neighbourhood.

Lord Brougham said on Tuesday, that the beer shops were only dangerous when established in lone places, such as the *edges of Commons*. We agree in this with the Lord Chancellor, for every thing coming at all near the *Commons* must indeed be dangerous.

THEATRICALS.

The proceedings at the two great theatres have been characterised by a stern disregard of public opinion, which while it augments the lessee's reputation for audacity, certainly diminishes the amount of his available *specie*. *Anster Fair* having been pronounced a most indubitable failure, has been withdrawn, in obedience to the healthful whoops of disgust, which have hailed its nightly intrusion on the casual visitors to Drury Lane, within the last fortnight. *Sardanapalus* has, however, in some degree atoned for the otherwise paltry proceedings of the velvet breeched lessee, and Macready's acting is of that splendid order which will make reparation for much of that imbecility which is inflicted on those rash martyrs, who consent to accept an order now and then for one of the precious patent establishments. Miss Tree's acting was likewise of the most accom-

plished kind in the part of *Myrrha*, and indeed she fully answered the purpose of acting as suggested by Shakspeare, which is, "to hold as 'twere the *Myrrha* (*Mirror*) up to nature." Her *Mirror* in fact showed immense reflection, and her *frame* was certainly worthy of the character. Old mother Mardyn has very wisely thought proper to stay in Paris, but whether it be in consequence of our remarks we do not choose to say, lest we be suspected of vanity. It is true we ridiculed her, and that *after our remarks* she is not forthcoming, but we do not think it necessary to observe that her absence is the consequence of our remarks, or that it is we who have saved the public the tolerance of aged imbecility.

Our beloved Queen, the ever-blooming Adelaide, whose beauty is quite on a par with her sweetness of disposition, and whose inviting aspect is on a level with her amiability, has been flaring up at Covent Garden to the tune of three and sixpence, which she munificently paid for a half price peep at *The Challenge* last Wednesday. Her most delicious Majesty was intensely pleased with the performance, and Gloucester, who went with her, was in one whirl of ecstasy throughout the whole of the performance. An illiberal person might have called him "*drunk*," but we, who know the innocent *calibre* of his royal *mind* (?) are quite aware that his whistling, his chirruping, and his occasional shriek of "*Flare up catgut scrapers*," were only the ebullitions of a playful fancy, worked upon by the half pint of porter and glass of weak negus, allowed him every day, as one of the juvenile branches of the royal family. There is something so substantially delightful in Gloucester's behaviour, that we never can help doing justice to the illustrious being, and on Wednesday, his other fascinations were much enhanced by the encasement of his carcase in a clean shirt, of which we will attempt a cursory description. The sleeves were of the richest calico, while the wrist-bands and collar were composed of solid Irish; the front was composed of a substantial brown Holland, while a frill of the most decided *lino* strayed gracefully down the bosom of the rigged out Gloucester. With respect to the other parts of his dress, we can only say that the *ensemble* was delightful and delicate. A coat of the coarsest Saxony, enlivened by buttons of the sheerest brass, gave a *flare-upishness* to his outward man, which nothing can excel, and a pair of nankeens, terminating in the clearest high-lows, gave a simplicity to his aspect, at once cheap and beautiful. His pocket-handkerchief was richly emblazoned with a copy of the beggar's petition, and his waistcoat displayed a happy union of silk and worsted. The Duke repeatedly swallowed a peppermint drop, in the course of the performance, and we counted two distinct hap'orth's of Everton Toffey being carried into the royal box in the course of the evening. Once during the night a cry of "throw him over" was raised in the gallery, a facetious suggestion in which the Duke heartily joined.

At Astley's there has been nothing new, but a filthy exhibition of vulgarity and ribaldry, but *that* is nothing *new* at the celebrated cat's-meat establishment. We understand the stuff is so disgusting, that a sweep fainted into the arms of an adjacent scavenger, and that in fact a yell of unsophisticated contempt was the *guerdon* of the author of the filth alluded to. When an Astley's audience is shocked, it is time for the police to interfere, for that indecency which annoys the patrons of Ducrow must be at once savage and dangerous.

The Siamese Twins are drawing all London to the Fitzroy, and the excellence of the acting in all the parts fully warrants the overwhelming influx of visitors to that most fortunate establishment. Mitchell in *O'Glib*, an Irish valet, plays with that truth which gives a decided character to every part he performs, and Oxberry as *Simon Slow*, the fellow twin, gets drunk, with the most sentimental suavity. Hughes, as the *vir-*

tuoso, is in dress and manner, precisely the character he represents, and indeed this gentleman, in every thing he undertakes, contrives to render it prominent. Mrs. Young, who is a valuable adjunct to the talented company, enacted Sally, an intriguing maid, with considerable spirit and cleverness, while Mrs. Manders and Mr. Holmes, as that indispensible brace the pair of lovers, were as sentimental and affectionate as the most tender of theatrical turtle doves. The interest in the hero is in some degree marred by his confession of mercenary views, but a dramatic lover, with an eye to the assets, is at least something new, even should it offend the delicate sensibilities of young ladies with immense charms but no income. Fascination is a delightful thing to contemplate, and the blaze of beauty is very comfortable to bask in, but filthy lucre is a grand essential to keep it up. Cash is the grand supporter of the fire of love, even as tallow is the substantial basis of the light that emanates from the kitchen ten, or the more ambitious *mould* candle. *The Siamese Twins* were received with laughter throughout, and with rapturous applause at the conclusion.

Ducrow took vast credit for *giving* his house to Davidge for a benefit, but *gifts* in theatrical phraseology, are particularly equivocal. "*Kindly offering the use of a theatre*," is often nothing more than urbanely pocketing fifty pounds or so for the occupation of an empty building, and in the case of Ducrow and Davidge, we are informed that he of the cat's-meat, made about fifty pounds by the latter's benefit. When paragraphs are circulated attributing disinterestedness, &c., to a party who has made a large sum by a certain transaction, it is right the public should know the amount of liberality and estimate it accordingly.

Bunu, not being able to see any earthly reason why people should come to his theatres to see the performances, is about to give away prizes in the shape of books, tickets, free admissions, and other worthless articles. We understand he has been round to all the butter shops to buy the books, and that he has already secured a formidable file of *Terrific Registers*, which will form the grand prizes on the occasion of the lottery. How far people may be humbugged by this impudent scheme, we cannot pretend to say, but certain it is, that something must be done to enhance the attraction of the patents.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 125.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

A OUTLESS LEADER.

It is a remarkable coincidence that just at a time when there is a total stagnation of all matter likely to furnish food for the waggish pencil of the caricaturist, our engaver has been seized with a severe attack of the influenza, which would have made him more sluggish with his knife than would have accorded with the racy spirit of the designs of Seymour. Sooner than turn out any thing unworthy of the far famed reputation of the caricatures of *Figaro*, we think it better to publish without a cut, (at least in the pictorial sense), though in the matter we hope the cuts will be found as numerous as usual. We shall give two next week to atone for the deficiency, and in the mean time we think we have served up a far more various dish than usual; as we have introduced a variety of new features never before met with in the pages of *Figaro*.

THE INTERPRETER.

An Odd Complaint.

The *Court Journal* is very choice in its expressions, and always uses words with a keen eye to their propriety. It tells us, that

"The Earl of Lichfield has been indisposed, but not seriously." Now when we read of a thing being *not true*, we conclude that it is false, in fact that an article being distinctly described as *not* of a certain stated quality, of course is the opposite. Applying this most natural rule to the above pithy quotation from our Court contemporary what do we collect? that Lord Lichfield has been indisposed, "*not seriously*," which must mean *comically* to all intents and purposes. What on earth could have been his Lordship's illness? what disease is there in the catalogue of "ills that flesh is heir to," which possesses the peculiarity of facetiousness. We should exceedingly like to

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know, what is the *low comedy* malady of the noble earl. We presume it must be *humours* of the skin that has thus *not seriously* affected him.

A Chasm in the Service.

When an eminent individual retires into private life, it may be said to be a loss to the whole community, and therefore public men ought to consider well before they resolve on bereaving their fellow countrymen of the advantage of their services. The following paragraph will be alarming to all those who know the immense value of the person it mentions:—

"We understand that Lord John Scott, brother of the Duke of Buccleugh, retires from the service in the course of the present month. His Lordship was a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, in which fine corps his resolution has created universal regret."—*United Service Gazette*.

This is sad news for the country—what will the army be when Lord John Scott has retired? and as to the Grenadier Guards, they had better be disbanded immediately. The corps can never survive the retirement of Scott; how fortunate England is not engaged in war at the time that Scott has resolved to retire from the service. Such will be the train of reflection in which all must indulge who know Scott's value, but we are in blissful ignorance upon the interesting subject. Our sympathy is cut short by the following queries which suggest themselves:—First, who is *Scott*? Second, what has he done? Third, in what way will he be missed? Fourth, what benefit does the country derive from the whole of the Grenadier Guards put together? And, fifth, has England acquired either an emolument or in renown from the services of the retiring Lord John Scott, even one tenth part of what he has received in pay as a captain? When we know these things, we shall be prepared with due sorrow for the withdrawal of the great unheard of.

Royal Wit.

"Some of our nautical songs are exceedingly fine, I admit," said his Majesty the other day, when closetted with Lord Brougham, "but there are others which have a dangerous and

W. Molineux, Printer, 18, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

illegal tendency." "What do you mean, my jolly old boy," familiarly asked the Chancellor. "Why because, you rogue," replied the King, with his accustomed good humour, "I remember myself to have heard a song, every verse of which ends thus—

England expects that every man
This day will do the duty.

Now this, you know, my worthy conscience-keeper, is a direct encouragement to the proprietors of unstamped newspapers. *Doing the duty*, you know, means nothing more than *cheating the stamp office*." Brougham sneered in his sleeve, but to the King's face seemed to entertain the serious objections of his Majesty.

GLOUCESTER'S PROVERBS.

The above title is so particularly tempting, that we will say nothing by way of prologue to delay the gratification of the reader's appetite. The following letter is all the introduction that is necessary:—

MY DEAR FIGARO,

Gloucester House.

As you have kindly offered to purchase of me at a liberal price any of my master's manuscripts that I can lay my hands on, I took the opportunity this morning, while playing at leap-frog, to ease him of his pocket-book, in which I found the enclosed documents. Please to send me half a sovereign by the bearer, and burn this letter immediately. As I am very anxious the letter should be destroyed, please put it in the fire, and enclose the *tinder* to me in an envelope, so that I may know my request has been complied with.

I remain, Dear FIGARO,

Your bribed and obedient servant,

HIGGINS.

The papers forwarded by the *aid-de-camp* appear to form part of a book of the maxims in contemplation by his Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester. His preface, however, will be the best explanation of his motives.

PREFACE.

I have heard a great deal of the Proverbs of Solomon, as they call him; and it seems to me that I, who am a *Comic'un*, might write as good a book of proverbs as this man who goes by the name of *Solemn'un*. I have, therefore, determined to do a small volume of philosophic maxims to get money and to benefit mankind, so that, while I augment my *specie*, I may at the same time assist in improving my *species*.

MAXIMS.

1.—I recollect reading somewhere that a certain author, having written a satire on society, meant to give it to the public. This is only an unnecessary repetition, for any person who sits down to satirise the people, of course intends to *give it them*.

2.—I have often wondered why Napoleon Buonaparte escaped from the island of Elba, but I now have come to the resolution that he did so because he wanted more *Elbo* (*Elba*) *room*.

3.—I have read somewhere that the ancient Greeks generally were distinguished by names indicative of some particular quality. Upon this principle I should say the great *Sock-rates*, as they call him, must have been remarkable for wearing *half stockings*.

4.—To foresee a difficulty is generally the first step towards conquering it, therefore I think I may venture to lay it down as a maxim that the height of force is *force-height* (*foresight*).

5.—I have been reading some lines upon an Avenue of lofty Poplars. There is nothing revolutionary in the sentiment, but the piece of poetry must be pronounced *high-trees-on* (*high-treason*).

6.—At the deluge, I should be of opinion that the first

voyage made by the Ark, must have been a trip to the *Nore* (*Noah*).

7.—It is rather a strange anomaly in nature that the sea is most rough and uneven when it is most *tide-y* (*tidy*).

8.—I do not think *all* proverbs are to be implicitly depended upon. For instance, I have heard as a maxim, "*great cry, little wool*," whereas I know that Lord Eldon, though on the *woolsack* several years, was perpetually *crying*.

9.—I have often heard it asserted that justice in England is a mere lottery, in which it requires money to purchase even a ticket; and it is, I suppose, in accordance with the principle that the first equity judge in the kingdom goes by the name of the *Chance-seller* (*Chancellor*).

10.—I am told that there is more happiness in the United States of America, than there is in England. I should like to know how it is their marriages turn out better than ours. My *united state* has been always far from comfortable.

11.—I have met with the following somewhere in an old classic *tome* of high authority:—"Manners make the man, the want of them the *fellow*." This I consider to be one of those conceited dogmata which have misled ages; since if manners make *one man*, and the want of manners will make *the fellow*, the latter ought to be preferred, as it makes a *pair of them*.

ENGLISH MELODIES, NO. 47.

It is very long since we have indulged our readers with any thing melodious. The following delicious parody on "The Sea, the Sea," is often warbled while at his play by the innocent and simple-minded Gloucester:

AIR.—*The Sea.*

The C, the C, the awkward C,
The large, the small, are alike to me.
'Tis a mark with others I always confound,
It runneth like O very nearly round,
It looks like a G, and my skill it defies,
Or like the half of an x it lies.

I stick at C, I stick at C,
I am where I shall always be,
With a D above, and a B below,
In my letters I no further go.
If my tutor should come, to my task me to keep,
What matter? I seem to read and sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride,
In the stage or omnibus inside!
'When every cad cries "going soon,"
And whistles aloud some well-known tune;
But at learning I am deuced slow,
And nothing I shall ever know.

I never over a book did pore;
But I liked some good fun more and more;
And back I flew to Higgins with zest,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's breast.
And a fit friend Higgins is for me,
Since he was not born for his A, B, C.

The jokes flew thick on the merry morn,
And mirthful the hour when I was born;
Joe Miller revived—and the jest books sold,
On the day of my birth very much I'm told;
And never were heard puns half so wild,
As welcom'd to life, the facetious child.

I have lived since then with my dear old wife,
Full sixty summers a joker's life,
With Higgins about the streets to range,
And seldom above a shilling to change.
And death whenever he comes to me,
Sha'n't catch me over my A, B, C.

The following melody speaks for itself; who is there could sing it with more propriety than a Whig prime minister. Grey often endeavours to stir up the courage of his slaves at Downing Street by shouting it to his assembled minions:

SONG. AIR.—*Scots wha ha'.*

Whigs that have the public bled,
Whigs whom I have some time led,
Sold at just so much per head,
Slaves to bribery.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the opposition lower,
See the Radicals in power,
That must never be.

Wha would fear to be a knave,
Wha his place would dread to save,
Wha can't keep what he may have,
Let him turn and flee.

Wha in spite of Liberal jaw,
Still his sinecure would draw,
Placemen stand or placeman fa',
Let him follow me.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit." —Shakespeare.

An odd be-gin-ning.

The Bishop of London said he hoped a *measure* would be brought in for the *gin-shops*. Does he mean to enter into the intricacies of quarterns and half-quarterns,—for those, we believe, are strictly speaking, the *measures* for the *gin-shops*.

Epigram.

(To a certain ill-looking Royal Exquisite.)

To stand at the mirror, your hours to pass,
We cannot call idle in you;
For when you behold your own face in a glass,
You've surely an *object in view*.

Reform in the Lords.

Mr. Colburn advertises *Lodge's Peerage*, corrected and greatly improved. It is to be hoped that this is not a mere puff, for an improvement of the Aristocracy has been very long wanted.

An ill-timed Joke.

The Dissenters wish to be privileged to acquire University honours without what they call "the *imposition* of oaths." An oath is not unfrequently an *imposition*, we believe, though we did not think the staid Dissenters would be found punning upon the dreadful truism.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Horace Twiss, Barrister at Law, begs leave most respectfully to inform his friends, the Attornies, that in consequence of the general depression, he has come to the determination of taking briefs at the following low prices:—

	£.	s.	d.
Motion of course.....	0	2	6
Rule Nisi.....	0	5	0
Applying to make ditto absolute..	0	10	0
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Pleading in actions for debt	1	0	0

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Pleadings drawn at sixpence per folio, and Barrister's work done in general.

Writs carefully made out at a cheap rate, by a lawyer's clerk who is kept on the premises.

H. T. begs to inform the profession, that having no clerk of his own, the half crown will not be charged; and that refreshers will be received in porter, steaks, chops, or any other article that the Attorney may think convenient.

H. T. attends tradesmen's parties, where a professional man is in request, with a view of giving respectability.

He is to be heard of any day, on application to the Westminster-hall apple-woman.

After the above advertisement we think the following delicious *morceau* must be considered appropriate. It is highly characteristic.

Poor Horace Twiss is quite the *butt* of the whole bar, and they give him a fresh *tap* almost every minute. Even Pollock is sometimes smart upon the poor briefless one. "I say, Twiss," cried he, "what a pity it is you never say a good thing by any chance." Twiss looked up with a faint smile of inquiry. "Because if you did," continued Pollock, "you'd have that which is *tart* in your mouth sometimes, and that would be as good you know as a present from your friend the cake-woman." Horace tried to get up a languid laugh; but his hands travelling to his pockets, he was so effected by their emptiness, that he burst out into a flood of tears, and left Westminster Hall in violent hysterics.

MOVEMENTS OF THE MIDDLE MEN.

As every body doubtless takes a vast interest in the fashionable intelligence contained in the various newspapers, how Lord and Lady This have come to town, or Earl That gone into the country, we think it not altogether improbable that the same amiable curiosity on the part of the public, may extend to a *gout* to learn something of the goings on of the middle classes of society. At all events, we can but try the effect of a specimen. Our information may be relied upon as quite authentic.

Mr. Snooks came to town with mother S. and the whole of his brats last Wednesday from Brighton, where they had been sojourning for the last three weeks.

Master Charles Smith, who has just completed his sixth year, and is heir to the fine hat business at the corner of Oxford-street, was breeched last Tuesday.

Mrs. Jones's Put and Pope Joan parties will commence next week for the season.

Mr. Orlando Buggins will, it is expected, shortly lead to the altar the fascinating daughter of Mr. Jones, the cheesemonger in the Strand. The nuptials have hitherto been delayed by the smallness of the bridegroom's means, he being in a large attorney's office at the West End, but he has lately obtained an increase of salary. It is expected the happy pair will proceed after the ceremony in a cab to Camberwell, where a first floor has been taken for the honeymoon.

The dashing Mr. Horatio Stubbs, son of the sheriff's officer of that name, has just started a splendid new *surtout*, which is daily to be seen in Regent-street.

There is no longer any obstacle to the union of Miss Lucretia Richards and Mr. John Edwards, the latter having been lately discharged from Whitecross-street under the Insolvent Act.

We have it on good authority that young Mr. Buggins has several *cognovits* out to no small tune, which, coupled with the

fact of his income as assistant at Sewell and Cross's being only 18s. per week, has excited considerable sensation in the middling circles.

On Saturday night, after the closing of Waterloo House, the following fashionables in the linen-draper's-man line, left town to spend the Sunday at Richmond:—Mr. Thompson, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Jackson, &c.

Mr. White is expected in town very shortly from the North, where he has been travelling for orders in the oil and pickle line. An intimation reached his lodgings in Seymour-street, St. Pancras, that his bed should be got ready, and a kettle of water kept boiling that he may have a dish of tea immediately on his arrival in the metropolis.

Great consternation prevails among lawyers' clerks generally, owing to a rumour that one or two very influential members of the fraternity are in arrear with their rent at their lodgings. It is expected to operate greatly against the respectability of the brotherhood.

Such are the facts connected with the middle ranks, that we have been able to glean; and should the public feel interested in the subject, it is one we may probably return to at intervals.

THEATRICALS.

The past week has been slack in theatrical affairs, the Victoria being the only theatre that has been *flaring up* with novelty. The managers seem determined to rouse themselves in opposition to the united troops of Yates and Osbaldiston, with whom they are now spiritedly contesting the race for public favour. The week commenced brilliantly with *The Gamester of Milan*, a new three act play by Serle, one of our very few original dramatists. It is admirably written, and very well acted, particularly the principal characters, by Messrs. Elton and Abbott, the latter of whom produced it for his benefit. On Thursday *The Frolics of the Fairies*, which has had such a successful run at the Fitzroy, was produced in all its original splendour on the Victoria boards, a tramper at once honourable to the spirit of the Victoria managers, and to the importance acquired by the Fitzroy under the conduct of its present proprietors. Our early hour of rushing to press for the satisfaction of eager myriads, disables us from noticing the reception of the piece in its new quarters, but there can be no doubt the tremendous capabilities of the Victoria for adequate display, will render *The Frolics* even much more effective than at its original place of production. Yates and Osbaldiston made a vigorous attempt to secure the attraction, but Abbott and Egerton manfully elevated their offers, and the tender of considerable lucre, immediately obtained for them the distinguished preference. The piece is decidedly more adapted to the Victoria than to its neighbour, and in the former we have always felt an interest owing to the peculiar circumstances under which it was entered by its present proprietors.

Ducrow cannot, we should imagine be clearing eighteen pence per night by his present proceedings; and his last new effort was so shearily indecent, that he startled even his own especial

patrons, the sweeps, the baked tatur boys, and the firemen watermen. The Victoria will certainly smash him all to pieces, and therefore, with that benevolence which characterizes all our criticisms, we suggest to Mr. Ducrow a change of system, since even coal-heavers have their sensibilities, and excessive slang is painful even to the scavenger.

On Monday a new farce called the *Time Piece*, was produced with triumphant success at the Fitzroy, which has from the commencement been peculiarly happy in its novelties. The farce is written by Mr. Perry the comedian, well known as an author by his two pieces of *Paired Off*, and *Mind your Letters*, which acquired much fame during a long run at Madame Vestris's. The piece is simple in plot, but gives scope to some very excellent acting by Mr. Perry himself, who takes two simultaneous pulls at the porter pot of immortality in his double character of author and principal performer in his own production. The other characters were very adequately supported. A strange experiment will be tried at the Fitzroy on Monday, in the production of a piece, the scene whereof is laid in 1934, 100 years in advance of the present period. It is an excellent idea, but it will be very difficult to execute, inasmuch as it may lead the author into reflections on things as they are, while he is endeavouring to portray things as they probably may be. At all events, the piece will draw immensely, for every one is curious about what is going to happen; and in this age of change one naturally feels inclined to enquire what the world, with all its innovations, will come to in the course of another century.

BUCKSTONE'S DRAMAS.

T H E M A Y Q U E E N,
Price 1s., will be Published on the 1st May, forming the Third Number of Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas Numbers already published—*THE WRECK ASHORE*, dedicated to Master John Reeve. *VICTORINE, OR, I'LL SLEEP ON IT*; performed more than 200 nights at the Adelphi Theatre, and dedicated to Mrs. Yates, which will be speedily succeeded by other popular dramas by the same author, and published under his immediate superintendence.

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row; G. Cowie, 312, Strand; G. Purkeas, 40, Compton Street, Soho; and all Booksellers.

Of whom may be had, on 1st May.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF IRELAND. By W. J. THOMS,
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The Revolt of the Workhouse,

By G. A. A'Beckett. Also just published, price one shilling.

THE SON OF THE SUN,
or, The Fate of Pha'ton,

By the author of *The Revolt of the Workhouse*. Also just published, price one shilling.

THE KING INCOG.,

By the author of *The Son of the Sun*, &c. And also is now ready, price one shilling, the celebrated farce already played upwards of SIXTY SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS called

THE WANDERING MINSTREL,

By HENRY MAYHEW.

These pieces are all now performing at the various Provincial Theatres, and are published by James Miller, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.

They are all comprised in Miller's Edition of the *Modern Acting Drama*, and may be had by order of any Bookseller.

Printed by W. Molineux, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

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SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE BISHOPS' BEER BARREL.



The above is an extremely severe blow, powerfully directed against both the Bishops and the Whigs, towards whom Seymour seems to entertain a patriotic contempt, at once deep rooted and laudable. The Dissenters have long been made the *butt* of the precious church cormorants, and they have frequently tapped it to procure the draughts of lucre which they have so long quaffed in undisturbed luxury.

The caricature above is extremely emblematic of the state of the case with respect to the property of the Dissenters which has been made to flow copiously forth, for the benefit of the Bishops, who have as it were, *potted* it off in large quantities, or to use a slang expression of the Bishop of Exeter, *made a pint* of securing it. Certainly Seymour must have had the Right Reverend Father in God in his eye when he made

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the above sketch, for *Fill-pots* is indeed an apt person for the proceedings, which his pencil has this week been employed to delineate and to satirise. This system, however, will we trust, soon come to an end, and if it should die away, the perpetrators of it may be said to come to their *bier* (*beer*), so that the above caricature is prophetic as well as powerful. That they have long been *ailing* (*aleing*) is quite obvious, and therefore their speedy demise may be regarded as positive.

The graphic effort of our artist is this week even more redolent than usual of sarcasm, and if possible more pregnant with meaning and purpose than some of his preceding efforts.

It is a fierce and most palpable dig at the projected Church Reform Humbug of the Ministers, which is upon the old Whig plan of taking out of one pocket to put into another, or restoring a stolen article with the right hand, while they use the left in picking a pocket.

Such will be their precious measure for Reform, for while they affect to sacrifice the church rate, they force the money out at the bung-hole of the land tax.

This description, however, is superfluous. The figure of Althorp is superb, and Brongham, the brilliant luminary employed to *show a light*, is hit off with precision and accuracy.

INTERPRETER.

Heroes among the Tailors.

There has latterly been a display of heroism on the part of the journeyman tailors, which has called forth from the masters a display of valour which well shows the maxim, that "*nine tailors make one man*," into disrespect for the future. The spouting has of course been of the very highest class on both

W. Mollmeux, Printer, 13, Roll Buildings, Fetter Lane.

sides, and streams of courageous eloquence have bubbled from the Vesuvian mouths of the inflamed tailors. Up starts a hero of the sheers in one quarter pledging himself to stand to the old prices with his latest shilling, and his latest breath; while another knight of the thimble echoes the glorious sentiments.

The following extract from the report speaks loudly in favour of the spirits of the tailors.

The Chairman then invited any gentleman who might have any remarks to offer upon the resolution then to do it.

A Gentleman in the body of the meeting then rose, and said he had been sent for that morning by several noblemen and gentlemen, who asked him what course the masters meant to pursue. His answer was that they were firm as a rock, and were determined, with the assistance of the public, to win. (Immense cheering).

How splendid is the declaration "Determined (*with the assistance of the public*) to win!" Is not this enough to dart terror into the souls of a thousand dungs, or shake the stoutest flint that ever cut out coat or flourished needle. The threat is almost as bold and desperate as that of the boy who threatened to give another a most merciless licking, *with the assistance of the rest of his schoolfellows*.

"Who shall not fight when tailors disagree."

It is, indeed, an awful extension of civil discord when the manufacturers of clothes assume the lowering aspect of warriors. How it will terminate no one dares venture to suggest, for

"When snip meets snip then is the tug of war."

An useful member.

Lord Mulgrave was in the House of Lords last night, looking extremely well, and receiving the warm congratulations of his friends.—*Sun.*

However gratifying it may be to the nation at large, and to Lady Mulgrave in particular, to hear of the rude state of health which his Lordship at present enjoys, we think the fact rather an unimportant commencement to the leader of a newspaper. It may be pleasing to know that Mulgrave is pretty well in health, and it may also be a matter of great interest to the world to be told that his noble pulse was at 84, his digestion good, and his appetite excellent. But we complain of the embodying such facts in a newspaper leader, wherein we are accustomed to look for the discussion of points rather more important than Mulgrave's freedom from malady. We cannot help being struck with the vast utility he seems to be of in the deliberative assembly of which he is a member. "He was present in the House of Lords." How attentive to the people's interests. At his post in the house of course becomes a national question, why "he was looking extremely well." Now, however difficult it may be for Lord Mulgrave to be well looking, we think the achievement might as well be accomplished in a drawing room, as in one of the Houses of Parliament. It seems to have been something quite out of Mulgrave's line, for the congratulations of his friends would not have been bestowed thus publicly on a mere matter of ordinary occurrence. Are his good looks so unusual that they constitute an event for a newspaper?

AN ANECDOTE OF ELDON.

Every body knows that Eldon's mind is of that delightfully matter of fact quality, that he has not the slightest idea of any thing beyond the bounds of a writ, nor can he even contemplate phraseology, abounding in one atom of fancy more than is to be found in the stern, unflinching style of a plea or an affidavit. In his younger days he was addicted much to the study of legal forms, and was known to pore for several hours over an old count of an indictment, which he picked up on a dung heap at a stable door in the neighbourhood of Newgate. This fascinating propensity was the origin of that superb and scrupulous adherence to legal technicalities, which has been the distin-

guishing mark of his illustrious life up to the present period. He frequently turned Shakspeare into legal phrases, and Othello's address to the senate was thus tortured by the youthful plodder into the form of an indenture. We give the document as a rare specimen of the triumph of law over poetry.

"To all to whom these presents may come. This indenture, bearing date the *blank* day of *blank*, between Othello, Moor of Venice, gentleman, of the one part, Signor Brabantio, gentleman, also of Venice, of the second part, and the Senate, also of Venice, of the third part, ~~SHEWETH~~ that he, the said Othello, did take away Desdemona, daughter of the said Brabantio, and that the said Othello did marry the said daughter of the said Brabantio. And whereas also he, the said Othello maketh oath and saith, that he the said Brabantio did love him the said Othello, and did, from time to time, invite the said Othello, to wit, in Venice, as hereinbefore specified, and whereas also, he the said Brabantio did, from time to time, put divers queries to the said Othello respecting the life and adventures, chances, accidents, hair-breadth 'scapes, captures, slavery (with the equity of redemption), travels and divers other fortuities that did happen previously to him the said Othello, and that he the said Othello did run over the said accidents as aforesaid. And whereas Desdemona, daughter of the said Brabantio, and now also wife of the said Othello, did from time to time, and at all times, to wit, in Venice as aforesaid, seriously incline to listen to the said hereinbefore-mentioned recital of the said accidents, chances, hair-breadth 'scapes, captures, slavery (with the equity of redemption), travels and divers other fortuities that to the said Othello had personally happened, as has been above set forth in this present indenture; and whereas also, he, the said Othello, did frequently succeed in drawing from the eyes of the said Desdemona sundry tears, to wit, divers drops of salt water, besides several sighs, to wit, peculiar drawing in of the breath, upon which the said Othello without let, suit or hindrance did file a declaration, and no demurrer being entered, for or on the part of the said Desdemona, he, the said Othello, did obtain a verdict accordingly. And whereas also, it was understood and agreed upon between him the said Othello of the one part, and her the said Desdemona of the second part, that they the said parties should mutually enter into a contract or agreement of marriage, in consideration of the dangers that had been passed by him the said Othello as hereinbefore recited, and the pity bestowed by the aforesaid Desdemona upon the recital herein specified. And the said Othello throws himself upon the senate aforesaid, and hopes confidently for a favourable issue. Provided always, that the said Desdemona shall confirm all the depositions of the said Othello in the suit aforesaid. And Othello will ever pray, &c."

ENGLISH MELODIES, No. 48.

The great popularity of the song of "The Old English Gentleman," fully warrants the composition of a poetic tribute to a more illustrious character, namely, "The Most Finished Gentleman of Europe," a title assigned to the late King, though for what reason, and on account of what accomplishments, the bard has best explained in the following pointed parody. If to be a street-brawler in youth, an adulterer in age, and a mere sensualist at all times, constitute the acquirements of the most finished gentleman, the sooner such a *gentleman* is indeed *finished* the better must it be for society.

THE MOST FINISHED GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a certain song, made by a certain pate,
Of a certain finished gentleman, the head of Church and State,
And who kept up certain pranks at a most infernal rate,
Who nightly reel'd away to bed in a filthy drunken state;
Like the most finished gentleman, all of King George's time.

The watchhouse as a lodging often served this Prince of Beaux,
For the constable and all the good old charlies were his foes;
Whom with awful whacks he often used to knock from off their toes,
And many watchmen he'd been known to give a bloody nose;
Like the most finished gentlemen, all of King George's time.

When he got old, as I am told, he did not mend at all,
And though threescore his years, he still was ready for a brawl,
And still licentiousness went on as erst within his hall,
For though he rank'd among the great, his mind was with the small;
This most finish'd gentleman, all of King George's time.

But even Kings, like other things, must some day say good bye,
And now his waning strength proclaimed the gentleman must die,
He laid him down and gave up life with many a piteous cry,
And sycophants stood round in tears, but that was all their eye;
For the most finish'd gentlemen, all of King George's time.

And then they took him to the grave with show and vain parade,
With mourners playing parts, as if they were at masquerade;
Had he been less extravagant his debts might have been paid,
But as it is the're not, which is, so much the worse for trade;
Oh! the most finish'd gentleman, all of King George's time.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 74.

Gloucester has lately been endeavouring to act up to his character of Chancellor of Cambridge University, and has been examining all the baked tatur boys he has met casually in the streets, on the important subject of orthography. He has also been getting up his arithmetic, and the product of one times one has for the last fortnight bothered his classical pericranium. But his grandest triumph has been the research he has made into the origin of the old peerage, and he has come to a resolution that the *piers* of Westminster Bridge are the oldest now in existence. He, however, wonders they never speak in Parliament, but presumes it is that they are afraid to set themselves in opposition to public opinion, and he indeed finds from a newspaper of about a year back, that they have been *giving way* latterly. He has also traced the whole of the peerage to Henry the Eighth, "for," says he forcibly on his slate, "the old *Harrys's-stock* must be the origin of the old *Harri-stock-racy*." Higgins has added the representation of a *hecatoomb* to this sentence as a sacrifice to the genius displayed in it.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakespeare.

A New Fashion.

Owing to the strike of the tailors, the masters have requested noblemen and gentlemen to withhold their orders. In this case seedy clothes must become fashionable, so that Horace Twiss will of course become the very pink of elegance.

A Tax on M.P.'s

Althorp pretends he is friendly to the repeal of the house tax—but one house at least will be taxed so long as he continues to speak in Parliament.

No Subject for Levity.

His Majesty has commenced holding his *levees*. We wish his Ministers would discontinue their constant *levies* on the pocket of the community.

Pattens and Clogs.

"I think," said Tom Duncombe, who is a thick-and-thin adherent of the Whigs, "I think that the present Ministry is quite a *pattern*." "What," elegantly asked Cobbett who was standing near. "Quite a pattern," mildly responded Duncombe. "A *patten*, you puppy," was the rude rejoinder. "It's no *patten*, though not very unlike one, for it's a regular clog."

Profitable Mimicry.

Though no one would praise another for *imitating* the Ministers, he would do a service to the community who could succeed in *taking them off*.

Advice "on Change."

The following occurred in the other day between two friends. "Can you change a sovereign," "No," was the reply, "but I can tell you where you most likely will find it." "Where?" "An old French *Abbe* at the *West end*, who has changed more *sovereigns* than any many living."—*Talleyrand*.

Who was one of two French *Abbe's* in 1793-4, that drank some wine along with a Swiss broker and a *Scotchman* in Bell-alley, and a few days after was obliged to comply with the alien act, the said parties procuring the needful to help him across the Atlantic.—*Talleyrand*.

Who has given his master a month's warning?—*Talleyrand*.
What citizen in Paris has received notice to quit?—*Poor Louis Philippe*.

THE FIGARO CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter is like all the others from the same able hand replete with genuine *facetiae*.

Bow-street.

SIR,—As you have been pleased to set me forth to the world as a wit of the *earliest liquid*, or to speak more plainly of the *first water*, I think it right to keep up my character by forwarding an occasional budget of wit, for your most entertaining periodical.

In order to do this, I lie awake frequently for many hours endeavouring to conjure up the shade of some departed joke, and it was in one of those waking visions, that the spectre of the immortal Joseph inspired me with the following ebullition of sparkling comicality.

You are, perhaps, aware Sir, that Mr. Broad the much respected stage-manager of the Victoria Theatre, has in speaking, something of a foreign accent, and remembering this fact I began to think a joke was practicable upon the subject. In vain did I toss myself in my bed for hours, in the hope of finding where the joke might be, when I bethought me of the expedient of an incantation, and I lit a fire in an old tea-cup to commence the awful process. I had not proceeded however, very far in the mystic ceremony, when the *joke* flitted across my distempered brain with the electric force of a glass of gin over the fuddled cerebellum of a tap-room visitant. "Why has the stage-manager at the Victoria a foreign accent?" was the question, "Because he has been so long a-Broad was the ready response of my aroused genius.

I am, Sir, Yours, (exhausted with the effort,)

W. TURNOUR.

To the Editor of "Figaro in London."

THEATRICALS.

A new drama was brought out at Drury Lane on Tuesday, called *Secret Service*, being from the prolific pen of *Planché*, the translator in general for the two patent establishments. The piece is decidedly good, but that is not *Planché's* merit, and we only regret the total absence of any thing like genius, that the new productions have this season manifested, at both the patent establishments. Instead of attributing merit to the machines who turn French pieces into English ones, we ought to worship at the shrine of *Chambaud*, for to the immortal dictionary of that illustrious lexicographer, is owing all the fame that has been reaped by that dreary race of translators, who go by the name of dramatists. There are not, in fact, six original dramatic authors in all England, and we hate the crew who vamp up antique rubbish from old sources, or plunder

the continent to obtain a temporary reputation from that most indiscriminating of beasts, a British public. There is no more merit in any translation than there would be in a person repeating a passage from a book, and a child who has learned to recite by rote a passage of Shakspeare, might as soon be compared with the bard of Avon, as a translator desire to take the name of a dramatist. There are some clever men who occasionally translate, but the occupation is one by which they are degraded; original mediocrity is respectable, but borrowed excellence is contemptible. One would acknowledge a respectable mechanic in the streets, but would shrink with sincere disdain from a shop-boy in the stolen apparel of a nobleman. Planché and others are the plunderers, the paltry pilferers from France, while Bunn makes Drury Lane and Covent Garden the *fence* for the stolen articles. The velvet breeched lessee, is in fact, the *Key Solomons* of the drama, he takes in any thing at his houses, however glaring the robbery; and harbours there the very lowest and most degraded of dramatic pickpockets. John Bull is so perfect an idiot, that he will never have the sense to discriminate between real and borrowed talent, so that any man would after all be a fool for his pains were he to endeavour to propitiate the thick-headed beast by exerting originality, when a literary larceny is received with equal, if not with superior favour. Their blessed Majesties have been gadding about to the play, and have been selecting entertainments about as entertaining as a *tele a tele* between themselves, and just about as ancient as our enlightened monarch himself (God bless him!) They positively selected a comedy at Drury Lane, and an opera at Covent Garden, which have both been as thoroughly worn out as any two pieces on the stage, as if good souls they were resolved that those who came to the theatre with the enlightened intention of playing at stare cap with royalty should have the advantage of yawning at their sovereigns through the whole night without the smallest chance of relief from the performances. We understand they saw no wit in *The School for Scandal*, but thought Harley's grimacing the finest thing ever known since the speeches of Lord Londonderry against the Reform Bill. *The Duenna* the king delicately denounced as "d—d dismal," but he added with a naval oath, that "Liston was the very prince of wit, and the soul of merriment." Of course his Majesty was quite right, for who so fit to judge of every thing, and of course his opinion must be taken on points of buffoonery. The following conversation took place as Bunn walked backwards with two rushlights in his hand to escort the royal couple from the box to their vehicle.

The King.—Bunn, you blackguard, who wrote that *Neighbour's Wife*?

Bunn.—I did, so please your Majesty.

The King.—But you did not so please my Majesty (*giving him a gentle persuader in the stomach with his royal toe*).

Bunn.—Does not your Majesty like the piece?

The King.—No! no! it's poor—very poor! You told me it was good. It was wretched, Bunn, very; wasn't it my love?

Adelaide.—Egad! it was very bad, damn much rubbish.

The lessee on this came to a conclusion that the *less* he had to do with authorship, the better, and the King, thinking the joke some atonement for Bunn's error gave him an *extra* sixpence for himself, observing that Captain Polhill need not be informed of the *douceur* of Majesty.

The Frolics of the Fairies has nightly filled the Victoria, where, on Wednesday last, a young lady aged fourteen appeared as Juliet. The *debutante* was recommended some time ago to the Fitzroy management, and indeed she had rehearsed there the part of Titania in the Easter piece, but circumstances

rendered it subsequently advisable to cancel the engagement. There is decidedly talent about her, but as we go to press before she appears, we cannot notice her until the number forthcoming. We have been so much in the habit of seeing Juliets of forty, that one of fourteen will be at least a novelty. Abbot, preferring the part of Mercutio on the occasion, substituted a female Romeo, in the person of Miss P. Horton, but how she got through the part will be matter for next week's *Figaro*. From the exhibition, altogether, we expect to derive as much amusement for our readers as was given to the audience.

It was in contemplation to produce *The Revolt of the Workhouse* at the Victoria, but the idea is now abandoned, and the piece is to be got up in grand style at the Pavilion for the benefit of Mr. Burton, an extremely clever low comedian. We should imagine the East enders' would receive this burlesque with almost as much avidity as the more refined audiences from the West have manifested in flocking to witness it.

The Fitzroy has been holding back its novelties to give full run to its very successful stock pieces, but on Monday next, 1934, or *One Hundred Years hence*, which has been the talk of the playgoing public for the last fortnight, will be produced on a startling scale of eccentricity. The difficulty of the subject is immense, and it is therefore a matter of some curiosity. The costume and scenery are of a most peculiar kind, and of themselves sufficient to attract the public to the establishment. We were sorry to observe that Mrs. Brindall was too unwell all last week to play the little part of Mrs. Crinum in *The Wandering Minstrel*, which has been revived for a week, and has nightly gone off with even more than usual *eclat*. Mrs. Young kindly undertook Mrs. Brindall's part at short notice, a change which seemed to give perfect satisfaction to the audience. Her indisposition also gave an opportunity to Mitchell of taking her part in *The Revolt*, which is much more effective in the hands of a low comedian, than it could be rendered by the cleverest of actresses. It was written for a male performer, and is of course now in the hands of its proper representative. Oxberry is really a Siamese Twin of genius, for both as actor and author, he is perpetually *flaring up* in public estimation. He last week produced at the Fitzroy a piece called *The Female Volunteer*, in which the tremendous strength of the low comic company at this house is brought vigorously into play, through the medium of some very effective situations and clever dialogue. Miss Chaplin played the female volunteer with great animation, and made of the part all that could possibly be done for it.

Astley's is going to the dogs as speedily as possible.

NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

The Revolt of the Workhouse,

By G. A. A. Beckett. Also just published, price one shilling

THE SON OF THE SUN,

or, The Fate of Phaeton,

By the author of the Revolt of the Workhouse. Also just published, price one shilling.

THE KING IN COO,

By the author of The Son of the Sun, &c. And also is now ready, price one shilling. The celebrated farce already played upwards of SIXTY SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS called

THE WANDERING MINSTREL,

BY HENRY MAYHEW.

These pieces are all now performing at the various provincial Theatres, and are published by James Miller, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.

They are all comprised in Miller's Edition of the Modern Acting Drama, and may be had by order of any Bookseller.

BEST BEAVER HATS, TWENTY-ONE SHILLINGS.

MANUFACTURED of the most choice materials, approved shapes; durable, light, elastic, and waterproof.

ROBERT FRANKS & Co.

140 REGENT STREET,
62, REDDRESS STREET.

A black and white political cartoon. In the center, a man dressed as a soldier or executioner in a checkered vest and breeches holds a whip aloft. He stands before several men whose heads are severed from their bodies and mounted on poles or stumps. One head is on a stand to the left, another on a pole in the foreground, and others are visible through a window in the background. Above the window is a sign that reads "WHOSE DRESS IS HERE?". The scene is set indoors, possibly a courtroom or a place of public display, with a curtain on the left and a broom on the floor.

Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

[Price One Penny.]

A black and white illustration depicting a scene from the story. On the left, a British soldier in a uniform with a peaked cap stands on a rocky outcrop, looking across a body of water. On the right, a large, bearded man in traditional Indian attire, including a turban and a long dhoti, stands on the opposite shore. He is holding a long staff or stick. The background shows a simple landscape with trees and a building.

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thing sacred that we can conceive, at least if we are to believe the exalted authority of an act of Parliament. A king who comes *regularly* to the throne is booked for eternal bliss according to law, and of course St. Peter could never think of refusing admission to any one seeking it under the warrant of an English act of Parliament. We therefore acquit the artist of all sedition in placing the most religious George the 4th in the ambiguous position wherein our caricature shows him; so that we presume, in mythological language, our blessed monarch is represented as in the Elysian fields, while Buonaparte, who raised himself merely by his genius, is deposited *vis-a-vis* to him in the Infernal regions. How far the respective merits of each may justify their supposed relative situations, it is not for us to determine, nor shall we dilate on the distance in respectability between an Emperor by glory, and a King by accident. Our business is with their supposed occupation now, and the artist has placed them in a situation, wherein we should imagine they would be engaged in conversation on the present state of their respective kingdoms. Napoleon seems to be coolly pointing out to his once brother monarch, the situation of their respective countries, and the ascendancy in both of the spirit which Bounaparte set in action over the now broken down and dilapidated system, which the English monarch in his life time so struggled to support. We cannot, however, touch on such mysterious ground as the dialogue of the dead, but the probable discourse of the two royal shades may be easily imagined by a contemplation of the proceedings of the living.

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

THE STRIKE AMONG THE TAILORS.

The journeymen tailors of England are assuming an imposing attitude, but in this respect they do but imitate the masters, who have been *imposing* for the last hundred years. We have not yet made any remarks on the subject, but it is quite evident that the masters are in the wrong, and that they are goaded on by the aristocracy to resist the journeymen, merely because for labour to protect itself, is considered an unaristocratic principle. It is very well for noblemen to go about bragging that they will renounce new coats, and disdain the use of breeches, rather than employ tailors who submit to the dictation of their journeymen, but the opposition between the workmen and their masters is evidently fomented of political purposes. We are glad to find that our beloved Queen Adelaide the first will not allow herself to be made a party to the paltry proceeding, and she has sworn an oath of awful import, that though the whole world should appear without trowsers, *she* will heroically continue to *wear the breeches*. If the strike continues, and the great people *stick to* their words (though how can they adhere to a thing so *slippery*) if such should be the case, the world will as far as costume is concerned, become once more a paradise. We fancy we see the Peerage *à la mode d'Adam* strutting about the public thoroughfares. There is at least one consolation however for them, that they never can be deficient in decent clothing, for even should they patriotically abandon the woollen manufactures, there is scarcely one of them but possesses by the bounty of nature, a warm and efficient covering of asses skin. It is delightful to hear noblemen who have so long been partial to *fleece*, now declaring their disposition to abandon the propensity.

THE INTERPRETER.

Cool, candid and comfortable.

Though great dissatisfaction has been expressed at the bill which he had introduced for the relief of the Dissenters, he felt that it ought to give satisfaction.—*Speech of Lord Althorp.*

This is cool and comfortable in the extreme, and quite in character with our candid friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The reasoning is so close, the facts so clear, and the conclusion so nearly drawn, that it should really be engraved in marble, as a specimen at once of ministerial tact and parliamentary eloquence. "Though," seriously observes Althorp, "though the bill has given great *dissatisfaction*," notwithstanding this, "yet I feel," (now for something very powerful as a defence for the bill) "yet *I feel it ought to give satisfaction*." Can any thing be more clever than this argument in favour of an unsatisfactory bill? Why the framer of it says it *ought* to be satisfactory!!! This logic is at once powerful and pleasant, conclusive and comfortable. There is no humbug or round about reasoning—it is merely this—"the bill is not liked but it ought to be." It is on grounds about as strong as this, that all the legislation of the present ministers proceeds. "Such a thing is not good for the people we will admit," say they, "but all we know is, *it ought to be*." Althorp is indeed too candid for his colleagues, and often lets out secrets far too inadvertently.

Stable Studies.

His Majesty, attended by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, and General Macdonnell, inspected the *Mews* at Pimlico, yesterday.—*Times.*

This is true as far as it goes, but it is not the whole truth. His Majesty did much more than inspect the mews, for in the words of Fitzclarence, "he had a familiar flare up with the ostlers." Among the many of the *jeux de esprit* of royalty, we can only give the following. "Dick," cried the King to a stable boy, "Dick, you d—d young vagabond, why is that animal like a person with a cold." Dick stared, and the King responded, "Because, you young scoundrel, its a little *hoarse* (*horse*.)" After Gloucester, who was present, had been put for a treat upon the back of one of the quietest animals, on which he sat for nearly an hour, the King (God bless him) thought of another joke, and thus pointedly expressed himself. "Why is that animal like an absent young lady?" The grooms individually and collectively gave it up. "Because," shouted the defender of the faith, "its a *galloway* (*girl-away*.)" Even the stud joined in a *horse laugh*. William the Fourth then seized a whip, and touching up one of the horses, he hastily asked the following. "Why is this beast like my son Fitzclarence." The royal conundrum was pronounced insoluble. "Because," cried the blessed monarch, "he's in *a-rear*," and Fitzclarence produced a bundle of writs to prove that the parental *con* was strictly feasible.

Thus ended the day's diversions, and after the exertion necessary to the above jokes, the royal mouth gulped down a whole pot of heavy wet.

GLOUCESTERIANA, NO. 75.

The Duke has been anxious to get out of town, and in fact has been cockneyising in the suburbs for several successive sabbaths. He and Higgins have taken tea at the Spaniards, near Highgate, regularly for the last three weeks *incog*, having taken their own materials and begged a drop of boiling water of the bar-maid. This cheap *gala* cannot be met by the smallest objection even from the most economical of the Duke's friends, but he has latterly grown ambitious, and wants to rusticate at a greater distance from the metropolis. The other day he was struck with the following tempting announcement in a stationer's window:—"Outside Bath Post, 6d." He instantly ran in and throwing down his shilling like a mau, desired to take two places. The shopman coolly responded "Come none of your larks, young fellow—walk off if you please." The Duke irritated beyond control, demanded to be booked *outside to Bath*. The shopman knocked the top of the royal hat, and forced it into contact with the royal collar. A scuffle ensued, and the police interfering, it was explained that his Royal Highness expected to go to Bath *post*, all the way *outside* for 6d., because he had seen the notice attached to some indifferent writing paper—"Outside Bath post, 6d." The matter has been hushed up by the Royal Family.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The following is the copy of an advertisement, which has been privately circulated among the upper classes throughout Europe:—

WANTED,

For a kingdom, situated between latitudes 43 and 51 S., longitudes 5 W. and 8 E., (of Lond.) a person to be called *King*: to be under the guidance of certain tutors and ministers. Religion Catholic—principles to depend upon the aspect of affairs; but with regard to principles the *person* will be duly instructed

and prompted. The only duty required will consist of occasionally shewing himself at mass, and repeating set speeches of love and liberty. A good salary is given, as there have been instances of those formerly filling the situation having been foreshortened, in case, on trial, the person should not suit, a quarter's notice will be given.

Apply for further particulars, to Talleyrand, Lafayette, and Co., King-brokers, Paris.

N.B. No person need apply that is not fully determined to act the part of an automaton, nor presume to foist an opinion at variance with his employers.

N.B. Common sense not a requisite.

We are informed by our Asmodeus, that the Duke of Gloucester is about to apply for the vacancy in behalf of Colonel Higgins, he being fully satisfied, from his well-known toad-eating qualities, and the fact of no common sense being required, that he will fill the part admirably.

Why don't Leopold try this? He failed in Greece because he didn't know how to manage the Greeks—a Charles the XIIth was wanted. He failed in Belgium because a man of common sense was required—we need seek no further cause: let him try again—the third time *may* be lucky: at all events, if he loses his head in the experiment, he will only lose the worst part about him. Let him apply to the King-brokers, nay, we will prompt him a letter:—

“MESSIEURS,—

I hasten to answer the private circular you have sent round Europe. I am tired of Belgium, that is, they are tired of me; a discontented set of phlegmatic fools, they can't imagine any man is clever unless he shews it, at all events, I shall leave, and the stupid English don't like my making a *pis-aller* of them—my market garden is run to seed, Claremont in ruins, and, to wind up, I think I should like the situation you offer. As for my principles, you must be aware they are wax, ready to receive any impression, my head soft, ready to fit any crown; and so long as you give me plenty of money, plenty of vegetables, and little to do, I don't mind taking the risk of the casualty mentioned in your circular,—being particularly active upon the legs, and a firm disciple of Demosthenes,—

“He who fights, and runs away,

Will live to fight another day.”

Address to me under cover to my relation, William the 4th, as at the time this reaches you, it is quite uncertain what will be the locale of, Messieurs,

Yours, while

LEOPOLD.

BREVITIES.

“Brevity is the soul of wit.”—Shakspeare.

A horrid state.

Those persons who oppose the separation of Church and State are the enemies of the establishment, for nothing can be worse than its present *state* at any rate.

A striking instance.

The tailors are said by some to be taking strong measures—but this is an error, since it is in their refusal to *take any measures at all* that the present dilemma originates.

Noted characters.

The report of Wednesday says, “a message came to the Lords from the Commons bringing some *returned bills*.” What can this mean? Has Horace Twiss been making his bills payable at St. Stephens.

Places wanted.

The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said a few nights ago, that “he wished Lord Grey would *put him in a situation*.” An error of the printer has omitted the rest of the sentence.

General deficiency.

Lord Londonderry declared the other night in the House of Lords that “he had not on that evening attended with *any understanding*.” Can his Lordship say when he ever did attend with such an article.

Gloucesteriana extraordinary.

The Dissenters have been praying for the redress of *specific* grievances—which Gloucester declares is praying for the abolition of *quack medicines*.

Honourable Absentee.

The Duke of Cumberland, we are informed by the *Times*, honoured the entertainment given by the Marchioness of Salisbury. We congratulate the Marchioness on not being pestered by the company of the Duke of Cumberland, his *absence* being evidently meant by the *honour* conferred.

THEATRICALS.

The theatrical world is at present in a state of gloom, all theatres from the highest to the lowest, (which lowest has long been Drury Lane,) feeling at this moment the baneful influence of public apathy. The joint lessee has lately become so rabid at his failure, and so dreadfully depressed by the horrid prospect of his approaching smash, that he has become pugilistic, and has had several sets-to with the supernumeraries and the scene shifters. Not content with venting his fury on such a head as that of our respected friend Tett, (the first banner bearer of his day,) our friend Bunn has been blackguarding the French aristocracy, and positively floored a foreign Viscount in the *Green Room* of Covent Garden. These proceedings will not pay salaries, which Bunn knows, and therefore there is more difficulty in accounting for his ferocious deportment towards the world in general, and his own creditors in particular. It is rumoured also in theatrical circles, that not content with pitching into his servants, Bunn has actually turned round against his master, and that Captain Polhill was forced to be upon the defensive in a *fracas* that occurred between himself and the velvet breeched annuitant. These are horrible goings on, for the national theatres at all events, though if the two houses should be turned into rings for prize fighting, we should not hear of the fact with the smallest astonishment. The novelty of the week has been the production of *The Fairy Slipper* at Covent Garden, in which old Albert, the octogenarian dancer is introduced, having been dragged from his native land to *pirouette* inefficiently on the English boards, and waste the remainder of his days in idle contortions of his frame, a horrid instance of the triumph of old time over vigour and activity. Albert, some seventy years ago was a magnificent dancer, but the hoary veteran ought not now to imitate the briskness of youth, and torture his debilitated frame into attitudes he is no longer capable of gracefully accomplishing. Even Garrick might have been too old to act had he lived until this day, and we believe we are right in saying that old Albert was Garrick's contemporary. Mademoiselle Noblet was about ten years since a Mrs. Noble, but she has taken her *T* in France, and come back a mademoiselle, by a process we cannot

understand, as we do not see how a sojourn in France can restore a married woman to a state of single blessedness. Perhaps in Paris she has learnt the undeniable fact, that abroad there is little difference between a *madame* and a *demoiselle*, so that what must be called *Mistress* in England, may have passed off as a *Miss* in France; and in assuming a foreign name she has thought a maiden appellation quite as fit for a married as an unmarried lady. She dances gracefully, and might in appearance almost pass for a French *demoiselle*, did we not unhappily remember her some ten years ago daucing at Drury Lane as plain *Mrs. Noble*. The ballet is, we must admit, got up on a superb scale of *credit*, but it will never remunerate the parties employed on it. On several evenings lately, Covent Garden has been opened with nothing for performance but *two ballets* and one farce, so that our national theatre is entirely devoted to dumb show, with the exception of one farce occupying about half an hour out of the whole night's performance. This needs no further comment, than such as will be afforded by the treasurer's books, the *per contra* and credit side of which present any thing but a tendency to the prevalent doctrines of equality. Drury Lane has been opened to houses of about twenty pounds *per* night, and we understand it is the intention of the lessee to dismiss his treasurer. We think the most economical plan for Bunn would be to have a charity boy at sixpence per week, for a quarter of an hour every night to keep the books of the theatre. Any child that could add up money to the amount of twenty pounds, could fulfil the duties of treasurer most delightfully.

The young lady who has appeared at the Victoria as Juliet, has since repeated the part with extraordinary effect, and in fact if she take pains she will certainly take a high rank in the profession. We were agreeably surprised by Miss P. Horton's Romeo, which certainly is better than that of the sundry males whom we have seen from time to time in the character. C. Kemble's we always thought vile, and in fact never ventured further than the portico in Bow-street when he acted it, for that was the only situation in which he could be heard to advantage. It is a well known fact, that the rant of C. Kemble in this part was the real cause of the removal of the public police office to the opposite side of Bow-street. Birnie used to swear "he never could deliberate when that fellow Kemble was at the next door, roaring through Romeo." Finding the nuisance could not be abated as the theatre was a patent one, the police office was removed across the street to avoid interruption.

At the Fitzroy, the much-talked-of drama of 1934, or a *Hundred Years hence*, was produced in a most novel manner, and with, to this house, a most novel result, for it may be unmincingly pronounced a failure. It was an admirable idea, and has been most cruelly spoiled by the author, who has completely failed in his task, owing principally to the total lack of all incident, and perhaps in some degree to the haste in which he has written it. Much of the dialogue is tedious in the extreme, only relieved by a few touches of satire; but the piece being totally without plot, may be said to be totally without interest. An author's friends will always find excuses for him, and the most general one is, "Oh! it is too good—the people don't understand it." To write too well is as bad as to write too ill, and the latter is generally the case if the public don't appreciate. If a man will write *too cleverly* (?) he must take the consequences, and had better in his next effort condescend to be about as bad as Shakespeare, or at least level himself with some author who has not been *above* the comprehension of his audience. In other words, that which does not

succeed cannot possibly be clever, for there is no ability displayed in failing (no matter from what cause) to fulfil the purpose that has been contemplated. When an author writes a piece he means it to succeed, and if it do not, he has attempted that which is beyond his ability. The piece was excellently received from beginning to end, and is much indebted to some of the performers. Miss Chaplin and Miss Crisp were perfect in their parts, and each spoke the dialogue assigned her with considerable point and spirit. Their dresses, too, were particularly effective, being on the precise pattern of the dress worn by the St. Simonian women, a costume, by the bye, which is extremely becoming. Mitchell was extremely effective as Florid, a philosophic servant, while Manders and Oxberry, as a peer and a *litterateur*, were as amusing as the parts assigned them would admit of. Mitchell, who makes a character of every thing he plays, stepped with immense tact into the airs of a servant of the next century, and the scenes between himself and Miss Chaplin told better than the other portions of the piece, owing to both performers being perfect in their parts, and to the very great ability displayed by both in acting them. Mr. Holmes, as an exquisite of 1934, likewise afforded much amusement by his delineation of the probable manners of a fop of that æra. The scenery did great credit to the ingenuity of Messrs. Finley and Young, and when the performers get smooth in the dialogue, the piece will be well worth seeing, owing principally to the extreme novelty of the idea, which is sufficient to excite the curiosity of all playgoers. *The Frolics of the Fairies*, after a glorious career at the Victoria, has returned to its old quarters at the Fitzroy, and the infant performers were hailed on their re-appearance here by a full and fashionable audience. Another burlesque, by the author of *The Revolt of the Workhouse* is forthcoming. If it be as successful as its predecessor, there must be a tremendous influx to the treasury.

TO TRADES' UNIONISTS.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen.

Wound with a touch that scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 128.]

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE TAILORS.

A TRAGEDY FOR WARM WEATHER.

The heroes of the shears are still at daggers drawn, and the aristocracy of the land is gradually advancing to seediness.—The journeymen still refuse to work, the masters still refuse to pay higher wages, while lords loudly boast their determination to be out at elbows rather than encourage tradesmen who pay the sum demanded by the workmen. In fact the whole proceeding is a revival of the celebrated *tragedy for warm weather*, in which the tailors bore so conspicuous a part some years since, on which event is founded the burlesque of *Quadrupeds*, that created so great a sensation at the period. The *Dungs* and the *Flints* were then the contending parties, but the struggle is now betwixt journeymen and masters, who are in their hearts as *flinty* as any of the party that once bore the *stone* distinction. The contest becomes more formidable every day, and meetings are constantly taking place to deliberate on the important subject of dissension between the men and their employers. How it will terminate no one can as yet conjecture. There is a revolution in the world of tailors, and every thing they do is fraught with horrible mystery. The following is a stirring address that has been circulated widely among the masters of the metropolis. It is said to be the production of Hугее, and certainly the style is much after the manner of that distinguished artist, for it *cuts out* any thing of the kind ever before written, and the *measure* is perfect in its peculiar fashion.

VOL. III.

To the Master Tailors of England.

Awake my muse,

My efforts kindly bless,

Assist me now

In making this *a-dress* ;

Aid me to say,

How much my bosom swells,
With feelings that
Are *inexpressibles*.

Yes, let me vent

My rage in numbers fleet,

I'll write in *yards*,

And scorn poetic *feet*,
Careless of what's the *measure*,

'Tis my aim

In tailors breasts

To blow the sacred flame.

Of resolution,

'Tis my grand desire,

To set the tailors

Bosoms all on fire,

Why should the masters,

To the workmen pay,

More than they always

Have before *per day* ?

Arouse ye snips,

It has in scorn been told,

To make one man

Requires nine tailors bold ;

Throw off the imputation

By the goose,

That on the cloth a smoothness

Doth produce.

W. Mothaux, Printer, 13, Ball Buildings, Fetter Lane.

By all the cabbage
 You have oft obtained,
 By clothes charged in
 The bill and yet retained;
 By every thing
 That's sacred I implore,
 You'll pay no more
 Than what you've paid before.

This spirited address has produced an effect on part of the trade of not a very salutary character, but the journeymen have in some degree counteracted its pernicious influence by the following rather pathetic melody, descriptive of the fate of a journeyman who was continuing to work at the old prices, having refused to join the union. The song is evidently founded on one of the beautiful melodies of Moore, and indeed so close is the resemblance that we are justified in announcing it as

AIR.—*The Last Rose of Summer.*

'Tis the last of the tailors
 Left working alone,
 All his mates of the shop-board
 Have struck and are gone.
 No knight of the thimble,
 No snip, now appears
 To pass him the needles
 Or hand him the sheers.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To work in the shop,
 Since the others have struck, Sir,
 I beg that you'll stop,
 Thus coolly I take then,
 Your scissors and thread,
 Leave working and go to
 The Union instead.

So soon will I follow,
 When slack is my trade,
 Till the wages we ask shall
 Be readily paid.
 For, when masters make profits
 About *cent. per cent.*,
 Who to work for low wages
 Can e'er be content.

This melody has, we believe, produced a very considerable effect on the minds of the journeymen, who strike simultaneously when any of their fraternity is heard singing it.

INTERPRETER.

Achievement of Royalty.

The King took an airing in an open carriage, and the Queen walked for some time on the Slopes.—*Court Circular.*

Much as we have lauded the achievements of royalty, and frequently as we have paid the warm tribute of adoration to the miracles performed by Majesty, we do not think that we ever at any time met with any thing more loudly calling for

our enthusiastic praise than the feat performed by the Queen, as set forth in the above paragraph. "The King took an airing in a carriage," says the *Court Circular*, but honourable as the fact is to the blessed sovereign, his triumph falls into the shade when contrasted with the act of his fascinating consort. "The Queen walked *on the Slopes.*" Can any thing be more honourable to her Majesty than this triumph of art over nature. *The Slopes!* How difficult the act of walking on them! Positively our Queen is an ornament at once to her subjects, her sex, and to society.

Too Late.

On the Queen's late visit to St. Paul's, a great number of the bishops assembled at the deanery, for the purpose of proceeding to the entrance of the cathedral to meet her Majesty on her arrival, who it appeared, however, had arrived and taken her seat, (to which she was ushered by the Lord Mayor and other civic officers,) before their Lordships could reach their destined post.—*Morning Herald.*

It is horrible to remark the indifference manifested by some of the bishops to the important duties of their sacred offices. From what we have quoted from *The Morning Herald*, it appears that a great many of the fathers in God, who were to have gone through the imposing ceremony of escorting the Queen to her seat, were positively not present at the proper moment, and Majesty walked bishopless to the seat assigned to her. It is not necessary to comment further on this strange proceeding; our contemporary, *The Herald*, has veiled it in due mystery, and the solemnity of the fact is perhaps better preserved by bare announcement than if it were made the subject of remark or speculation.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 76.

The Duke reading the extracts from the foreign papers, was much struck by the following dated from Paris:—"M. Quesnel has made an attack upon the Moors and carried off 400 head of cattle." "What," howled the agitated Duke, "who the deuce is M. Quesnel—and what on earth has he been up to? Making an attack upon the moors! Good gracious! And carried off 400 head of cattle! Good gracious! Why didn't he catch some grouse upon the moors! Good gracious!" The Duke here fell into an abrupt swoon.

"I see," said the Duke to himself the other day in a deep reverie, "I see from the papers that the House of Commons will be very short of *chairs* in a week or two." The *aid-de-camp* who was within earshot, instantly inquired with his usual innocence, what was the *caper*? "Why," cried the Duke, "Higgins, my young one, here is a pretty set out. I find that they have nothing to sit down upon in the House of Commons. Listen to this," and he impressively read out the following extract from the newspaper.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Public Committees *will sit on*

The Law of Libel at 3.

On Weights and Measures at 1.

On Newspapers and Unstamped Publications at 2.

"There Higgins," cried the Duke pathetically, "they have evidently no chairs in the House. What a state must they be in to be reduced to sitting on old newspapers and weights and

measures." Higgins threw himself down stairs in a paroxysm of uneasiness.

As Gloucester and Higgins were proceeding with their marbles to St. Giles', the *aid-de-camp* got into a pugilistic set-to with a chimney-sweep, and consequently arrived rather late at the usual place of amusement, Gloucester, who was sweeping with his pin-afore a clear place for the ring, observed Higgins approaching covered with soot and polishing the royal alley on his corderoys, the natural exclamation of the Duke was "Won't you catch it!" Higgins, however, dried his eyes, and they commenced a quiet game of shoot in the ring. The *aid de-camp* shot first, and with such success that he cleared the ring excepting one. The Duke then took his turn, and knuckling down with great vehemence, shot his favorite alley through the grating of a sewer; then cramming Higgins' and his own nose through the bars for about two hours, he returned to Gloucester House with his frill torn, his stockings about his heels, and was sent to bed immediately.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare*.

A bad lot.

An advertisement in the papers commences thus, "*Mr. Stanley will submit to sale.*" Can this allude to any intention on the part of the honourable Secretary of State to put himself up to auction.

The old yarn.

We read in the paper that "the demand for *yarn* continues to be as brisk as last week." If this be the fact, we presume the demand for Peel's speeches will be as great as usual.

A rarity wanted.

An advertisement in the paper says, "a married man is wanted without incumbrance." If a man *be married* and does not feel himself encumbered, it is clear that the advertiser is on the look out for a rarity.

Candid confession.

Lord Althorp, according to a parliamentary report, objected on Wednesday last to an *amendment*. This is at least candid, for such an objection is characteristic of the present Ministry.

Twisting an excuse.

Horace Twiss declares that necessity is a sufficient justification for any thing. If that be his doctrine, we should not be surprised at *his* fancying himself justified in any thing—for his exchequer is in the latest stage of a decline—at least if we are to put faith in the assertions of his creditors.

English Cupidity.

Talleyrand seems likely to gain as great a reputation for his *bon mots* in our language, as he has already in his own; this will be seen from the following philosophic *jeu d'esprit*, which he is said to have made, in reply to an eulogy by an Englishman upon the domestic habits of his countrymen. "You may talk as you will," said Talleyrand, "of the links that bind you one to another, and the social ties by which your affections are

enchained, but I have found in England, as it is over the whole world, the strongest and dearest of all *ties* to be *proper-ty*.

Epigram.

A poet, who's not over nice,
At critics' hands deserves no mercy;
Verse never should be lent to vice,
But *tout au contraire*, vice versa.

THEATRICAL CHICANERY.

A case that has excited some interest in theatrical circles was tried on Wednesday, and is one of the delightful specimens that have occurred of the benefit to be derived from allowing a national theatre to be in the hands of a foreigner. We always maintained that when Laporte first placed his foreign foot in Covent Garden, that English talent would suffer from the intrusion, and the case of Mitchell v. Laporte is a glaring instance of the truth of our prediction. Mitchell, who is decidedly most infinitely superior to a very large majority of the Covent Garden troop, and in talent far beyond any low comedian upon the joint establishment, was withdrawn by Laporte from the Strand, which he wished to crush, and transplanted to Covent Garden, merely because the latter was in danger of rivalry from the former, so long as Mitchell and one or two more were members of its company. Laporte, having transferred the house to Bunn, tries to sneak away from his contract, and Bunn, who in his mean evasion of the agreement, outdoes, in shuffling, all former managers within mortal memory, declines to recognize the engagement, though such recognition has been the custom from time immemorial. The case was tried on Wednesday, and Laporte, finding his side rather weak, got *Hill*, (the M.P. for Hull, famous for his veracity on a late affair in which the Irish members were concerned,) to plead his cause, and certainly in his able contortion of fact, he proved himself well worthy the *peculiar* reputation he has acquired. Hill, among other *tricks*, equally characteristic of himself, because equally *true*, declared that contracts made with managers of theatres were only meant to be adhered to by the said managers so long as the theatres prospered. According to this comfortable doctrine, the actors are the only speculators, and the manager is merely a person destined to clutch the profits, if there be any. Mitchell sought damages for breach of the engagement, and the jury would have of course awarded them, but Denman, who being a new made judge, likes to shew his authority, coolly got up and smashed the case before the time came when a verdict would have been given. We can appreciate Denman's zeal to do a little bit of Chief Justiceship, but we would suggest another time that law might as well be blended with his future exhibitions of authority. Denman was quite out in his law, but when we consider the peculiarity of all the law officers appointed by the Whigs, we should not look upon the circumstance as any thing extraordinary. The only harm he has done is to keep Mitchell out of his money a little longer, because in spite of Lord Denman, the law must ultimately be acted on.

THEATRICALS.

The two theatres are daily getting into a worse mess, and Bunn is of course growing more desperate than ever. It is rumoured that if Bunn fail Laporte will re-enter, and the transfer of the foreign gang to the Drury Lane boards looks as if the arrangements were in progress which must avow the long expected smash of the small annuitant. *The Fairy Slipper* is one of the most atrocious efforts to humbug an audience that ever was attempted, and the insolent attempt has been punished by a signal desertion of the premises on the part of the public in general. Albert has been capering with (considering his age) the most horrid activity, opposite a five pound house, and Albert *filis*, as he is facetiously called in the play-bills, does not succeed in *filling* even the gallery. The octagonal saloon is a striking instance of commercial credulity, and one is puzzled to know who can be the victims in trade that have consented to produce the costly foolery.

Drury Lane has been a desert for some weeks, notwithstanding the presence of that most conceited of all coxcombs, Farren, who values himself at precisely five millions *per cent.* beyond the proper estimate. We understand that this person goes about puffing himself in the public thoroughfares, and even argues with the baked tatur boys upon the extent of his abilities. We understand that he occasionally collects a crowd of ragamuffins in the highway, and rushing with them through the metropolis, leads them into Kenneth's shop at the corner of Bow-street, and then gives them a lecture upon the extent of his genius. We understand that one of his most serious boasts is that his acting is remarkable for *abandonment*, and he protests that to study *abandonment*, as he indecently calls it, has been the work of twenty years. Now we cannot see why Farren should have taken twenty years to study what he might have seen in his own family in less than twenty minutes. The fact is, there is a vast deal of humbug about Farren, and though as an artist he may have some merit, yet he is decidedly in his own estimate something incalculably beyond what he is in that of any other individual.

The Fitzroy being the only theatre in London that intends to do any thing for the Whitsun holidays, has at an immense sacrifice to the proprietor closed for a week, in order to facilitate the extensive operations in progress for the production of novelty. It re-opens on Monday with a new burlesque by the author of the *Revolt of the Workhouse*. The subject of the intended burlesque was to have been the *Fairy Slipper*, but the failure of that piece is so palpable, that it is unworthy the honour of immortalization at the Fitzroy. *Gustavus* is the theme that has been selected, and its popularity certainly seems to point out as the best that could be chosen. It will of course embrace the powerful comic and musical talent of this highly popular establishment. Mrs. Norton, Lord Melbourne, and a large party of the aristocracy visited the house on Saturday, having requested the performance of the *Revolt of the Workhouse*, which elicited their most rapturous applause, and the loudest laughter. The novelty for the holiday week appears to be excessive, and the house will of course be as full as usual.

The minors generally are somewhat supine in their proceedings, but the Victoria has something in progress which will probably restore that house to the state of prosperity it enjoyed on its opening under the present respectable management. The legitimate drama has already, on more than one occasion, found an asylum within its walls, and we understand, that one of the very few living tragic authors, will shortly introduce to the world a new tragedy through the medium of the Victoria. The arrangement will be most honourable to both parties, should it be completed, and we believe it is not likely there will be on either side the slightest impediment. When the national drama is kicked out by Bunn from its proper temples, we ought to be glad to find there is a theatre like the Victoria wherein it can find a refuge. By-the-bye, the coronation humbug at Drury Lane was dull in the last degree. It was merely a display of dirty supernumeraries, decked out in all the cast off finery of Holywell-street. The affair was got up on a scale of extreme *tag-rag-and-bobtailism*, introducing the whole strength of Monmouth-street, but as for the rest, it was all riff-raff and rubbish, with nothing to relieve the tediousness of the exhibition. Shogog is a splendid creature, no doubt, and Tuckwell may rival the Apollo Belvedere in symmetry, while the expressive eye of the intellectual Mears is a fine object to contemplate; but these magnificent animals, however various the costume in which they may be served up, cannot always please, and a walk across the stage, however dignified, cannot charm an audience. There may be talent in Shogog's determined clutch of the gaudy banner, there may be genius in Tuckwell's easy handling of the ponderous halbert, there may be spirit in the sinister squint of the sardonic Mears, as he struts from wing to wing in the pride of his well-vermilioned chops, and his nose mollified by the application of the soothing white-wash, but these things, however talented, cannot fascinate for ever, and Bunn cannot hope to keep the houses open on the strength of his supernumeraries. The concert was good in its way, but particularly tiresome, owing to the great sameness that pervaded it.

NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

The Revolt of the Workhouse,

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THE SON OF THE SUN,

or, The Fate of Phaeton,

By the author of the Revolt of the Workhouse. Also just published, price one shilling.

THE KING IN COG.,

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Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

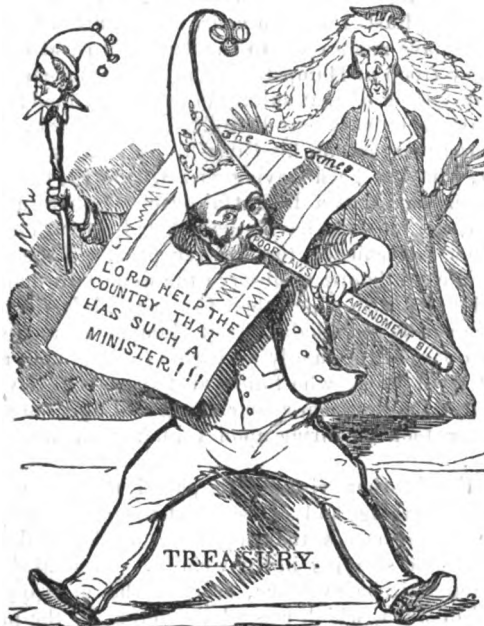
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No. 129.]

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

ALTHORP THE IDIOT.



Seymour having been reposing upon his oars for the last week has made a strong pull in order to fetch himself up in his character of assassin in general of all political quackery. His representation of Althorp in the garb and trappings of an idiot, is perhaps one of the highest, because one of the most voracious efforts of his pencil, inasmuch as the truth of a caricature is always one of the best tests of its merit. With his customary tact in these matters, Seymour has been determined to spare our labour, and has sent forth to the world a design that is its own comment. Who can misunderstand the intention of

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the artist in placing the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the position wherein he is here viewed, sucking the Poor Law Bill, by way of a lollipop, though by the bye is likely to prove a bitter one in the end for him. The situation in which he is placed with the Times hanging on his neck like a millstone, is a crafty allusion at the drubbing he has recently experienced in that paper, which at one time was one of his warmest advocates. As we are aware that all the Members of the Ministry devour this work at their breakfast, taking as it were an interpreter with a mouthful of tea, and an anchovy by way of sandwich between two brevities, knowing as we do this, we will not affect the appetites of any of them by any further comment on the predicament in which Seymour has been facetiously pleased to deposit their candid colleague.

INTERPRETER.

The See at Low Water.

We are authorised to state that the Archbishop of Canterbury gave his last public dinner at Lambeth palace, on Saturday last, the 17th instant.—*Morning Herald.*

The prelate has evidently been going at the business of hospitality, rather too freely, and finds it necessary to draw in for the purposes of retrenchment. The father-in-God seems to have been, in vulgar language, over-running the constable, and he now deems it expedient to announce that he intends declining dinner-givings, and public blows-out for the future. We regret extremely that he should be compelled to make so public a matter of his inability to give any more dinners at present.

Benevolence of Nature.

The general appearance of the hop plantations in this neighbourhood is promising, the blues growing kindly and looking fresh and vigorous.—*Hereford Journal.*

W. Mollineux, Printer, 12, Rollo Buildings, Fetter Lane.

There is a species of healthful twaddle about this paragraph which is perfectly inspiring to the commentator on its absurdity. It is a piece of matter of fact agricultural news dressed up in the Leigh Hunt style of phraseology. It is in fact the very poetry of the plantations, and shows a charming instance of the Muse haunting the hop gardens. What can be more poetically pretty than the idea of attributing *kindness* to *hops*. It is so appropriate yet so new. *Kind hops*, must be exceedingly attractive, and we shall probably ere long find the same poetic diction applied to all the produce of the earth, so that the costermonger will be crying his "*benevolent onions*," which is perhaps as pertinent and decidedly more gentlemanly than the summer cry of "*blackguard cherries*."

GEMS OF THE EAST.

Under this attractive title we have this week got together a budget of civic wit, unrivalled for its raciness in the annals of *facetiae*. It combines gems of poetry and prose relating exclusively to the land of the East, so fertile in venison, bad puns, and fat Aldermen. By way of an *exordium* we will give the following splendidly descriptive introductory effusion. Every one remembers Byron's lines commencing with the words that open the lines below, but the former must now for ever yield to the latter in popularity.

Know ye the land that's in gourmands so fertile,
With stomachs so full but so empty in pate?
Where the delicate, tempting, green fat of the turtle,
Now melts in the mouth, and now shakes in a plate.

Where the steam of the meats, and the viands that fume,
O'erpower the sense of each cit. in the room;
Where the ven'son is found every palate to suit,
And the Alderman's tongue is by feeding kept mute.

'Tis the land of the East—'tis the place of the Mayor,
Can he eat half the dinners they cook for him there?
No; unnoticed as Laurie's wild shriek of farewell,
Are half of the dishes they serve up so well.

The next gem of the East with which we shall favour our readers, is a speech by Lord Farebrother, spoken on his first accession to the civic throne, on the occasion of his presiding at a dinner in celebration of cattle stuffing. The city grandees had met to rejoice over the achievement of a terrifically fat ox, the largest animal ever known, and they kept in view the object of the meeting by making of themselves the greatest beasts possible. Here is the speech, it is couched in dignified and royal terms, for every Lord Mayor imagines himself a sovereign. The oratorical effort was in returning thanks for his health having been drunk.

My People—Though my helth is generally drunke wherever I appens to git, yet this here onour, what you've done me now, exceeds, I may say (when I kinsiders the lick) double Xeeds all the tributes what have been offered to me since my accession to the may-o-royalty. The onerable chap on my left, Lord Althorp, is a member of the government, and his presence here proves that my ally King William (Vest End Bill, as my vife calls him), is not gellus of my dignity. My people, as long as I cits upon the sivick thrown, I shall be happy, and including the Kween, I may say we shall be *two* appy to see you at dinner as often as you likes to kum; and it will be my pride, to the latest our of my life, to cram beasts of all sorts, as a mark of my esteem for this here society." This address was received with 82 times 4, and the King of the Cockneys was so agitated that, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he gracefully blew his nose upon the tablecloth.

Our next gem is one which we furnish with peculiar pleasure,

inasmuch as it gives us an opportunity at the same time of amusing our readers and evincing our gallantry. Nothing can give us greater pleasure than doing justice at once to female beauty and enlivening the pages of this periodical. All who remember Moore's lines commencing as these which follow commence, must be struck by the superiority of the latter, though we think the richness of the subject somewhat detracts from the merit of the poet. The effusion is one of a collection of

Lays of the Cockney Female Aristocracy.

There's a beauty for ever unchangingly fat,
With a stomach like Barclay and Perkins's vat,
Swelling out, swelling out, so that last time I found her,
It took me ten minutes or more to walk round her.

Oh! yes, 'tis a beauty precisely like this,
That made dear Mrs. Scales such a creature of bliss;
With a sleekness that like of the old sow who lays
In the mud on November's most dirty of days.

A terrible fleshiness, such as is found,
In a person whose stomach hangs down to the ground;
A pinguidity giving a grossness that flies,
From the chin to the cheeks, from the cheeks to the eyes.

For such is the terrible fat that prevails
On the carcase of dear Mrs. Alderman Scales.

Turn we now from poetry to prose, and refer our readers to the following unctuous extract from a Cockney Court Journal intended for private circulation only, and treating the dignitaries of the East End as a court and an aristocracy. The extracts we have made refer to the supposed rural residence of the cockney troop at Hampstead, and their movements in the fashionable season of that suburban neighbourhood:—

We have been very gay here during the week, principally owing to the presence of his Civic Majesty, King Farebrother the First, who has been staying with Queen F., the little uns, and a nursery-maid, at a delightful outhouse about a mile from the Heath, the building having been fitted up with a table and every other convenience for the reception of the illustrious family. We are happy to observe the demonstrations of affection and loyalty with which their Cockney Majesties are every where received by the inhabitants of Hampstead and its vicinity; indeed, no part of the family ever walks out without a crowd of dirty but loyal boys, who follow at the heels of civic royalty with shouts of enthusiasm at once rude and affectionate. Lord Farebrother took an airing upon a donkey for four hours, on Thursday.

Lady Farebrother visited the pound upon the Heath on Wednesday morning, and expressed herself perfectly satisfied with the arrangements that had been made for detaining an aged sow, found straying in the vicinity. Her Majesty, with her characteristic benevolence, ordered the unhappy brute a good feed of wash, which was administered by the parish beadle, assisted by the other authorities.

Lord Farebrother called on the local militia on Thursday morning. It is, at present, only one strong; but Lord Farebrother was highly delighted with *his* discipline, and, after talking with the veteran for nearly two hours, his Majesty condescendingly pulled out his own tobacco-stopper, which he bestowed as a mark of his royal regard upon the regiment.

Lady Laurie and Miss Araminta Laurie walked and rode for some time upon the Heath yesterday.

We are sorry to have to record an accident that might have been serious, which happened to one of the Cockney Princesses, Miss Julia Matilda Farebrother. She had just mounted her donkey, to take six penn'orth between Haverstock Hill and the Mother Red Cap, when the animal, who was lame of a fore leg, started off at a brisk hop in the direction of the pavement.

The Princess retained her seat with great skill, and presence of mind, for a short distance; but an omnibus coming by at the moment, the poor animal was so startled that it flew up against a wall at the side, and so jerked the Princess that she was thrown flying into the road, with a somerset unequalled in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. Fortunately she fell upon her head, and thus had something soft to come down upon. Had it been any other part of her person, there is no knowing what might have been the consequence. The nursery-maid came speedily to her assistance, and the young lady was much indebted to the gallantry of the young Mr. Tomkins (son of the butcher living near the spot) who, with great delicacy and politeness, was immediately at her side with a go of brandy, which she swallowed rapidly, and was carried home in a state of insensibility.

Alderman Harmer's family is expected shortly, a bed-room and the use of a kitchen having been already secured in the romantic recesses of Pond-street.

The Honourable Mrs. Michael Scales gave a cribbage party to the turnpike-man, the watchman, and the rest of the Hampstead ministers, on Monday. It was thinly attended, and every body got very drunk in the early part of the evening.

Sir Charles Flower, who is *bald*, is staying here, as he says, to get some of the "*fresh hair*" he has heard so much about. He says he hates a wig, and hopes soon to do without one.

His Excellency Key will give an onion feast in a few days, to celebrate his marriage with Lady K. Miss Isabella Pricilla Maria Key will come out upon the occasion, and is to open the ball with a double hornpipe, in which she will be assisted by Mr. Scales, junior.

Alderman Kelly, whose patriotic endeavours to resist the payment of turnpikes have excited so much attention, invariably eludes the obnoxious trust in this neighbourhood by trespassing, upon his spirited young donkey, over a field in the vicinity.

After this lengthy prose extract we cannot do better than wind up our *Gems of the East* with a poetical rhapsody which we cannot help thinking quite German to the subject. It is full of an exuberant adoration of eatables.

AIR.—*The Vale of Avoca.*

There's not in the wide world a compound so sweet,
As that pudding at Christmas we all of us eat;
Oh, the last dirty brown from my pocket must fly,
Ere a slice of that pudding I fail me to buy.

'Tis not that the cook has rubbed in with his thumbs,
The richest of currants and primest of plumbs;
'Tis not the clear brandy thrown in by the gill,
Oh, no! it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis the sauce that's spread over so rich and so clear,
Making every dear mouthful they give me more dear;
And which shows how the richest of puddings improve,
When we find it served up with a sauce that we love.

Sweet dinner of Christmas! how long could I cram,
With thy sirloin of beef, or thy turkey and ham;
And when the supply of substantial should cease,
I'd wind up with of pudding a thundering piece.

Bravo! that's a good Song, Higgins.

THE FIGARO CORRESPONDENCE.

A letter from the Duke of Gloucester is always sure to meet with attention from us, and indeed we make a point (whenever he favours us with a dispatch) of making it a feature of our periodical. The following note enters briefly but very acutely into the criminal code, and shows by a single joke how far present reformation may be advisable. We give the letter.

To the Editor of Figaro.

HONOURED SIR,

I merely sit down upon the form, and take out my copy book to address a few words to you on an important subject. I see that strong efforts are making to do away with summary punishment. Allow me to say these efforts are ill-timed just now, for as the *summer* is coming on, all punishments just now must of course be *summery*.

Trusting you will see the force of this here,

I am, Sir,

Your's respectfully,

GLOUCESTER.

PS. Higgins sends his duty.

THEATRICALS.

The coronation humbug at Drury Lane has had but little effect on the coffers of the hero of the 42l. 12s. *per annum*, and the trick of which he has been guilty, has met with a most summary exposition. On the first night of the production of the mournful mummery alluded to, Bunn crammed his bill with a variety of names, including those of Tamburini, Grisi, Rubini, Ivanhoff, and others, who appeared for that evening, but whose names were, on the second representation, slyly withdrawn from the bills, so that Bunn has been endeavouring to ram the coronation rubbish down the public throat, without the Italian singing, thinking that the deception would not be discovered until the parties had actually entered the house, and thus they would find themselves swindled without hope of recovery. We have no hesitation in proclaiming this to be a deliberate *do*, which has augmented the ignominy already enveloping, like an avalanche, the head of the *petit annuitant*. People who go to Drury Lane to hear the Italian singers, find themselves doomed to look upon the contents of Monmouth-street passing in review before them, under the imposing title of a *procession*, while Mears is the wretched substitute for Tamburini, and Shegog is the plaintive representative of the absent, but advertised, Ivanhoff. Shegog and Mears are both talented singers in *their way*, but they are in *every body's way* on the stage of Drury Lane theatre. Mears has been known, by the sweetness of his voice, to melt even the iron spittoons at the cider cellar, while in the same classic region, the magnificent cannon ball bass of the gong-toned Shegog, has several times shivered into atoms the fragile gin-glass, and the sensitively brittle tobacco pipe. But much as we admire this high style of talent, and most undoubted *power* of voice, we confess we would rather hear Ivanhoff than Shegog, and would prefer a song from Rubini to a canticle from the melodious Mears. We certainly wish to patronize native talent, but as to the notes of the illustrious duo we have named, however musical may be the E. F. G.—A. B. C. D., when poured from the throats of Mears or Shegog, we cannot help thinking the throats aforesaid more adapted to gulp down double X, than send out the lowest G or most harmonious F that was ever shot forth from the lip of mortal. In leaving Drury Lane, we naturally turn with our customary benevolence to endeavour to say a good word for Covent Garden, but alas! when we look at that house we find every thing in even a more deplorable and alarming state than at the neighbouring establishment. One of the most unholy attempts that was ever made to burke the dramatic muse, and put at once a pitch-plaster on the mouth of the spirit of Shakspeare, consists in the introduction to the boards of a sacrilegious athlete, who has been whirling his impious limbs upon the arm of a windmill, to assist in the degradation of that dying drama we have so long laboured to uphold. On seeing the Covent Garden bills of Tuesday, every one was seized with well-founded alarm, and

naturally began to conclude that a madman was abroad, and at large under the specious name of lessee of the two national theatres. Persons were seen examining the posters with telescopes, and other instruments of vision, apparently assuring themselves, that they had not mis-read the Covent Garden play bill. It was too true: the *feature was an athlete*!! a being undertaking to balance *backy pipes* on his snout, according to the elegant phraseology of a large baked-tatur-boy-party, that occupied the proscenium private box on the evening alluded to. The facts, we understand, are these, Bunn was walking out on Saturday, (which being pay day is of course a holiday,) and wandering in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, was instinctively attracted by the sight of a donkey, that stood towering in proud pre-eminence over the heads of the by-standers, supported by a ladder as a pinnacle. At the lower end of the ladder was a human chin, above which was a nose, to which Bunn could take his oath as being the property of a very old acquaintance. "Dicky, my boy," cried Bunn, and his well-known voice so startled the donkey balancer, that the ladder and the animal fell from his chin among the crowd, and a warm recognition ensued between the fellow mountebanks. After the first volcanic burst of friendship had been somewhat cooled by a jug of the very smallest beer, the following dialogue ensued between the pair, both of them evidently under the influence of the paltry decoction of malt to which we have alluded:—

Bunn.—This is poor work for you, an't it—what do you make?

Donkey balancer.—Why, yes, but I get my lodging every alternate month, at any rate, for the house of correction is as sure of me every now and then, as our mutual friend Horace Twiss is of the *dolce far niente* for a whole term time.

Bunn.—Well, but can't you come to one of my theatres, I can bring you out at Covent Garden. What can you do—can you balance?

Donkey balancer.—Balance! that I can, any thing but one.

Bunn.—What's that my old friend, what can't you balance?

Donkey balancer.—Your accounts my boy, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Bunn.—Egad, you'd be a clever fellow if you could, ha, ha, ha! but will you come to Covent Garden?

Donkey balancer.—Certainly, what will you give me?

Bunn.—A shilling a night, and half a rope of onions, for which you will find salt for our mutual supper.

Donkey balancer.—Done, agreed.

Bunn.—But what's your name, how am I to announce you in the bills?

Donkey balancer.—Name! my dear boy, how the deuce can I have a name, when I never knew any one belonging to me. Call me what you like.

Bunn.—Well, then, I'll give you a name, and as a foreign one takes best, and I think you'll make a *hit*, I'll call you *Signor Rappo*.

At this joke they both laughed heartily, and such is the origin of the engagement of the person who exhibited his frightful foolery on Tuesday night at Covent Garden.

The Surrey, whatever may be the success of its performances, cannot, we should think, be doing well in a pecuniary point of view, which supposition is the only thing bordering on an excuse, (and that a most mean and inefficient one,) for the heartless conduct we have heard alleged against one of its present proprietors. It seems that Mr. Osbaldiston, on the absence of Miss Somerville to attend on her mother, who died a few days ago, took advantage of her being away from the theatre, to forfeit her engagement, and thus to make her attention to a most sacred duty the means of depriving her of all support, at a time when she must be in the greatest need of it. If these

facts be true, comment is superfluous; we only hope for the sake of humanity, that we have been misinformed on the subject.

The Victoria has been prolific of novelty for the holidays, and a piece has been produced there from the pen of the author of *Giovanni in London*. We have not yet had time to see it, but we are told that it is in the happiest vein of that facetious writer.

The Fitzroy has been nightly crammed to witness the new burlesque of *Wagstavus, or The Barn Ball*, which has already taken a stand in popularity almost as high as *The Revolt of the Workhouse*. The scenery and dancing are of the most exquisite order, particularly the barn scene, fitted up for the corporation step, in which Oxberry, Goll, and others, *pirouette* with a degree of buoyancy that nothing, even on the boards of the King's Theatre, could parallel. Oxberry, as principal idiot in the fool's dance, certainly out-Coelestes Coeleste herself in the awful altitude of his sallatory movements. Goll's imitation of Mrs. Vining is likewise a rich gem of *burlesque*, and in fact the whole piece is a perfect parody on the renowned opera. Mitchell's acting in *Wagstavus* is of that felicitous description which constantly marks his personations, and in the dressing and action he gives a severe dig at Warde, the original representative. Manders's reputation as a *burlesque actor*, will, if possible, be enhanced by his achievement in the part of Ankerjohn, and though Oxberry's character is brief, his delicious imitation of the voice and manner of our cherished *protégé*, Templeton, gives a prominence to the part which it otherwise would not have acquired. Miss Chaplin not only acted with her customary talent as Madame Ankerjohn, but introduced a delightful air from *The Challenge*, which she sang with great taste, and indeed we consider her capable of doing more in the vocal way than she has hitherto attempted. Miss Crisp, who is at present one of the most promising singers of the day, executed the music assigned to her with great ability. She introduced the masquerade song from *Gustavus*, and an air from *The Challenge*, both of which are as effective in her hands as in those of Wilson and Miss Shirreff, who sing them in the original pieces. Miss Pettifer played the part of Phosphor, (the mayor's favourite tiger,) in a manner likely to enhance the reputation her clever performances have acquired. Her benefit, we see, takes places on Monday next, and we trust that the encouragers of genius in small parcels will be inclined to patronise. She appears on the occasion in a new part, in a piece called *The Little Duke*, written by Mr. Raymond, the author of *Robert the Devil*.

NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

The Revolt of the Workhouse,

By G. A. A. Beckett. Also just published, price one shilling.

THE SON OF THE SUN,

or, The Fate of Pha'ton,

By the author of the Revolt of the Workhouse. Also just published, price one shilling

THE KING INCOG.,

By the author of The Son of the Sun, &c. And also is now ready, price one shilling, the celebrated farce already played upwards of SIXTY SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS called

THE WANDERING MINSTREL,

By HENRY MAYHEW.

These pieces are all now performing at the various Provincial Theatres, and are published by James Miller, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.

They are all comprised in Miller's Edition of the Modern Acting Drama, and may be had by order of any Bookseller.

FINE BEAVER HATS.—EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS.

THE Beaver Hats, manufactured by the undersigned Patentees, and sold at the above Price, will be found fully equal to those sold by retailers at Twenty One Shillings. Dealers supplied by

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

“ Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere.”—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 130.]

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

A RUPTURE IN THE CABINET.

It is well known to all our readers that for the last twelve months we have been predicting a division in the cabinet, and that, with a spirit too truly prophetic, we have been anticipating the downfall of the Whig Ministers. In vain did we warn them of their danger; in vain did we place advice before them in these pages, which are devoured by the Ministers with more avidity than is displayed by Higgins in gulping down a joke of his Royal Master—in vain have we sent forth the thunder of admonition and the lightning of severity, to guide and illumine them in their way; our leaders, our interpreters, and our brevities have fallen as inefficient from our pen, as an affirmation from the lips of Hill, or morality from the mouth of Philpotts. However, it is now our pleasing duty to refer to our former predictions, of which the recent Ministerial resignations form a confirmation at once astounding and agreeable. We knew the Government could not long hold out against the heavy artillery of public opinion aided by our active archery; the ponderous cannon ball sent promiscuously forth may be compared to the public voice, which shakes to the very foundation the stability of what it touches; but it is the sharp-pointed and well-aimed arrow that becomes by a proper direction, the best instrument to use in attacking an enemy, for it can be nicely and discriminatingly employed in attacking the parts that are most assailable. It will be superfluous in us to draw the conclusion that we have supplied the place of the

latter, and that to us is in a great measure owing to the present division in the Cabinet. We must be excused for indulging in this most undoubted chuckle over the fate of the once-lauded Reform Cabinet, but we really cannot pass over the tempting opportunity of paying off the Whigs for their offences against the cause of liberality. We will do ourselves the pleasure of recording a few of the jokes that have been passed off at the expense of the poor broken down Government within the last few days. The principle *jeu d'esprit* on the delightful occasion is by Gloucester the Royal Wag, whose wit has shot out upon the house of Guelph a radiance that cannot be equalled by the royal line of ancestry from which it boasts its origin. Gloucester's wit is gas, where a royal descent would be but as a mere rushlight. However we must not lose ourselves in the wilds of rhapsody; but must give insertion to the magnificent *jeu de mot* of the Duke—our *protégé*. It runs thus,

Gloucester reading in the newspapers, and hearing it stated in society that Ministers were *going out*, immediately subjoined with that ready wit for which he is so eminent, “*going out, eh? well its a nice morning for them, and I hope they'll enjoy their walk. But stay, walk did I say? That cannot be, for if the Ministers are going out, I suppose they will still be as they have always been—cabin it (Cabinet.)*” In order that we may not detract from the effect of this magnificent joke, we shall add nothing further to this article. We cut it short in the middle as a mark of extreme reverence for Gloucester, even as in cases of a great performer having acted, the curtain has been abruptly let down in the middle of the piece, when *his part* has been concluded.

VOL. III.

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

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THE INTERPRETER.

Father and Son.

That Knowles, junior, is a wag, his performance of *Macbeth* places beyond the remotest possibility of doubt; but that the author of *The Hunchback* inherits his waggery from his respected father, is a point we were not aware of, till we were enlightened by the following pithy paragraph from that facetious journal, *The Morning Chronicle*, whose jokes ought to go down, even if they do not, for there is in them no want of gravity:—

"James Knowles, Esq., father of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, has been engaged for some time past in compiling an English Pronouncing Dictionary, and for which permission has been granted him to dedicate to his Majesty."

Old Knowles here figures as a wit of no trivial merit, though we must confess we do object to our own beloved Billy the Fourth being made the subject of merriment. We, however, may be over scrupulous; for our loyalty is as exuberant as the carbuncle at the tip of Farley's nose, and as deep-rooted as Grey's fingers in the coffers of the treasury. What would be an excusable jest in the eyes of some people, is magnified by our loyal optics into an enormous crime; for William the Fourth has the fourfold claim upon us of King, *Friend*, Father, and Contributor. The worthy Mr. Knowles has, therefore, been wrong, in our estimation, in quizzing his Majesty's pronunciation by dedicating a dictionary to the enlightened Monarch, who surely has a right "to do what he likes with his own," and if he wishes to murder the King's English, it is, as he (Heaven bless him!) would say in his own style, "*jist no-think to nobody*." We are quite certain that when Mr. Knowles, senior, sees this gentlemanly and temperate remonstrance against his disrespectful behaviour towards that light of the age—the Sailor King, the idol of the world in general, but of Wapping in particular—then, we say, he will wash away the offensive dedication from his otherwise useful volume, in a gushing torrent of the salt and savoury tears of penitent sensibility.

GLOUCESTERIANA, NO. 77.

The other morning the Duke went out with a procession of which the following is a description:—

THE NURSE supported by two crutches,
Charity Children four abreast.

A crowd of Cabmen.

Higgins and a tribe of baked tatur boys.

The Duke arm in arm with Elphick.

Another troop of Charity Children.

In this interesting gang did the Duke form a principal feature, occasionally stopping to indulge at the various beer shops which he passed in his pilgrimage. At length the elegant cavalcade came to a bill of Covent Garden, and the Duke having given the word to halt, he suggested a philosophical inquiry into the document before them. "It appears to me," said the Duke with a look of learning that almost overpowered the assembled crowd. "It appears to me that we may learn something from this bill," and he then read as follows:—"Mr. Macready will play *King Lear* on Monday according to the

original text of Shakspeare." After audibly repeating the announcement for nearly forty successive times, the Duke in his capacity of Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, coolly and deliberately demanded in an impressive tone what the deuce could be meant by it. "I think," he cried, "we may deduce a classic fact from this bill," and Higgins instantly prepared to take notes by mixing up an adjacent puddle with the neighbouring mud to constitute *ink*, while for a pen he ingeniously split up and prepared the end of his walking stick. "Now," continued Gloucester, "it seems that Mr. Macready is going to play *Lear* according to the original *text* of Shakspeare, from which we find that *text* was the hand in which the bard of Avon wrote all his manuscripts." This classic announcement was received with enthusiasm by the bystanders, a feeling that was much enhanced by the following rejoinder of Elphick:—"Yes," cried the dealer in filthy gin, "he wrote in *text* of course, for every one knows that Shakspeare was no *small* hand at it." Higgins rolled himself on the pavement as a mark of extreme humility.

A LETTER FROM HIGGINS.

Gloucester House,
May 28th, 1834.

My dear *Figaro*,

Having been an eye-witness to a scene at the Palace which has wounded my feelings very much, I write to you a faithful account of the whole transaction, knowing that it will in that way get to the whole nation of revenging myself on the King, who has been casting a slur on my royal patron's character in the following manner:—

His Majesty was, on Monday, according to daily custom, examining the plate, &c., to see that it was all safe; but coming at last to the *spoons* belonging to the royal family, found there was one short of what he had reckoned in his list. Getting then into a tremendous passion at the idea of the fearful loss, he kicked a servant who was standing by, out of the kitchen window, and me up three flights of stairs, commanding me to bring down a paper which I should find on the table. When I had brought it down, on coolly looking over the different items, he discovered that all this confusion arose from his having (by a great *mistake*?) set down the Duke of Gloucester as being a *royal spoon*.

As you may guess, it is with feelings of indignation at the insult, that I send you this, which, if you will be so indulgent as to admit, will in part satisfy my revengeful master.

I am, Sir,

The Duke's *protegé*,
HIGGINS.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare*.

Unity is strength.

If example be better than precept, the present relative position of the Ministers must have the effect of promoting materially the dissolution of the Unions.

A Smasher.

Coining has become a sin among people of consideration, at least if we are to judge from the *gout* among great politicians for *making sovereigns*. The result of an indulgence in this illicit proceeding is, that there are already very many *base sovereigns abroad*. The people over whom they are set, cannot do better than *pass them off* as speedily as possible, so that we in this case recommend the propriety of *smashing*.

At a stand still.

The Ministry, it has been said for a very long time, never can by any possibility *stand*. At all events it has now a better prospect than ever of *standing*, for it is quite impossible that it can any longer *go on*.

Epigram.

Why poetry can never sell
I think that I the cause can tell,
(My reason can't be fenced with):
'Tis this—that poetry is now
A drug, and 'tis a rule, I trow,
Drugs are to be *dispensed with*.

Classical Advice.

Lyndhurst got talking the other day to his eldest son about his education, and the youth underwent strictly critical examination as to his classical proficiency. Among other boasted achievements the boy exclaimed, "Oh, papa, I can decline *bonus*." "What's that, my dear boy, you say about declining *bonus*, never do that, recollect and make it the rule of your life not to do so; for it is by *never declining a bonus* that I have obtained all the money I am master of." The poor child was made to take a note of the parental warning.

A Royal Spooner.

The other day the papers informed us that a servant had absconded from Kensington Palace, taking with him some of the *Royal Spoons*. We trust the fellow has not been running away with our good friend the Duke of Gloucester.

Notes of preparation.

The papers says it is the intention of government to disband the militia. "*Disband the militia*," cried Lord Farebrother on reading the paragraph, "there's sad work for the poor musicians, isn't it?" Lady F. had a fainting fit brought on by a strong attack of benevolence.

Epigram.

Philosophers maintain,
Whene'er we suffer pain,
'Tis only *through the brain*.
Thus science does reveal it;
Then Gloucester's Duke no doubt,
If e'en the Russian knout,
Were laid his back about,
Would be certain not to feel it.

New System of Curtailing.

The *Morning Post* speaks of the intention of government to disband the militia. *Dis-banding* the militia is certainly sad work for the musicians.

A Misnomer.

An obscure periodical, whose name, were it mentioned here, the readers of the *Figaro* would not recognise, announces, with much pomp, that it is "*published every Saturday*." We beg leave to object to the expression, such a sale of about six copies per week cannot be said to be a *publication*.

THE MONOPOLIST.

Bunn! your monopolist must die,
Your system now the public rouses,
Like hurt Mercurio to cry,
"A plague o' both your houses!"

A LEG OF MUTTON AND CAPER SAUCE.

To praise enough I'm at a loss
A fine sheep's leg and caper sauce!
But Taglioni, when, like vapours,
She floats on air, (so say the papers),
I've then a *treat of leg and capers*!
And would prefer, as I'm a glutton,
That *lamb's two legs to four of mutton*.

GEMS OF THE EAST.

Michael Scales is about to start a periodical at Hampstead, to be called the *Rural Register*, or *Camden Town Chronicle*. It is to be eight times the size of the *Morning Chronicle*, and is to be sold for one halfpenny. Mr. Catnach, of Seven Dials, has been appointed Editor.

Mr. Jones, the milkman at Hampstead, kissed hands on Thursday last, upon the occasion of his receiving the domestic appointments of *purveyor of skim* to the Cockney royal household. The paw of Majesty was remarked to be rather cleaner than usual.

**TO THE READERS OF "FIGARO IN LONDON"
ALL OVER THE WORLD.**

During the last few weeks, circumstances have arisen to absorb so much of the time, attention, and occupation, of the editor of *Figaro*, that he has occasionally neglected his duty to his first and best friends, the readers of this periodical. With a kindness and consideration which he much values, they have apparently made allowances for him, for he has experienced *not the slightest diminution in the sale of this work*, a penalty he wonders he has not incurred, as he allows it is one he has merited. An excess of other and various occupations has distracted him too much from this work, which has frequently gone forth to the world full of imperfection and very late in publication. He has had letters of remonstrance on this subject, dictated in the most friendly spirit, and he has appreciated the interference, feeling it has been designed for his benefit. The object of this notice is, to declare, that in future the attention of the editor shall be properly given to this periodical, and also that the more mechanical arrangements of the paper, the printing, the engraving, &c., shall be concluded upon that principle of perfection and punctuality which in the outset of this work procured for it an extent and permanency of sale, against which not even recent neglect has, in the smallest degree, been felt to operate.

The editor hopes the present number may not be taken as a specimen of his intended reform, which will commence next week, and in the mean time he claims the indulgence of his readers, which, by-the-bye, is asking lenity at the hands of the *whole community*.

THEATRICALS.

At Covent Garden there has been a new farce from the pen of Dance, under the title of *Pleasant Dreams*, in which Liston has appeared as a member of the joint company of theatrical birds of passage between Drury-lane and Bow-street. The farce, like all the pieces by the same author, is exceedingly agreeable, but it cannot restore the two patent houses to respectability. Bunn's bad management and the warm weather combined would ruin any establishment, and the ultimate destination of the two houses must be *the dogs* to all intents and purposes. Bunn is about to take a benefit, and will reproduce the stud of animated cats'-meat for the interesting occasion. We are told that he intends playing on the night in question his old part of the *dragon* in the St. George rubbish, when he will, for that night only, stand upon his head, throw a somerset over a mustard pot, swallow a mutton chop whole, blow his nose upon the butt end of an arguebus, and sing "*Cherry Ripe*" with his right leg in a private box, and his left in a coal-scuttle. These immensely-talented evolutions he will go through with his accustomed grace, and will, we trust, reap the benefit of the exertion of his genius. In this case we have no doubt the house will be sufficiently good to pay his last washing bill, and also put a few half-pence into his pocket by way of baked tatur and marble money. We really do trust the little man will be enabled to achieve a financial flare-up, as it is hard indeed for a man at his time of life to be going down in the world like a nursery maid down Greenwich Hill on a fair day. Not that Bunn had at any time far to roll, but still we do not like to see any thing kicked over, however insignificant it may be, and though the smash of Bunn may resemble the knocking a jack-in-the-box off a stick at a fair, so far as his importance is concerned. Yet we shall mourn over his decline as an act of pity and benevolence.

The boasted success of the double company at the Surrey has not been equal to what has been supposed, and in fact there has been any thing rather than a redundancy in the amount of the audiences. *Esmeralda* is by no means a first rate melodrama, though the language taken from the novel is extremely powerful. Yet there is decidedly the spirit of Fitzball apparent in the construction of the piece in question. On the night we visited the house, it pleased Yates to be facetious in the part of the Hunchback, but the greasy million, not appreciating his comicality in a serious part, treated him with a few hisses at once unceremonious and salubrious. Our excellent friend Hemmings, the hero of the ham and beef premises, was as usual doing the interesting as the lover, and he certainly minces his words with the same delicate dexterity he would employ in mincing the sausage meat. There is, in fact, an air of commercial confidence about every thing done by Hemmings that considerably enhances him in the estimation of an audience. There is a species of self-satisfaction about him that quite atones for any deficiency in his acting. He seems to be saying to himself, "Well, if I *do* fail as an actor, the sausage concern is going on swimmingly, and why should I care for any thing?" This

would be a most sensible conclusion by which Hemmings might regulate his conduct. Let him give up the Berlins and white trowsers for the blue apron sleeves and carving knife.

At the Victoria the houses have not been particularly good, and, in fact, altogether there has been a re-action in theatrical affairs which has been felt by even the most flourishing and best managed establishments in the metropolis. We trust the Victoria will revive under the influence of Miss Mitford's new tragedy of Charles I., which will introduce Mr. Cathcart to the boards of this establishment. We know not why it is, but it seems that the authoress has always made the engagement of Cathcart a condition of the performance of her tragedy. He seems to be a sort of living mortgage on this literary property, and indeed Cathcart has been all along a bit of a drawback upon it in the market. We know nothing of the gentleman's powers, but we sincerely trust he may prove an acquisition, both to the theatre and to the tragedy.

At the Fitzroy, the only novelty of the week has been a drama called *The Little Duke*, written by Mr. Raymond, the author of *Robert the Devil*, principally with a view to the display of Miss Pettifer's abilities. The piece is a translation from the French, and is an extremely pleasant *bagatelle*, in which the youthful performer above mentioned sustains the principal part with very considerable ability. She took her benefit on Monday, on which occasion the house was extremely well attended. There was a philanthropic flare-up at the Fitzroy on Tuesday last, in the shape of a benefit for a society of lovers of their species. Humanity cashed up to the tune of some sixty pounds, a result equally honourable and satisfactory.

We have received the following ode from a correspondent:—

MISS SHIREFF.

Fair Shireff of all *Sheriffs* is the worst,
Her acting must provoke due retribution,
She makes us *put in an appearance* first,
Then overwhelms us by *execution*!
With notes, not *writes*, she ev'ry heart controuls
(And sweetly sound as notes of Dan Apollo *her's*!)
What other Sheriff can *arrest* our souls,
What Sheriff's officer has half her *followers*?

NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

The Revolt of the Workhouse,

By G. A. a'Beckett. Also just published, price one shilling

THE SON OF THE SUN,

or, The Fate of Pha'ton,

By the author of the Revolt of the Workhouse. Also just published, price one shilling,

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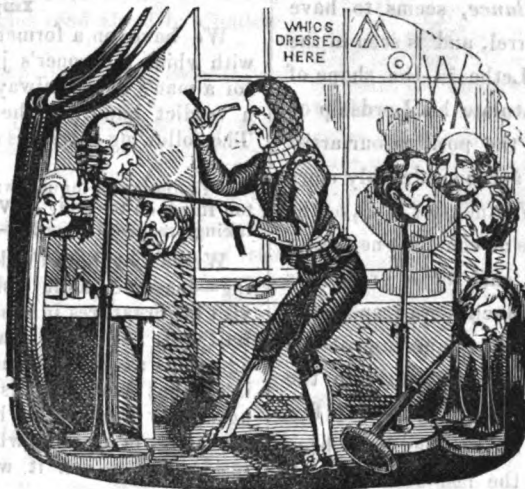
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FIGARO IN LONDON.



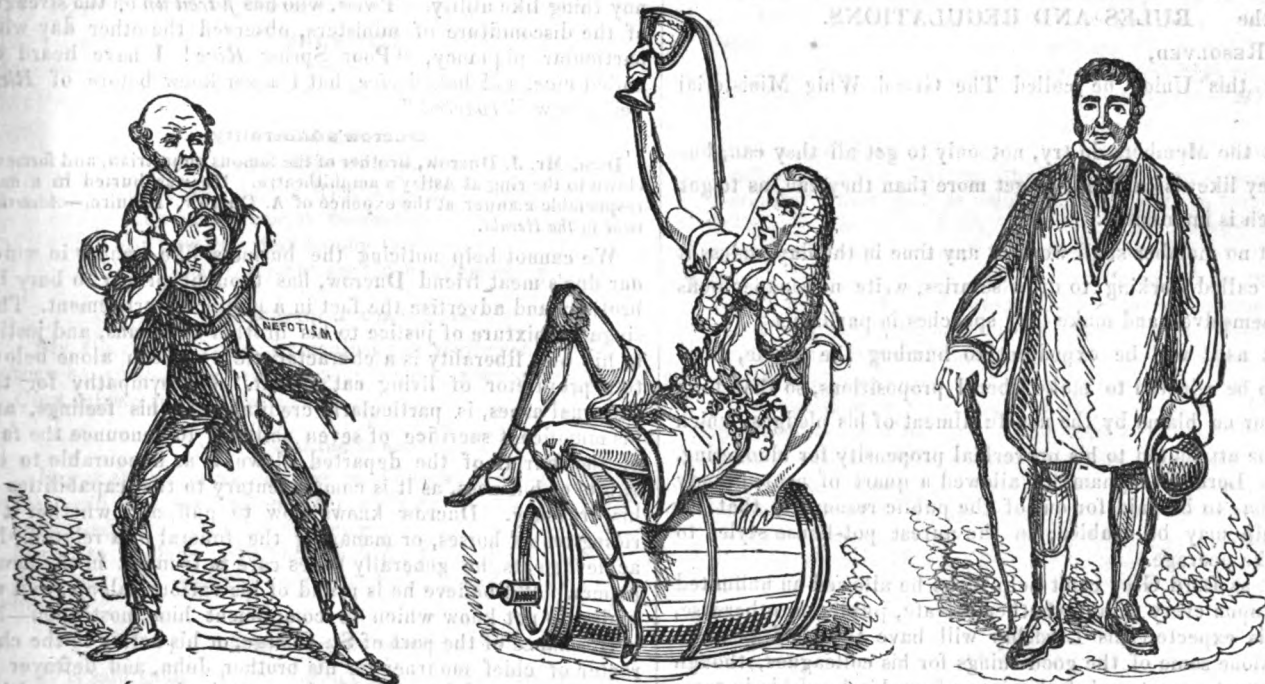
Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 131.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]



STRIKE AMONG THE MINISTERS.

Amid all the various strikes that have taken place among the trades, both in and out of the metropolis, perhaps there is none that has excited so much attention as the recent strike among the Ministers. The above sterling caricatures are supposed to be indicative of the position to which the three principal Whigs must be reduced in case the strike should be attended

VOL. III.

with such consequences as entirely to drive them out of their old trade of government. It is probable that under the circumstances each will then have recourse to the situation for which he is best qualified, and there is a graphic truth in the above sketches which points to the occupations for which nature and their acquirements have peculiarly fitted them. Grey seems judiciously, as head of the faction, to have taken advantage to

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his situation to abscond with the assets in his power, while Brougham, with his customary *nonchalance*, seems to have abandoned the woolsack for the beer-barrel, and is seen in the garb of a bacchanal, imbibing sacred Lethe in the shape of filthy double X. We cannot but congratulate his Lordship on his appearance in the sketch above, for the position our artist has placed him in, is far more becoming and considerably more appropriate than the judicial bench in Westminster Hall, or the woolsack in the neighbourhood. There is no comment necessary upon our friend Althorp, who, in the garb of a grazier, is decidedly not only more at home, but much more respectable than in his hitherto assumed character of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Having introduced the reader sufficiently to the three objects of our three caricatures, we will make a few observations on the Whiggish union of which they have been members, and which has struck within the last few days for reasons best known to themselves, though we will venture to say that interested causes have most materially influenced the strike alluded to.

The Union was formed some time since, on the principle or rather on the *no principle* of getting all that was to be had, and of doing for it as little as possible. The following are a few of the **RULES AND REGULATIONS.**

RESOLVED,

That this Union be called The Grand Whig Ministerial Union.

That the Members do try, not only to get all they can, but that they likewise attempt to get more than they can, as to get too much is impossible.

That no member shall work at any time in the day, unless it may be called working to draw salaries, write newspaper puffs upon themselves, and make long speeches in parliament.

That as it will be expedient to humbug the people, Lord Althorp be selected to make liberal propositions, so that they can incur no blame by the non-fulfilment of his pledges, which are to be attributed to his proverbial propensity for blundering.

That Lord Brougham be allowed a quart of neat brandy *per diem*, to be paid for out of the public resources, that his Lordship may be enabled, in the purest pot-house style, to bully the peerage.

That as Lord Grey can't help it, he be allowed an unlimited clutch upon every thing, whether private, public, or otherwise, but it is expected his Lordship will have the good taste to leave alone some of the good things for his colleagues, though they cannot expect such forbearance from his Lordship in cases where the object to be gained is very lucrative.

That the Members do stick together as long as the Whigs can stick together, that is to say, until their roguery becomes too palpable any longer to escape detection by the community.

Such are a few of the resolutions of this most respectable union, which if not altogether dissolved, is certainly very much impaired and weakened by the recent strike among some of the members of it.

Grey, Brougham and Althorp hang together still, but it is not unlikely circumstances will speedily throw them entirely out of work, and to the caricaturist we refer our readers for the fate that is then awaiting them.

THE INTERPRETER.

Impiety of Verdicts.

We have on a former occasion noticed the cool blasphemy with which a coroner's jury, too ignorant to discover any cause for a man's death, always gets out of the hobble by bringing in a verdict imputing the event to the visitation of the Deity. The following extract is another evidence of the impiety alluded to:—

"Yesterday an inquest was held at the Ship, Walcott Place, Kennington Road, on the body of W. Adams, aged 50, who suddenly died while taking breakfast. Verdict—*Died by the Visitation of God.*"—*Sunday paper.*

We cannot help thinking this a most blasphemous proceeding—inasmuch as it insinuates that the Deity condescends to visit his creatures in a hot roll or a slice of toast, either dry or buttered. We really wish that jurors would not make such egregious asses of themselves, more especially as their idiocy is of that blasphemous order which may put them in the disagreeable position of having an unexpected score to pay off hereafter, in a place where it would be neither convenient to reside, and which it would not be by any means elegant to mention.

Dis-ability.

The insignificance of certain parties lately introduced to *strengthen* (?) the cabinet has caused them to be somewhat contemptuously spoken of by those not blinded with infatuation for the Whig ministry. Among others, Mr. Spring Rice has come in for his share of banter, and has been most severely handled by those who have the sense to know his innocence of any thing like utility. Twiss, who has *flared up* on the strength of the discomfiture of ministers, observed the other day with particular piquancy, "Poor Spring Rice! I have heard of boiled rice, and baked rice, but I never knew before of Rice being so well roasted."

Ducrow's Liberality.

Died, Mr. J. Ducrow, brother of the famous equestrian, and formerly clown to the ring at Astley's amphitheatre. He was buried in a most respectable manner at the expence of A. Ducrow, Esquire.—*Advertisement in the Herald.*

We cannot help noticing the business like manner in which our dog's meat friend Ducrow, has thought proper to bury his brother, and advertise the fact in a public advertisement. This singular mixture of justice to his brother's remains, and justice to his own liberality is a characteristic that can alone belong to a proprietor of living cat's meat. His sympathy for the fraternal ashes, is particularly creditable to his feelings, and his munificent sacrifice of seven shillings to announce the fact of the burial of the departed clown, is as honourable to his habits of business, as it is complimentary to the capabilities of his treasury. Ducrow knows how to puff, and whether it is riding on six horses, or managing the funeral of a relation, his achievements he generally takes care to trumpet in the newspapers. We believe he is proud of his various talents, and we really do not know which to compliment him most upon—his performance of the part of St. George, or his acting in the character of chief mourner for his brother John, and defrayer of the expenses of burial. He is great in both parts, and has shewn in each the immense triumph of art over nature.

GLOUCESTERIANA, NO. 78.

In the late ministerial crisis Gloucester has of course been *cock-a-whoop* for the debates, and has laid down his penny like a man for the third day's reading of the morning paper. On Thursday he got hold of Monday's *Times*, and on conning over the debate he set up a loud moan, which brought an engine to his assistance, and the Duke was only preserved from fainting by the overwhelming supply of Adam's ale that fortunately happened to be in readiness. After he had experienced this

salubrious swamp, he was applied to to know the cause of his agitation, when he pointed attention to the following portion of the newspaper. The trembling Higgins read aloud in a hollow and sepulchral tone.

"Mr. Goulburn asked Lord Althorp if he was ready to lay upon the table—"

Here the Duke interrupted his *aid-de-camp* with a wild shriek resembling the departing howl of a massacred Mameluke. "Good God," he exclaimed, has it come to this? Is this the result of a reformed parliament? Do they thus indulge their mountebank propensities? Gracious heavens! to think that Goulburn should ask Lord Althorp, should ask one of the ministers, if he is prepared to *lay upon the table*! Can any thing be more indecent or undignified than such a proceeding? To ask a minister if he is ready to sprawl upon the table! But read on! let us see what was Lord Althorp's answer. Of course he refused to comply with so ridiculous a demand. Read on! Higgins, what did Lord Althorp say to being asked if he was ready to lay on the table?" Higgins, with a trembling hand and faltering tongue, proceeded as follows:—"Lord Althorp said that with his Majesty's sanction, he was certainly ready to *lay upon the table*." Here the *aid-de-camp* was so overcome that he could proceed no further. "Mercy!" cried Gloucester, "*with his Majesty's sanction*!" does the fellow say? Has, then, my royal relative, the King, lent himself to such a disgraceful exhibition?" Here he poured forth a cataract of tears, which have since been bottled off, and the salt has been extracted for the use of the royal household.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

Epigram.

(On the deserts of Spring Rice.)

Your name Spring Rice is not the thing,
To call you so is *flummery*,
For how can that belong to *Spring*,
Whose treatment should be *Summer-y*.

A cut with a Clay-more.

Mr. Clay has been voting against the Ministers. What must they be worth, and how can they expect adherents when even *Clay* refuses to stick to them?

Taking it cool.

It was stated in the House on Tuesday night that Captain Ross and his crew had no other beverage on their voyage than congealed ice. One of the city members hearing this, was heard to exclaim, "What, drink *ice*?—well that was good—and they ought to have been glad to have had *an-ice* (*a nice*) beverage."

A convenient privacy.

It is said spiders from instinct often select the *lids of poor boxes* for their webs in order to be free from disturbance. We should imagine the Duke of Gloucester's brain would be found the safest retreat, if the perfect absence of all use of the premises be an advantage to a spider in his residence.

A regular do.

Lord Grey says his is a Ministry which ought to have the gratitude of the country for which it has done so much. We admit it has done much for it, and we think it may even go beyond this point, for if the Ministry has only a chance it will not only do for the country so much, but will *do for it altogether*.

A SPEECH FOR GLOUCESTER.

In the present awful state of the country it is quite right that the enlightened spirits of the age should have every thing done for them, in order that they may be thoroughly prepared to enact the important parts that must inevitably fall to them. Under these circumstances we conceive it our duty to give every assistance in our power to our friend Gloucester, and have accordingly submitted to him the following speech, which we humbly trust will prove to be quite in the style of the enlightened animal for whom we have written it. He has promised to learn it forthwith, and as it fortunately happens to be delightfully applicable to nothing in particular, he will in the elegant words of his note to us, "*smack it out*" on the very first opportunity. The following is a correct copy of the document, which has been beautifully crammed for the occasion with touches at once classical, argumentative, figurative and poetical.

Speech to be spoken in any debate by the Duke of Gloucester.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

At a moment like the present—when the infatuation of Reform—coupled as it is with the New Police and the Beer Act—at such a time, I say, as I have described, every Englishman it is expected, will in the sacred words of Lord Nelson and the prayer book—be ready to do his duty. When, I say, the æra of civilization—when, I repeat, the influence of dogmatism—added to which, I say, Colonel Higgins—(*tremendous cheering*)—I fully understand the meaning of that cheer—and if this were the last week of my existence—if the spirit of annihilation—(*hear, hear*)—I say, my Lords, it is not *here, here!* nor *there there*. It is neither *here* nor *there*—(*tremendous cries of oh*)—I perceive the intention of that *oh*. I can see the cause of that *oh*, and know what it is all *owing to*. But I will nevertheless persevere in that unflinching line of unbending argument that I have adopted. In the year 1754, when Thistlewood and Oliver Cromwell expiated their crimes on the tread-mill—before Alfred the Great had published the law-dictionary which gave so many valuable hints to the celebrated Solon—it was then, I say, that my cousin George the Fourth throwing off all personal considerations, allowed himself after having broken a dozen lamps to be deposited in St. Martin's watch-house. Under these circumstances, circumstances to which I cannot refer without pain, and which I could not have written down without the spelling-book—I must, I think, vote against the proposition of the noble lord opposite—(*a cough*)—I understand the intention of that cough, and I shall take the only course now open to me, which is to ask a conundrum on the subject. Why do your lordships cough? There is no reply, and I must now furnish the answer. Why do your lordships cough? Why, because you have just dined, and now have come here for your *coughe* (*coffee*.) (Much hissing, in the course of which his Royal Highness takes an opportunity to evaporate.)

THEATRICALS.

We are happy to find that our unflinching opposition to the velvet breeches management is at length about to be crowned with success, and that Bunn is not likely to stand much longer in the situation of joint lessee of the two patent establishments. Polhill, who, whatever may be his follies in trusting a man like Bunn, is at least a man of perfect honour, has already been too much victimized by his ex-footman, whom he intends kicking out of Drury Lane, with a spirit of justice and good sense that we only regret he did not act upon much earlier. As to Covent Garden, we understand Charles Kemble will oust Bunn from that property, so that the diminutive annuitant will have nothing left him but his annual 42*l.* 12*s.* which heaven preserve from

mortgagees and creditors. Bunn was suffered to take a benefit on Monday, and his connection in a certain way being considerable, the house was crammed with as extensive a collection of scamps as ever met together unmolested by the police, or disengaged from their avocations as pickpockets. All Ducrow's gang were brought up as it were by *habeas* from Astley's to support the cause of quackery by assisting the little lessee, and the bills were once more adorned with the illustrious names of Eaton, Braham, Hatton, Ivanhoff, G. Woolford, Elsler, Rubini, Cowin, Grisi, and Fillingham. Such a conglomeration of talent certainly never was scraped up in the metropolis, and unless Bunn had been allowed the sweepings of Ducrow's filthy stables, he never could have got hold of the equestrian part of the people enumerated above, and as contrast is of itself an important point in every thing, nothing could possibly have been finer than the idea of coupling the Hattons, the Eatons, and the Fillinghams, with the Grisis, the Elslers, and the Ivanhoffs. Miss Shireff, a very deserving and extremely clever singer, took her benefit on Tuesday, and the audience formed a pleasing contrast to the troop collected at Drury Lane for Bunn's flare-up on the previous evening.

Every theatrical property at present experiences the influence of the hot weather, and even the best managed houses in London have ceased to be as attractive as they were previous to the warmth of the season having been such as completely to cook such persons as venture within the walls of a theatre.

The Surrey, thought to be so prosperous, has so little attraction for Mr. Osbaldiston, the manager, and Miss Vincent, a principal performer, that they have absconded with the most delightful disregard of pecuniary advantages.

The Victoria, we understand, will close on Monday next, for the purpose of shaking off the venerable poppy, and it is, we believe, to re-open almost immediately, under the sole management of Abbott. This establishment has long been upon the decline, in consequence of the dreadful lack of energy exhibited by the proprietors, but we now trust that the rapid production of spirited pieces and clever performers will bring up the house in public estimation, as high as it might have stood on its first opening under the name of the Victoria. Even the Fitzroy has been closed for a week, in consequence of the general depression, but it re-opens on Monday, with the same company, and much novelty.

The Haymarket opens also on Monday, with a new piece from the clever pen of Buckstone, under the title of *Rural Felicity*, but we hope it will occasion felicity in London also. Mr. Buckstone's pieces are all of that popular description, that there can be no fear of the result, and we take this opportunity of recommending the edition of them now in the course of publication by Strange, the renowned Mæcenas of this periodical. *Henriette* is just out, and all who admire the plays of this most successful author, will take advantage of the present opportunity to get a perfect edition of his excellent productions. It is not often that we have had to say a good word of Mr. James Bland, a person whom we have long regarded as one of those fatal managerial mistakes which are frequently made by the absence of proper experience. We have heard that his salary is good, and we have seen that his ability is just precisely as near as possible, amounting according to the nicest calculations, founded on the arithmetical truths of the all-acknowledged Cocker—his talent we say, we have seen upon this basis to amount to *nothing*. Under these circumstances we must confess that we never had expected to have been able to say one single syllable in praise of this aforementioned Mr. James Bland, but he happens just at this moment to occupy a

position for which he is so eminently calculated, that we cannot help doing justice to his discretion, by admitting that he is at last doing that for which he is in every respect qualified. When he was snoring at the English Opera to musical notes, and strutting in a seedy tunic through a part in a piece, we thought it necessary to tell him he was out of his element, but he has at length hit on his vocation, and is now doing that for which his voice, his person, his science in music, his talent, his judgment, his manner and his mind have altogether conspired to render it impossible that he can do otherwise than be eminently successful. When we say he is in a position for which he is qualified by talent and every other requisite, it is almost superfluous to say that he is—*out of an engagement*.

Vauxhall Gardens have opened for the season under very favourable auspices, and we are happy to say the entertainments are of a kind to give satisfaction to every one. Boothia Ross is at last turned to some account, and his tour after the thoroughfare to the North Pole has been made the subject of a grand view, which is one of the most striking spectacles we ever witnessed. From the view it gives we should imagine the old canvass-breeched commodore must have been in *an-ice* mess, and when we see the hardships to which he was exposed, we can hardly object to Parliament having given him a few shillings by way of pocket money to reward him for his enterprise.

Astley's has been in a sad condition for the last few weeks, and the management has engaged the mountebank Rappo whom we thrust off the boards of Covent Garden, by the promptitude with which we smashed him on his first appearance at the patent establishment. Bunn was about to cut his throat on reading our exposition, but he thought considerably better of the thing, and wound up the night with one of his customary onion blows out, which sent him fast to sleep, and thus saved him from becoming a suicide.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Every one knows we never review a book, and as to puffing one our high character for impartiality must acquit us of a suspicion of the kind, without our launching forth the indignation of injured innocence at such a proceeding on our part being even hinted at. Under those circumstances we can safely recommend a delightful book called *Lays and Legends of various Nations*, a most delightful book, abounding in pleasant stories, several of which would be found worthy the attention of dramatists.

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[Price One Penny.]

THE DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.



The above caricature is an exceedingly unctuous representation of the position of Church affairs, and of their present defence by his Most Christian Majesty, our most gracious King, and most religious Sovereign. He has so many characters to support, that it is not often he can assume a particular one very frequently, and he has lately taken the trouble to get up (as the actors say) in the part of Defender of the Faith, his first appearance this session in that very arduous character. His dressing for the performance, being after the happy design of the astute Seymour, is of course a master piece of making up, and indeed so perfect is the disguise, that in his new religious representation we should scarcely have recognised that pride of the world in general, but of Wapping in particular, our beloved William. There is something so facetious in the assumption

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of the clerical garb, as contrasted with the formidable club, and extensive gauntlets, that we must allow to our monarch the rare merit of being an admirable artist, in this grand particular of an actor's requisites. His attitude is a splendid illustration of the triumph of inspiration over age and imbecility. He seems determined to identify himself with the part, and as Defender of the Faith, he of course entirely loses sight of his own character. There is a magnificent "*Damne-come-onishness*" in his whole bearing, and his posture seems indicative of a pious determination to do unto the eyes of all who approach the church with hostility, to do, we say, unto the eyes of all such persons, what is frequently done to a mine by the assistance of gunpowder. His head is the only part of him which we never could fail to recognise, for in whatever situation the monarch may be placed, there is that dignified and characteristic obtusity about his royal caput that can never be mistaken by any one. There is a majestic breadth about the chin, and an unflinching thickness in the nose, a stern gooseberryishness in the eye, and a delicate tenuity about the part occupied by the brain, which, altogether, point out the monarch as distinctly as the length of his ears will characterize the jackass. Who can mistake the light and graceful, if not intellectual, development of the royal scone, or for a moment hesitate to identify the stern, though perhaps stupid expression of the royal countenance. Having, with our accustomed loyalty, devoted a most considerable space to the sovereign, who appears as the principal figure in our caricature. We will give a passing remark on the subordinates in the engraving. The scene playfully exhibits the occupation of

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the holy swine, who are feeding voraciously from the Irish Church, and glutting themselves piously and piggishly on the sweets of religious exaction. There is a characteristic nonentity in the visages of the mitred brutes, which shows how intimately Seymour is acquainted with the characters and dispositions of the hierarchy.

We shall now leave the reader to contemplate the invigorating picture. We recommend, however, to particular attention the peculiar formation of the club, used by way of royal argument. It is properly formed of nothing but wood. Is very thick, very clumsy, and well adapted to nothing but brute violence.

THE INTERPRETER.

Farebrother's Philanthropy.

The prisoner, with tears in his eyes, besought the Lord Mayor not to send him to the Old Bailey.

The Lord Mayor said that he could not help it; and sent him to Newgate.—*Tuesday's Police Report.*

Civic benevolence, like every thing else that is civic, is decidedly *sui generis*. An appeal to the heart of a Lord Mayor is always responded to in a manner at least peculiar, if not particularly appropriate. When a prisoner asks mercy with tears gushing from his eyes, there is no humbug in the Lord Mayor indicative of sensibility or any other twaddle of the sort. The extent of the civic sympathy is "*I can't help it.*" There is, perhaps, a sublime dignity about this which smashes sentiment, and it is, in fact, immeasurably superior to any thing bordering on the milk and watery or pint of porter style of pathetic poetry. There was no rubbish about "response to the entreaties of the unfortunate," or "yielding of humanity to the appeal of guilty affliction." No! there was none of that. "*Can't help it!*" was the laconic shout of the city sovereign. It is positively the pride of our lives to herald the praises of the cockney monarch, and with such a delicious idiot as Farebrother on the Mansion House throne, we never can be at a loss for food for an article.

Hill-liberality or Illiberality.

The insolence of counsel has often been the subject of remark, and as if the blackguards of the bar were thought to be incorrigible, they are amenable to no law for the impudent libels, however false and arrogant, that they utter in a court of justice. When a man belonging to a learned profession makes himself an undoubted fool, he appears doubly contemptible, since we cannot conceive any thing more degrading, than a fellow with all the necessary depravity for dealing in wholesale lies, without one atom of the tact necessary for concealing them. We have been led into these remarks by the perusal of a report of *Mitchell v. Laporte*, in which one Hill thought proper to expose his ignorance, and his frightfully contemptible meanness, to so shameful an extent, that his conduct elicited in court one universal sneer, that pervaded the whole assembly, from the Lord Chief Justice downwards, to the very hanger on of the assistant tipstaff. Hill is a person who never was heard of at the bar, but whose name was most honourably mixed up in the celebrated *lying* transaction that occurred respecting the Irish members, when each individual called upon, by turn proved the falsehood of the story, of which this said Hill could alone be traced as the original authority. Reputation is certainly reputation, no matter what may be the quality of the article, and consequently we must allow some of it to Hill, though it does happen that the bar has not been the arena he has adopted in which to display his *peculiar* abilities. At the bar we should

imagine that a happy knack of twisting facts might be an useful accomplishment, though we likewise admit, that such things awkwardly done, hurt a cause much more than they do it benefit. This may account for the effect of derision and scorn ineffable produced upon the whole court, when Hill, on Mitchell's case being referred to arbitration, declared he would consent to it, but he knew facts that would put an end to the claim of the plaintiff. The judge, the bar, and the people smothered this sneaking inuendo with a healthful sneer, and Hill hurried out of the place very properly with prompt alacrity. The question is, why did Hill create this wholesome feeling of perfect contempt? Why the fact is, they knew that if he spoke truth in saying he could smash the plaintiff's case, he was a dolt for not having done so when the jury gave Mitchell a full verdict, and poor Denman, ignorant of his business, put a restriction on the damages. People sneered because they knew that Hill had either proved his miserable incapacity by not producing his alleged defence at the time of the trial, or the feeling in court was that such an assertion as he made was a filthy, dirty, low-minded, contemptible, *inuendo*, with nothing to give rise to it but his own would-be cunning brain, and nothing on earth to support it, either in the shape of positive truth, or even suborned evidence. This was the secret of the sweeping sneer, which, as it were overwhelmed Hill when he made the assertion which ended in his slipping out of court amid curled lips and upturned noses of judge, jury, witnesses, counsel, tipstiffs, and the assembled multitude.

GEMS OF THE EAST.

The Cockney Court in every respect emulates the West End proceedings, and as the Ministers have been striking, there has been an emulation on the part of the Cits, and there has been in consequence a decided split in the Civic Cabinet. We give the rumours of the week, for the benefit of the community, or at least that part of it not in the secrets of the Cockney Cabinet. It is presumed that there will be some changes in the City administration, and Hobler has had a long interview with the beadle on Wednesday, who tendered his gold laced hat in token of a wish to resign his office.—King Farebrother, who has the fullest confidence in the beadle, refused to accept the hat, and the little boys will of course be whopped by the same patriotic hand that has hitherto walloped them.—Laurie, who heads the opposition, was busy last night in copying out Latin quotations, in order that he may have a good stock on hand, for the various speeches he expects to make in case of any change taking place in the Civic Cabinet.—Lord Wenables has entered upon his slate a very powerful protest against the continuance in the Mansion House of any thing likely to hurt the grand cause of enlightenment all over the world, and the other parts of Europe.—The Misses Scales, by their fascinating manners, are said to have influenced materially the expected changes in the City Cabinet. The youngest Miss S. has been seen walking up and down Whitechapel, several evenings, in the company of young Farebrother, and it is therefore presumed that she has had something to do with the machinations alluded to.

AUGUSTA'S ALBUM, No. 8.

This popular princess and prolific punster has "*flared up*" to some purpose within the last week, though latterly her generally active mind has not been in a state to shine with the brilliance that once distinguished it. However, recent events have given an impetus to her extraordinary powers, and we subjoin, as in loyalty bound, a few of the raciest specimens of her ability. It is always with an affectionate ardour that we give insertion to an ebullition of a royal cerebellum, for we can

not help thinking that the family of the Guelphs is unrivalled in the whole world for its singular adherence to the eccentric principles of right down tomfoolery. The following are a few of the choicest *morceaux* from Augusta's album.

Mr. Abercromby has accepted the office of Master of the *Mint*. This can be no sinecure. I would not be Master of the Mint just now, for the demand for *mint* sauce must be immense during the lamb season. By-the-bye, the *source* of the national revenue must be *mint* sauce.

I perceive a man has been writing in *The Times* with the signature of *Philo-Gallus*. Had it been *Philo-Gallows*, I should say he had chosen the signature for being a *Ketchy* one.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare*.

Official wit.

"The *Sun* is a very brilliant paper is it not," asked Grey of the Treasury messenger, on sending him with a cheque for 10*l.* to the Editor. "Very brilliant indeed, my lord," replied the menial, who was also a wit, "and," he added aside, "it is so brilliant that like the real sun nobody can bear to look at it."

A backward Spring.

Mr. Spring Rice has shewn himself any thing but deserving of his name in the late contest for Cambridge. His spring has not been by any means a *spring* forward.

Fictitious value.

Sir S. Whalley has moved for a tax on *real* property. This will keep many members of parliament exempt from the impost, since several try to make a trade or *property* of character, and yet take care never to appear in a *real* one.

Ominous signature.

The *Times* of Wednesday has a long letter having the ominous signature of *Philo-Gallus* (*gallows*). Surely the Editor must have been writing some of his own correspondence.

An assertion smashed.

Some persons declare that Mr. Spring *Rice* is a man of great *ability*. Such an assertion can only be treated with contempt, and indeed the boast is one that must be the subject of *Rice-ability* (*risibility*).

A startling truth.

Many persons complain that the country is not *satisfied* with the Whig Ministry. This we deny—the country is *more than satisfied* with the Grey Cabinet, for to be *satisfied* is to have *had enough*, and surely the people have had *more than enough* of the Grey Government.

The official spec.

There are specks in the sun, says every body, and the Ministers have a bit of a *spec* also in the *Sun*. We mean the hiring newspaper.

BREVITIES OF THE GREEN ROOM.

When the Green Rooms of the metropolis abound with such wags as Cathie, and such unflinching satirists as the muddled, but yet mighty Mears, it is to be presumed that the good things

uttered within the walls of a theatre are well deserving of an accurate relater and a minutely exact chronicle. The fact is, that there are many members of the profession suffering under the pains of a plethora of pent up wit, and in order to relieve this extensive and exuberant class, we have opened a new department under the influential title of Green Room Brevities. We furnish a few specimens, being the readiest on which we could lay our hands for our readers benefit:—

A few evenings ago, Cathie and Shegog were tossing up against Bunn and Carl Rappo, for a pint of small beer, which having been won by the latter brace, was being discussed with filthy alacrity by the whole company. "I'll tell you what, Bunn," said Shegog, as he gracefully wiped the brim of the pewter upon his whiskers, "you ought to have treated us, for we are only supernumeraries, while you are the manager." "Humbug," replied Rappo, "how's he to pay for any thing? don't you know he's going down hill, like a broad wheeled waggon off the monument? don't you know too that he's got the press all against his houses?" Cathie, who never loses an opportunity for a joke, disgorged from his huge mouth the following witticism: "*The press against his houses*, did you say? it's a pity that it's not a *press against* the doors of either box, pit or gallery." Bunn, incensed beyond measure, shivered into atoms the tube of his tobacco pipe.

On Thursday, Turnour met Templeton, and the conversation turned on Bunn's velvet small-clothes. "Why the deuce does he wear them," said Templeton, "can it be because Polhill insists on his not going entirely out of livery?" "Oh, no," replied the ever prompt Turnour, "take my word for it, Bunn wears *velvet on his legs* because he knows that he is by nature infernally *soft* in his understanding." Templeton was so pleased with this facetious solution, that he invited Turnour to partake of a green gooseberry and a wine glass of spring water.

On Tuesday night Drury Lane was quite empty, and Cathie, who was standing on the stage with a banner, remarked the fact to East, who in compliance with his engagement, was employing his dramatic talent in holding a halberd just in the rear of the footlights. "Why the deuce can the house be so cursedly empty?" said East. "Why," responded the eagle visioned Cathie, who sees a joke when no one else can catch a glimpse of it, "the house is empty because nobody comes, and nobody comes because they prefer his own room to Bunn's company." East's giggle at Cathie's wit cost the former half a night's salary, in the shape of a fine of threepence.

THEATRICALS.

All the theatres are closing for want of patronage; the majors shut up in about a week, while, of the minors, the Victoria, the Surrey, and the Fitzroy, have been forced to come to a close, owing to the frightful lack of disposition in the public to attend the performances. The Victoria is to reopen upon a purely monarchical principle, Egerton having judiciously left the reins entirely to Abbott, who promises much spirit, which will be equivalent to great novelty. The Fitzroy manager has abdicated, and the actors have formed themselves into a commonwealth, to which we wish every prosperity. If two heads be better than one, we should imagine twenty heads must be desirable, and in that case there is a prospect before the Fitzroy company of a long season of prosperity. The house reopened on Monday with two new pieces, one from the pen of Mr. Holmes, the other from that of Mr. Oxberry, both actors of the establishment. The first is a melodrama, an entertainment at least new to the late style of the management, but we trust it will prove attractive. It is true that box visitants have no relish for blue fire, pathos, and heroism, but the gallery people

can luxuriate in clap-trap and gunpowder. Those who have a living to get must not be particular, and if six-pence will buy a mutton chop, who cares whether it comes from the kid-gloved digit of an aristocrat, or the mud-encased paw of a journeyman coalheaver. The specie laid down from a silken purse with tender precision at the money taker's box, is no better than the sixpence that the sweep spits out from his mouth, where he has placed it for convenience and security. Elegant management is all very well, if the receipts correspond with the high stile of expenditure, but when good taste, aided by a lavish outlay, brings no remunerating price, the sooner a theatre adopts the cut throat and bloody bones system, the better may it turn out for the persons engaged in it. Mr. Holmes' melodrama is exceedingly good, and was hailed with much rapture by an eagerly interested and painfully excited audience. The entertainments concluded with a farce by Oxberry, called *The Hackles of Hackle Hall*, which, like all the pieces of this clever comedian and *flare-up author*, is light and agreeable. It is founded on a tale in "THREE COURSES AND A DESSERT," and the dramatist has judiciously retained a great portion of the very sparkling dialogue. Mrs. Briudal has returned to the theatre to aid the commonwealth, and played in *The Siamese Twins* with a spirit which we were glad to perceive, as it evinced her entire recovery from her late indisposition, which, we lament to hear, has been a dreadfully severe one. We understand that, amid other talent, the dog Bruin has sent in his adhesion to the concern, and will make his *bow (wow)* this week to a metropolitan audience. This, in addition to the Buffo brothers, Mademoiselle Rosier, and a heap of auxiliary talent in the shape of living sundries, will occasion, we most heartily trust, a rise in the assets of the Fitzroy, as great and as rapid an exaltation, as it took a few short weeks since in the public estimate. Finance is better than fame, and though the house never can stand so high as it did under the late management, we hope that exertions of a less ambitious kind may meet with better encouragement. It is a pity that the very talented company lately collected at the Fitzroy could not make the house pay, but when a theatre is doomed, it merely becomes a sink for the loose cash of lunatics.

The most active arrangements are in progress by Abbott for re-opening the Victoria. He very wisely returns to the old respectable prices, and he intends his pieces and his company shall be of a nature to warrant the arrangements. He has, we think, most judiciously engaged Mitchell, that most excellent of low comedians, and he is to appear in a new piece by the author of the *Son of the Sun*, the *Siamese Twins*, &c. &c. We wish every success to the spirited proprietor. We perceive Egerton has a farewell benefit on Monday—he deserves an excellent house, and will, we trust, have one. We believe the *Siamese Twins* will be played by Mitchell and Oxberry.

The Haymarket opened on Monday with an admirable piece by Buckstone, called *Rural Felicity*, which is so happy in plot, so pointed in dialogue, and so national in its characters, that we lamented it should have been burdened with some discordant trash under the imposing title of *music entirely new*, by Mr. H. R. Bishop. It is highly complimentary to the author of the piece, that it did not hang heavy in the performance, when it is considered that it had a dead weight to bear in the shape of the most bungling attempt at harmony. We are not prejudiced against English composers, far from it, though we cannot but assert that the whole gang of natives in this line are a most melancholy set, and any thing foreign is a refreshing relief to our home-made attempts at melody. With this exception we were excessively amused by *Rural Felicity*,

and the acting of Buckstone was of a character perfectly *unique* in the part of a servant out of livery. Vining, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. W. Clifford, were good in their respective parts, but the vocalists made sad work indeed of the dialogue. Miss Paton and Miss Turpin were strictly operatic in their style of acting, and evinced a most dignified disdain for every thing in the shape of propriety of action or delivery. Their singing was much applauded, and their obeisances were most gracefully bestowed on a determined sweep, whose unflinching encore perpetually disturbed the tranquillity of the audience. The custom of bellowing on the part of the gods, and bowing on the part of the performers, is equally absurd and disgraceful, and Miss Paton was throughout the whole evening acting on the principle of a mandarin. We could not but lament to find Mr. Anderson still a member of the company, for his acting is on a level with the junior assistant of a freshly started linen draper, while his singing wavers delightfully between the cry of a young child and the unhallowed shriek of an aged turkey cock. Mr. Edwin, though decidedly excessively minute in the amount of talent, of which he is held possessed, would decidedly be a superior acquisition, and we are therefore surprised that bad as he is, the manager does not prefer him to Anderson. By-the-bye we have heard that Edwin cuts an excessive dash, and delighteth in the luxury of a one horse chaise, together with a rural retreat somewhere on the romantic borders of the classic Camberwell. It is reported that he keeps a very large establishment, including a cow, two pigs, a calf (besides his son), an old hen, several sprightly geese, ever so many cocks and chickens, besides an old sow and his grandmother. Thus does he divide humanely his means and his affections among the brutes of the creation and his own relatives.

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No. 133.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE PREMIER IN A MESS.



That Grey is in a decided mess there is no disputing, and that he got into it by a gradual progression in a blindfold course of deceit and humbug is equally palpable. He has entirely knocked himself up by his determined and obstinate adherence to the principles of duplicity which have always been characteristic of Whig treachery. He has taken a lesson from the politics of Louis Philippe, who commenced his career with

a shoal of liberal clap-traps sufficient in number to form the stock-in-trade of a dramatist. He talked of "the nation," the "charter," and other matters with a pot-house eloquence worthy a coalheaver under the influence of patriotism and porter. He walked about with a cotton umbrella, he shoved his wife into a public *cuckoo*,* and performed all sorts of feats embracing the whole system of political humbug, from the liberal speech on the opening of the Chambers, down to the hail-fellow-well-met slang with the grossest of scavengers. Subsequently, however, he threw off all this style of thing, and boldly exhibited his true character by grasping all he can lay hands on, and tyrannising over those who happen to be guilty of the crime of a difference of political sentiment. Such has been the career of Grey, who commenced in the pride of popularity to mouth and humbug, to a most considerable extent, the people of this country, until within the last year and a half, when he has been found guilty of every kind of inconsistency. Press prosecutions, coercive measures, and increased taxation, have been the only consequence of the Grey government. He is, however, in a mess by being in the ministry, and the best thing we can hope, both for himself and for the country, is to wish him well out of it.

The caricature above, is decidedly designed in the most able spirit of slash, and the dig at Grey is at once patriotic, conclusive, and merciless. We certainly have no occasion to comment on the pictorial effort, as the artist has triumphed in his intention to be perfectly intelligible.

* A cuckoo is a species of omnibus used in Paris.

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MORE COERCION FOR IRELAND.

We find, from reading the debates, that it is in contemplation to renew the persecution of Ireland, and that the Coercion Bill is to continue in force under the mild and merciful direction of the Whig government. Debates will shortly commence upon the subject, which we do not mean to anticipate. We therefore shall content ourselves at present with the exhibition of the above caricature, which is designed to show the condition to which poor Ireland has been reduced by the system that has invariably been pursued towards her. She has, as it were, been continually subject to the oppression of a political nightmare, and such is the incubus, that even at this moment the Whig ministers are preparing to continue in force against her. We trust the opposition they will experience may be decisive, and we certainly shall be ready to assist the laudable efforts of those who meet them with defiance.

MODERN METAMORPHOSES, or, Ovid in the Nineteenth Century.

Under this ambitious title we intend furnishing a series of political poems, which, without hesitation we declare, must embrace the beauties of Ovid and his various translators. The only difference that will appear must consist in the fact that our metamorphoses will relate to facts in politics, instead of to fictions in mythology, while every body knows that to the former, changes are quite in character. Ovid had a horrible propensity to telling lies, whereas, it is well known, we find it utterly impossible to say any thing but the truth, so that we have mathematically proved our superiority to the renowned Latin verse-writer. Our first poem will be founded on the well known story of Phaeton, and Grey will be the hero of it. Every one knows the story of Phaeton, but, lest one of our readers should have forgotten his classic lore, we condense the tale in prose for his individual benefit:

Phaeton was the son of Apollo; but the fact being disputed, he enquired of his father whether such was the fact, when

Phœbus agreed to prove it by granting any request that might be asked by Phaeton. He solicits permission to guide the chariot of the sun; Apollo reluctantly consents, and the result is, the horses became so unmanageable that, to prevent the heavens being destroyed by the fiery chariot, Phœbus precipitates him into the Po, where he of course finds both a grave and an extinguisher.

Such is the plot, for which we apologize; but classic knowledge is always useful, and therefore the digression is excusable. Now to *our* poem; Grey is the Phaeton,—William IVth the Apollo,—the premiership, the fiery car,—and the people are the horses of the sun, whom it is not easy to govern. Now to the Modern Metamorphoses:—

GREY, THE MODERN PHAETON.

The King's bright palace, near St. James's rais'd,
With court magnificence and splendour blazed,
Here Grey, still anxious, striving for ascent,
One day as usual, to a levee went,
And pressing forward, through the courtly throng,
At distance did for royal favour long,
At distance first, because he knew full well,
The monarch wish'd in heart the Whigs at hell.
The King sits high, exalted on a throne,
With a clean shirt, and robe of velvet on,
Now is his paw beslobbered by a peer,
Now in his face behold a countess leer;
The household, all is rang'd on either hand,
And like so many marble idiots stand.
Here comes a peeress, cutting quite a dash,
Next to an ensign brave, but out of cash.
To deck the first, thousands away are thrown,
To rig the latter out, cost perhaps a crown.
The king beheld Lord Grey from off his throne,
And though he hated him, still lured him on;
He saw the peer's confusion in his face,
Which seemed to whisper "*How I want a place.*"
"Come," said the king, "what wants the Whig, for know
A Whig thou art, and I will call thee so."
"Enlightened Bill," the trembling earl replies,
"Illustrious monarch, since you don't despise
The name of Whig, some certain token give,
That for our party there's a chance to live."
The monarch soft was touch'd with what he said,
And threw a wine glass at a Tory's head,
And bid Earl Grey advance, "My boy," said he,
"Come to thy monarch's arms, I swear to thee
That I'm a Whig, though Tory I may seem here,
And don't agree with Wellington my premier,
As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply.
I vow by Philpott's oaths, who, wrong or right,
Would swear that white is black—that black is white.
The Whig transported asks, *sans* hesitation,
If he may hold the reins and rule the nation.
The King repented of his promise made,
For of Grey's guidance he was sore afraid.
"My lord," said he, "some other proof require;
Rash was my promise, rash is your desire.
Too vast and hazardous the task appears
For one like you—the humbug of the peers.
Your creed is Whiggish, but your deeds apply
To principles profess'd by Tories high.
If downward from the throne my head I bow,
And see the people near upon a row,
E'en I am seiz'd with horror and afright,
While my own heart misgives me at the sight.

Besides consider how improvements force,
Turns peers and people to a different course,
I steer against their motions, e'en their king
They hoot and pelt, and all that sort of thing.
But how could you resist the rising storm,
That rages for retrenchment and reform?
But you perhaps, may hope that you will hold
Snug sinecures and purses fill'd with gold.
But should you hit one way perchance aright,
In other ways, some will stand opposite.
If you do this, you'll very likely feel,
The opposition of Sir Robert Peel.
If you do that, O'Connell may oppose,
In fact on every side you'll meet with foes."
Thus did the king the grasping peer advise,
But he still longs to clutch the rich supplies;
When William, finding, he in vain appeals,
At length entrusts him with the office seals.

We shall not continue the poem in the present number, as it would run to too great a length. The tale will, however, be resumed in our ensuing number.

THE INTERPRETER.

Sparring in the King's Bench.

Denman has decidedly undertaken the low comedy business of the ministry, and meets the low idiots with a fidelity to nature worthy of the best artists. His decisions have been recently characterised by a comic contempt for law, which places his Lordship in the amiable light of an eccentric actor, and he decidedly stands in the pre-eminently lofty situation of *primo buffo* of the Bench, or clown to the ring of the cabinet. His law is perhaps the richest joke that ever emanated from the mouth of a Merry Andrew, and his genius is evidently of that kind which places him among the Listons and the Keeleys of the legislature. There is no attempt at seriousness; it is downright broad farce with Denman directly he gets into the purple sack, which is dignified by the well sounding title of a robe of office. We however regret to find that the Attorney-General has been attempting to check that luscious strain of buffoonery which has been the delight of the nation ever since Denman has been put into the magnificently droll part of Lord Chief Justice of England. How delightful was the smash for law in his abrupt termination of the action, Mitchell v. Laporte by directing the jury to restrict the damages. There was a species of King-Arthurism in his cool destruction of the principle of trial by jury. There was in fact a bold defiance of all right, it was a summary dismissal of all considerations of justice, reason, sense or propriety. We however regret that Campbell the Attorney-General has shown a great disposition to spoil the fun, and had the indiscretion to check the droll Denman in a facetious defiance of law respecting a case in which he coolly dismissed the jury to save them the trouble of agreeing upon a verdict. The fun was admirable until Campbell called in question his Lordship's authority for so doing, and thus spoiled the joke by suggesting the fact that a Lord Chief Justice ought not to indulge his eccentricities at the expence of the suitors in his court, and the dignity of his office. This was a cruel idea, and we do not wonder at the indignation of Denman, when he found himself thus thwarted in his innocent attempts to keep up his reputation as the Cabinet low comedian.

GEMS OF THE EAST.

King Farebrother passed a good night on Wednesday. Her majesty much annoys her royal consort by a vigorous habit of

snoring, so that the cockney monarch seldom gets a night's rest, unless on occasions of her majesty's absence.

Alderman Harmer walked and rode in the park for some time yesterday. He partook of a hap'orth of curds and whey at the gate, where he was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the head cow-keeper.

Miss Scales gave a putt party on Wednesday, which was attended by nobody.

Considerable excitement prevailed on Thursday in the neighbourhood of the Mansion-house, on account of the absence from home of one of the junior branches of the cockney royal family. The young civic prince was however soon restored to his parents' arms, having been discovered in an animated contest at shove halfpenny with a sweep in the neighbourhood.

The London Literary Society met on Tuesday, when a debate took place on the question, "Does one and one make two, or is it a vision of the old philosopher's." Sir Charles Flower, Sir Claudius Hunter, and other enlightened beings spoke with great spirit on the question, which was referred to the opinion of the Common Council.

Lord Laurie has lately been seen in a clean shirt. The circumstance has given rise to various whispers, all affecting in a great degree the present state of cockney politics.

TRIBUTES TO THE NOTORIOUS.

We never yet attempted any thing under this head, and we seldom write odes to any one, though in this instance we scarcely depart from our general rule, as in apostrophizing Spring Rice, we conceive we are writing verses to *nobody*. We shall, however, have the honour of *addressing* the would-be M.P., and we conceive we give him *a-dressing* in doing so. Without further preface then we indite

A Petit Ode to Spring Rice.

Baked rice they say is pleasant food,
But no one ever boasted
That any thing whatever good,
Is found in *Rice* when *roasted*.

Rice curry too most folks admit,
May have a pleasant flavour;
But of good taste there's not a bit
In *Rice* that *curries* favour.

With milk too, rice we wholesome find,
But oh who can support, a
Poor *Rice*, whose speeches are combined
With floods of milk and water.

Then *Rice* farewell, leave public life,
Wherein you've failed full oft,
Unfit for politics and strife,
Rice, you're by nature *soft*.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

Epigram,

[Proving black is White by allusion to a certain well known magistrate.]

Though I can't swear that black is white,
Yet there's a magisterial quack
Who makes me swear (and zounds! I'm right,)
The very *heart of White* is *black*.

THEATRICALS.

The principal theatrical events of the week have been the benefit of our friend Mears, and the first appearance at the Haymarket of Mr. Vandenhoff. As the former will of course be our pet subject, we shall reserve it for a *bonne bouche*, after we have made a few comments on the performance of the Haymarket tragedian. In the first place a tragedy at the Haymarket must always be a treat, because there is such a delicious gang of spouters among whom to distribute the subordinate characters. The company designed only for comic pieces, contains decidedly not above one hap'orth of serious talent, and consequently, when the facetious troop attempts any thing in the tragic line, the effect is more broadly ludicrous than one of Buckstone's farces, or even the extravagant ministerial joke of making Denman the Lord Chief Justice. Considering that Bartlett is a gentleman who is put to support a tragedian, and that the said Bartlett is most imbecile, both as respects his lungs and his intellect, taking, we say, these and similar facts into consideration, we should say that any first tragedian had better appear at any other theatre in London, than at the house selected for his *debut* by Mr. Vandenhoff. It will be remembered by some of our readers, (though it was before our playgoing time,) that this gentleman appeared at one of the patents, some years ago, and was not so perfectly successful as to retain his position in the metropolis. With this we have nothing to do, a London audience contains as few good judges, and certainly more idiots, than any other audience can, and therefore his partial failure was no criterion of his want of ability. We shall therefore only speak of Mr. Vandenhoff as we see him, and as we have seen him in the Liverpool theatre, where he has long been a decided, and we think a very deserved, favourite. We saw him in *King John*, and thought him what he decidedly is, an actor infinitely superior to any tragedian now acting at the large houses, with the exception of Macready. To name Warde in the same sentence with Vandenhoff would be an insult to the latter, and to put our deliciously dry and inestimably correct friend Cooper, into a comparison with him, would be a species of butchery to Cooper's reputation, which we are by no means warranted in inflicting on the little creature alluded to. Warde is very well as a mouther of mild clap-traps, and a loud declaimer in favour of helpless woman, or the rights of a true Britain, while Cooper is unrivalled for that amiable school of sentiment, so peculiar to shop-boys in general, but linen draper's men in particular. Of course Mr. Vandenhoff has nothing to fear from these gentry, and he may be pronounced decidedly an acquisition to the histrionic profession in the metropolis. His style of acting blends, but certainly not in their most perfect state the peculiarities of Kean and Young, but he is by no means so impassioned as the former, nor so merely coldly declamatory as the latter. His performance of Coriolanus was received throughout most enthusiastically, and will be frequently repeated. We shall, however, not speak more of him at present, but wait till we have seen him in other characters. We can, however, congratulate him on having taken already a decided stand in public favour, and he will, no doubt, soon throw Warde and Cooper into their proper business, the ghosts, the first melo-dramatic business, and the walking gentlemen. We now come to the other theatrical event of the week; the benefit of Mears, the hero of the clean face, the proud possessor of the white linen cuffs, the cider-cellar vocalist and Maiden-lane exquisite, Mears, the mighty Mears, took a benefit on Tuesday, and with an overpowering ambition that makes lesser minds shudder, he positively enacted Charles, in *The Rendezvous*. Since the days

of Garrick there may have probably been nothing finer than Mears's Charles. Nothing could excel his immense look of affection at Sophia, his stupendous leer in the second scene, his frightful agony at the dread that his *amour* may be unsuccessful, mixed up with his domestic consideration for his clean white trowsers, and his tender solicitude for an evidently new coat procured on the strength of his ticket night. With a deep and sardonic spirit of unflinching satire he enclosed us a ticket for the one shilling gallery on the night of his benefit, a fact we mention to prove that his wit in his private affairs is equal to his ability in his public capacity. Joking aside, we trust that his share of the proceeds was sufficient to put a round sum into his pockets, and shed a halo of satisfaction on his aged cheek, whose lustre should form a pleasing contrast to the unshorn board of the veteran vocalist.

A really serious event has, however, occurred in the theatrical world, and one which, in the present degraded state of the profession, is truly a most serious loss to it; we allude to the retirement from the stage of Mr. Egerton, who is one of the very few truly honourable and respectable men belonging to it. He took a farewell benefit on Monday last, and the house, we were delighted to hear, was crammed to the ceiling. The performances consisted of selections from Shakspeare, the Water Party, the Court of Queen Anne, and the Siamese Twins, in which Mitchell and Oxberry appeared to aid the retiring veteran. Mitchell, who is engaged here, will decidedly become a favourite with the audience, as the anticipatory reception of his performance in the part must have proved to him. Mr. Egerton in the course of the evening spoke a farewell address, and alluded to the length of his services; going over the various parts he has represented during the quarter of a century he has belonged to the profession, his absence from which will occasion a vacuum in its respectability not easily to be repaired. It is true that we have had jokes occasionally at his expense, but never wishing to hurt the feelings of any one, we frequently (except in instances where there is presumption) select those for a joke who are by the respectability of their position far above the possibility of being hurt by the sarcasm. If we have ever been mistaken by Mr. Egerton, we sincerely regret that it should have been so, and we take the opportunity of his retirement to wish him all that happiness to which his conduct in and out of the theatre has always entitled him.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 134.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE INSTALLATION HUMBUG.



The public has lately been much entertained by the installation humbug at Oxford, and Wellington's academic flare up been the subject of considerable conversation both in and out of the metropolis. At a time when old mother church is in a confounded mess, it is a convenient thing to have a champion to fly to, who has always been remarkable for his thick and thin perseverance in any course that at the time being might happen to be convenient. When that decided old do, the anti-

quoted animal whom we characterise as Mother Church, feels herself in a somewhat precarious position, Wellington is perhaps the best man the churchmen could fix upon as their advocate, not because he is any particular friend to the cause, but because he is an obstinate perseverer in whatever course he may be led to adopt by a little well timed flattery. The hootings and howlings raised by the University folks in honour of the Ex-Premier, might be called senseless in one respect, though the policy is decidedly good of securing at this moment the co-operation of the hero of Waterloo. A parson, or rather the crew of divines would yelp for a year, and cringe like spaniel puppies to any thing that could serve for them a temporary, since it matters to them very little what they worship, and a butcher would have as much of their adoration as a bishop, if it were in the power of the former, and not of the latter to confer a benefice.

The installation mockery has passed off with immense effect, for such was the object of the University cormorants, who wished to make as they could of Wellington, as, indeed, making as much as they can of every thing, is the characteristic of all the clergy. The public has been already sated with the twaddle constituting the account of the ceremony observed at Oxford, and we shall therefore not dwell upon it in the pages of *Figaro*. Our caricature is by no means hieroglyphical, and we do not think it necessary to amplify. It is one of Seymour's efforts, and by no means one of his weakest.

VOL. III.

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

THE INTERPRETER.

A new Cure for a Blow.

Witness was obliged to sit up all night, and be attended by a doctor, on account of the blow, which, for force, he never supposed could have been inflicted by a human fist.—*Police Report of Thursday.*

Much wisdom is often to be gleaned from the police reports, and the above is a special piece of information as to the proper medical treatment in a case of assault and battery. It seems, from the extract, that to *sit up* all night, is the way to get rid of the effects of a *knock-down* blow, and thus, by an excess of the perpendicular, one may cure himself from the effects of having been reduced by force to the horizontal position. This is a new remedy for the effects of violence, and is decidedly worthy a corner in Buchan's domestic medicine.

A clever Member.

Mr. E. Buller said he was not satisfied with any of the plans he had heard proposed, but he had none of his own to offer.—*Parliamentary Debate on the Poor Laws.*

The wisdom of Parliament is immense, and there is a candid eloquence about some of the member's speeches that is at once dignified and respectable. What can be finer than Buller's magnificent disdain for every other plan, followed up, as it is, by his innocent avowal of his inability to propose one on his own account. He coolly declares nothing pleases him, and that he can't please himself either. It is as much as to say to the members of the House of Commons, "Gentlemen, you are a set of confirmed fools, and I am one into the bargain." We concur in the sentiment.

Cab Courting.

Our contemporary, *The Morning Herald*, is never behind hand in any species of twaddle, and its pathos is always ready, on subjects, however undignified or trivial. The following paragraph from the paper of Tuesday, is rich in rigmarole:—

"Though it is scarcely possible, nor are we inclined to offer any apology for the furious driving of that new nuisance, the cabs in the streets, yet it is but fair to remark that the recklessness of people, especially women, in apparently courting the danger, by running in its way, would be scarcely credible if it were not constantly occurring."—*Herald of Tuesday.*

This sentence is ripe in its rubbish; and most genuine in its gammon; it is, in fact, a fine specimen of trite trumpery and true taradiddle. Our contemporary begins by saying, "such a thing is *almost impossible*," and then continues to observe, "*nor are we inclined to do it*," being as much as to say, "*impossibility* is of little consequence if we feel disposed to attempt the matter. This is modesty of course, and quite worthy of the assertion that people in general, but women in particular, court destruction at the hands of, or rather at the hoofs of, those sturdy assassins, that go by the name of cabriolet horses. It is so extremely likely that a person should have a sudden *gout* to be run over, and be seized with as it were a species of fit, which we can only call by the name of *cabicide*. The idea of an old woman rushing with ardour into the arms of death, and selecting the space between the pavement and a horse's foot as a tempting thoroughfare to immortality. It is quite true that cabs cause a greater swelling of the bills of mortality than even the cholera, but as long as Waterloo Bridge is in existence, we do not think that cabs will become the *chosen* medium for self destruction. It is however true, that crossing a principal street in London, may be called nearly equivalent to suicide, owing to the vehicular vengeance with which providence has visited the metropolis in the shape of cabs, but still there are not so many as *The Herald* hints, to be found guilty of the insanity.

A settler for the public.

If ever there was a time when the King's Government should attempt to settle the unsettled opinions of mens' minds upon the subject of property, the present is that time.—*Speech of Sir R. Peel on Monday.*

There is one advantage that Sir Robert Peel has the knack of imparting to some of his speeches, *viz.* he contrives to render them tolerably easy of comprehension. The extract above is richly plain in its import. "Now," says he, "is the time for the King's Government to settle mens' opinions." The honourable Baronet means by *settling opinions*, the mere trivial act of putting down public meetings by police bludgeons, or knocking up newspapers by press prosecutions. This he coolly calls settling opinions, but such *settlers* it is not in these days, so very easy to administer. Perhaps in one sense the Government has been for some time, and still is, doing every thing in its power to *settle* public opinion; for by its conduct the Whig Ministry has introduced into the public mind a settled hatred and contempt for the treachery, the trickery, and low chicanery that Grey and Co. have for so long a period been practising.

The Herald of Hymen.

We have frequently found ourselves compelled to object to certain fashionable scraps of *private* intelligence, appearing in what profess, and ought to be, the public newspapers. Our veteran contemporary, *The Herald*, is a sad rip in this way, and delighteth excessively in sacrificing at the shrine of lucre, its character of a *public* journalist. We are, however, more than usually surprised by its want of gallantry in allowing itself to become the medium of announcing to Captain Berkeley that he has no chance of obtaining the hand of Miss Moreton. The following is the unpleasant paragraph which informs the Captain and the public that he (the Captain) must, *quoad* Miss Moreton, continue his career of single blessedness:—

We have authority to state that the rumour of a marriage shortly to take place between the hon. Miss Moreton and Captain Berkeley, is not correct.—*Morning Herald.*

This is cruel of Miss Moreton, too bad of *The Herald*, and severe in the extreme on the unlucky Captain. Surely a scented *billet doux*, transmitted by the hand of the lady's waiting-maid, would have been quite as intelligible to Berkley as this newspaper paragraph. A sheet of pink note-paper would have cost less than the advertisement, and would decidedly have been far more considerate. There was no necessity to have let all the world know of the Captain's failure. It is savage treatment.

Reporter's Rhapsodies.

It is seldom that a penny-a-liner misses an opportunity for rhapsodising, and the Musical Festival in the Abbey, aided by the unnatural excitement of beer and a full stomach, has caused in the scribe of the *Times* a degree of fiddle faddle and ferment unequalled in the columns of even a newspaper. The following is an extract:—

When it came to the passage "God save the King, may the King live for ever," the most lively emotion was perceptible among the audience, particularly in the more sensible part of it, and many ladies were with difficulty kept from fainting—others burst into tears, from the pleasure, not the pain, of the novel sensations excited.—*Times Report of the Musical Festival.*

There is a sunny stream of sentimental slang ambling through the above paragraph, which shows strong evidence of a mind soaked in beer, and borne down by the most leaden recklessness of sense or propriety. There can be no denying the fact that the presence of our beloved Sovereign is enough to set off a cockney mob into a state of excited loyalty, and his sagacious pliz need only be popped into a building to hurry the persons within to an affectionate whirl of zealous twaddle towards the monarch we all doat upon. But we cannot think the festival folks went off into fainting fits, shrieked, wept and slobbered over the royal presence, like a pleased baby over a newly acquired lollipop. We cannot imagine that William the Fourth sent thousands of spectators into one universal sneeze, or one ardent and unbridled snivel. We will not insult the monarch by thinking it possible ladies could faint at his mere approach, and we attribute the libel to the beer-bathed brain of the

Times penny-a-liner, whose imagination must have been distorted by a deluge of the hated juice of the alarming juniper. We really think an action for libel ought to be the speedy penalty of the sinful slime spread over the royal name by the drivelling journalist.

Hill of no Avail (a-vale).

We have once or twice smashed this Hill on the subject of his miserable chicanery in the case of *Mitchell v. Laporte*; but we are happy to state his petty efforts have been baffled in a manner at once slashing and summary. Mitchell has got an award of 120*l.*, but as Laporte is not come-atable, it is to be feared Mitchell's just claim may still be withheld from him.

GLOUCESTERIANA, NO. 79.

The facetious Duke was the other day seized with an inordinate fit of hunger, and perused the advertisements with an anxious eye, in the hope of discovering the announcement of something whereon to regale himself. "Halloo," said he, "Higgins my worthy juvenile, here is a decided treat. Come here my boy. We can have a fine blow out here very cheap, on German eggs and the drumsticks of Rhenish chickens." The affrighted *aid-de-camp* flared up at this piece of continental intelligence, and the paper was handed to him for instant reference. On looking into the journal he discovered the following advertisement:—"Lays and Legends* of the Rhine, price only 2*s.* 6*d.*" "There," cried Gloucester, "there will be a feast, the *lays* of course mean the *eggs*, and the *leg-ends* of course must be the *drumsticks*—let us have a good blow out upon it." The *aid-de-camp* acquiesced. "I say," said the Duke, "here's a lie—*ya hip*, Higgins, my youthful trump, look here, they say Jack Ketch is not famous for humanity—yet *you-man-i-tie* is what he would say to every one he hangs in his profession." Higgins gave an unadulterated groan.

* Lays and Legends of the Rhine. The Duke must allude to the popular work of that name, published by Cowie.

A FEW CONS. FROM THE CITY.

The following were picked up in the neighbourhood of the Mansion-house. They were written on the back of an old catalogue, tied up in a very bad cotton handkerchief, with the word *Farebrother*, marked in pink worsted at each of the four corners:—

Why ought every body to dabble in law?
Every one should *dabble in law*, because its *law-dabble* (*laudable*).

Why is the sun like a lump of water and flower?
Because it rises in the (*y*) *east*.

What sign is a sow in Ireland most like?
The Hog in *Armagh* (*armour*.)

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

A pill for King Bill.

The poor law bill provides for the fathers of illegitimate children a turn at the treadmill. If this clause of the act were retrospective, would it not deposit our beloved monarch on the wheel at Brixton? Heaven preserve his Majesty from contributing to such a revolutionary movement.

Secondary punishments.

As there is a law to be passed on the subject of secondary punishments, we would suggest as a somewhat severe one, being compelled to listen to a debate during a whole evening's sitting of either house of parliament. This plan would have the advantage of extreme severity, but it would be without one strong recommendation, as it could not by possibility lead to *any improvement*.

The brilliant bastards.

We wish the poor law amendment bill had come into operation before the birth of the Fitzclarences, in which case they might now have been all moderately settled as burdens on some parish, instead of being provided for by their father, who saddles them with affectionate zeal upon the public resources and the pension list.

Good effects of ratting.

It is said Government should be consistent in its actions, and show no change in its principles. This we must dispute, for our only hope of the amendment of the Whigs is in their vacillation and mutability.

Poor hands.

Government ought certainly to give satisfaction in its Poor Law Bill, for who so fit to frame *poor laws* as they who are, in every respect, *poor legislators*.

An infamous Applicant.

The walls of the parish of St. Luke's have lately been covered with bills announcing that the situation of grave-digger is vacant. We understand that the Duke of Cumberland has sent in his name as a candidate, a thing which we much wonder at, seeing that a little time ago he had a great deal too much to do with *Graves*. He has, however, been refused, on account of his being such a depraved character.

THEATRICALS.

The two large, or rather the *too* large houses, have closed, and Bunn has commenced what he calls an after season at Covent Garden. This is merely a kind attempt to ruin other establishments, but the fruits of his own malice must inevitably recoil on the small annuitant. He has at present done *nothing*, so that it will be seen his achievements *as yet* are precisely equal to the extent of his abilities. Poor Laporte we have alluded to in another paragraph, and we have discovered since that he is much in the same situation as Desdemona's famous handkerchief spotted with strawberries. When the reader remembers Othello's exclamation of "*speak, is it out of the way?*" we think we shall be understood, without any more direct allusion to writs, executions, sponging-houses, bailiffs, and all the accursed tribe of legal myrmidons. We fear he will very shortly have to pursue his classical studies in college, and the neuter article relative *quod* is at all events a point of information at which he must arrive very speedily. We have been told that the execution of Grisi is not the only *execution* within the walls of the Opera House, and that the fulness of the house is not the only result of the King's *levee* (*levy*), which it is very likely may soon tend to empty it. We pity Laporte from the bottom of our hearts, for we think him an injured man; a spirited manager, and an illused victim to the mercenary rapacity of brutal lawyers, as well as to the blind and blackguard

idiotcy of besotted creditors, who fancy that crushing a man outright is the speediest means of obtaining a settlement. The filthy fools who throw into prison a man struggling to meet the claims upon him—the *filthy fools* we repeat, who act thus, deserve to forfeit every farthing of their dirty dross, and to be kicked into the bargain, as sanguinary scoundrels, quite out of society. The abolition of imprisonment for debt is the only means of saving the besotted bigots from self-destruction, and the only method also of exterminating that blackguard bevy of blood hounds, who *pass* by the name of bailiffs. These are the wretches whom we should like to see eternally eradicated from the social sphere, and sent howling to their native hell with all possible celerity. If the solicitor-general do not hurry his bill through parliament, he will deserve the execration of every individual professing to be possessed of a single spark of humanity. This however is irrelevant in our theatrical department, and we therefore proceed to things theatrical.

Poor Laporte is unquestionably hard up, and with a candour that does him immense honour, coolly came forward on Tuesday night, to announce the brevity of his assets to the Opera audience. He honestly proclaimed his inability to cash up, and a shout of "*Pay her*," from the audience, was responded to by a mild response of "*Ma foi, I can't*," from the French manager. Laporte is a spirited lessee, and he had better give up the house, if the filthy public won't patronise.

The Victoria has re-opened with Mrs. Waylett as a star for a few nights, and with Mitchell as a regular member of the company. His acting in *Jap and Sam Snaffle* was excellent, particularly in the latter part, which he portrays with a truth and fidelity that entirely merge all remembrance of the actor, and entirely completes the identity of the character. If we are to judge from the enthusiastic reception he met with, his engagement is one that gives great satisfaction to the public, who never miss an opportunity of testifying their sense of his merits. We are quite sure the Victoria management will find him a most valuable adjunct to the company. We wish every success to Mr. Abbott, and trust that his promise of new pieces will be faithfully adhered to, as *novelty* is the only mode by which in these times, any theatre can be rendered prosperous.

The Surrey people have engaged Miss Crisp of the Fitzroy, who will be found an exceedingly serviceable member of the company, if opportunities are given her, in the line for which her abilities are adapted. The Fitzroy management first made the public acquainted with her musical talents, which promise her immense success and eminence as a vocalist. We trust the Surrey managers will have the discretion to turn her talent into the channel to which it is so admirably adapted.

Ducrow is raking up the rubbish of preceding seasons, and his dusthole has been dug out for chance manuscripts. A scavenger employed for the purpose turned up the other day an old copy of *The Battle of Waterloo*, which, soiled as it was by contact with old bits of mutton fat, pea-pods, oyster-shells, and cabbage-leaves, was shoved into rehearsal by way of a novelty. Cartlitch still flares up as Buonaparte, or somebody else, though it does not matter which is which, for as far as identity goes, the thing is, like Lubin Log's sixpence, *quite hoptional*. Ducrow would say of his actors as the showman said of his painted figures, on being asked "*Which is Blucher, and which is the Duke of Wellington?*" every one knows the old reply, "*Whichever you please, my dear*," and such (as far as distinction in his actors goes) such must be the response of the dandy dog's-meat man!

The Fitzroy continues, for the present, its career as a commonwealth, and seems to have taken a very ambitious posture

in the scale of minor theatricals. The tone of management is changed, and if the filling up of offices be a criterion of vigour, there is a most healthful spirit in the proceedings of the establishment; there are no vacancies, every dignity has an appropriate possessor, and acting managers, treasurers, stage managers, prompters, and committee men, form, as it were, the council of this little republic. With an ambition quite in character with the administration of affairs, light farces and burlesques have been thrown aside for the more important production of five-act tragedies, ballets from the King's Theatre, and melodramas from—the lord knows where, besides a host of performers, who at least possess the delightful attributes of freshness and perfect novelty. *La Sylphide* has been produced with uncommon boldness, and embraces the united Terpsichorean exertions of Mrs. Ray, late Miss Wakeman, in addition to Miss Smith, and a heap of Mesdemoiselles ending in *ette* or *ini*, all equally captivating, and we need not say equally genuine. A pile of melodramas have been produced, all written expressly for the house, and though serious in design, *The Satirist* tells us, the audiences have been tittering. This is decidedly ill-bred, but if a man pays his shilling, we presume a breach of decorum must be put up with. We sincerely wish success to the establishment, but we fear the Fitzroy is a place nothing can render profitable. Spirited management though it gave the house unequalled *eclat*, has lately ruined the proprietor, and if we are to believe what we hear, the present system leaves nothing to be divided among the actors of the company. It is a condemned hole, and we warn speculators from approaching it. The receipts during the late management surpassed any thing ever known within its fated walls, but the exertions which brought the nobility in crowds to its boxes, were only supported at an outlay beyond the power of so contemptible a property ever to return. The extraordinary good fortune attending all the pieces, and the talent of part of the company, were the only causes of the ephemeral career of splendour that marked the efforts of the last proprietor.

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No. 135.]

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE ROYAL APOLLO.



The nation is perpetually being delighted by some new evidence of its Monarch's versatility, and a joyful *flare-up* is the consequence of every new display he makes of his various abilities. One of the prettiest of his recent achievements, is his appearance as Apollo in the farce recently performed under the imposing title of the Musical Festival. It is well, and most universally known, that the King, (God bless him,) can't understand a note of music, and that he cannot tell A sharp from A flat, or A natural, in spite of his long intimacy with Lord Brougham and the Duke of Gloucester. The present King

never possessed any of the musical taste of the other Guelphs, and that such a taste did run in the family no one can dispute, for who on earth ever ran up a score in such fine style as the Duke of York or George the Fourth of *creditable* memory. Notwithstanding William the Fourth's decided ignorance of music, he has, like a dutiful husband, been martyring himself by listening at his wife's side to the various strains of Handel, Mozart, and other scientific composers, whose works have been the principal feature of the Abbey mummery. It is a well-known fact, that poor Billy could not in the slightest degree appreciate the music he heard, and was forced to sit it out merely for the sake of pleasing that essence of harmony, both in temper and disposition, the ever blooming Adelaide. Poor William regularly fell asleep in the Abbey every afternoon, and used to nod away to that extent that the auditors thought his Majesty was wrapt in appreciation of the strains, and was nodding in time to the harmony. The failure has been cruel in the extreme if the intention was to amuse the King, for in private circles he has declared he never sat out such a dull yarn in the whole course of his existence. “Yoho!” said his Majesty confidentially, “if I seed any fun in Harper's blowing the trumpet, why *blow me*, and no mistake.” Again, on being told that one of the principal female singers was *Grisi*, he humanely observed, “*Greasy*, is she? well, poor thing, she can't help it, in fact, I feel somewhat *greasy* myself, stowed up in this here close Abbey in this hot weather.” On perceiving the Duke of Wellington with his venerable grey head, his Majesty exclaimed, “Well, Arthur, my boy, it seems I've come to see as well as to hear a *Hoary Tory* oh

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W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

(*Oratorio*).” With such delicious jokes as the above did William the Fourth try to get through the tediousness of the mornings, and he and Gloucester amused themselves on one day with throwing small peas down upon the heads of the people under them. Seymour has, however, in respect to his Sovereign, drawn him in the character of Apollo, as he represented it lately in the Abbey at the Festival. In order to do our part towards commemorating the Monarch’s performance, we think it only just to achieve a poetical tribute to our beloved and mighty Sovereign.

AIR—*Glorious Apollo.*

Glorious Apollo, up on high behold him
Wondering at the singers roaring out their lays;
See at his side old Adelaide to scold him
If he refused each note he heard to praise.
All are combining,
Every plan joining,
Him to annoy in all sorts of ways.

The caricature must speak for itself, and we certainly congratulate Seymour on the achievement of the graphic cut of our beloved Sovereign.

THE INTERPRETER.

Brougham v. Biddleston.

The Lord Chancellor having been grossly libelled by one Biddleston, a gentleman who does the responsible for *The Morning Post*, very properly had Biddleston to the bar of the House of Lords, to be proved a liar and to receive a reprimand. This being achieved, Brougham was, as became a great mind, perfectly satisfied, and was about to send away the calumniator back to his obscurity, without any further punishment than his being proved a contemptible liar, when up starts Grey, and with an air of dignity, such as a waiter would assume over a pot boy at a country inn, commenced a volley of side-winded aggravation of Biddleston’s offence, ending in a nasty ill-natured objection to let the man get off so easily. Grey, if he were not a peer, would be just fit for a superior clerk in an attorney’s office, for that shopman-like superciliousness which goes by the name of aristocratic dignity, is in fact nothing more than that habitual haughtiness which is the invariable mark of a very, very little mind, and altogether the emblem of a very paltry character. Brougham evinced his utter superiority by his courteous bearing, even to the contemptible animal that had wronged him, and every sentence he spoke showed that he was (what is very different from, and far superior to, a nobleman,) a true gentleman. As to Grey, we repeat, his arrogant ill-bred bearing is such, that if he were not by birth a peer of the realm, we should say nature designed him for a parish beadle, or some such ignorant and arrogant creature, who could only show his superiority by his vulgar sneers and insolent tone of assumed importance. If Grey should speak thus to his footman or his housemaid, those domestics would most properly treat the premier by kicking him down stairs, or effectually folding down his lordly snout on his upper lip, by inundating his proboscis with the contents of the slop-pail!!

Stage Swindling.

As this journal has from its commencement taken the undisputed lead in all matters connected with the stage, and as its sources of private information are such as no other periodical

can possibly command, we think it our duty to take notice of some of Bunn’s recent behaviour in respect to one or two matters connected with dramatic copyrights. Mrs. Waylett having chosen *Perfection* for her benefit at the Victoria, receives a notice from Bunn that she is not to play the piece, he claiming the ownership of it, by virtue of what right, we have yet to be made acquainted with. The fact is Bunn wants cash, however paltry in amount, and will grasp it by any pretext however pitiful. The idea of his not allowing Mrs. Waylett to play the part is absurd, for she is the only person on the stage who is capable of doing so, and Bunn for a few paltry pence thought proper to send a prohibition. Had we been the parties prohibited, we should have persisted till we had seen Bunn’s authority, for *Perfection* is an article Bunn can’t by any possibility have any thing to do with. The same person tried to stop the playing of *X. Y. Z.*, but Liston very properly refused to attend to the annuitant’s insolent interference with the Victoria performances. We should like to know who pockets the cash thus extorted, whether it makes a private purse for Bunn to buy segars and baked taters, or whether he regularly accounts for it to his master the Captain. If Polhill allows it him as a perquisite it is another thing, but we think his wages, as it is, sufficiently exorbitant.

THEATRICAL FATHERS.

Though theatres are in a bad way, it seems that actresses are still a good marketable commodity, at least if we are to judge from one or two recent occurrences. A father having a daughter on the stage, makes it a part of his business to get the best possible price for her, and to turn her to account in any way for which she may happen to be suitable. Talent is by no means the only valuable property of an actress, and a pretty face or a good leg will fetch quite as much (if properly traded with) as first-rate ability. These are well known facts, but latterly in one or two instances parents have been found who have made bad speculations of their daughters, only through want of a little judicious management. We allude to the cases of Misses Watson and Vincent, one of whom eloped last week with Signor Paganini, while the other is at present residing with Osbaldiston, the Surrey manager. That the fathers of these girls have any other view with reference to their daughters than mere pounds, shillings and pence calculation we cannot for a moment suppose, since they have respectively been bleating out in the most unnecessary way, the accounts of their daughter’s shame, in order evidently to obtain the public sympathy. Can it be imagined that Mr. Vincent did not for some time perceive the intimacy of his daughter with Osbaldiston, whom he knew to be a married man, but the fact was he knew him to be also *the manager*. As to Watson, his infamous exposure of his own child in a Sunday paper, is quite worthy of his own immaculate character. He is himself a married man and the father of a numerous family, whom he has long since abandoned for the more genial society of Miss Wells, entrusted to his care as a pupil. When we hear of this man trying to create sympathy for himself at the expence of Paganini, we think of the pot calling the kettle black, and smash his case accordingly. It is really surprising Miss Watson should have fled from so immaculate a father, whose moral example ought alone to have been sufficient to have kept her in the path of virtue. The amiable young lady is only sixteen, and appears to have been less in love with the Signor than his cash and his jewels. What a dear disinterested young creature!! The fact is, the filthy gang ought not to be allowed to thrust upon the public the secrets of their trade of prostitution. It is a department of commerce that should only be heard of in the circles where it is so extensively practised.

GEMS OF THE EAST.

There has been a grand Musical Festival in the city, at the sign of The Cat and Coal-scuttle, in opposition to the *music-shop* opposite the House of Commons. The parlour of that celebrated public house was fitted up most superbly for the reception of the civic royal family. The floor was covered over with a rich layer of real gravel, and terminated in a handsome japanned spittoon at each of the four corners. In addition to the usual benches there were two arm chairs of real sham rose-wood frames, and bottoms of the chastest rush; the chimney-piece was surmounted with a species of pistol with the word **LOADED** splendidly emblazoned in ink on an elegant scroll of white writing paper. The window was decorated with a brown Holland blind, at the bottom of which was a cord that terminated in a graceful tassel of real worsted. Altogether the scene was very imposing and well worthy of the occasion, which was to aid the funds of a royal civic cock-and-hen club in the neighbourhood.

At about half-past eight the royal party drove up in four public cabs, and two trucks that had been added to the *cor-tège* to swell out the royal procession, and carry at a cheap rate the juveniles. On the entrance of the King and Queen the band, consisting of two hand-organs and part of a German flute, struck up the Cockney anthem of "Judy Callaghan," the whole of the royal party dancing gaily to the symphony. As the King took his seat, the vocalist engaged for the festival struck up the beautiful ballad of, "If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go," which was loudly cheered by the Laurie party, as an allusion to *Don-Key's* stubborn continuance of two successive years in the mayoralty. Her Majesty, Queen Farebrother, then volunteered a song, which she gracefully executed to a new accompaniment invented by Hobler, and consisting of a species of euphony, produced by smartly rattling together the fender and fire irons. The festival then concluded, and the royal party went away in the order of their arrival.

This festival is highly honourable to the spirit of the city, and shows that the cockney monarch will not be outdone by his fellow sovereign, West End Bill, (as he is called,) in splendour and magnificence.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

An useful Member.

We have to congratulate Mr. Thomas Duncombe on his return for Finsbury. We understand one of his earliest measures will be to attempt to extend still farther the reform of *Ves-tri(e)s*.

A wretched quere.

The Marquis of Conyngham is to *enter into* his duties as Postmaster General on the 5th instant. Had he not better *go through* his duties instead of merely *entering into* them?

Gross Gammon.

The Times says that "on Monday Mrs. Fry accompanied by two ladies had an interview with Mr. Spring Rice at the Colonial Office. What on earth could a parcel of old women want with the Secretary. We cannot help perpetrating

An Epigram on Fry's visit to Rice.

Unto poor Rice just now what ill's betide,
He had been *roasted* once, and now he's *fried*.

A royal commission.

Bills are frequently *committed* in Parliament, but there is upon the throne a *Bill* who is constantly *committing himself*.

The murderer Moreno.

The miscreant *Moreno* has become so infamous that he has even made *Moreno* trowsers unpopular. Higgins declares, he must be a *shocking piece of bad stuff*, or every body would not persist in abusing him.

A good representative.

Sir Peter Laurie wants a seat in the House of Commons. We think he ought to have one, at least if large numbers of people should have representatives; for what class so numerous as the *ignorant*, and who so fit to *represent* them as the Ex-King of Cockney land.

A tax on Wigs.

Some persons complain of the tax on hair powder, but we think the most unbearable and unjust of all taxes is that which we are forced to pay on account of the *W(h)igs*.

An unlucky speech.

Lord Grey in reference to the Brougham breach of privilege, declared he could not view it as a case of a *personal character*. Did he mean to say the Chancellor is a man of no *personal character*. If so we pity Grey, for the vengeance Vaux will wreak upon him in private over the brandy bottle.

An Awkward Carriage.

Babbage's committee were boasting, in the early part of the election, that their candidate was *carrying every thing before him*. It is very evident, from his position on the poll, that he has left no one *behind him*.

THEATRICALS.

Bunn's after season having proved a downright failure, he intends getting out of it with the best grace possible. Covent Garden is consequently to be brought to an abrupt close, and the lessee will hide himself under the shade of his garret ceiling, to escape the pointed finger of scorn that must be universally directed towards him.—The opera season, though apparently prosperous, is not sufficiently productive to enable Laporte to satisfy the demands of his creditors, and he rusticates through the week at Hammersmith, never making his appearance until twelve o'clock on Saturday night at the Opera. This sacred visit at the solemn hour of midnight is to enable him to clutch the assets he is entitled to, undisturbed by the dismal presence of some hungry bailiff, who may be avid for the carcass of the French lessee, whose various creditors seek for his flesh with a most Shylock-like voracity. He goes through the mystic process of drawing the funds, under the protection of the Sabbath, for the Lord's day is a sad but certain interruption to the proceedings of a sheriff's officer. The urbane candour with which Laporte acknowledges his utter inability to produce the *specie* is at once characteristic of his French *nonchalance* and amusing to those who hear of it. We wish him well through his difficulties, and trust that his spirited exertions may yet put him in possession of a surplus income.

Of all the theatres now open, the Victoria seems to be the only one towards which public attention is in the smallest degree turned, and indeed the production of Miss Mitford's tragedy of *Charles the First* is a point to which the public in general, and *connoisseurs* in particular, look with most especial interest. Our excessively early period of publication (which, as we have often said, is necessary to allay the unabated appetite of the avid public), our early period of publication will prevent our seeing the piece, which we understand is written in the same nervous and eloquent style that has characterized her two former tragedies. The only reason that it has not been played is, that the driveller Colman refused to license the production. George Colman the younger has been so repeatedly

exposed for his disgusting fastidiousness in these matters, that in mercy to him, and in justice to ourselves, we will not, by a further castigation of him, risk the contamination of our tomahawk. We need not therefore indulge in the superfluity of telling Colman that he is a worn-out indelicate driveller, whose horrible grossness has forced even such an extensive sinner as himself into such wholesale repentance as is seen in a manifest opposition to every thing at all bordering on his former errors. Every thing objectionable in writing appears to him like the ghost of one of his own literary atrocities, and he shuns it as a retired scavenger would turn up his nose at a night-cart. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is an excellent maxim, and the best possible excuse for a man who has been the grossest of writers, being placed in office for the detection of literary filth and ribaldry. To return to *Charles the First*, we hope it may be successful, as indeed we wish success generally to Mr. Abbott's management. The excellent additions he has made to his company fully manifest his determination to conduct the undertaking with spirit, and Mrs. Waylett, who has lately been playing at the theatre, is of herself sufficient to give *eclat* to any establishment. Her appearance, her acting and unrivalled singing are enough to render her the feature of any house where she is engaged, and now that Vestris is so decidedly upon the wane, Mrs. Waylett should be more than ever appreciated. In the *Loves of the Angels*, the *Four Sisters*, and *Wooing a Widow*, she is too well known to need our eulogy, and indeed the whole of these pieces have been most effectively done at the Victoria, Mitchell adding materially to the attraction by the performance of his original parts in all these popular *vaudevilles*. Old Williams is likewise extremely rich in the last mentioned of these pieces. Altogether by a quick succession of well selected novelty, we augur a most prosperous career to this thoroughly regenerated establishment.

Theatricals generally are in a bad way, and the influence of bad times has penetrated with unruly and reckless ferocity, into the rustic recesses of the once peaceful Islington. Depression, with its hammer-headed hand, has pounced upon Sadler's Wells, and there is a wild cry for "bread" among the members of the company. The other night we looked in, and found that Mr. Almar, with a spirited intention of meeting the circumstances, had produced some of the most boney, battle-axe, and bloody rubbish, that was ever penned, and the audience, like mad dogs, were barking at, howling, hooting, and hissing, every syllable that was uttered. One man in particular cried "off" with such vehemence, that his tongue literally fell out of his mouth, and glided from the boxes into the pit with frightful velocity. People in every direction were hissing to that extent, that their teeth were thrust out wholesale, and altogether such a savage scene of butcher-like disapprobation never was witnessed within the walls of a building professing to be a place of entertainment. Poor Almar at last rushed hysterically forward, and darting a glance of rabid fury round the premises, spoke incoherently about the difficulty of obtaining a crust, and hopped off with a frightful air of incipient insanity. The fact is, that we thought every body had gone raving mad, and we got out of the house as well as we could, taking care not to get bit by the box-keeper.

Our observations of last week have had the effect of terminating the Fitzroy commonwealth, and we are glad to perceive that it has re-opened under the management of Mr. Edwards, who seems to be doing every thing in his power to restore it to its late popularity. Whether he will be successful in his efforts must depend much on his own exertions, and the speedy production of well written novelty. The landlord has

reduced the rent to nearly one-half of what was paid by the late proprietor. Mr. S. Johnson has been added to the company, and appeared as Tom Stiles in the *King Incog*, a part he acted with great ability. We trust that now there is a head to this concern, it may flourish—and though there will, we presume, be no more *Sylphides* and Miss Smith's, there will be something to replace these interesting features of the establishment. We shall gladly assist the efforts of the new lessee if they prove to be laudable. He has reduced his prices, which is decidedly injudicious.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The fifth half-yearly part of this periodical is now ready, price 2s. 6d. or 2s., we cannot recollect which, but the price will be marked on the wrapper.

For the convenience of the principal European libraries, and the various museums on the Continent, *Figaro in London* is bound, or rather boarded, in green cloth, so that persons wishing the work in this shape must apply at the board of green cloth department, on the extensive premises of our publisher. Each year a volume is published, price 6s., and those for 1832 and 1833 are still selling extensively.

In order to meet the wishes of the community, and propitiate those noblemen, gentlemen, and families, that have applied to us on the subject, we intend arranging for a

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in monthly parts, price 6d. each, commencing with No. 1, published on the 10th December 1831, and going gradually on to the present period. The outlay on reprints from the celebrated stereotypes will be of course immense, but it is thought advisable to let no paltry pecuniary consideration stand in the way of the unlimited circulation of a work that has long since taken its place as a part of the

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PERFECT FIGARO FROM THE BEGINNING,

and they must of course continue taking in the weekly numbers, so as not to fall again in arrears in the purchase of

EVERYBODY'S PERIODICAL!!!

We made a mistake in the note to the Gloucesteriana of last week. We should have mentioned *Lays and Legends of Various Nations*, published by Cowie.

The expected separation of the King and Queen excites considerable interest in all circles. Ourselves and Seymour will be ready for their Majesties next week, and we particularly direct attention to the number of next Saturday.

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No. 136.]

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

SEPARATION OF THE KING AND QUEEN.



Perhaps there never was an event which plunged a nation into deeper grief than the departure from this country of the delicious Adelaide, our most gracious Queen, and the lovely regulator of the nautical eccentricities of William the Fourth, who is at once our pride and our Sovereign. The circumstances leading to the separation of the King and Queen for the present, did not originate in a conjugal *flare-up* as has been wickedly hinted in some quarters. The fact is there has been no quarrelling, no curtain lecturing, no kicking out of bed on the part of either of the royal pair, but the temporary living apart of their Majesties has been arranged in the most amicable way, and it is a point equally desired by both of the exalted brace, who are so happily hung up together in the noose of Hymen. The struggle must of course have been immense on both sides,

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for how can William of Wapping be perfectly happy without the society of Adelaide? Who shall now put the royal sugar into the royal tea-cup, or who prepare for the royal mouth the morning muffin? Where will be the conjugal hand that at breakfast is wont to attach the slobbering bib to the person of the Sovereign, and thus prevent the Defender of the Faith from staining with crumbs or drops of coffee, the King of Great Britain and Ireland's clean shirt or waistcoat. There can be no doubt but that William the Fourth will miss the kind attention of his consort, whose well meant scoldings are as necessary to keep him going as wind is essential to the motion of the arms of a windmill. A sailor loves a breeze, and his Majesty was accustomed to the affectionate blowings up of his wife, not only for their domestic utility, but inasmuch as they gave rise to naval reminiscences. Their Majesties have, however, for a short time resigned the sweets of domestic bliss, and will forego for a season the delights of delicate dalliance. Absence they say increases affection, and certainly where the parties are such as Adelaide and William, the proverb must hold especially good, as we should imagine they must be mutually more agreeable to one another when they are divided. We have no doubt they will like each other much better apart, and all the good qualities they respectively possess, will be recognised most when the parties are not in the habit of meeting.

The subject of our caricature is the parting of the illustrious pair, and surely such a pathetic picture never was sketched by the pen of poet, or the pencil of painter. Talk of Black-eyed Susan and William, why they never were so *affected* as our own dear Bill and the black-visaged (if not exactly black-eyed)

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

Adelaide. When we say *affected*, we mean the word in its literal sense, for if they shed tears, the *affectation* in the case must have been most considerable.

Though Seymour has pretty plainly pictured the pathos of the situation, he has not of course been able to describe in words the last *adieux* of William and Adelaide. The following is a faithful report of the parting dialogue:—

William.—Good bye, my dear.

Adelaide.—Good bye, duckey. Mind all I've said to you—no visits to Wapping.

William.—Certainly not, chick.

Adelaide.—No stopping out after ten in the evening.

William.—Not a moment, love.

Adelaide.—Not more than three glasses of wine every day.

William.—Not a drop, dear.

Adelaide.—No consenting to bills being introduced on any subject until my return.

William.—Certainly not, my angel. I'll shut up Parliament if you like.

Adelaide.—Oh no, quite unnecessary—it can keep open just as well when nothing is being done, for there will then be nothing peculiar—now farewell.

William.—Good bye, one kiss.

Adelaide.—Blow your nose first.

William.—(*Blows his nose*)—There, now then.

Adelaide.—There, my adored husband—(*kisses him and faints*).

Such is the description of the farewell, but whether her Majesty fainted at the kiss or the separation no one has been able to determine. Every one has read of the royal trip to Gravesend, accompanied by King Farebrother, who made himself so impertinent that the Queen actually shed tears over his intrusive vulgarity. The papers call this being "*affected to tears*," but the fact is the Queen actually cried to think that she could not go up the Thames without having a parcel of guzzling aldermen at her tail, lagging up a cargo of all sorts of edible filth for a gastronomic gala on father Thames's bosom. The vulgar animals, however, got all as sick as dogs, a fit finale to their impertinence and their gluttony.

The Queen's absence will be a rich theme in our forthcoming numbers. We recommend those who are interested in the subject to become early purchasers, as there is an increasing ardour for this periodical.

RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTERS.

Our predictions are at length verified, and the Whigs are out, they having chosen rather to resign than continue to bear the disgrace and contumely we have heaped upon them. Reports of all kinds were immediately in circulation as to who would be the parties that should compose the new administration. Some say that a partially Tory cabinet will succeed, but even if it should follow it would certainly not *succeed*.

We shall not make any suggestions, as we should not like to bear the immense responsibility of dictating to his Majesty any particular course, as we are very fearful that the result might be productive of such serious consequences as we should not like to be accountable for. We will therefore leave William the Fourth to use his own discretion, and we think his Majesty will find it the easiest course to follow, inasmuch as if he has only his discretion to use, he will not be long occupied. We should, however, hope that he will take care what he is after, as the national eye is upon him.

We hope Brougham will resign, as he may be useful in opposition, though his great powers were lost in the ministry.

THE INTERPRETER.

A new Ally for the Whigs.

Lord Stormont said that even if the government were indifferent to its own character, still he could not think that such indifference was general. He confessed he was not indifferent to it, for how could that country expect to stand, the government of which had lost its character. —*Report of Monday's Debate.*

In this instance, at least, we can give Lord Stormont credit for having spoken with the fullest sincerity, and we really believe that he does every thing in his power to uphold the character of the present government. It is true that his Lordship is an avowed Tory, and the ministers are professed Whigs; but notwithstanding this apparent ground for hostility and detraction, Lord Stormont has shewn himself to be, as he says, sincerely solicitous for the character of the government, and indeed he has done all he can to render it respectable. We probably shall be understood when we say that he has invariably placed himself in personal opposition to it, which is undoubtedly the highest compliment he is capable of paying it.

Business of the House.

Every now and then a debate arises in either House of Parliament on the subject of the *business of the House*, when it is generally admitted nothing *has* been done, nothing *is being* done, and nothing is likely *to be* done, during the remainder of the session. This is pretty work, but this is invariably the game that is played by the ministers. They talk till it is too late to act, and then go on talking to prove that it is quite impossible to do any thing. Among the many instances of this species of mockery is the Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, the drivelling abandonment of which by the Attorney General keeps thousands of creditors out of the property they might otherwise take, and deprives thousands of unfortunate debtors of their liberty. Hundreds of people have been waiting idly and uselessly in prison, trusting to the pledges of the Attorney General, who now deserts his measure, the promise of which has guided the arrangements of half the commercial world, which is known to be at this moment in an almost general state of insolvency. The government had better attend to this bill than hurry forward that frightful mass of barbarity called the Poor Law Amendment Bill, which merely offers a premium on all kinds of licentiousness. They had much better do away with imprisonment for debt, which merely throws thousands into a situation that deprives them of all means of paying their creditors, wholly turns them aside from every thing like a habit of industry, forces them to indolence, and often leads them into the practice of vice and intemperance. But these last are qualities the Whig government would rather foster than check, as is obvious from their precipitate pushing of the Poor Law Bill, and their total neglect of the measure for discontinuing the ruinous system of imprisonment.

Cockneys on the Continent.

Sir Peter Laurie and family are about to visit Vienna, Rome, and Naples.—*Morning Herald.*

This is one of the most delightful announcements we have read for some time, and brings up to our mind a thousand most ridiculous images. Laurie on the Continent!! the saddler on classic ground!! the Cockney in the Colosseum!! are all ideas startling for their novelty, and almost sublime from their incongruity. We can fancy Lord Laurie and his dear delightful daughters contemplating Vesuvius threatening to settle every body else's ashes, while its own are always in the most unsettled state; we can fancy the Cockney party's surprise at finding the Bay of Naples is not *bay* but a beautiful *green*, we can imagine their consternation at discovering the *Appian* way to be rather rough, and not a particularly *appy un* (*happy one*). What will they say to find the *Villa Reale* is not a *real villa*, but a mere garden, and what will add to their astonishment, there is not a single *willow* or (as they will have it) *willa* in it. In fact, altogether the tour must be so excessively rich, that we shall probably give part of the journal of the Cockney gang in the course of their Continental expedition.

Royal Liberty.

Her Majesty the Queen left St. James's palace, yesterday morning about half-past eight o'clock, and proceeded to Woolwich, attended by a large suite of carriages, &c. Her Majesty took with her eleven new and splendid carriages intended as presents for her relations in Germany. — *Weekly Paper*.

We cannot but admire the kind disposition of her Majesty in making presents to her German relations, and we think the *eleven carriages* a very handsome gift to a number of parties who have not the means of purchasing them on their own account, and we do not doubt that the English people will feel the sincerest pleasure in paying for them. It is a matter of sincere congratulation to this country that we are enabled to send our Queen on a visit to her poor relations, with a valuable collection of English goods, and we do not doubt the poor devils will be filled with sincere gratitude.

GLoucesteriana, NO. 80.

"Higgins, my boy," cried the astounded Duke, "here's a precious bit of legislation. They mean to bring in a bill for making the beer work." The *aid-de-camp* looked up into his master's face with an innocent expression of utter ignorance. "See," continued his Royal Highness, "here is an article headed *Working of the Beer Bill*. This must evidently allude to some new act of Parliament for making the *beer work*." Higgins mildly inquired if it was by act of Parliament that salts and other medicine was said to work.

"Who is that *Mary la Bonne* whose name figures at the top of so many police cases?" asked the Duke. "I think," said Higgins, "the *Mary* you speak of must be a bad one, and she is perhaps called *La Bone*, from *boneing* every thing she comes within reach of." The Duke served Higgins with a writ for robbery at the suit of Joseph Miller.

GEMS OF THE EAST.

Immediately on its being announced that the Queen intended to go up to Gravesend by water, the whole of the cockney world was in commotion, and his Majesty King Farebrother resolved to do honour to the consort of his well beloved ally the West End Monarch. Instructions were given to the civic authorities to be in attendance at an early hour, and to prevent the possibility of a storm on the Thames, a large quantity of oil was thrown upon the old father's venerable bosom. A clean shirt was put out for his civic Majesty over night, and he appeared in the sprucest costume at an early hour of the morning. The civic barges were moored at about six, and the cockney court was bundled on board in the safest manner possible.

After they had been stowed away the boatmen shoved off, and they proceeded at a rapid rate down the river.

"Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave."

Nothing could exceed the awful character of the scene at this juncture, and a horror at the watery element on which they were launched seemed to pervade the countenances of the whole crew, as they journeyed along the surface of the river. The result is known, every body got as sick as dogs, and Farebrother was literally crying drunk in the presence of Adelaide. It is time to drop the curtain on the dreadful picture.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

No libel.

Biddleston declared his libel was not meant to attack Brougham in his judicial *capacity*. Certainly not, for if it alluded to his judicial character at all, it must have had reference to his *in-capacity*.

A Bill for the Prize Ring.

Mr. O'Connell is about to introduce a bill relative to those disgusting exhibitions called *Prize Fights*. The *strikes* that take place on these revolting occasions certainly require legislative interference, as much as the less violent *strikes* brought about by the Unions.

A Ministerial discharge.

The supporters of Ministers declare obstinately that they (the Ministers) do every thing towards discharging their duty. If *discharging* be used in the sense of *putting away from them*, the Whigs deserve the compliment.

Life and character.

Ministers and servants of the public declare frequently that their characters are as dear to them as their lives. It is true that in one point the *life* of a public man often resembles his *character*—for both are exceedingly *precarious*.

The working classes.

The Duke of Gloucester is going on his annual trip to Cheltenham, where he means to study politics through the medium of the mineral waters. He says it is decidedly a sure way of becoming acquainted with the power of the Cheltenham *operatives*.

A negative virtue.

Many persons find fault with the Reformed Parliament for their inactivity, but when the quality of their actions is considered, we must admit that in *doing nothing*, they act as they are best able for the interest of the community.

An odd fact.

His Majesty declares that it is rather an odd circumstance but that he has never felt so completely *at home* as he does now that the better half of him is *abroad*.

A false charge.

Lord Brougham has thought it worth his while to declare there is no truth in the charge of his being inordinately fond of drinking wine. Such an accusation, he says, it is out of the power of any one to *sup-port*.

Abstinence of Phil-potts.

If there be any virtue in the maxim *in vino veritas*, that a man speaks truth when he has taken wine, it is very probable that the Bishop of Exeter never drinks a glass of it.

THEATRICALS.

The present point of interest in the theatrical world, is the opening of the New English Opera, which is advertised for Monday next, in contemplation of the completion of the premises. The new theatre is decidedly the most elegant in London, and the company is likewise the most effective in the metropolis. Mr. Arnold's management was always most judicious, and now that he has again a theatre of his own, we have no doubt his spirit and energy will be such as to secure the complete and durable prosperity of his new establishment.

The Haymarket theatre, true to its reputation for comic pieces, has been the scene of some racy farces, under the titles of tragedies. *Hamlet* has been deliciously done in some of its parts, and we particularly relish the idea of making the King of Denmark a low comedian. Miss Turpin's Ophelia is a dainty specimen of burlesque, and her excessive fatness contrasts most humorously with the idea that Shakspeare gives of the character. We think Mr. Morris is not sufficiently rapid in the production of his novelties, and that he adheres too much to the old by-gone and thread-bare five act comedies. No one can doubt the delight of witnessing a heap of persons talking sentiment for three or four hours together, in silk stockings, and with white pocket handkerchiefs, but we think the day is a little too far advanced for the rapturous relish of tedious twaddle, and oft-repeated rigmarole. The most judicious thing of the season, so far as it has gone, is the announcement of Jerrold's comedy of *Beau Nash*, from which a treat must result to all those who admire the pointed style of this first-rate dramatist. By-the-bye, we have been requested to notice the conduct in the lobby of the Haymarket, of a pack of hungry and incontinent hounds, who pass by the name of box-keepers. No sooner does a person get within their view, than a species of ravenous importunity is commenced by the whole pack, who bark and bully till they get the satisfaction of a shilling, for opening a door to enable a person to enter the auditory, after he has paid his five shillings to see the performances. These yelping curs decidedly want kicking, though we suspect the best means of dealing with them would be to give them in charge for assault, and (not *highway* but) *low-way* robbery. If people are to be charged five shillings for getting into the box passages, and forced to give an extra fee to the dog who opens the door, before he can see the entertainments, if this is to be the case, it would be more honest to say so at the bottom of the bills, and just to state whether the box-keeper's right to extort is confined to any settled amount, or whether he is suffered to rob *ad libitum*. We are quite certain Mr. Morris does not sanction this petty plunder by the lobby minions, and we notice the nuisance to ensure its extinction, which must be the result of its being brought under the censure of this periodical. By-the-bye, while he is about it, Mr. Morris had better exterminate a troop of idiotic females, who beset every one who enters the box door, and push a bill into his face, with a wild whoop for two-pence. There seems in fact to be a sort of small coin insanity pervading all the servants of the establishment, and the insolence of their manner is strongly indicative of their being afflicted by a species of rude *rabies*, which we can only distinguish by the name of *civility-phobia*. The nuisance ought to be removed speedily.

We told Bunn he must shut up Covent Garden, and he did so in obedience to our decision, last Friday. The entertainments were for the benefit of Mr. E. Seguin, a most meritorious singer, who had, as he deserved, a bumper on the occasion.

The Fitzroy is, we believe, doing better, under the manage-

ment of Mr. Edwards, than under the promiscuous government of a commonwealth. Some additions have been made to the company, one of the most judicious of which is the engagement of Miss Pettifer, who was a favourite at the house in its best days, and whose ability is calculated to be of great service to the establishment. There is occasionally a legitimate *flare-up* at the Fitzroy which cannot assist the concern, for the Fitzroy never was the place for Shakespeare or Sheridan. It is ridiculous to attempt such pieces as *Othello* and *The Rivals*, even when Mr. Wallace plays Othello in the tragedy, or Mr. Goll, the property man, aided by Mr. Taylor, the painter's labourer, throws in his powerful aid to strengthen the cast of the comedy. As the prices have been reduced, we think the blood and murder system decidedly the best that can be pursued to meet the altered taste of the cheap and nasty audience.

We very much regret that a play so well written as *Charles the First*, and a character so ably drawn as Cromwell, should be sacrificed by the inefficiency of Mr. Cathcart, who, strange to say, is the particular recommendation of the authoress. Mr. Abbott's acting is extremely judicious in the part of Charles the First, and Mrs. Fisher evinces great talent in her representation of the Queen, but the piece is rendered ineffective by the wretched acting of Mr. Cathcart, to whom has been most foolishly assigned the principal character. The tragedy is, however, quite worthy of Miss Mitford's great ability, and that is a sufficient inducement for all the world to go and witness its performance. Mr. Abbott, pursuing a spirited career, has numerous novelties in preparation. One is a piece by Dr. Mil-lingen, another, a farce by Mr. Selby, and another, a classical burlesque by the author of *The Revolt of the Workhouse*. The last mentioned will probably be produced the earliest, at least if the scenery can be prepared in time, though the music, the arrangement of which is entrusted to the admirable taste of Mr. Wade, may probably keep the piece in rehearsal longer than one would at first anticipate. Selby's piece has good parts, for Mrs. Orger and Mitchell. Knowles has arrived in town, and will probably act at the Victoria before going to America.

Poor Ducrow is reproducing all the trash of former seasons, the brain of J. H. Amherst having been literally purged of all the filth that used to come off from it a few years ago with frightful punctuality. It is well known that at one time Amherst must have died of milk and water on the brain, if he had not found, as it were, a valve for its escape in writing pieces for Astleys. Wonderful to state, his cure is at length totally effected, and there is now no more of the rubbish to be drawn off his mucky cerebrum. Amherst is another peculiar instance of a man with his brains out not immediately dying. Ducrow must look out for a fresh lunatic.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 137.]

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

HANGING OUT THE BROOM.



Every body knows that our beloved William is horribly hen-pecked by the ever blooming Adelaide, and of course on her departure for the Continent, he instantly began preparations for an extensive merry-make. He has consequently taken the customary measure of *hanging out the Broom*, as a hint to those friends who may wish to pay him a visit uninterrupted by the dear creature, who while she constitutes the monarch's domestic bliss, certainly is not always happy to see the friends of the Sovereign. The fact is, that her Majesty is so thoroughly wrapt up in the society of her husband, that she cannot bear

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any interruption to her exclusive enjoyment of it, and she consequently has sometimes received with black looks the cherished friends of the adorable William. She has not always been able to sympathise with the entertaining intimacy of a Wapping exquisite, and has consequently somewhat curtailed the royal society. It is somewhat singular that just at the time the Queen left his Majesty to enjoy the sweets of temporary single blessedness, his Ministers likewise thought proper to leave him in the lurch, and he found himself alone with *Brougham*, the only adviser who thought it still worth his while to advise the royal mind, and pocket the public salary. Under these circumstances he immediately had recourse to the old expedient of hanging out the *broom* as a hint to his household friends, and as an advertisement to such desperate people about the country as might feel disposed to enter upon the speculation of becoming Cabinet Ministers. Unfortunately the aspect of the *broom* is of that uninviting character, that no one dares to venture near the premises, and his Majesty was left fruitlessly brandishing the implement for a very considerable period. The artist has drawn a very descriptive caricature of the Monarch's condition, and he is exhibited riding his abode of all the worn out utensils that have for a long time occupied it. By the thorough cleanse in his establishment, it will be seen he has disturbed a few of the owls and bats of Toryism, that had so long been nestling in the chimney corners, and preying upon the strength of the walls, which have been much impaired and weakened by their ravages.

We however refer our readers to the caricature itself for it. It must be confessed, Seymour delights in exercising the im-

W. Mellieux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

agination of the British public, and with this view confines much of his genius to the dark and shadowy regions of hieroglyphical mystery.

THE INTERPRETER.

The Perpetual Chancellor.

One of the most amusing instances of coolness we have lately met with, is in Lord Brougham's announcement that, let who will resign, *he* intends sticking to the Cabinet. The reason he assigns for this adhesiveness to office is one of the most delicious things of the kind we ever heard, and, in fact, by a species of pantomimic trick, he tries to convert his love of place into the appearance of a love for his sovereign. We have no doubt William the Fourth appreciates the Chancellor "*wot would'nt go*," and feels the great benefit of one member of a Cabinet sticking in, when he might wish to get rid of the whole of his ministers. Joking aside, we ought to be grateful to Brougham for having the impudence to maintain his position, since, with all his cool desire to grasp at power, he is the only man of the whole set who can command respect for his talent, which, perhaps, in a Lord Chancellor, is more essential than principle. Poor William the Fourth is treated most cavalierly by the crafty Vaux, who, while he palpably and provokingly prescribes his power to select his ministers, makes him believe *affection for him* is the motive for the Chancellor's unbending adherence to the woolsack and its perquisites.

Pathos and the Pastry Cook.

We are known to be such unflinching smashers of twaddle of every description, that we are absolutely astonished any one can be found bold enough to brave our rubbish-reducing tomahawk. Even the most obscure animal is not safe from the inflictions of our lash, for with a penetrating eye we search out the most minute of offenders, and probe the pettiest of pigmies with our acute lance of criticism. Our present vengeance is against a writer in an insignificant print, called *The New Dispatch*, a piracy in the first place, which is a *prima facie* evidence of its paltriness and want of respectability. The drivelling scribe who has disgraced himself on this occasion, has chosen for his theme the refusal of an Oxford parson to marry an unbaptised pastry-cook. The twaddle is of that excruciating order, that we cannot help inserting it entire, as one way of showing a fool is generally allowed to be to print him:—

"A license for the marriage of Mr. John Plowman, jun., to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Tubber, was obtained from the office of Mr. Robert Morrell, and notice was sent, in due time, to the Rev. J. H. Newman, Fellow of Oriel College, and Vicar of St. Mary's, that the marriage would take place on Tuesday last. Before eight o'clock on that morning, the Vicar called upon Mr. Tubber, and thus addressed him:—'Has your daughter Ann ever been christened?' Mr. Tubber replied in the negative.—The Vicar then said, 'I will not marry her, for she is an outcast!'

"[The above is copied from *The Oxford Herald*, and is quite worthy of the late *encenia*. What a ruffian must this vile fellow have been! Talk of Catholics and Priests, and the doctrines of damnation, why what are these, compared with the denunciation which we here find hurled against the bride?]

"What an anathema is this! An outcast!!—Gracious God! that such a wretch could be found, in this enlightened age, among the Protestant Clergy, in the very seat of learning, in the cradle of religion, thus to insult and brutalise over a poor defenceless girl. And is this the Church that we are called upon to support? Are these the bigotted wretches that we are expected to aid? Can our exertions be demanded for such intolerance? Is it possible that any reasonable being will expect us, after this specimen of brutality, ignorance, and insolence,—after this avowal of the very worst portion of Papistical notions—of Inquisition Canons,—that we can any longer support such a Church in all its cant, hypocrisy, wealth, and intolerance? No! We are most desirous of lending our utmost endeavours to keep up the Protestant

religion, to protect its Clergy, to save to it even its revenues; but when we read of such acts, and are aware of their frequency, without their being censured by the Bishops, we cannot but unite with heart and soul in the cry—"The Church is in danger."

We do not wish to vindicate the conduct of this Newman, but we really see in his behaviour no sufficient ground for talking about Catholic priests, Papistical notions, and Inquisition Canons. The frightful stuff relative to "brutalising over a poor and defenceless girl," is worthy *The New Dispatch* style of eloquence. We have no doubt that pastry-cook's girls have peculiar fascinations for penny-a-liner's, whose finances cannot support sentiment in any sphere beyond the shop, or towards any higher object than the goddess of a counter, but we really must visit with vengeance these scum of the press, who intrude upon the public their cheap flirtations, by belching forth some frightful clap-trap in a low newspaper. We have sufficiently punished *The New Weekly Dispatch* scribe, and trust he will profit accordingly.

SEPARATION OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

This event, which has occasioned so much conversation, seems, however, to give the sincerest satisfaction to the two august persons principally concerned, and as that is the case, we really think the affair comes under the denomination of those matters which are, in the impressive language of his Majesty himself, "*jist nothink to nobody*." The most affectionate letters continue to pass between the illustrious pair, and we have had the honor to intercept one from the King to the Queen, which we print as an example of conjugal affection to—as the Duke of Gloucester once said—"the whole of the Universe, and the rest of England."

Windsor.

MY DEAREST DUCK,

I have been very happy since you left, very happy indeed. There has been a kick-up among the Ministers, and Grey has gone out, but Brougham won't. He says he stops out of affection for me; this, my dearest angel, is GAMMON. Earl Howe has, hitherto, paid me the pocket money you said I was to be allowed, very regularly. The following is an account of my expences since you left, by which you will see I have kept my promise of being very economical:—

	£.	s.	d.
The whole of the characters in <i>The Miller and his Men</i> , consisting of eight sheets, published by West, of Wych-street. . . .	0	2	0
Hard-hake	0	0	6
A box of tin soldiers	0	5	0
Gingerbread	0	0	2
Cherries	0	15	0
Some more cherries	0	1	0
Some more gingerbread	0	0	6
Another slice of ditto	0	0	2
A new pea-shooter	0	0	1
Peas for ditto	5	0	0
A new hoop-stick	0	0	2

I have not been able to add up this, but I can't think I have been very extravagant. I much wish you were here to settle the rows with the ministry. They make a dreadful fuss in the palace every day, blackguarding one another, in which they are all of them quite right at any rate. I see a great deal in the papers every day about my intentions and speaking of my conferences with this nobleman and that, but the fact is I have had no conference, but I have had several blowings up, and a coney letter from Brougham, who sticks like a leech to the

ministry. I am regularly mithered, and that's the fact, therefore, my angel, tell me what to be up to.

Ever my dearest duck,

Your affectionate husband,

WILLIAM.

The above letter is an interesting document, and shows the amiable helplessness of the Defender of the Faith in the recent rupture of the cabinet. His list of expences is an earnest of the innocent nature of the royal mind, which is better fitted for the homely pursuits of naval freaks and youthful sports, than for the intricacies of political intrigue or the mysteries of ministerial manœuvring. We fully expect to have the pleasure of intercepting a letter from the Queen, and shall certainly publish it the very first opportunity.

ENGLISH MELODIES, No. 49.

Among the remarkable matters of the present day is the cool objection of Lord Brougham to quit the woollack, a circumstance which has placed the King in a delicate position, as he does not exactly feel disposed to turn out the Chancellor. His dilemma induced him to write for advice to his friend Louis Philippe, who is a determined man in these matters, and his recommendation has reached the British sovereign in the shape of a melody. We subjoin the poem, as at the present crisis it may be an object of interest. The air of "*If I had a donkey*" has been chosen by the French king, probably in compliment to his son-in-law:—

If I had a Chancellor wot wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd suffer it? no, no, no,
By gentle means at first I'd try,
Because I hates all cruelty,
All cruelty.

If I had a Chancellor wot wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd suffer it? no, no, no,
But I'd give him his pay, and cry, "Now go,
Get out Brougham."

If all had been like me in fact,
There'd have been no occasion for any act,
On which the Ministers might have been whacked,
In the Lords.

If I had a Chancellor wot wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd suffer it? no, no, no,
But I'd give him his pay, and cry "Gee wo,
Get out Brougham."

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare.*

The Dog Days.

Every body seems astonished that such an insignificant gang as have been chosen, should have come into power as Ministers at such a critical period as the present. It should, however, be remembered, "*Every dog has his day*," and what time could be better adapted to the succession of Melbourne and Co. to power than the *dog days*.

Advantages of Deception.

Her Majesty Queen Adelaide is travelling abroad *incog*. It would be as well if other royal personages followed her example, for they might possibly be respected much if they were known little.

The Divested M.P.

The requisition to Lord Althorp to continue in place, as leader of the House of Commons, seems on the part of the members like the conduct of the frogs in the fable, who demanded of Jupiter a log of wood for their sovereign.

Wholesale Loyalty.

Lord Brougham understated the amount of his loyalty, when he gave his reasons for sticking to the woollack. He retains his place not out of affection for only *one sovereign*, but as many *sovereigns* as constitute the amount of his yearly income.

A Right Hit.

Grey declares Althorp was his *right hand*. When we consider the inefficiency of the member alluded to, we should not wonder that the Whig government has always shown itself to be *left handed*.

Choice Ministers.

It has been said that the King has *chosen* his Ministry, but where all are rogues from whom he selects, there is no longer any *choice* in the question.

A happy Husband.

The King has been at home ever since Adelaide has been away. He seldom stirs out of the castle, and has turned quite domestic. He seems in his wife's absence to be determined to appreciate the comforts of his home.

Good Government.

The country has never been so well governed as it has been during the time that elapsed between the resignation of Grey's cabinet, to the formation of Melbourne's.

Not quite ready.

The Tories do not consider themselves *yet* in a situation to take office. Are they waiting till they are *quite mad*, for then in our opinion is the only time when they can think of returning to power.

Real Reform.

The only measure likely to ensure reform has at length been resorted to, in the *re-formation* of the cabinet.

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

Turnour and Tett were the other day having a very lengthy conversation on things in general, and launching out their indiscriminate satire against theatrical people with the most acrimonious severity. "I understand," said Tett, "that Warde always makes his children go in front to see him act when he plays leading tragedy." "Does he," responded the slashing Turnour, "then it must be when they have been behaving ill, and he sends them to see him act by way of a punishment."

It is well known, that Mitchell occasionally flares up with a gigantic joke on theatrical affairs, and his *jeux d'esprit* have already obtained for him a most enviable notoriety. The other day he was discussing with Mrs. Orger in the Green-room the opening of the new English Opera House, when Mrs. Orger observed, that she had not the pleasure of knowing one Mr. Morris Barnett, who has appeared by way of a fifteenth rater in Wrench's line. "*Morris Barnett*," said Mitchell, "Yes, I know him, and I wonder he does not either *morris* entirely, or that he does not still continue to *barn-it*."

FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

“Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere.”—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 138.]

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE NEST OF MINISTERS.



There has lately been considerable confusion in the snug official nest, which has ended in thrusting out the poor old Grey bird from his former snug position. We cannot exactly assign a reason for the determined set that was made against the miserable old creature, but certain it is that his old mates have been latterly pecking at him with so much bitterness that he has with difficulty retained his place among them, and he is at last positively compelled to quit the snug nest that for so long a period had harboured him. There is base ingratitude in the treatment that has been used towards him, for he certainly

spread out his old wing for the protection of the rest, and was ready with a well intended (even if useless) cackle whenever any attempt was made to disturb himself and his fellow birds in their comfortable nest in Downing-street. But the fact is each bird was anxious to introduce his own *Bill*, and each wished to set his own claws on any thing desirable that happened to be at all tangible. They likewise found that the people were pelting Grey as the head of the nest, and they thought it the safest way to prevent danger to themselves to turn him out at once to shift for himself in the best manner possible. Althorp who was evidently playing the *Chaff*-inch on the occasion, volunteered to quit the nest with him, but merely stepped outside and then returned chirruping to his associates. It is suspected that each bird aimed at the highest place, and that each is ready to peck the other to pieces, if by so doing he could succeed in obtaining it. Under the present circumstances of the country it would be superfluous to add more to this article, more especially as the reader must be eager to turn to the caricature, in which he will find an ample field for speculation, whether he wishes to retrace the lines of the past, or grope mysteriously through the intricate mazes of the future. In either case he will find the above caricature equal in utility to Moore's Almanac.

THE INTERPRETER.

Reasons for Resigning.

Nobody is disposed to be over scrupulous as to the why, or wherefore Lord Grey thought fit to resign, and though there is evidently no palpable *reason* for doing so, yet it is agreed on all sides to be the most *reasonable* thing he has done since he

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first entered upon the trade of government. It may, however, be diverting to our readers just to look into the *reasons* of the late resigning mania. Grey resigned because Althorp resigned, and Althorp resigned—for what? Because he objected to stop in office! Certainly! or he would not have resigned at all. But, when Grey resigns, Althorp sees no further reason for continuing out of office, which he resumes the moment Grey is got rid of; ergo, Althorp's objection to office only continued while Grey was his colleague, and consequently to *kick out poor old Grey could have been the only motive of Althorp's manœuvring*. This is "as clear as mud," as his Majesty would say. It is, in fact, as evident as that Lord Brougham wants to be premier if possible, and that he would become Emperor of England if he could only get the opportunity of obtaining such an elevation.

A Comic Cat.

The New Bell's Weekly Messenger talks of an accident to G. Courtenay, Esquire, whose leg was cut to the bone by a rope on board his sailing vessel. Our contemporary thus comments on the circumstance:—

"The agony which Mr. Courtenay suffered was intense, but we hope the injury will not be serious."

Now we have the best wishes for Mr. Courtenay's recovery, but we cannot say we "hope the accident will not be *serious*." There positively *can* be nothing *comic* in a gentleman's getting his ankle *cut* to the bone, and therefore we hope *it will be serious*, or in other words, that no one will be brutal enough to make it an object of levity. There is nothing facetious in a fellow creature's suffering, and to hope for merriment on the occasion, is an ill-timed ebullition of an inclination to wagging. One might as well, on hearing of a man's head being cut off, express *a hope that it will not have the EFFECT OF KILLING HIM*. *The New BELL* seems to be a particularly hollow bell, if its hopes are all as empty as that expressed in the paragraph we have quoted from it.

Military Torture.

This subject seems to demand a lashing from our pen, but the case of recent occurrence is really far too serious to be treated in the light style that is the characteristic of this periodical. The officers who ordered such atrocities ought not to be tolerated in civilized society, and when they are seen strutting in the park or enacting the cockney in the drawing room, it should be remembered that these animals are capable of ordering the perpetration of cruelties that the common natures of the common men positively would not allow them to witness without fainting. People should recoil from these military monsters, and they ought to be simultaneously *cut* whenever they intrude themselves into the refined circles of humanized society.

The Public Pocket.

The general poverty of the whole people of England has at length become so conspicuous that it is positively laughable to contemplate the total want of every thing like responsibility in all classes of society. Tradesmen who are to day in apparent affluence, are found to-morrow offering compositions to their creditors, and there is not a house in the city, however old established, that could pay twenty shillings in the pound if such a demand were to be made by its creditors. Under these circumstances the only question is "What can be done?" as there is not the smallest prospect of this country *ever* being restored to a state of individual solvency. We really think most seriously that the next measure of Parliament ought to be a *Grand National Insolvent Act*, of which it should be

competent for every body in the United Kingdom to take the benefit. If this cannot be achieved, we would recommend a Grand Parliamentary Plan for a national composition of twopence in the pound, and that in paying old debts a tender of twopence shall be legal instead of a sovereign. It is the very generality of the insolvency that makes it so ridiculous, for it is well known that labourers, masters, and in fact the whole of the useful classes are insolvent in the most perfect inability to meet the demands upon them. Ninety-nine tradesmen out of one hundred in London *are living upon their capitals*, as they know as well as we can tell them, or upon their credit, but it is quite certain that not more than one tradesman in a hundred is supporting himself by the *profits* of his trade or calling. The drivelling Attorney General has not yet passed his Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, but we will give him this piece of information, namely, that if he do not shortly get it carried, London will be so overrun with prisoners, that as in the time of the plague, the living were not sufficient to bury the dead, so with this plague of insolvency they who are free will not long be sufficient to capture those who are to be arrested. Every private residence must be turned into a sponging house, and the public buildings of the whole country must be used as receptacles for debtors. Why does Sir J. Campbell *talk* of a Bill he is either too lazy or too impotent to carry.

An accommodating breeze.

Hyde Park on Sunday evening presented an extraordinary spectacle. Hundreds of men and women of fashion were promenading in different groups—and a healthful breeze sprang up to refresh the promenaders.—*Sunday Paper*.

We certainly have no wish to curb the cockney propensities of the million who fly for a ramble into the retreats of Hyde Park, to get what they filthily call a fresh blow upon their various carcasses. We, however, are rather diverted by the idea of the breeze attending express as if by appointment to freshen up the dingy wanderers from Tooley-street. However accommodating the heavens may be in all respects to the Londoners, we do not think a breeze would be sent down to meet them in their promenade, notwithstanding the announcement to that effect in the newspaper.

GLOUCESTERIANA, NO. 81.

Higgins complained to his royal master, the other day, that he had been very grossly insulted by a person of the name of Hemp. "Well, Higgins," replied the Duke, "all I can do for you is this; I must have you strip of all your honors and emoluments." "That will be a poor reward for my services," replied Higgins. "Fool!" retorted the Duke, "cannot you see if I do so, you will be sent to a workhouse, and then you will have the satisfaction of *beating Hemp?*"

"Come my boy Higgins," said his grace, "and answer me this. If I could get you made an admiral, what name would you choose?" "If that should happen," said Higgins, "and if I was at liberty to change my name, I would prefer that of Nelson." "Fudge!" cried the Duke, do not you think *Cotton* would be better?" Higgins looked grave. "Why, you ninny! roared the Duke, if you were made *Cotton* you know you could not be *worsted!*"

ENGLISH MELODIES, No. 50.

We have not of late been particularly melodious, but thinking the other day over the talking triumphs of the Lord Chancellor, we gradually found ourselves carried away into the regions of harmony. The result was that we found ourselves humming the following melody in Rossini's opera of William Tell, known amid the plebeians in its English version of Hofer :

AIR.—At Close of Day—the Evening Star.

At close of day the man of law-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw
Does slash away with endless jaw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw.
And at all those who sit
On the benches opposite,
He constantly does hit,
And pounces with his paw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw.
At close of day, &c.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

Right and left.

The King will never be *left* by the Lord Chancellor. With Brougham for an adviser he certainly will not always be *right*.

Ins and outs.

Lord Althorp's situation is an anomaly. For he is never so completely *out of place* as when he is *in place*.

In vino veritas.

The Chancellor has lately been uttering sentiments which, when we consider his early principles, we do not believe to be sincere. He also *denies that he drinks*, and if so, his saying what he does not mean is perfectly natural, since "*when the wine is in, the truth comes out*," is a very old adage.

A Lam-entable joke.

The Melbourne Ministry is very little improvement on the Grey, and indeed with a *Lambe* for a premier, it must be allowed that it looks rather *sheepish*.

Poor birds.

The Whigs if they will not allow themselves to be *crest fallen*, must own that in the case of the Coercion Act they have been obliged to *drop their bill*.

Look a head.

The Ministry has lost its *head* and yet goes on as if nothing had happened. What must be the *intellect* of that *body* whereof the *head* is of the smallest consequence.

A False Alarm.

Some people appear to dread a collision between the two houses of Parliament. We see nothing very much to be feared in the collision of two bodies that are so particularly *soft*.

Political Bodies.

In default of all other expedients to repair the Whig ministry, recourse has been had to political baptism, and its name has been changed from the *Grey* to the *Melbourne*. For our parts, we see little benefit to be derived from the "*outward and visible sign*," when the "*inward and spiritual grace*" is still wanting.

Fair representation.

If it be true that the common people are *ignorant*, the million are certainly *faithfully represented* in the present House of Commons.

A prime change.

In these *striking* times, there is perhaps nothing remarkable in the sympathetic *turn out* of the French and English prime Minister.

How to bind a Magistrate.

White the ruffian magistrate decidedly deserves the knout, which would be supplying him in place of his *calf skin* with a good *Russia leathering*.

Party Opera-tions.

In the late Ministerial arrangements overtures were made from the Whigs to the Tories, but as the differences were not arranged, the *overtures* were not productive of *harmony*.

A black job.

They who would uphold the institutions should *bury* all abuses, so that they must act the parts not only of *upholders* but of *undertakers* also.

The game in view.

Lord Brougham in his speech on the Poor Law Bill last Monday, went into a definition of *ignorance*, and took a very *ample view of it*. Surely when he took a full view of *ignorance* he must have been staring at our old friend Gloucester, or some of his Tory associates.

A natural tendency.

There can be nothing strange in a Whig ratting, for as all Wigs *curl*, why should not political *Whigs* occasionally *turn round*?

Convincing arguments.

Lord Stormont is certainly one of the most *convincing* speakers in the House of Commons. Every one after hearing his arguments is sure to be *convinced* of the utter falsity of his reasoning.

A libel on Vaux.

The Lord Chancellor is reported to have threatened Lady Jersey with a prosecution for talking against him. Surely his Lordship would not wish to deprive Lady J. of a privilege he avails *himself* of to an extent wholly unparalleled.

Half and Half.

Lord Brougham has denied the "*pottle deep*" insinuations of the Duke of Buckingham. He has lately in wine, as well as in politics, become addicted to very *moderate measures*.

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

Tett and Mears were the other day discussing their customary glass of raw gin at the bar of the *Hog and Hatband*, when they very naturally wandered into a dissertation *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Mears was playfully tampering with the draining of his gin glass, and Tett was *coquetting* with the bar maid, when they abruptly discontinued the refinements of dalliance to talk upon the aspect of the theatrical hemisphere. "Egad," said Tett, "Sheridan Knowles is going out with his wife to the United States for the first time." Mears on hearing this exclamation, measured his fellow banner bearer with an eye that would have electrified a Dutch cheese, and rejoined, "What do you mean, idiot that you are—could it have been his *wife* if it had not entered into one of the *United States* long ago." Tett owned his error by a protracted

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No. 139.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1834.

[Price One Penny.

THE MINISTERIAL PUPPETS.



The above is certainly one of the richest caricatures that have ever yet graced the far-famed pages of Figaro. High as is the celebrity of its caricatures, we think the above throws immeasurably into the distance a large majority of the pictorial triumphs that have from time to time (in this work) shed a halo of glory over the art of caricaturing in England. Having relieved ourselves by this pious pilgrimage of the pen to the shrine of merit, we will grasp with our wonted ferocity the subject, at which the graphic gash is aimed in the engraving above

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exhibited. We could not, however, refrain from letting drop *en passant* a laurel on the artist's brow, for every panegyric we bestow *is* indeed a laurel for that head which is so fortunate as to be distinguished by a *puff* in this periodical. It would be unnecessary for us to enter minutely into the history of Punch, since it is a subject with which every one is familiar, from the brawny dustman saturated for a century in cinders, or the peer venerable in years, down to the shrill toned sweep, or the dirty nosed and hatless cherubs, who stare at mountebanks in the public streets, occasionally clutch from the gutter a cherry or a gooseberry, or who sometimes riot in the relish of a ripe raspberry rescued from the recesses of a sifted cinder box. Every one knows Punch, and we therefore repeat we need not now enter into his history. But the Ministerial Puppets of the show at St. Stephens, are subjects not quite so intelligible as the Punch of the *pavé*. There is, however, (and we warn our readers against him) a crafty vagabond who goes about exhibiting a parcel of Ministerial, or rather State Puppets, whom he works with the practised hand of the craftiest mountebank. Brougham is the name of the showman, and his Punch is no less a personage than a King, who is made to brandish his club in all directions at the will of the cunning Brougham, who keeps himself as much as possible out of sight for the purpose of working the complicated machinery. The Royal Punch lays about him without rhyme or reason, whenever Brougham chooses to direct him, and he kicks out one or drives off another, yielding always to the influence of the concealed hand that is guiding him. Another principal puppet is Melbourne, who attends somewhat in the way that the Doc-

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nor waits upon Punch, but who now and then gets a blow from the Royal Puppet, at the sole instigation of Brougham, the cunning exhibitor. Palmerston and other State Puppets are served much in the same way, while John Bull who stands gaping at the show, finds his pocket picked by some of the showman's infamous accomplices. Peel as a policeman, sometimes pretends to be upon the watch, but he is as great a rogue in the business as any blue devil that ever seduced a servant girl, or laid open an honest head with a truncheon. There is such a completeness about the graphic effort which is gloriously emblazoned above, that we shall enter into no further description. It is a gem of art, and the original will be in the next Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

THE INTERPRETER.

A Tory thief.

A few days since, it seems by the papers, that a boy was brought up charged with stealing a *Quarterly Review* from the house of Lord Lyndhurst. The magistrates animadverted strongly on the enormity of the offence, and certainly we think the boy was too bad in robbing Lyndhurst, for as there should be honour among thieves, so also should there be good faith amongst the Tories. The thief and Lyndhurst are of course of the same school of politics, as is proved by the fact of the former's having selected a *Tory review* for abstraction from the Ex-Chancellor's residence. The boy was hurried off to Brixton for a month, to improve his morals, and we think the magistrate should have warned him against encouraging a taste for Conservative periodicals, since his gout for reading the *Quarterly* has evidently been the means of introducing him to the House of Correction. We dare say he will object to the treadmill on political grounds, since being a Tory he will decidedly object to a common *wheel (weal)*, and will possibly protest against it, owing to its *revolving* process, since he is of course an enemy to *revolutionary* principles.

Atrocity of houselessness.

According to the police reports there cannot be a more atrocious sin than houselessness, and the worst of vagabonds is by magisterial law the poor creature who has no home or bed to lie upon. The other day we met with a case of two poor devils having been brought before Mr. White, CHARGED with *sleeping in the open air*, so that it seems poverty is denied even the luxury of a nap, in which to forget for a time its abject wretchedness. The grand legislative rule for misery to abide by, is evidently to "MOVE ON," for summary punishment is always awarded to *stagnant* wretchedness. We confess we cannot see the difference between poverty on the stand still, or poverty upon the move, but it is a fact that so long as it only continues to *keep moving*, it is passed unnoticed by the authorities. The instant it either *plants itself* to beg, or sinks down exhausted to sleep, it becomes the mark of police vengeance and is hurried off to the police office, where a magistrate is found ready to belch forth his ignorant venom, and consign it to a prison for its enormity. Now as houselessness is getting to be a common sin, we want to know for the benefit of the poorer classes, what

is to be done to avoid such alarming depravity. Perhaps it would be better for a man with nothing in his pocket to enter lodgings for which he has no means of paying. This would be merely *swindling*, but that in the eye of the law is not punished near so severely as *poverty*. If it be punishable to be without apartments, we presume in time it may be *illegal* to be without one's country house, and at last the police reports will talk of vagabonds being brought up CHARGED with having *no shooting box*. Those besotted idiots the magistrates positively commit men to prison for having no house to live in, advising them to *learn better* at the House of Correction. Whatever else *may be learnt* at a place so improving and enlightening to the mind, we doubt whether it will teach starving men where to obtain a residence.

A contemptuous Jarvey.

The coachman paid the fine without hesitation, and left the office with a sneer.

Mr. Alderman Copeland said if the fellow had sneered before the judgment had been pronounced; the full penalty should have been inflicted. *Police Report in the Morning Herald.*

Alderman Copeland seems to be not only a worthy occupant of the magisterial bench, but he is likewise eminently qualified by his innocent ignorance to take a conspicuous rank among those idiotic gluttons in gowns, who go by the name of Aldermen. The above paragraph gives a delicious specimen of civic justice, and is in itself a brilliant burst of cockney dignity. A coachman is fined—he pays the fine and sneers—Copeland sees the sneer—concludes it must be meant for him, and instantly expresses a rebellious wish to upset an act of parliament, kick the constitution to the devil, defy the legislature, set himself up as a maker as well as administrator of law, and in fact to use one powerful expression, to play h— and Tommy with the hackney coachman. Now we agree with Copeland that it is not pleasant to be sneered at, but we must also impress upon him that sneering *even at an Alderman*, constitutes no crime, and if therefore he had charged for the sneer by augmenting the fine, he would have been guilty of a subversion of all justice, a defiance of law, a contempt for parliament, and *ergo* of a treasonable intent towards the English constitution. There is no specific law *yet* to punish with a pecuniary penalty the sin of sneering at Copeland, and till so natural a feeling is punishable by the law of the land, we would advise the sagacious cockney to keep himself silent about inflicting fines on those who very excusably express a contempt for his ignorance.

A novel Minister.

The lath and plaister Ministry not being thoroughly complete, fresh appointments are still occasionally made to patch up the crevices in the crazy structure. Among other things Lord Mulgrave has been appointed Lord Privy Seal, a measure on the part of the Ministers that will be hailed by the public with infinite ecstasy. Lord Mulgrave may not be known to our readers, but he was formerly Lord Normanby, and as such acted as a sort of *cad* to Colburn—writing various novels, and lending his effigy for the New Monthly Magazine, where his portrait appeared with a lengthy puff in the shape of an autobiography. It may be useful for a Minister to be able to write novels, and we trust the adhesion of Lord Mulgrave to the Ministry will give confidence to the nation, for a Lord Privy Seal who can write a novel, is decidedly an acquisition.

in the present state of the country. Mulgrave, *alias* Normanby, *alias* Phipps, is at present the hope of the Melbourne Cabinet.

What's in a Name.

One of the most amusing absurdities of the week has been the remanding of a person called Richard Jones, who was sent back from the Insolvent Court, because he had not described himself as *Dutch Dick* in his schedule. This is singular cause for opposition. Why should not Mr. Hayne have been sent back for not describing himself as *Pea Green Hayne*? That is all. We don't say anything against the remand of *Dutch Dick*, but the objection should have prevailed in both cases equally.

A GREEN ROOM BREVITY.

MACREADY IN THE MERRY MOOD.—Though Macready is about as inflexible in his muscles as poor Mears is in his voice, and though the leading vagabond of both establishments does walk upon the nine feet high stilts of self importance through the stage and its avenues—yet he does, yes even *Macready* does sometimes come down from his altitude and ambling on the borders of Joe Miller, condescend to indulge in a playful waggery. The other night, at the Victoria, speaking of Knowles's Benefit, he *facetiously* declared that "for such a man as *Knowles*, the public could possibly have done *No-less* (*Know-les*)." He instantly sent for *Three Cabs*, in which to go home, one for himself, another for his dignity, and a third for *his joke*, which was so heavy that the vehicle broke down with it.

ENGLISH MELODIES, No. 51.

It must have been perceived of late that our moods have not been melodious, but a day or two since our thoughts took a most harmonious turn, and the result is a decided melody. We evidently had in our minds Cowper's celebrated Complaint of the Negroes, who, by the bye, are now emancipated, and have the advantage of a copyright in themselves (as it were) and are no longer transferable with property like the consciences of ministerial underlings from one premier to another unto all eternity. However, to return to the subject of the melody,—it is founded on Cowper's poem aforesaid, and takes the felicitous form off Grey's complaint on his rejection from the premiership by his late colleagues.

AIR—*Forced from home and all its pleasures.*

Forced from place and all its pleasures,
Treasury bench I left forlorn,
To advance old Brougham's measures,
In his cunning *caput* born.
All my former colleagues sold me,
Ousted me by tricks that told;
But though out at last they've bowl'd me,
Whigs are always to be sold.

Still in principle as ever,
I can shortly change my mind;
Join the Tories, 'twould be clever,
Leaving former friends behind.
Whig professions, Tory practice,
Both may sometimes kindred claim;
Names may differ, but the fact is
Whig and Tory are the same.

Why did all creating nature
Make us wish for place to toil,
Lies must earn it—which we ought to
Shun, lest we our souls should soil.
Think ye Ministers while boasting,
Lolling at your treasury boards;
How our souls must get a roasting,
For the sweets that place affords.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare.*

A tax to be taken off.

Lord Althorp if he had applied to us might have obtained an advisable hint for his recent budget. Instead of removing trifling taxes, we could have suggested something he could have taken off that never was any benefit to the public resources. We mean that *had he taken himself off* he would have removed what has long been a most tiresome and unprofitable *tax* upon the patience of the public.

Astounding news.

One of the splendid results of the philosophical enquiries of the Poor Law Commissioners is that every *child must have two parents*. This is a fact for the discovery of which they deserve a public monument in addition to their tremendous salaries.

A patriot in perspective.

Sir Robert Peel said the other night, "he should feel disposed to look to the interests of his country at a distance of three or four centuries from the present time." His anxiety about the *future* prosperity of the country may account in some degree for his opposition to the advancement of its present interests.

Too bad.

It is rather surprising that the Poor Law Amendment Bill, which is so cowardly an attack on the *female* population, should have so readily passed the House of Lords, where (from the number of *old women* it contains) the *female* population had a right to look for sympathy. But old women are proverbially harsh towards the indiscretions of their juniors.

The ear of royalty.

Somebody in puffing his August Majesty the other day, declared that "the King's ears were open to the complaints of those even at a distance. We cannot doubt the *extent* of his Majesty's auricular organs, and we loyally pronounce him to be (God bless him) one of the *long-eared tribe*."

Bad Provisions.

The New Poor Law Amendment Bill will certainly increase death by starvation, at least *cent. per cent.* It deprives all parties of relief, and it is a bill which will starve thousands who are reduced to look to its *provisions*.

THEATRICALS.

Bunn the double lessee is travelling through the provinces, attending all the barns, and looking for what he intends calling in the Bills of next season "*provincial ability*." We have had enough of this provincial ability, and there will be no gulling the public *now* with this species of *tag-rag-and-bob-tailery*. All the principal performers are just now out of London, and the small constellations are starring it in various provincial companies. Mears has been playing Richard the Third somewhere in the North of England, and created such a sensation in the Village that he was carried to his lodging, triumphantly, in a fruit basket. Baker has had a profitable trip into the south, and is fascinating a small borough in that quarter with his clean ducks, and amiable countenance. In fact all the nobodies in London are attending to the nobodies in the country, and they occasionally extract a few shillings from some rural dupes, so that, to a small extent, their presence in the provinces may prove detrimental to the agricultural interests. It will be seen that we never sleep, and that true to our character, we are "*here, there and everywhere*." Our eye is always ready to detect a petty swindle, and our hand is ever ready to astonish it in its retreat with our tomahawk. Among other things we have *heard* (but we hope the report may

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No. 140.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

ROYAL RHAPSODIES.



Undoubtedly one of the most delicious facts that ever was placed upon record is the affectionate rush of Adelaide, Queen of England, into the maternal arms of her mother, who, it seems, *flares up* with some dingy degree of dignity in some dirty hole of dirty Germany. Adelaide is evidently formed for social delights, and most palpably rushes to her parent with a *gusto* which shows us that, however delicious it may be to luxuriate in connubial bliss with the adorable William, her amiable husband and our enlightened King, yet there is still a satisfaction in rushing into the bosom of her *Mamma*, and pouring out her tears of affection into the ardent breast of one to whom this country is indebted for a Queen, William the Fourth for a wife, and the royal housemaids for a good blowing up whenever they fail to deposit a bit of candle or piece of old mutton

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fat in the grease pot of royalty. The papers of a few days past teemed with the most delicately touching accounts of the first interview between the mother and daughter. How charming was the fact, that Adelaide did not wait for the formal reception prepared for her, but leaped from her carriage like a young or (we should rather say) a *middle aged* stag, smack bang into the arms of her parent, who could not wait patiently in the parlour for her daughter to be shewn up stairs, but had actually come down to sit in the kitchen waiting the arrival of the amiable Adelaide. The venerable mother had in fact, commenced cooking a few sausages to assuage the appetite of her daughter, on the arrival of the *cortège*.

The following (we know from private sources) were the arrangements made by the old lady to receive our Queen, and we print them for the general satisfaction of the whole community. It was arranged that the whole household should be drawn up in the back kitchen, headed by the occasional foot-boy, the rear being brought up by a charwoman, who is sometimes engaged in that capacity when the floors of the residence require an extra scrub, or there is a particular point to be gained by apparent cleanliness. A famous dinner of sour kroust and German-sausages had been laid out upon the first floor, and the knives having been cleaned, we may presume that *unusual* pains had been taken to do the thing on a grand scale of magnificence. The whole retinue was drawn up to receive her Majesty Queen Adelaide, who was locked in her mother's arms for nearly an hour and a half, during which time cataracts of tears flowed from the eyes of mother and daughter with a violence which literally frightened the dirty floor of the German

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apartment. After the violence of joy had in a degree subsided, a long conversation ensued on the subject of English affairs, and the various mysteries of the domestic circle of royalty in this blessed country.

Mother.—Does William ever thrash you, my dear?

Daughter.—Certainly not—he never thrashes me—its quite the other way, I assure you.

Mother.—Do you get much money out of those beggarly English?

Daughter.—I should rather think I did.—Here's a present for you, mamma. (*Gives money bags.*)

Mother.—I hope you keep your husband under, my dear?

Daughter.—Do you think I'm such a fool as to do otherwise.

In these and other similar speeches did the mother and daughter beguile the hours, and they wound up the evening with a frightful blow out of German sausages.

We are under the necessity of pausing here, in order to give time for the contemplation of the glorious caricature with which the present number of the work is gorgeously emblazoned. It pourtrayeth, in varied colours, the first affectionate interview of the Queen and her mother, a point in which the public of this country must, at this moment, take almost an undivided interest. Nothing can, by any possibility, exceed the looks of devotion that Seymour has, in a masterly style, attributed to each of the two characters in the brilliant *tableau* above. Let the nation pause and reflect on so magnificent a memorial of maternal ardour, and filial foolery.

THE INTERPRETER.

A Sweeping Measure.

CRIS OF LONDON.—By the new chimney sweepers act, that came into operation last week, any person, crying "sweep" is liable to a penalty of 40s.—*Morning Herald.*

This really seems to be rather too hard upon the sons of soot, whose calling of *sweep* is the very soul and body of their wordly calling. It is rather too much to expect in a climbing boy an intimate acquaintance with an act of parliament, though his black associations are decidedly favourable to the supposition that he will come in contact with the proceedings of the legislature. We, however, cannot but pronounce it to be somewhat too much of a *sweeping* measure. How are the poor devils to know what is doing in the house of commons, unless they have their proper representatives within its walls. We wonder that the editor of the *Age* did not denounce the proposed penalty as decidedly a *chimney-hole-and-corner-measure*.

Atrocities of the Season.

London is decidedly upside down, and the whole metropolis is being either victimised or decimated by one of three nuisances, cows, cabs, and the cholera. The other day the papers were illuminated by a long account of some itinerant cow, who (poor sensitive beast) was much excited by being pursued by a gang of pickpockets, whose presence, according to the reports, was highly exasperating to this singularly upright animal. The cow after making a dead set at a party of ladies, turning a somersault over an apple-stall, *prouetting* among a bevy of small children, and going down the middle of a street and up again to the detriment of a brood of chickens, retired into an

enclosure, where a party of police watched her till four o'clock in the morning, when they walked her off to a place of security. The idea of staring at a cow for several hours before venturing to secure her, is a piece of gallant caution, in every respect worthy of the new police, and we do not doubt the animal would be highly sensible of so much forbearance on the part of the authorities. The next atrocity of the season to which the population is exposed, is *The Cabs*, which do more for the undertakers than the most deadly plague with which it is possible for a country to be visited. One never takes up a paper that does not record half a dozen deaths under the awful title of MORE CAB ATROCITIES, as if cab driving and murder were at length synonymous. Latterly the cabmen have almost exhausted their victims, and have been running over themselves, with a species of desperation that proves, beyond doubt, the horrible connection between cab driving and blood spilling. The other day a driver fell from his seat and slipped under his own wheels, by way of a climax to his day's work, as if he had not wholly performed his duty for the day till he had smashed in the ribs of somebody; positively, cholera is a mere trifle compared with the cab drivers.

A risible Affair.

A deputation, headed by Mr. Allen, had an interview yesterday with Mr. Secretary Rice at the Colonial Office.—*Morning Paper.*

Who the deuce is Allen? and what did he want at the Colonial Office? We shall be told shortly that Snooks has had an interview with Johnson. We really must assert that Allen's interview with Rice is, in the emphatic words of Lord Farebrother, "*nothink to nobody*." Why the fact is recorded, we leave to others to determine; but as the paragraph in question reaches three lines, we may presume it has been printed to put a triplicate of pence into the lank pocket of some needy news-monger.

The Temperance trash.

The temperance people have been issuing some delicious rubbish in the shape of a report of a Committee of the House of Commons, on the amiable project for the maintenance of sobriety and the further prevention of drunkenness. Among other things it is advised, that spirits be not sold in quantities exceeding a quarter of a pint, but we are quite sure a bill with such a clause would never pass the House of Lords, for we would be bound that Brougham would not suffer the *quarter of a pint* project to become a government measure. It is also suggested that gin, &c., should be sold only as a medicine, in chemists' shops, which would of course be crammed with pretended invalids, and whenever a confirmed drunkard wishes for his accustomed swill of ardent liquors, he has only to affect to be seized with a sudden indisposition, and is thus enabled to get regularly dead drunk, according to the act of parliament. We doubt whether any would stick closely to the *letter* of the proposed law, and there is no doubt many would prefer standing to the *spirit*. No legislation in the world will prevent a man from getting tipsy if he feels disposed, and we think it will be difficult for parliament to restrain the tipling part of society within certain bounds of legal muzziness. We understand a bill is to be introduced for regulating the strength of filthy beer, but there is as yet no very great demonstration of public feeling in favour of it. When people meet publicly to denounce grog, when large assemblies congregate to eulogise weak tea and barley water, when the word *swipes* is as general as that of *reform* once was on the walls in the public thoroughfares, then and then only will be the time for introducing a bill to substitute tea and toast for cigars and brandy and water. We, however, think the members afford quite sufficient *milk and water* to the community, in the speeches which they pour forth from their mouths in the debates of both houses of parliament.

A Tea-dious speech.

One Mr. Crawford was very eloquent on Wednesday night on the subject of tea, and entered into an elaborate discussion of the various attractions of Twankay, Congou, Hyson and Gunpowder. He swore that *Congou* was a blessing to the *congou-gal* (*conjugal*) state, that Hyson or *High-son* was what he always gave to his biggest boys, and he protested that he could relish a regular *blow out* of *Gunpowder*. While, however, he was so eloquent on the contents of the caddy, and so horribly eulogistic of Souchong, he was in his speech presenting his hearers with a weak, wild and wishy-washy dish of the merest milk and water.

A Surprise for the Nation.

The intense heat, last week, seems to have been generally felt throughout the country.—*Morning Paper*.

This is important! We have no doubt special messengers were sent in every direction to ascertain where it was hot, and where it was otherwise. So interesting a point was decidedly not to be settled by mere surmise, but it was necessary people should be actually on the spot to ascertain exactly the calidity of the atmosphere. We are always anxious to assist the march of information and add to the store of knowledge. We have therefore the extremest satisfaction in stating that we had a long interview with a gentleman who came from Hammersmith only yesterday, and we have it on his authority (a highly respectable one) that he found it very warm walking, particularly on the sunny side of the way, though even in the shade he observed that the heat was tremendous.

Late Debates.

No one can doubt the immense importance of the House of Commons, and we should be the last persons in the world to throw a slur on the dignity of debate, and we are therefore pleased at being able to congratulate the representatives of the people, on having been engaged during the past week solely in the discussion of subjects exactly on a level with their intellects. The three topics of the last several evenings have been tea, small beer, and spirits, though, by the bye, the last of these articles does not seem to have inspired in the speakers, any of that *freshness* which the subject ought to have elicited. The speeches on tea have been particularly appropriate, while small beer has found most able orators to advocate its healthy weakness, and assist in placing *Swipes* on the proud pinnacle of popularity. There is, throughout the whole Parliamentary body, an appropriate appreciation for intermediate, and it is only a few *ardent spirits*, such as Brougham, who are still prepared to stand bravely by the brandy flask, and dent out the lightning of their eloquence in favour of the gin bottle. The contest is now not for Whig or Tory ascendancy, but the grand constitutional struggle is between the tea pot and the rum cask. The cap of liberty must have taken the form of a coffee cup, and the flag of freedom must now be emblazoned—not with the form of justice—but with the portrait of some popular tea-dealer. The Elphick party will of course muster strong, while Thompson and Fearon will certainly use their best endeavours in the grand cause of Whiskey versus Twankay.—Gin against Gunpowder.

GLOUCESTERIANA, NO. 52.

"I have read," said Gloucester, (his eyes flashing out sparks of fire, which ignited a neighbouring taper) "I have heard that even noblemen will sometimes give their countenance to prize-fighters." The inanimate *aid-de-camp* opened his mouth and inhaled the carcass of a butterfly fluttering in the neighbourhood. "Yes," continued the uneasy Duke, "Noblemen have sometimes given their countenance to prize-fighters, and I therefore wonder there are not more black eyes and

bloody noses among the aristocracy. I know I should not like to give *my countenance* to that sort of thing." Higgins stood upon his head till he had counted twelve, as a tribute to his master's overwhelming genius.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare*.

Gloucester's latest.

The Bishop of Sodor is going to Cheltenham. Gloucester declares that *Sodor* (*Soda*) will be found decidedly a species of opponent to the Spa, as the water of the latter is not unlike *Soda* (*Sodor*).

Moderate measure.

We understand the Temperance Committee have examined the Lord Chancellor, with a view of ascertaining how much brandy and water the human frame is capable of containing. Lord Thurlow was frequently measured and found to hold six quarts, but at present the country is blessed with a two gallon Chancellor.

The Republic in danger.

We see by the papers that within the last year 50,000 Sovereigns have been exported from this country into the United States. We are somewhat surprised at the demand for *Sovereigns* in America.

Fierce Work.

A bill has been introduced for the promotion of *Justice in Burroughs*. We understand that that most respectable ass, *Judge Burroughs*, intends bringing an action for libel against both Houses of Parliament, the King, Lord Melbourne, and all the Ministers.

Abusive Language.

Lord Londonderry, in talking some trash as usual a few nights ago in the House of Lords, said he knew of several cases of *abuse*. Surely his Lordship must have been remembering the drubbing he has occasionally got from the Lord Chancellor.

Poor measure.

Mr. P. Thompson the other night declared that a proposition made by another member *filled his mind* with astonishment. The circumstance could not have been a *very* astonishing one, even if the *mind* of P. Thompson was *filled* to an overflow.

Measure for Measure.

Lord Brougham declares that no measure can be proposed that would effectually check drunkenness. He declares from his own experience, that every *measure* he has tried has only tended to *increase* inebriety.

THEATRICALS.

Laporte has been vagabondizing at all the theatres, in order to get up benefits, and put a few loose sovereigns into that awful vacuum—his pocket. On Monday he attempted to victimise the public by a performance at Covent Garden, but Taglioni and Grisi who were to have played on the occasion, declined coming forward without a considerable quantity of that coin, which is by no means within the grasp of the opera manager. The people having come to witness a performance, would not retire peaceably without doing something, and therefore they coolly smashed in the door of the theatre, and were to the amount of some half dozen walked off to the station house. It is a pity the performance did not take place, for Laporte might as well have had a few hundreds, as that the sum should remain in small and contemptible moieties of 3s. 6d. in the pockets of individuals. The opera is crammed

nightly with bailiffs, and the pit people are to be seen with each a writ in hand instead of a *libretto*—a *bill* of Middlesex, instead of a *bill* of performance. The papers still continue to speak of Laporte as the *active* lessee, and really the manner in which he has for the last few weeks mocked the power of the sheriff, and eluded the legal clutch, speaks volumes in favour of his activity. We trust that he will ultimately triumph over the unrighteous host, and that he will next year *flare up* under the benign influence of replenished coffers.

At the English Opera an operatta called *The Dragon* has been produced with immense success, the music of A. Lee having contributed materially to the result specified. The piece is by Morton, the most venerable of dramatists, who is still full of exuberant humour, though we believe he completed his hundred and thirty-fourth year last Tuesday. We are delighted to meet with these evergreens in the field of literature, though Morton is somewhat of the aloë, as to the season of bringing forth a flower, for his brain does not seem to blossom very rapidly. His *Dragon* is rather devoid of plot, that is, it has no *tail (tale)*, and though without *legs* we trust it may *run* on for some time very pleasantly. The language of the *Dragon* is not particularly fiery, but quite sufficiently so, for the purpose of amusing the audience. A heap of novelties are in preparation at this highly favoured establishment.

Mr. Selby has been distinguishing himself in the *dual* capacity of author and actor; having written and performed in a melodrama, founded on and called the *Heiress of Bruges*. The dialogue is decidedly good, the incidents are striking, and the general effect is exceedingly creditable to Mr. Selby's talent as a dramatist. One of the most interesting features is a combat by Messrs. Deben and T. Lee, who burst upon the audience in the imposing splendour of russet boots and block tin breast plates. With the fire of chivalry in their eyes, their cheeks glowing with red lead and brick-dust, their upper lips lowering under a shadow of burnt cork, these gentlemen decidedly realized our ideas of those romantic ruffians who were ready to cut a head off, or send a soul to the shades at the very shortest notice possible. The combat alluded to was really excellent, and elicited loud applause. Mr. T. Lee's brogue seems to be very good, and he is by no means without humour. The piece was given out for repetition amid a whirlwind of rapture.

The *School for Scandal* has been admirably played at the Victoria, and is certainly as well cast as in the present state of the profession is by any means possible. It included the talents of Messrs. Abbott, Elton, W. Keene, Mitchell, Forrester, Miss Jarman and Mrs. Orger. These are all names for which no better could be substituted throughout the profession, and certainly it was injudicious to do the piece at the Haymarket on the same evening, since the latter house was forced by comparison to display the poverty of its company. Mrs. Nisbett as Lady Teazle, must have been an undoubted dose to such persons as preferred attending the partial murder of Sheridan at the Haymarket, to his equal and generally efficient representation at the Victoria. The comedy was hailed with acclamations, and its speedy repetition insisted on. A mythological burletta by the author of the *Frolics of the Fairies*, was produced with complete success on Saturday last, under the title of *Caught Courting*. Its most attractive features are the music, singing and acting, which were perfect in every particular. The Misses Horton deserve the highest praise for their delicious execution of the vocal music assigned to them, and Mr. Ransford's powerful voice was of immense service to the concerted pieces. Mitchell's acting in the part of Philemon

is exceedingly rich, and his *burlesque* singing told admirably with the audience. Every person engaged in the piece seemed to exert himself most laudably, and under the circumstances we can do no more than record the success of the burletta, which is mainly owing to the talent employed in producing it. Mr. Wade's taste in arranging the selected music is an immense acquisition to the piece, and an original *sestetto* by himself, introduced in the last scene, is quite worthy of its fellowship with Mozart, Auber, Rossini, and the other eminent composers, from whose works the author has selected some *gems* of surpassing brilliancy. The finale from Cenerentola is generally *encored*, owing to its magnificent execution by Miss Horton. We are happy to see herself and sister in parts which give them an opportunity of displaying the extraordinary musical talent, which they possess respectively.

The Surrey is galloping madly on in the career of blackguardism, and an individual calling himself *Young Dutch Sam*, has lately been the star of the establishment. This person is, we understand, a boxer, and advertises his intention of having a *set-to* on the Surrey stage with some other gentry of the like calling as the said *Young Dutch Sam*, whose name for the benefit of our politer readers we must translate into *Juvenile Samuel the Hollander*. This atrocious rubbish should be checked by the magistrates, or our theatres will next be the resort of wild beasts, who are in nature not far removed from prize-fighters. We believe it is called old English sport to contend brutally for a little money, but if this species of savageness is to end as it occasionally does, in murder, we are under the necessity of refusing our approval to such a custom, however old or however *English*. Mr. C. Hill, very naturally despairing of making a benefit after the savage set out we alluded to, intends giving away a *wherry* on the stage next Thursday. Mears declares it is a *wherry* good way of getting a house. Shegog says there must be an *overflow* to receive the boat, and Tett with more humility, (making if possible a worse joke,) says that Hill wants to *over awe (oar)* the public. We must stop here to let our readers repair to their various restoratives.

We perceive that Mr. Holmes takes his benefit at the Fitzroy on Wednesday next, and his bill of fare is extremely attractive. In addition to much professional talent he has a batch of *amateurs* to present to the public, among whom is a Mr. Ulph, in addition to a naval officer, and some one who is advertised as *first and only time a gentleman*. Joking aside, there is a great deal of attraction on the night in question, and as Mr. Holmes is an attentive and respectable actor, we hope he will have a bumper at his benefit. As almost the sole remnant of the company under the late management, he has a stronger claim on the public than any other member of the present establishment.

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No. 141.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

DEFEAT OF MINISTERS.

The Ministers have been again defeated, but as to there being any chance of their resigning, *that* is quite out of the question. Such a thing as the Whigs utterly going out is most thoroughly beyond calculation, and we are quite tired of making any comments whatever on them or their measures. We shall therefore forbear from saying any thing or advising any thing on the subject, as it seems to us to be a matter of very little moment whether we have a government of Whigs, Revolutionists, Tories, Conservatives, Rogues, Thieves, Vagabonds, honest men, pickpockets, or radicals, so long as there is a House of Lords that is determined on setting at defiance every approach towards liberality or enlightenment. Positively there is such contemptible twaddle about the proceedings of the cabinet, that we do not even think it worth while to honour them with a caricature, and we shall therefore this week let them off without one. Our city article is so exceedingly rich, that it will far more than make up for the mere mechanical exhibition of a political drawing. In fact, altogether this week, we quite plethoric of rich and unctious matter.

MURDER OF MR. BRAHAM.

The other day the papers took it into their heads to murder Braham, probably merely that they might have the philanthropic satisfaction of restoring him to life again: others hint that the reporters killed the vocalist to make a five shilling paragraph, feeling aware that his resuscitation must be the subject of another article, by which a few shillings more must inevitably be pocketed. The Herald was excessively eager to kill him

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outright, for it gave his biography on Tuesday ready cut and dried, so that *his life has been taken* at the hands of some paragraph contributor. Mr. Braham thinking, we presume, that this publication is the only one the solemnity of the statements in which is a sure guarantee of their truth, has sent us the following note, which we insert most cheerfully.

To the Editor of Figaro.

SIR,—I see by the papers that I am dead, but I am of opinion that there can be no truth in the statement. As, however, I like to give good proofs of every thing I advance, allow me through the medium of your paper, to state a few facts, from which I humbly infer that my being now alive is *rather probable*. In the first place *I have all my senses*, and though many are alive without these adjuncts, yet I think I never heard of any instance wherein a dead person was possessed of them. Secondly, I have not given up the ghost, and if I had I need not have been dead, for my respected friend Mr. Egerton is still alive, though it is nearly two years since he *gave up the ghost*—in Hamlet.

Should these proofs be insufficient, I will try and collect more. In the meantime believe me

Yours, very sincerely,

J. BRAHAM.

We think that Mr. Braham has said sufficient to prove his being alive, but if our readers have still any doubts, we will take advantage of the vocalist's offer to put the question beyond the possibility of further disputing.

THE INTERPRETER.

A new House of Commons.

That the House of Commons has always been sufficiently bad, we will most readily admit, but that the building is far

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superior to the contents, no one can possibly be rash enough to think of denying. Some of the members spoke of the *bad smell*. This we admit; but with its present occupants, the building will continually be in *bad odour*. Mr. Hume complained of the building because the speeches in it could not be thoroughly heard; but surely *that* must be an advantage, for if all the speeches were *heard* by every one within the walls, we should indeed commiserate the people's representatives. Lord Althorp said there was not room for all the members of the House; but this is still a point in favour of the existing building, since there are always members *de trop*, even in cases of the very thinnest attendances. Some one said it was *too hot*; but no one can deny that this session the M.P.'s have been taking it much *too cool*. One Kennett made a very rich observation; he declared he liked the house because of the *associations* connected with it. This twaddle is really too good; the idea of any other associations but those of filth, robbery, plunder, perjury, tyranny, and every thing bad being connected with the Chapel of St. Stephen's! If Kennett likes this kind of *association*, we can only tell him that, like many other members of parliament, he is by no means particular. Of course our advice to the country is expected on a question of this kind, and we will therefore give it as honestly as usual. We should say it would be useless to have a new House for the Commons *just yet*, because, if the Peers go on as they are now doing, *it may happen* (we don't say *it will*, but *it may*,) that the House of Lords may soon become vacant. They appear to be unwilling to keep themselves secure in it, and they might be unceremoniously ejected at a very short notice.

MANSIONS OF THE CIVIC PEERAGE.

Our contemporary *The Court Journal*, whom we delight to imitate, now and then favours its readers with a lengthy description of the residences of the English nobility, but we cannot help thinking that the civic aristocracy is quite as much an object of curiosity as the West End peerage. It is delightful to know where an aldermanic pile of fat and wisdom turns in for the night, after having astounded the world with a display of magisterial *nous* in the course of the day at the Mansion House. We have therefore, at a bold, but blindly extravagant outlay, secured a description of Mr. Charles Pearson's abode, in a street which has the honour of connecting Bedford-square with Tottenham-court-road, and which, as far as our memory may be trusted on so important a point, goes by the name of Bedford-street.

PEARSON HOUSE,

The residence of Charles Pearson, Esq., Common Councilman.

Pearson House, as we dignify No. 8, in Bedford-street, Bedford-square, originally consisted of three floors, but the present spirited occupant has caused the erection of an attic. This commanding room, which looks smack into the opposite neighbours' second floor front, unites the convenience of a cock loft with the domestic delight of an attic. Charles Pearson senior, grandfather of the common councilman, restored the knocker in 1749, and a new bell was added in 1802, by the father of the present occupant. Mrs. Pearson, mother of the living Charles, had the water laid on in the area, and about twelve years since, the present lessee added the hall lamp, which is the admiration of the new police and the midnight passenger.

Entering by the front door you find yourself in

THE HALL,

which is a narrow passage, of some nine feet in length and three in breadth. The hall floor is of real board, the walls

are of *stucco* painted sky blue, and the ceiling is richly cased in an extra coat of milky whitewash. On the right is a row of brass pegs, on which are tastefully arranged the

FAMILY HATS,

some of which are of beaver, while the remainder are of silk, and all have been supplied from the well approved stock of Wilkinson, 80, Strand, who rigs out, in the hat line, the whole of the Pearson family. The umbrella stand is a very unique specimen of tin work, and is richly coloured in imitation of bamboo, by the industry of Master James Pearson, who fills up his leisure hours in dabbling among old paint pots. Carefully, but resolutely, following your uose, you come to the staircase, but you do not ascend as you perceive to the left a dirty face peeping through a crevice in the door which leads to the

FRONT PARLOUR.

The ceiling of this apartment is sky blue, the hangings of the windows are of an ambiguous material, something between chintz and gingham. The walls are adorned with several paintings, not by the *old* but the *young masters*, who have one and all, a turn for colouring penny pictures. From this apartment we pass into the

BACK PARLOUR,

which is *ditto repeated* on a small scale, and is strewn with broken dolls, peg tops, and other interesting proofs that it is the room assigned to the junior members of the family. Going up stairs you come to the

DRAWING ROOM,

so called nobody knows why, which is the grand *reason* for every act of the Pearson family. This apartment is gorgeously fitted up with a chimney glass, in the corner of which may still be seen a small piece of paper with LOT 27 printed on it, and telling in a most decided manner the fact of its being a purchase at an auction. The paper is of a vulgar red and the bell-ropes are made from massive worsted of the colour of brimstone. There is nothing else in this apartment worthy of particular notice, and the back drawing-room is much of the same character. We now come to the most interesting portion of the whole establishment, which is

PEARSON'S BED ROOM,

and is magnificently fitted up with a cheap-looking nondescript bedstead, something between a tent and a four poster. Over the door is displayed a shelf, on which is supported a very old bandbox. In one corner is a wash-hand-stand of thin deal, which has formerly been bedizenned out in a coat of light blue paint; but this has been in several parts regularly rubbed off by the cleanly habits of the family. In the opposite corner is a chest of three drawers, and in a small recess on the left hand side may be seen

PEARSON'S SUNDAY HIGH-LOWS.

These stout and strongly made boots were originally made in Tottenham Court Road, by Mr. Sparks, and the whole of the upper leathers which now remain were originally the work of that highly gifted manufacturer. They were first made in 1818, for a ball to which Pearson had been invited; but in 1823 the whole of the bottom part underwent a thorough repair, under the able inspection of Mr. Jones, a cobbler in the neighbourhood. In the early part of 1825 it was found necessary to welt the left high-low, and the fellow underwent a similar process Anno Domini 1826, after which they were both fitted up with new shoe strings. In 1830, Pearson had a patch put on the right side of the left highlow, and early in the present year, they a second time were soled and heeled under the able superintendence of a man who was paid for doing it. Having described

the principal features of this room, we pass at once into the adjacent apartment, which is

MRS. PEARSON'S BOUDOIR,

and in which there is positively no turning round, on account of the excessive smallness of the hole so designated. From Pearson's gorgeous bed-room to Mrs. P's small boudoir, the transition is like going from the stall of an over-grown ox to the kennel of a young and playful terrier. There is nothing in the room but a dirty old muff, a Dunstable bonnet, and a deal table, upon which is placed in a large broken earthenware mug

THE FAMILY TOOTH BRUSH.

The upper suite of apartments presents what is called in domestic language a *muddle*, but the eye of the stranger is sure to light on some article of useful luxury in the shape of a nursery chair or an old feather bed.

Having sufficiently described this splendid abode, we leave it as a topic on which the morbid imaginations of our excited readers may dwell for awhile in pathetic ecstasy. We shall probably follow up the account of *Pearson's abode* with descriptions of other residences equally important and equally interesting to the lover of vulgarity.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare*.

Rail-y good.

The Lords, it appears, have agreed to the Durham Railway Bill. A wag (not Gloucester nor Mears,) wished to know if this meant that the Lords had agreed to put up with *Durham's* way of *railing*.

Dreadful inconsistency.

The Lord Chancellor said the other night on some occasion, which we forget, that "he really thought it would be quite inconsistent with the character of their Lordships' house to admit *the principle*." Brougham never made a truer remark, for the admission of *principle* is certainly quite inconsistent with their Lordships' characters.

A Romantic Incident.

The other day Twiss was sitting on Waterloo Bridge, to walk upon which he had paid his penny, *because* the bridge is *not in Middlesex*. A nymph of the *pave* going by was singing to herself, "*I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows*." "Egad," cried Twiss, "I wish I knew a bank whereon I could draw a *cheque*." We can refer poor Twiss to plenty of banks whereon he may draw a *cheque*, but upon our word, as a gentleman, we should be puzzled to direct him to any bank that would *honour* it.

A source for relief.

We understand the crop of *taturs* is rather scanty this year. We would suggest to the starving peasantry that they had better try what relief is to be had from the *Agi-taturs*; articles that have always been in Ireland particularly plentiful.

A slight error.

The other night Lord Teynham said "that in France women got husbands by their virtues." If this be the fact, how came the *Baroness de Feucheres* to marry. We suspect Lord Teynham labours under a severe mistake, for we know of many persons who have got husbands in France, but who, if his Lordship's assertion be true, would have remained till this moment in a state of single blessedness.

A new term.

The bribery of the Warwick electors was called *treating* them. We think *mal-treating* would have been a more appropriate term for depriving them of their independence.

The innocent Duke.

Our friend the Duke of Gloucester could never be found guilty of any malicious intention, for it would puzzle the whole world to find in any one act of his Royal Highness's life, the smallest symptom of an *animus*.

Another mistake.

The Duke of Richmond spoke the other day of his Magisterial *Capacity*. He should have been called to order for talking on a subject that never was in existence, as no one ever knew that he possessed any other capacity than *capacity* of pocket.

Wice Worse-er.

Lord Wynford and the Duke of Cumberland *aided* and *abetted* in throwing out the Irish tithe bill. They may both have been *aiders*, but when the couple is so decidedly *bad*, it is quite impossible to say which is *worse*, and far more difficult to call either of them *a-better*.

High treason.

Lord Brougham, the other night, complained that the House of Lords wanted ventillation near the throne. Gloucester, who is always agog to support the glory of the Guelphs, wanted to indict the Chancellor for high treason, on the ground that he was decidedly asking for a new *air (heir) to the Throne*.

A parliamentary grant.

One of the most foolish Grants of the House of Commons is decidedly Mr. Charles *Grant*, and, with his pay as a Secretary, he is not one of the least expensive Grants.

Not a miss.

It is rather appropriate on the part of Sir John Hobhouse to put himself up for *Nottingham*, since, from his flogging propensities, *Knotting'em* must be quite in his line of business.

A PHYSICIAN FLARING UP.

It has happily been the fate of this periodical to have been the medium of introducing to the known world a large assortment of geniuses, who, but for our *Mæcanean* aid, would never have been known as *sich* beyond the precincts of their own premises. We have this week to introduce to the public a man who has already gained immortal fame by his tact in administering a bolus, added to his intimate acquaintance with the noble art of physicking the human frame with decided advantage to the human bowels. It seems that the same mighty mind which can regulate the strength of a dose of salts, or prescribe the proper limits of a pitch plaister, is also capable of making a pun;—a divine science, of his proficiency in which he has furnished us with a few of the best specimens. From so mighty a mind, any ebullition must be deserving of preservation, and we therefore print the majestic document, which came into our fortunate hands this morning by—the twopenny.

TO FIGARO IN LONDON.

Curzon Street, May Fair.

SIR,—Permit me to enclose for your perusal, and, I hope, approval, the following conundrums, which I think ought to

FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen.
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 142.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE IRISH TITHE BILL.



There has been much excitement from the ejection of the Irish Tithe Bill by the Lords, but we suspect it will in the end prove more fatal to the Lords than it will be to those whom they intended to wrong by their illiberality. The King has very properly sent the Parliament to the right about, probably conceiving that enough mischief has been done by them to last until the next session. His most gracious Majesty dismissed the two Houses with a most urbane intimation that nothing more could be done, and a most respectful acknowledgment of having received the whole of his salary. The last act of the vagabonds who sit as Peers, was as every one knows the ejection of the Irish Tithe Bill, and the consequence has been a motion, which however civilly worded, means to all intents and purposes, nothing more nor less than to kick their Lordships

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out of all share in the government. This is not a matter on which we think fit to speculate, and we shall therefore say no more upon it at this moment. The caricature is excessively expressive of the present state of the Irish Clergy, and we shall not risk its effect by any attempt at explaining it.

THE QUEEN'S RETURN.

Her most gracious Majesty, now known as Adelaide the Adorable, wrote the following letter to the King immediately on her having resolved to come home from her vagabondising trip to her poor relations in Germany:—

DEAR BILLY,—

I expect to get home next Wednesday, and I hope you will be in readiness to receive me with that affection which my charms demand, and which I have always insisted on. I beg that you will go to bed early on Tuesday night, that you may have no excuse for any laziness in evincing that joy at my return, which if you cannot feel, you must affect, for the look of the thing, as I am not going to have it said that you prefer my room to my company. You will order dinner for me at six, and mind there are some German sausages, for I have had a most delicate blow-out upon these luxuries with my poor mother (God bless her), ever since I have been absent from England.

Tell the housemaid to sweep out the front parlour,

And believe me,

Your affectionate wife,

ADELAIDE.

P. S. I have got rid of all the money I took out, among various members of my family. I have left each of them sufficient to last till I send out again. Recollect, Sir, that you have all your accounts ready for my inspection on my return, and make yourself decent to receive me. The Duchess of Gloucester will put out a clean shirt if you have not one. I

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hope you have not exceeded ten-pence a week in your washing bills. Love to Gloucester and all the *other* juvenile branches of the royal family. I am told, Sir, that you dismissed parliament in your best cocked hat. What do you mean by that? Didn't I tell you not to wear it. It makes you look cursedly like Egerton when dressed for the admiral in *Black Eye'd Susan*. I should have thought you had had enough of theatrical associations, without disgracing yourself or those connected with you by such mountebank proceedings as those I have read in the newspapers. I should be sorry to thrash you the very first day of my return. How was it you had on no braces at the prorogation. I should have thought the Duchess of Gloucester might have at least looked out the worsted ones. I am told you were hitching up your trowsers all the time you were speaking. I hope to God you have not been sleeping in your best shirts: you know very well where the night-shirt hangs. I am afraid there will be the devil to pay when I get back again. I shall bring you some biscuits when I come. I hope you did not contradict the report that it was my plate-chest they found in the Thames. I am told there were some silver spoons in it, which they said were mine. Why should we say they were not? Let's have them, by all means, no matter whose they are.

THE INTERPRETER.

The Poor Law Bill

A gentleman named Dolby has been writing a very affectionate letter to the young women of England; but he charges one half-penny for his epistle, so that his love for the sex can hardly be called a disinterested one. The object of his letter is to make women contented with that part of the Poor Law Bill which provides that they shall maintain their own illegitimate children; but if the poor deluded creatures who have borne such children should fly to Dolby's letter for comfort, we fear they will find themselves further deluded—out of one half-penny. Dolby says "true beauty is the result of usefulness," consequently (if the reverse of the maxim holds, and we judge of Dolby by the utility of his letter) we should say that he (Dolby) was, as Liston says in *Kill or Cure*, "*Ugly, positively ugly*." Among other things he also says, "A life of industry is a life of contentment." But though it was industrious of Dolby to sit down and write a letter to the young women of England, we do not think he ought to be contented at having done so. It is, in plain terms,—*a mull*.

THE MODERN MILTON.

It is not often we trouble ourselves about literary aspirants, for we think pretenders to Parnassus generally find themselves in the situation of Sisyphus and his lump of stone, without our troubling ourselves to use an arm for the purpose of upsetting any mountebank who dares to put his foot upon the sacred mountain. A gentleman who attempts to walk up with his poem in his hand, generally finds it so heavy that so soon as he pushes it up an inch, it tumbles backwards upon him, and rolls him quickly in the dirt along with thousands more aspirants to poetic honours. But accidents has thrown in our way a gentleman who demands a special smash, for he has coolly published a book called *Paradise Regained*, which he as coolly states is to serve as a companion to *Paradise Lost*, Milton having as

his rival declares, failed in the poem of which the other has pillaged the title. Bloxham is the name of this mighty poet, who, to take an illustration from the classification of oysters, may be a *native*, but he never can be a *Milton*. The affair seems so decidedly mysterious that we prefer printing a passage from the preface, as the best means of explaining the writer's object:—

"I am perfectly aware," he says, "of the existence of Milton,—I know that he wrote a poem entitled '*Paradise Regained*,' though I have never read it. I am quite conscious that my identity of title will, necessarily, remind the reader of his work, and put the whole weight of his justly high character in contrast with my humble pretensions; and, paradoxical as it may appear, I have selected the subject, and taken the title, precisely, because it must lead to such results. What then,—do you think that Milton can ever be equalled? Why should I not think so? Who made Milton? Can he that made him not also make others? Where has the Creator registered an engagement against himself, that he will not hereafter create as he has already created; or that on the past all his powers have been expended? Away, then, with the absurd, and, in its results, impious assumption, that any man in past times, can never find his equals or superiors in succeeding generations! 'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done.' 'The Lord's hand is not shortened.' So then, you have the vanity to say you equal Milton! I say no such thing; I simply say the thing is possible, and that I have made the attempt. I have led, it may be, 'the forlorn hope,'—success may be difficult, may be improbable, but it is not impossible. The service may be one whose danger and extreme difficulty may entitle it to be called forlorn; there is, however, a word to be added, which pronounces it still practicable:—if it be forlorn, it is yet a hope;—it is a hope, though a 'forlorn hope.' Men have also before now led 'the forlorn hope,' and led it successfully. * * * My reasons for selecting the subject were these:—as a poet, I desired to be all or none. Milton stood at the head of English poetry,—he was said to have failed in the '*Paradise Regained*.' I had never read his work, nor have to this day; the subject suited my taste, was of the kind which alone, by its magnitude and dignity, fitted the cravings of my mind,—in consequence of having been already treated by Milton,—met my views of emulation as a poet, having been unsuccessfully treated by him, (a result, in my opinion, the necessary consequence of its requiring a sameness of machinery, more or less, with that in which he had been previously triumphant.) The field was open for the erection of a building, to harmonise with his, and perfect the general effect, without detracting from the '*Paradise Lost*.' I also considered, and do consider, the subject as affording the amplest materials for poetry of the highest order."

This is the coolest thing that ever came under our perusal. Bloxham's knowledge seems on a par with his genius. He says "I am perfectly aware of the existence of Milton—I know that he wrote a poem entitled '*Paradise Regained*,' though I never read it." How strange this is—surely Milton would not have written it, if he had supposed Bloxham did not intend reading it. The latter may well say "*though I have never read it*." Bloxham goes on very quietly and modestly till he asks "Who made Milton. Can he that made him not also make others?" We don't want to enter into the *who*, but we can say *what* made Milton, and we can also undertake to answer Bloxham's question, by adding that *what* made Milton never *will* make him (Bloxham). His *poetry* it was that *made* Milton—but surely poetry will never be the making of his self-styled rival. We do not mean to say that the Creator expended all his powers in creating Milton, but we cannot go the full length of our author in supposing that there was much reservation of power for the creation of Bloxham. We cannot think of entering upon a criticism of the poem—and we think his own preface impales Bloxham sufficiently without the further cruelty of a scrutiny into his abilities. One circumstance we regret, namely, that the author has a large family and a small income. If he expects his book is to enlarge the latter, we fear he will be disappointed, unless the extreme of absurdity should meet with the same reward that is due to the extreme of genius.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

It is well known that at rehearsal Macready is one of the most particular persons on the stage, and he always goes through the business of the scene as carefully as if he were performing before an audience. Occasionally, in the country, it has been his fate to meet with some extraordinary idiots, whose ignorance has sometimes led to mistakes of a very ludicrous character. One morning he was rehearsing *Virginius*, in many passages of which his colloquial style threw the provincials off their guard, and they imagined he was addressing them in familiar conversation, instead of rehearsing his part in the tragedy. Among other passages which he delivers in a very natural and colloquial style, is that ending the first act:—

"Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in,
Or will you do so?"

The actor who played scilius, thinking Macready merely wished to know his pleasure on the matter, coolly responded with an air of importance, "Why really, my dear Sir, I don't care, just as you do it in London."

Another anecdote of the same kind is related respecting that part of *William Tell* wherein Macready asks the question:—

"Do you shoot?"

"A little," was the reply, "but strange to say, I never had a go with one of them cross brows."

THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT.

Under this head we shall occasionally give a little information from authentic sources.

Dr. Millingen has a new piece at the Victoria. It is partly political, and is expected to excite considerable attention on its appearance.

Laporte will have the Opera next season if he pays down 2,000*l.* on or before the 1st of September.

Bunn has engaged Vandenhoff for three years: but we suspect the lessee's private lodgings must be the scene of the tragedian's acting for the two last years, if he is to play at Bunn's house all the time, since neither Covent Garden or Drury Lane will, in our opinion, be Bunn's house before the expiration of one half the period.

THEATRICALS.

A new comedy from the pen of Buckstone, called *Married Life*, was produced on Wednesday, which is so late a period in the week as to leave us little space to speak of it. It is full of humour, and very pleasantly points out the disagreeable effect of ill-assorted marriages. The incidents are well contrived; the dialogue is neat and spirited, and the acting was in almost every part perfectly satisfactory. We have no doubt from the very favourable reception it experienced, that it will become a stock piece, like most of the same author's productions. We perceive the comedy is already published by Strange, so that they who wish to read it can have a chance of doing so.

Mr. Almar evidently understands management, as his production of *The Cedar Chest* at Sadler's Wells will amply testify. It is a gorgeous spectacle, containing a great deal of display, some fine scenic effects, and some very agreeable selected music.

The piece is likewise well written; and to combine good original writing with music and display, is decidedly the true secret of modern management. The age for the drama is not gone by, except so far as concerns the old dull five-act pieces. The drama, taken to mean original well-written pieces, with care and spirit in getting up, would meet with ample patronage.

Mr. Abbott took a benefit at the King's Theatre on Monday, and his claims on the public were the means of filling the house as a natural consequence. The bill of fare was exceedingly attractive, but, as may be imagined, the audience assembled at play-house prices was rather of an anti-operative character. Some of the persons present had, of course, never before been within the walls, and the wonder of such individuals vented itself in vulgar exclamations, such as

My eyes!

What a size!

and other equally elegant ebullitions of ignorant astonishment. It is not, however, to be denied that the money of one is quite as good as that of another, and therefore we were glad to perceive that the Opera was crammed with carcasses, whose privilege to enter was founded on filthy lucre, though from the confusion we fear a great many found their way in without having made a previous deposit of coin at the various entrances. A *Monsieur Nagel* played on the violin, and exhibited a talent for the instrument second only to Paganini.

At the English Opera the success of the current performances has rendered it unnecessary to produce, at present, any further novelty. *Nourjahad* and *The Dead Guest* have been running together, and, by the bye, the latter is decidedly getting up every night in public favour. A new farce by Benson Hill is spoken of, in which Wrench is said to have got a part very well adapted to his peculiar abilities. *The Mountain Sylph* comes out on Monday. The music is by John Barnett, whose talent in the composition of little songs is unquestionably great; we wish him every success in the superior task he has undertaken in the production of a full opera. The words are said to be by Mr. Thackeray, the author of *Three Sparks*, or *Cloaks in the Dark*, *The Barber Baron*, and the minor edition of *Gustavus*, all of them we believe very correct translations from the French originals. We shall be most happy to do justice to his new effort, and shall be glad to report of it with favour.

At the Victoria there has been a most spirited endeavour to deserve the patronage of the public by the production of *Masaniello* with the whole of the Opera company. The ballet is seen to much more advantage in this house than it lately was at the Opera-house, for it was done lazily there, whereas at the Victoria there is a vigour in the getting up, owing to the magnitude of the speculation, and the anxiety of the proprietor to render attractive a performance so entirely new to a minor theatre, and so much more splendid than anything ever witnessed in the *Trans-Thamesian* neighbourhood. The parts of Masaniello and Fenella were assigned to Mr. T. Thompson and Mademoiselle Rosier, both of whom acted with a degree of talent, that, if not equal to the originals, by no means made them appear ill placed among the other performers, who were the regular representatives of their respective parts at the Italian Opera. Mr. T. Thompson possesses not only a pantomimic talent, but is likewise the respected box-book keeper of the establishment, and superintendent in general of the arrangements in front of the house, so that while engaged as Masaniello on the stage, he occasionally threw a business-like glance towards the audience, and directed his eye now and then to the box-keepers, as if to perceive whether they neglected their duty, while he was figuring away as the Neapolitan Fisherman. His acting was, however, by no means injured by this solicitousness about his official duties, and he never, for

one moment, wholly lost sight of the Italian demagogue in the Victoria box-book keeper. Mademoiselle Rosier in the part of Fenella, was infinitely superior to all but Pauline, the original representative. She threw far into the shade the dismal attempts of Miss Kenneth, and others, at Drury Lane, who used to make Fenella a regular hanger on at Billigsgate, a sort of lady who might have been intimate with all the itinerant sprat venders, and travelling oyster men, in the kingdom. We cannot but do justice to the great liberality of *Coulon*, who delayed his departure for Paris in order to produce the *ballet*. He was on the stage the whole of the first night, as one of the mob, directing the supernumeraries, and even assisting by his hints derived from his long experience in the part, the efforts of Mr. T. Thompson, in the principal character. On the whole we must observe, in justice to Mr. Abbott, that the ballet is far more effective at the Victoria than it has been at the King's theatre, since the first season of its production.

The Victoria is about to pass into the hands of Mr. Glossop the original proprietor, whose extraordinary spirit in conducting it some years ago excited the admiration of the whole metropolis. He has since been lessee of the two largest theatres in the world, *San Carlo* at Naples and *La Scala* at Milan, so that his notions of splendour must have been magnified rather than diminished, since he last had possession of the Victoria. We understand he intends making some splendid improvements in the house, and that in his plan of management he intends combining talent with extraordinary costliness in the production of novelty. If any system can succeed it will be this, and we hope to see the Victoria as profitable as it will be respectable; though under Mr. Abbott's management it has always been the latter, yet we regret to say he has lost considerably in his enterprise. Mr. Glossop has no intention, whatever, of lowering the rank the theatre has acquired, and indeed his negotiation with Mrs. Wood may be deemed a fair criterion of what he purposes doing.

Theatres are starting up like mushrooms, notwithstanding the great and continued falling off in the value of theatrical property. Some blind bigots have planted themselves in a building situated in that salubrious suburb, Kensington, and the proprietor has issued a wild prospectus, in which he talks of morality, talent, splendid chandeliers, the British drama, and public patronage. All these things read excessively well, but we very much doubt whether there will be much encouragement for genius that plants itself on the other side of Hyde-park corner. The twaddlers of Kensington are not by any means likely to assist with their assets the speculations of even the most spirited individuals. We therefore are strongly of opinion that the speculation will fail, though we would gladly promote its success so long as there seemed a disposition on the part of its conductors to act in such a way as to deserve encouragement. We, however, cannot say much for the opening display, and the company seems to consist of a heap of failures in the shape of performers who have had an opening at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, but have been hurried out again on account of a decided lack of ability. Mr. S. Bennett is a rare specimen of this *genus*, and having had a chance at a patent house, was buried down from his Covent Garden eminence, till his ability has found its level in Kensington. The manager would do better to get men altogether unknown than to hunt for individuals notorious only for a failure. The melodramatic gentlemen have not altogether been suited by the author in the parts he has written for them. Among other things, one said to the other, "Draw, villain, and give satisfaction!" Now from

the emptiness of the house it was evident that he did not *draw* a half-penny, and from the flatness of the performance it was obvious he did not *give satisfaction*.

The City theatre is to open with spirit and respectability; these things have never yet been tried there, which may account for the want of success that has hitherto characterised the establishment. We sincerely trust something may be done with it by the new manager.

Mr. Holmes took a benefit on Wednesday week at the Fitzroy, and we were happy to find the theatre crammed on the occasion. We cannot, however, say much for the *amateur* performances. Hamlet was butchered by a thin man in new pumps, who, like the sun on the day before Richard the Third's battle with Richmond, "*disdained to shine*." He made the most desperate failure we ever witnessed in the whole course of our experience. His advice to the players proved the truth of the maxim, that it is easier to preach than to practise. On the same evening, a lad in a clean shirt sang a comic song, but we think the display was not worth the extra fourpence in his next week's washing bill. It was deadly work, and we only regret that the shop which owns him closed at a sufficiently early hour to allow of his exposing his ignorant vulgarity, as he did on the night in question. Miss Holmes played a part in a new farce very neatly, and Holmes, the *beneficiare*, flared up as Sir Edward Mortimer. His acting in the part astonished us. We confess we did not think him capable of so ambitious an effort.

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No. 143.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]



The above caricature is so purely hieroglyphical that we decline any attempt at explaining it. The artist when he conceived it must have been under some strange and painful influence which we cannot possibly attempt either to enter or elucidate. We suspect that he was labouring under some frightful stagnation of his vital functions, and the result has been a vivid affair, which we can only describe as a pictorial frenzy. The fact is that our caricaturist has been so long and deeply impregnated with the horrible aspect of political affairs, that his mind has at last become in some degree impressed with a hectic extravagance that has now vented itself in a caricature, which must take its place by the side of that grand effort to make which an Italian painter crucified his own servant, that he might the more faithfully represent the agony on the cross, which he had

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selected for his subject. Seymour has, as it were, undergone a sort of mental crucifixion, and the result is the awful sketch which heads the present number of our periodical. It would be almost impiety in us to attempt a solution of the sacred mystery, and we can only pay a tribute of reverence to the artist's over-excited imagination and morbid fancy. If, however, any of our readers can solve the pious problem, and tell us what the deuce is the meaning of the above design, we would gladly bestow upon him a reward of £100., for he who solved the Sphinx, would be but a fool in comparison with the gentleman who can make head or tail of the caricature that surmounts the present article.

THE QUEEN'S RETURN.

Her most gracious Majesty has at length returned to England, and has been greeted with an affectionate welcome by every body who cares one pin for her most blessed and most expensive Majesty. She left her mother a few days before her departure, and the farewell was one of the most affecting things that has been known since Twiss took his last *adieux* of Downing-street, and received his balance of 4l. 7s. due (on his being kicked out), to himself, from the treasury. Her Majesty's mother had packed up Queen Adelaide's things at a very early hour, and at about seven she left the maternal residence amid the tender tears and sentimental slobberings of the old lady and the housemaid. On coming to England, Adelaide found she had been so benevolent to her poor relations, that though she had taken out plate, money, horses, carriages, and

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every thing valuable in extravagant abundance, she found, on reaching the shores of her dear country, that she had not one shilling left by way of *douceur* to the watermen. It is indeed a glorious reflection for the people of this country, that they have enabled their Queen to indulge her most filial feelings, and stock the coffers of all her poor relations abroad, at the sacrifice only of a few hundred thousands, which might otherwise have been ignobly applied to relieving, from taxation, a starving and debased populace. How much more reputable is the reflection, that we have enabled Adelaide's mother to FLARE UP in splendour for the remainder of her life in Germany.

On Adelaide's arrival in London, she proceeded to St. James's Palace, and was met at the hall door by King William the Fourth, with the Duke of Gloucester and Colonel Higgins, both of whom were observed to wear clean shirts and clean white pinbefores. After a hug of nearly half an hour, Gloucester's nose was wiped, and he was permitted a kiss, which he received with his usual innocence. This pleasant ceremony being ended, his Royal Highness struck up the following affectionate address, which had been written expressly for the occasion, by the Duchess of Gloucester, assisted by Mr. Bloxham, whom we smashed last week when he tried to pass himself off as a modern Milton. The address was in poetry, and ran as follows:—

Delicious Adelaide—exalted Queen,
Just tell us where the Devil have you been,
Have you been wandering on the boisterous brine oh?
And for your voyage say who stood the *rhino*!
Ah! how's your mother—how are all your cousins?
Of whom you've got at least some twenty dozens.
How did your very worthy brother do?
And how, delicious Adelaide, are you?

After this had been delivered in a very plaintive tone by Gloucester, Higgins came impudently forward and spoke the following loyal and affectionate address:—

May it please your Majesty—

I, William Higgins, the faithful toad-eater of this here young chap in the nankeen spencer, (*leading Gloucester forward,*) think it my duty to tell your Majesty, I'm very happy to see you back again. Wishing your Majesty every happiness, I can only repeat my pledges of loyalty, and I can only say, that in defence of your person and crown, I would fight any chap, provided he was not bigger than I am.

The Queen was graciously pleased to make the following reply to the two addresses above related:—

HER MAJESTY'S ANSWER.

My Young un's—

I am very happy to see you looking so clean, and I hope you will not dirty your new pinbefores. It gives me great pleasure to hear you have been behaving so well, and I have ordered my treasurer to present you each with sixpence.

I perceive that you, Gloucester, are wearing your best jacket, which I hope has not been the case during the whole time of my absence.

As to you, Higgins, I shall ever estimate your kind offer to set to in defence of my crown and person, but I hope to find both respected without your having recourse to such a dreadful extremity.

I can only add, that while you both keep out of mischief, you will be treated with a due degree of indulgence by your affectionate Queen Adelaide.

This address was received with an enthusiastic yelp by the whole assembly, who all hurried off to a good dinner at the conclusion of its delivery.

THE INTERPRETER.


The Hounds of Holywell Street.

Our attention has been called by several respectable correspondents to the infamous conduct of a herd of low and filthy Jews who infest Holywell-street, and accost with the most insolent presumption every respectable passenger. It is perfectly proper that the scum to which we allude, should herd together in the same street, but it is also proper that the respectable portion of the public should be very seriously warned against even entering the street alluded to. It is notorious that no decent female can pass through it without being subjected to the cowardly impertinence of one of these filthy unshorn loathsome animals, whose business it is to bargain for cast-off clothes, and traffic in every thing low as to their debased minds is most perfectly natural. We have been informed of a case of indecent outrage by one Phillips, an old clothesman, who it seems had dared to take some indecent liberty with a lady who had occasion to pass through the filthy receptacle for dirty Israelites, which goes by the name of Holywell-street. The whole gang of old clothesmen who infest the street came up it appears to swear in favour of their accomplice, but the magistrate very properly decided that the oaths of the whole crew were not jointly worth one farthing, and fined Phillips for the assault, thus giving directly and most properly the lie to the *solemn oaths* of the whole troop of dirty dealers in cast-off wearing apparel. We mention this case which has come to our ears, but it is only one of at least a dozen indecent assaults constantly being committed by the gang alluded to. We seriously caution all respectable people (*women* in particular), from going down the hole, and earnestly recommend any one that is either assaulted or even insulted, instantly to give the offender into a policeman's custody. We suspect that this would have been oftener done, but from a knowledge that the whole crew would attend to swear through thick and thin against any accusation that might be made, but the magistrate by his judgment in the case we have referred to, has most properly decided that no oath, however awful, is for a moment to be believed when it proceeds from one of the dirty and desperate gang of whom we are thus warning the metropolis. The course then is easy to any one who is insulted—he has only to procure a warrant, and no affidavits of the old clothesmen will weigh for an instant against a decent person's evidence.

Important Provincial News.

This is the season for the general emigration of the Cockneys, who rush from their desks and counters to snuff the fresh air of the provinces. The shopkeeper and his apprentice, the lawyer and his clerk, all hurry out of London at this time of the year, for the purpose of getting their carcasses renovated by a dip in the briny deep, and a sixpenny sail upon the ocean, where they have the pleasure of looking pale and stupid over the boat's side into the water, to which they contribute their personal contents, with a most unwilling air and woful countenance. We can have no possible objection to the poor devils of Cockneys getting an occasional cleanse, but we do protest against the assumption in advertising their plebeian names, under the head of fashionable arrivals, in all the local newspapers. The other day we met with a heap of rubbish in a Gravesend paper, which spoke of the arrivals of sundry Smiths, Scotts and Snookses, as if it could possibly matter whether the said Smiths, Scotts and Snookses had been on a trip from London to Gravesend, or whether they contemplated proceeding on the well known, but rather inelegant *tour*, intended in the phrase from H— to Hackney. A parcel of poor devils go down to Bath or Cheltenham, and drink the filthy rubbish called the waters, attenuate their ignoble frames, do the elegant with some Cockney milliner, and hurry back to the shop to measure linen or serve out bombaseen and calico. These are the people whose *fashionable arrivals* one reads of just now in the provincial journals. The male animals wear false *moustachios*, and flirt with the female animals, who assume all the airs of coquetry, till a mutual discovery takes place in town, and the summer dandy of Cheltenham or Gravesend, turns out to be the indoor journeyman of Swan and Edgar. The flirtations of a watering place it doth much delight us to encourage, for the swindle is on both sides complete, and we like the idea of the reciprocity of humbug that is practised by both parties.

How to pay The National Debt.

This is a question nobody has been able to answer, in a very satisfactory manner, and we certainly have no immediate *panacea* to recommend which would rid the country of the burden alluded to. A clever caricature we have lately seen, executed by a Mr. Joseph Lisle, gives us an idea that really ought not to be lost sight of, and points out a species of desperate remedy that, however strange it may appear, might eventually be resorted to. The caricature to which we allude represents two dustmen talking politics, and one enquiring of the other, "I say, Bill, if the King vos to go into Vitecross-street, could he pay off The National Debt, by taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act?" This is certainly a very funny notion, but, nevertheless, a decidedly wholesome one, for why should not William the Fourth rub off an unpleasant score by a six weeks residence in limbo. We should certainly recommend this plan, as it is allowed that the debt cannot be paid, and either the act or a grand national cognovit is the only expedient we see as being open to his most blessed Majesty, in a most cursed emergency. The King should do one of these things, or get a letter of licence, unless he is made a bankrupt at once, though we doubt if the fundholders would think fit to grant him his certificate. Royalty in *quod* would at least be a novel feature, and a good topic for conversation at  tea tables.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare.*

An anomaly.

The whigs present an anomaly, since they are never so completely *out of place* as when they are *in office*.

A Libel on Adelaide.

A malicious report states that her Majesty hurried into a public house immediately on her reaching London. This is an infamous lie, which is founded on the fact that Adelaide on arriving at the palace, rushed into the *King's Arms*.

The Deserted Crew.

The Ministers are getting dinners given them all over the country. We wish, instead of *dinners*, some place would be patriotic enough to give them their *deserts*.

As unkind Cut.

Earl Grey has been making some long-winded speeches about his *integrity*. His lordship must have the knack of saying a great deal upon a very weak subject.

An Opposition.

If parliament had continued to *sit*, it is quite certain that the ministers could not have continued to *stand*.

THEATRICALS.

We have, at length, to congratulate the country on the possession of a native composer, capable of writing a perfect English opera. Mr. Barnett, who has long been favourably known by his pretty ballads, has at length assumed a more important character than a mere song writer, and has struck out into the bold path of first rate musical composition. "*Pretty but not original*" has hitherto been the extent of praise conferred on all modern English music, but the beauty of the *Mountain Sylph* is not more palpable than its perfect originality. We gave praise to *Nourjahad* but *that* was (however agreeable) evidently imitated from Anber, but the new opera of the *Mountain Sylph* invites no comparison with former works, and forces on the recollection the style of no individual master. Mr. Barnett has evidently been influenced only by his subject, and in expressing by music any particular passion or feeling he has thought, not how it has been hitherto done, but what is the most natural way of doing it. The result is eminent success, and he has established for himself immortal fame, though we cannot yet believe the English composers are capable of sustaining a national opera, and we are disposed in adhering to our old rule, to look on Mr. Barnett as the exception. His merit is, however, the greater on this account, and we do justice to him with the the most perfect sincerity. Were we to particularise what pleased us most, we should say Phillipp's second song and the drinking chorus of demons, the latter of which is very powerful in its effects and perfectly original. The singing of Misses Romer and Somerville, Messrs. Wilson and H. Phillpps was in every respect perfect, though the last named gentleman had studiously tortured his head into the form of a white cauliflower. Mr. F. Sutton made a very gentlemanly Beelzebub, and his different attitudes were highly characteristic of Pandemonium and its inhabitants. He wielded a gilt toasting fork with most diabolical ease, and kicked up his heels with a precision as infernal as it was talented. Mr. Keeley had a part which the author intended to be comic, but good intentions are often frustrated, and however comically the character might have been conceived, the dramatist had certainly been rather unhappy in the execution. We must how-

ever take the will for the deed, and as dialogue is not thought important in an opera, we must presume its insignificance was regarded as no impediment. We must do Mr. Thackeray the justice to say that the versification of some of the songs is smooth, and he has not shown himself unequal to what is generally expected in the literary portion of a modern opera. We are, however, among those who think that good music would be none the worse for being wedded to good writing, and we hope to see a speedy reform in this particular. Keeley got through a great deal of *recitative* with much respectability. His voice seems neither a *soprano* nor *contralto*, but partakes a good deal of the fine mellow toned sweep, with a delicate dash of the turkey-cock. His upper notes run up to *I* (which is a *high* pitch) and down almost to *L*, which is infernally low for a gentleman not professing much harmony. His more plaintive tones reminded us occasionally of the hollow moans of a baked tatur urchin in winter, and his more lively bursts of melody brought to our recollection the bray of a donkey, in whom a thistle might have stirred up a fit of temporary hilarity. Joking aside, he astonished us by his precision, and his acting was as funny as it could possibly have been made with the author's materials. The getting up of the opera was liberal in the extreme, and the success was most genuine. It reflects the highest credit on Mr. Arnold to have produced in the short time his new theatre has been open two highly successful, pure, and unadulterated English operas. Mr. Barnett was rather absurdly called for at the conclusion, and he leaped up in the orchestra, mounted a music stool, balancing himself on one leg, while Mr. Hawes with a friendly hand twirled round the top so as to present a full view of the composer to the audience. This being hailed with loud cheers, Mr. Barnett very properly turned himself head over heels off the music-stool, took a flying leap over the head of the trombone player, and made his *exit* by a graceful somerset out of the orchestra. Mr. Hawes followed him cutting the double shuffle amid the discriminating cheers of an enlightened audience. A call was then got up for the stage door-keeper who had opened the door for the various performers, but the wish of the house was not complied with in this particular. We understand when the next opera is produced, a call will be raised for the paper maker and stationer who shall have had the merit of supplying the paper on which the score shall have been written. If the composer was hailed in this way, why should not the author of the piece also have been singularly greeted. But there seems to be an idea that there is *no call* for an author to an opera. We anticipate a most healthy run to the *Mountain Sylph*, and trust she will soon reach the summit of popularity.

The Victoria has been rather prematurely closed by the French dancers, who refused to play in *Masaniello* unless they were allowed the privilege of draining the receipts of the whole house on Saturday. It appears that the proceeds of the house, ever since the production of the ballet, had been literally swallowed up by the principal foreigners, and they not only clutched the assets that should have been made available for the salaries of the regular company, but it seems that even the supernumeraries and inferior dancers remained unpaid while all the money taken at the doors was devoted to filling the pockets of Adele, Coulon, and Guerinot. This state of things having been discovered by the regular members of the company, they very naturally refused to play any longer for the benefit of the Frenchmen, and the house was therefore closed on Saturday, though a performance had been advertised. It ought to be known that they were applied to to give their services only one night for the benefit of the Victoria company, which had la-

boured for them during the whole week: but they in the most illiberal manner declined giving them assistance. Thus a whole company of performers have been prematurely thrown out of employ by the rapacity of a few French dancers, who have been feeding on the industry of the English actors, and taking away all the money drawn to the house by the English performances. This is the cause of the sudden closing of the Victoria, which would otherwise have continued open till the end of August under Mr. Abbott's management. The house is undergoing extensive alterations previous to the opening under Mr. Glosop. He intends astonishing the town by the splendour and magnitude of his arrangements. He retains the whole of the present highly-talented company, to which he is making additions of considerable value. Mitchell, who has immortalised himself by the getting up of several pieces at the Fitzroy, is to be the new stage manager; and we shall be glad to see his abilities called into operation in a theatre which admits so fully of their exercise. We are very happy to hear of Mrs. Selby's engagement. Her talent and versatility render her a valuable acquisition to any theatrical establishment.

Almar is still flaring up at Sadler's Wells, and he produces his spectacles with a rapidity and spirit that ought to win for him a large share of public patronage. His stage manager is Mr. Honner, so that in bringing out a new piece, he is right in saying he has the *honour* to present it to the audience.

At the City theatre, legitimacy seems to be the order of the day, and *The Stranger* has been played to houses varying from five shillings to seven and sixpence. It appears that the city won't patronize the national drama, and the civic coolness evinced towards it led to a non attendance last Saturday in the treasury department of the establishment. Salaries were, however, forthcoming on Monday, and a second week entered upon by the spirited proprietor. The overture was commenced, we understand, to eighteen pence, a few evenings back, and the performances concluded to a half price of three and fourpence. We have not yet been able to look in, but we shall do so if the speculation lasts long enough.

Mitchell is starring it at the Fitzroy for a few nights, and playing some of his old parts wherein he was so great a favourite during the late management. The *Revolt of the Workhouse* has been revived under his immediate inspection, Mr. and Mrs. Selby having taken the parts of Sally Slack and Araminta. Both of them are admirable in the two characters, and Selby's dancing in the former is sufficient to throw Tagliani into the shade, or make Duvernay announce in desperation her farewell benefit. Talking of benefits, we see Mitchell takes one here on Thursday, and if there be a speck of right feeling in the public, his house will be a bumper.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 144.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

BROUGHAM IN A MESS.



Our friend Brougham has latterly been going down the hill of popularity, with far more velocity than that with which he had nearly reached its summit. The exposure of his tricks which first boldly commenced in this periodical, is at length followed up by all the journals of the country, and the *Times* with a modesty for which we were scarcely prepared, tacitly admits that it has at length found it absolutely necessary to follow us, in order to preserve its circulation, and protect its once-waning popularity. This is no idle boasting, because in the first place it is *not worth our while* to boast, and in the next place if we did so without cause, we should very probably be detected in the trick, and place in jeopardy that high cha-

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acter for integrity and independence which for nearly three years, has signalized *Figaro* as the only publication of the day: the truth of which is second only to the writings of the four Evangelists. We are almost sorry that our example of bantering Brougham should have been followed to so alarming an extent, for it has subjected him to the uncouth yelp of editorial curs, provincial as well as metropolitan. Not only do the respectable London journals bait the unhappy Chancellor, but there is scarcely a village newspaper with its twenty subscribers and forty perusers, that does not set itself up as a censor of the conduct of Henry Lord Brougham and *Vaux*, the Lord High Chancellor of England. We know that that distresses the keeper of the seals more than any thing else, and we have been told that the other day over his brandy and water, he was heard to declare "he preferred a regular right down smash in *Figaro*, to the filthy milk-and-water growlings of some of the town and country newspapers." We can but admire his Lordship's taste in the selection of inflictions, and agree with him that the yelpings of the writers he alludes to, are far more contemptible than the stunning blows of our miraculous and majestic tomahawk.

Our caricature, which claims special attention, coming as it does from the pencil of the renowned Cruikshank, represents the mess into which our friend Vaux has fallen by his advocacy of that respectable Bill, which encourages wholesale seduction under the specious pretext of Amending the Poor Laws. This precious measure is particularly obnoxious to women, who are now doubly in the power of the other sex, since a libertine may now have all the gratification he desires without being in any

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way chargeable with the consequence. A woman who is betrayed by one of these scoundrels, finds herself united with a double ruin, of pocket and of character. She has not only to bear the punishment of eternal shame, but is disgracefully compelled by Brougham's new law to support her own offspring. We cannot suspect the sardonic Brougham, or the candid Althorp can have had any naughty selfish intentions in framing such a disgraceful law, since we suspect neither of them to be exactly Lotharios *now*, whatever they might have been. Had it been Cumberland's act, or had it emanated from any of the *figurante* hunters in either house of parliament, we might have seen through the motive of so despicable an enactment. But it surprises us coming as it does from the Whigs, urged on by a disciple of Malthus, and a declaimer against surplus population—unless Brougham intends to turn waggish, and means to play a cheap trick without any expense to himself upon *Harriet Martineau*, with whom he has frequently been closeted *tête à tête* to the great astonishment of the world in general, and of his own household in particular. But this is scandal, and we don't believe a word of it. We can't think such a thing possible, knowing as we do the discreet manners of the Chancellor, as well as the peculiar principles, and advanced age of the fair Malthusian.

We only regret that this act is not *retrospective* in its effects, for if it had but reference to that which is passed, we could point out a way by which an immense saving to the public could most easily be effected. If mothers had *always* been bound to maintain their illegitimate offspring, would the Fitzclarences now be figuring away in high offices, and in the various lists of pensions or sinecures. Would these *brilliant* personages have been seen at levees and drawing rooms, or be heard talking of "*the King my father*," as if the old Buck had really been the legitimate parent of these vulgar and assuming accidents of the early life of our most exemplary sovereign. We are quite certain that the King has an eye,—yes, even *two eyes*, and a pair of spectacles to the welfare of his people, and we therefore humbly suggest a little trick he may play off upon the *Fitz-Jordans* with profit to himself and immense advantage to the community. Let him refuse all further supplies, and let him get the new act made *retrospective* as far as concerns himself, so that the *Fitz-Jordans* will have to look out upon their mother's side for the money which is now so urbanely ladled out to them from the public treasury. If his Majesty would only consent to do this, he would immortalise himself in his people's eyes, and place himself even higher than he now is upon the pinnacle of popularity. He should when one of the tribe came to him for an explanation, reply in his own peculiar style, with "*over the left*," or some other equally elegant *evasive answer*, a style of rejoinder for which his present Majesty has always been eminent.

By the bye we wonder the Poor Law Bill should have passed which presses so hard upon females, when *Eldon*, *Wynford*,

and others might for the honour of the *old* women, at least have made a more determined stand against it.

Cruikshank's caricature shews the interesting process of tossing Brougham in a blanket, a punishment which at the hands of the female part of the community his Lordship has most justly merited.

THE INTERPRETER.

The Old Clothes Villains again.

We have received whole reams of letters thanking us for the good we have done to society by the judicious smash we last week inflicted on the hounds of Holywell-street, and we think it right to follow up the havoc of last Saturday by another salubrious lunge at the dirty tribe which pollutes the street alluded to. A most respectable correspondent who writes with his real name and address, has called our attention to the following paragraph, which he had taken the trouble to extract for us from one of the London newspapers :

On Monday morning a Jew clothesman, who was crying "old clothes" in Lower Belgrave-street, Pimlico, was called into a house by two ladies, for the purpose of selling to him some articles of wearing apparel. After the bargain, the ladies told him that they had some French gold watches to dispose of, and they showed him twelve in small leather bags with drawing strings at the end. The Jew, after examining them, told the ladies that they were beyond his means to purchase, but in a day or two he would bring his master to see them. Accordingly the Jew called again with another Jew, who he represented as his master. The ladies produced the twelve gold watches, and the master Jew examined each of them minutely, but no bargain could be made, and the two Jews left the house. On Wednesday morning Mr. J. Peckworth, of No. 5, Wilton-street, Grosvenor-place, called at the house and they requested him to look at the watches, and on untying the first bag, instead of a gold watch, he found a pebble; and another bag also contained a pebble instead of a gold watch. Information of the robbery was immediately forwarded to the police station. One of the Jews is rather short, thin, oval face, dark eyes, and whiskers. The other young, pale face, and sallow. The Jews said that they lived in Marylebone lane. An inspector of the police, B division, called upon the *ladies*, but, strange to say, they declined to prosecute, or even to have the Jews apprehended.

Now this bears us out most thoroughly in our assertion of last week, that property is not safe within the clutch of the old clothesmen, and we therefore doubly caution the public against entering that felonious hole which passes by the name of Holywell-street. Let no one venture down the street if his worldly means enable him to have anything on his person beyond the value of sixpence, for it is well known that the impudent pertinacity with which the old clothesmen try to *drag* respectable persons into their shops, under the pretence of purchasing *cast-off clothes* is only intended as a trap to ease their deluded victims of such articles as are easiest attainable. Our most solemn advice to the whole nation is most seriously this—do not go down Holywell-street under any pretence whatever—no respectable person *can* have business there, for it is only the rendezvous of the old clothes ruffians. Let no decent woman enter it, as she values her respectability, but let her remember the conduct of Phillipps at the corner, who was fined a fortnight ago for his indecent conduct towards a lady who incautiously allowed

herself to enter the loathsome street we have been denouncing. Before we have done we will either exterminate the old clothesmen, or we will so thoroughly smash Holywell-street, it shall no longer be a thoroughfare, except for the most abandoned characters.

A tempting Invitation.

One of the most singular pieces of persuasion that we have for some time seen about the streets of London, is the delicate *inuendo* of one of the numerous posters of Sadler's Wells Theatre, which at present adorn the walls of the metropolis. The subject is a field of battle with heads rolling in one direction, cannon balls flying one way, and eye balls another, skulls, fractured arms hanging by a thread of flesh, legs quivering under a gash from a battle axe, and every thing wearing an aspect of the most savage butchery. Underneath this most horrible and bloody exhibition of truculent turmoil appears in the most insinuating characters the laconic and mild suggestion implied in the two harmless words, "COME EARLY." The idea of asking one to a supper of horrors as a *very* intimate friend asks one to a *very select* tea party, "*come early*." What a rich piece of facetiæ on the part of our friend Almar—as if one would bound off betimes to revel in the blood bluster, and battleaxe business of one of his salubrious but sanguinary and certainly splendid spectacles. His cards of invitation should run as follows:—

On Monday, and during the Week,

MR. G. ALMAR AT HOME.

To a Blood and Blue Fire Party.

Then in a neat type at the opposite corner to the insinuating "come early," he should as prettily announce (instead of *quadrilles*)—*spectres*, or to suit the taste of the more active appreciators of horrors, *Bloody murders at nine*. *Come early*.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare*.

A hard Cut.

Lord Wynford, remarkable at all times for his *tenderness*, was one day humbugging somebody who had done him a service, and said, among other things, "such kindness will remain for ever imprinted on my heart." Wynford should have said "*lithographed*," that being the proper term for *writing upon stone*.

A blow for Brougham.

Brougham is getting dinners in all parts of the country. We do not think they will do him much good, and indeed if he be as is said, *a light* of the age, it is rather too bad to give him *a blow out* wherever he pays a visit.

A slap at the M. P's.

The Members of Parliament since the prorogation have for the most part gone into the *provinces*. Sitting in the house for the purpose of legislation was what might have been said to be decidedly *out of their provinces*.

A gnash at Grey.

The Ex-Premier was declared to have actually grown *Grey* in the service of his country. When he was in office he could hardly have been said to be growing *Grey*, for he was any thing but himself during the latter part of his ministry.

THEATRICALS.

The English Opera House and the Haymarket are nightly filling with the opera of *The Mountain Sylph* at the one, and the clever productions of Buckstone at the other. On three nights per week out of the six, Mr. Buckstone's pieces form the whole entertainment at the latter house, so that Mr. B. need not only be called, but literally is, the Atlas of the Haymarket. Other theatres are generally in a state of external repose, but internal bustle, preparations being actively made for the approaching campaign, which will be one of immense competition in every establishment in the metropolis. The Adelphi is being greatly enlarged in its stage, so that its mechanical effects may be expected to be more wonderful than ever, and Vestris re-opens on the same evening, while the Victoria on the same eventful night, will burst upon the public with a degree of splendour never before paralleled. The looking-glass curtain is to be restored in all its pristine splendour, and a magnificent pit saloon, is at an immense expence, to be opened. The arrangements behind the curtain are also upon the most liberal scale, and the Victoria must certainly take the lead of all the minors in importance and respectability. The opening pieces are already fixed upon, one of which will be a five act comedy by Dr. Millingen, said to be written with a point seldom met with in these days, and second only to the *School for Scandal*. The after-piece will be an original farce, introducing the talents of Messrs. Kean, Mitchell and Forrester.

The Surrey is going into the hands of Davidge, but we believe there will be no effort to rival the Victoria, the proprietor intending to adhere rather to the equestrian attractions of Ducrow and his four-legged company. The house will however close for at least a month preparatory to the re-opening.

Sadler's Wells is being refreshed by real water and new pieces, from the respective heads of the new river and Mr. G. Almar. He threatens a new tale of enchantment, so that the Clerkenwellites are of course all agog for the promised dramatic shower-bath.

Ducrow has taken his benefit at Astley's, and we are given to understand *not* before he wanted it. The hero of the horse-flesh is said to be considerably *minus* this season, a circumstance we scarcely regret, for it evinces rather an improvement in the public taste, that they should find less delight than formerly, in seeing human beings risk their lives and carcasses on the backs of naked chargers. The day has gone by for rapture at such savage exhibitions, and the dog's-meat theatre is consequently going to the *canines* as fast as possible.

The benefits are coming on in rapid succession at the Fitzroy, where Mitchell took a night on Thursday last, and received

ample proofs of the high estimation in which his talents are held by all classes of society, from the proud peer to the brawny dustman. He shone as brilliantly as ever in the *Wandering Minstrel*, and though he has played the part nearly 200 nights, it was received with an avid freshness, that equally refreshed and astonished us. The fact is, the influx was so great, that the public must evidently have been *hungry* for the performance of the piece, and they greeted it as pilgrims on their way to Mecca greet the blessed well in the dry deserts of arid Arabia. This admirable comedian terminates his engagement on Monday next, which, by-the-bye, is advertised for the benefit of Mrs. Selby, who has long been an established Fitzroy favourite. We perceive that *three* new pieces are acted on the night in question, the titles of which are sufficient to tempt all the proprietors of sixpence in the whole metropolis. The first piece is called the *Dæmon Wife*, or the *Headless Woman*, but we believe the reference to an old woman with no head, is not intended as a personal reflection on poor old Mother Eldon. The next piece is equally captivating in its title, called the *Corsair's Bride*, which is no doubt intended to open the gallery flood gates of sixpenny sympathy, and let loose the tender tears of the grim scavengers, who constitute the generality of the gods at this ghost-hungry establishment. The entertainments will wind up with the *Spectre Barber*, so that whoever visits the house on the occasion, may not only get his full of horrors and spirits, but even may run a chance of having the good fortune to be haunted by an apparition for the next three weeks. By-the-bye, among other claimants on public patronage, we perceive that Miss Pettifer, the diminutive hero of the *Frolics of the Fairies*, takes her benefit on Thursday, the eleventh instant, on which occasion she plays, among other things, the part of the *Little Duke*, in which she made so favourable an impression on the occasion of her last benefit. We perceive that her portrait in this part has been taken, and the resemblance is very striking. We also think it but fair to notice Mr. Hughes's night, which is fixed for Friday the 12th instant. As the representative of a certain class of old men Mr. Hughes is unrivalled. He purposes having a legitimate *flare up*, and the *Heir at Law* will, we understand, form an important feature in the bill of the evening.

We have had another visit to the Kensington theatre, but found it as ill-attended as it was on our former pilgrimage into that romantic region. The proprietor has taken our advice partially, in the dismissal of one or two persons who were decidedly not ornamental to, or likely to add to the respectability of the establishment. We must do the present proprietor the justice to state that he seems to spare no expence, but we are afraid it will take some time to draw to his house the inhabitants of Kensington. We think, however, that before coldly and apathetically crushing by indifference an attempt to establish among them a place of entertainment, the local residents should go and judge for themselves, nor condemn a theatre till they have ascertained whether or no it possesses any claim to their patronage.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

One of the greatest proofs of the permanent popularity of this periodical is its

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union has excited a considerable sensation in all quarters, there is no intention of raising the price of Figaro, which will still be sold at the healthful and almost ridiculous charge of One Penny.

Country managers, who have applied in large numbers, are informed that Mr. Miller, the dramatic agent, has published in his edition the following pieces:

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 145.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

MINISTERIAL MUMMERS.



The period for the celebration of Bartholomew Fair brings back a variety of delicious associations dear to the Cockneys in general, and to the pickpockets in particular. Smithfield at this eventful period is the scene of the most joyous black-guardism, while ferocity and filth go together hand in hand with a congeniality at once sympathetic and amiable. Strong men, who are as weak as the rest of the species, dwarfs of ordinary heights who go upon their knees, and thus by practising deception make themselves look little in the eyes of the company, giants who are seven feet high on stilts, and five foot eight without them, all tend to comprise and to strengthen the grand system of humbug which, when concentrated into the classic

region of Smithfield, passes by the name of the fair of Saint Bartholomew. Here Richardson and his company brandish their battle-axes, and axe the people to walk up; here Scowton and his troop invite the people to the perpetration of Macbeth, and here the *Macbeth* not only murders sleep as Shakspeare said he did, but goes a little further, and murders the tragedy. These proceedings very naturally in a political mind inspire a comparison of the Bartholomew fair swindling to the more extensive and far more dangerous deceptions of the Reform Ministry. The system is precisely the same, and the principle just as bad even if the practice be different. The Ministers have acted as itinerant showmen, like Wombwell with his *managerie* asking the people up to inspect the various *lions* of the Reformed Parliament. The late session, and indeed the whole of the Whig government have resembled the respectable goings on at Bartholomew fair, with trickery in every quarter, and right down roguery in every corner of the Cabinet.

His Majesty has acted the dignified part of booth proprietor, pocketing the receipts, but leaving the business part of the affair to more active mountebanks. Brougham has made a magnificent clown to the ring, and has kept the game alive with true dexterity, diverting the lookers on with his unbridled gabble, while his accomplices—the *swell mob* of the administration, have been standing by picking the public pocket with true Whig dexterity. Brougham has likewise picked up a little purse of his own, by his ardent management of a ministerial fantoccini, in which he has exhibited all his colleagues, merely as puppets, being worked at his will, like the Vauxhall fantoccini, by the wires of the expert proprietor. But the

chief feature in which the Whigs have resembled the Bartholomew fair worthies, have been that endless variety of low frauds and swindling trickery so extensively resorted to in the course of the Smithfield gaities. Thimble-rig has been one of the most conspicuous of these sort of deceptions, but the reform lucky bag has been a grand source of profit to the Whigs, and of imposition against the community. Brougham has brandished the lucky bag of Reform with the most impudent invitations to the public to try a chance, and unfortunately too many put faith in his swindling assertion, that its contents were no blanks and all prizes. John Bull has continued dipping incessantly ever since the lucky bag of Reform has been offered to him, but every time he has tried his luck it has ended in disappointment. For a considerable period he made allowances, thinking that each successive dip he would pitch upon some prize that would repay him for all previous disappointments, but in the end he has found himself in possession of nothing but that miserable and contemptible blank the mischievous Poor Law Bill. Whether this Reform affair is likely to prove a lucky bag or not we cannot pretend to determine, but we are quite sure no good will be got from it while it remains in the hands of the present holders.

Our caricature will afford further room for comparisons between Bartholomew Fair and the existing Cabinet. We need not call attention to Robert Cruikshank's happy style, for that must at once strike the most uninitiated purchaser.

THE INTERPRETER.

Kind and Cross.

Mr. Cross, the proprietor of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, has granted free admission to his grounds for the children under the protection of that most excellent charity "The Saint Ann's Society Schools, Brixton Hill;" and Tuesday, the 16th of September, at one o'clock, is appointed for this gratifying visit, or should the weather prove unfavourable, the first fine day succeeding.

This is very *kind* of the worthy proprietor, though he does happen to be *Cross*, but as we like to have every thing put in its real light, we may as well smash the charm of the supposed benevolence to the Brixton boys, by informing the public that the paragraph is a puff, and paid for as an advertisement. Cross very naturally thinks he shall get a few more people to his grounds on the day the boys visit them, and so gives them permission to come, not to treat the boys, but to attract the visitors. There's the plain fact, and that's the style of humbug that may be traced in all newspaper paragraphs purporting to record a piece of disinterested kindness from any individual.

Extraordinary Talent.

There is a great deal of talent in the world that nobody discovers, nobody takes the trouble to puff, and about which nobody cares a quarter of a curse; but it seems that there is occasionally a manifestation of a kind of talent which somebody is found wise enough to point out, but which, when puffed and advertised, nobody can be found sharp enough to appreciate. Of this kind is the talent of one Mrs. Ann Hatton, whom *The Observer* has discovered to be a first-rate woman in the way of ability, though even after the imposing *fat* of *The Observer's* critic, we are hardly prepared to do the old lady that solemn honour which we are always anxious to show for every kind of genius. Perhaps, however, the following paragraph will best

explain Mrs. Ann Hatton's claims, and if our readers take a more respectful view of the case than we do, we shall have gained the worthy old soul a tribe of the most respectable worshippers. The following is *The Observer's* paragraph:

We are glad to learn, on good authority, that we were mistaken when we said, on a former occasion, that Mrs. Ann Hatton, the sister of Mrs. Siddons, who resides at Swansea, had lost an eye; she has the perfect sight of both eyes, and without blemish, although many years ago she met with an accident which endangered one of them. She is about to publish a volume (dedicated, with permission, to the Duchess of Kent), under the title of *Le Raconteur*; and we hope that what we have said of her talents will be of use in her undertaking.

Now it appears that the immense talent of Mrs. Hatton consists in her having two eyes, and if talent really does consist in a duality of optics, it is true that genius is "*born*" and not made, according to the terms of a very venerable axiom. We certainly are among the first to be pleased at Mrs. Ann Hatton having both her eyes, but we must really be pardoned if we are not ready to offer up hetacombs to her genius, on the score of her having the exact number of eyes that is usually allotted to humanity. We (with the *Observer* critic) hope the *Raconteur* will sell, because we like every thing to succeed if possible, but if the authoress intends giving no higher proof of talent than her possession of two eyes, we shall anticipate sorry stuff, more especially as her royal highness the Duchess of Kent is about to patronize. We never knew any literary work patronized by royalty that was not undoubted trash, to which species of literary production there is a strange leaning on the part of all our royal family. Whenever anything comes out under the patronage of any of its members, we know what to expect, and to do them justice we were never yet disappointed. If upon consideration our readers should decide we are wrong in not acceding to the proposition of *The Observer*, that a lady with two eyes must of necessity be a genius, we will gladly admit our error, and with a gleeful recantation of our mistake, be the very first to puff Mrs. Ann Hatton and her book beyond all precedent. We, however, until we gain a knowledge of the public feeling on the subject, must positively adhere to our doctrine that there is nothing extraordinary in any lady having two eyes, and that where such is the case, the duality of the visual organs cannot be hailed as a *prima facie* evidence of genius. For instance, Gloucester has two eyes, though the little boys do occasionally cry after him, "*there you go with your eye out.*" But if he has two eyes he is decidedly no Solon.

Horrible Intentions of Ministers.

CHATHAM DOCK-YARD.—Government have resolved to reduce this establishment to 1,000 men; the reduction to be gradually effected by superannuation, death, and removals to other dock-yards. The other dock-yards are also to be brought down to the lowest peace scale.

This paragraph from a Sunday paper has excited in our sensitive minds, a horror as deep as it is sincere, and we can only regret, that we have not the power to prevent a series of deliberate assumptions which we have reason to fear is coolly contemplated by the reform ministry. We presume our readers have by this time recognized the fearful purport of the paragraph above, and we recommend, as freezing of the blood has by this time ensued, that the reader should instantly run several times round his room, to prevent that total stagnation of the blood which is followed immediately by dissolution. This process being over, let us look into the ferocious import of the above quoted paragraph. "Government have resolved to reduce the Chatham dock yard establishment to 1000 men." This is all very well; we in particular are advocates for retrenchment, but not when *murder* is contemplated to effect the desired economy. What can be more horrible than the announcement that *death* is the process the ministers intend having recourse to in order to lop down the exuberant branches of the public establishments. Yes, they have thrown off the mask, and the Chatham dock yard is to be depopulated by a general

massacre. Surely the most zealous reformers; surely the advocates of retrenchment who would even recommend the wafers to be counted in the public offices, could never sanction this wholesale murder of the persons employed in the Chatham dock yard, merely with the view of diminishing the establishment. We fear that the ministers have grown desperate in degradation since they have come to the callous conclusion of turning cut-throats in the cause of economy. We dare not prophecy what they will do next, after the awful determination they have come to, to massacre the clerks at Chatham.

The cautious Chancellor.

Lord Brougham, after being present at the dinner to Earl Grey, on the 15th, will leave Edinburgh for Brougham Hall, on the 18th instant, where he will probably continue until about the 1st of next month.

No one ever doubted that Lord Brougham is a cautious man, and if such a doubt ever did exist it must be effectually removed by a perusal of the above quoted paragraph. Lord Brougham is going to dine at Edinburgh on the 15th, and then he goes to Brougham Hall, but not until the 18th, which is a grand mark of his Lordship's extraordinary foresight, and a proof of his perfect aptitude to the high office of Chancellor. The thing is quite logical—and thus we will put the mathematical fact that will detain the Keeper of the Conscience for *three days after dinner* in the Scotch capital. It is thus; as a dozen of wine is to one head, so will Brougham be muzzy on the 15th instant. Because if a man goes to dinner, where there is enough wine to get drunk upon, and such wine is to the palate of the party specified, it is very likely he will soon find himself in the ambiguous state alluded to. Brougham knows all this, and he has very properly put away three whole days for coffee, soda-water, and other necessary restoratives. We like his candour and adore the nicety with which he has calculated the extent of the probable upset he is about to encounter.

GLoucesteriana, No. 84.

The Duke and Higgins are at this moment lionising at Cheltenham, drinking all the rubbish that passes by the name of Chalybeate water. They both stoutly maintain that if a little mineral water be *good*, a *great deal* must be infinitely *better*, and there is consequently no end to the drenchings which are self-inflicted by his royal highness and the very faithful toad-eater. The other day they were perambulating the streets with their respective paunches completely puffed out with the filthy ditch water from the Montpellier, when their attention was attracted by the following announcement, so common to the various watering places, "*Evening Loos*." After this had been spelt and couched over for a space of nearly two hours by *tout les deux* (both the couple) the dictionary was referred to for an explanation of the enigmatical announcement. "*Evening Loos*," cried the Duke, "what on earth can it mean?" At length they rushed into the shop, and found it was a game of chance which was played in the evening. "Now I have it," yelled his royal highness, "I see it all. *Evening loos* must mean that every body who plays will *lose* his money." The Duke was immediately bound over to keep from making another joke during his stay in Cheltenham.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

A Fracas with Fraser.

Our worthy friend Tom Duncombe has been libelled in Fraser's Magazine technically termed Fraser's Mag. Tom called in Regent-street on the publisher, and politely requested that Mr. Fraser would in future be good enough to *hold* his Mag.

A wretched Pun.

Lord Althorp, the papers say, is very busy preparing to entertain a few friends at his seat near Doucaster. The Duke of Gloucester with alarming stupidity, wants to know if Doncaster is so called from any donkey races formerly held there, for if so, the place might well be christened *Donkey-Stir*.

A Kingly Joke.

His Majesty the other day reading in the paper the price of stocks, very naturally read on till he came to a line about reduced consuls. "Oh," cried he, "I wonder if this mentions poor Brunnell, for every body knows he is a reduced consul." This joke has been engraved on steel, and copies struck off for the use of the palace toad-eaters.

Bullying Ministers.

A Mr. *Bulley* has been appointed Chief Clerk to the Comptroller in the Exchequer Office. *Bully* is a most appropriate name for any adherent or *employé* of the Whig government.

THEATRICALS.

The winter Majors are now on the point of opening, and while Bunn is playing the fool with the *Majors*, it will be the *Captain's* pocket that must suffer. One of the first novelties is to be the *Bravo*, a *foreign* opera, but if the lessee gets his deserts, the title of the affair will not be echoed by the audience. The *petit* annuitant has been squandering his cash on the continent, and intends getting up *Noah's* flood, but what the deuce Bunn should know of our old friend *Noah*, it is quite impossible for us to imagine. If the deluge comes out at Drury Lane, and the animals enter the ark, we should like to have the casting of the piece, in which case we should certainly assign to the gallant Captain the character of the *donkey*. Bunn himself is to play the *tiger*, a part he has played in the velvet livery breeches for the last two years. Macready, we understand, has declined enlisting himself among the troop of transferables, and Vandenhoff is secured to supply the place of the former tragedian. The two patent establishments will have an immense deal to contend against in the ensuing campaign, for a tremendous spirit of exertion seems to actuate at present one or two of the Minor managers.

On the 29th of September, the principal Minors will open, and every eye will be directed towards the Victoria, the tremendous expense to which Mr. Glossop is going for excellence in every department, having excited an almost overwhelming interest. The house always considered as a building, the most perfect and elegant in London, is being considerably improved under the direction of M. Carbonel, the original architect, and the *area* of the audience portion is to be considerably enlarged at a formidable outlay. It is the intention of the proprietor to bring forward every kind of original native talent, and as *that* is almost totally excluded from the large houses, the public has nothing to do but patronize the Victoria with the most unbridled liberality. That such will be the case is almost a matter of certainty, since the extent and importance of Mr. Glossop's arrangements, are of themselves sufficient to command the most unequivocal respect and attention of the whole of the play-going community.

The Surrey, conscious of the insanity of keeping open against the Victoria, very politely and properly closes about the same time that the latter opens. This is highly correct, and quite as it should be. We congratulate the Surrey managers on their discretion, and urbane acknowledgment of their boundless inferiority. We believe Ducrow's horee-flesh is to be transferred thither, but living cat's-meat, if we are to judge from Astley's season this year, is getting decidedly unpopular. The low *facetiæ* of the animal who revels in the saw-dust and orange-peel in the ring, no longer finds a repose in the hearts of a

British public, and the gallery no longer yelp with insane extacy at his inhuman contortions.

We very much regret our inability to be present at Mrs. Selby's benefit, more especially as there was on the occasion a most delicate dish of blood and horrors served up for the occasion, on which we had hoped to have supped most satisfactorily. Mr. Selby evinced great tact in catering for the Fitzroyites, who, since the change of management, and reduction of prices, have cultivated a delicate appetite for blue fire and bloody murders. This sanguinary set-out is no doubt extremely good for those that like it, and Mr. Selby, though himself a clever writer of legitimate witty farces, would very properly put up A REAL MURDER, if he thought it would contribute to making a benefit. We wonder the managers of a theatre of this kind, do not get hold of some unfortunate suicide elect, who intends committing self-destruction, and who might be persuaded to perpetrate the horrible act upon the stage of some dramatic establishment. It might certainly be arranged with some poor wretch, who intends blowing his brains out, and a REAL suicide upon the boards of a theatre would make a magnificent blood red line in the bill of performances.

At the English Opera, *The Mountain Sylph* is running a prosperous career, but the efficiency of its performance must be impaired by the absence of H. Phillips, who is going to vocalise at Hereford. A new farce by Bensom Hill, called *My Own Twin Brother*, was advertised for Tuesday, but our necessity for going early to press, has of course precluded us from the pleasure of seeing it. However, as Wrench plays the principal part, it must be bad indeed if its success has not been complete and decided.

We thought we had exterminated the box-opening nuisance at the Haymarket, but we find the harpies who fill the capacity of door keepers, are practising with frightful rapacity their old business of extortion and insolence. We most seriously recommend Mr. Morris to look to this, for however well a theatre may be conducted behind the curtain, it is quite impossible that respectable persons should subject themselves to the robbery of old apple-women, and mercenaries in the capacity of box book-keepers. We therefore earnestly entreat Mr. Morris to effect a wholesale kick-out of the whole crew, as being the only truly salubrious measure that can be adopted under the circumstances. If he cannot personally get rid of them, we would urge him to effect an expulsion by the summary aid of some expert and active officer.

Among other dramatic inanities of the day, we may rank the opening of that small money-sink, which goes by the name of the Clarence, and which purports to enlighten, by theatrical amusement, the polite purlieus of Gray's Inn Lane, Battle Bridge, and its refined vicinity. However, we can have no further objection to any man's taking this home, further than as a subject of the English government, we are interested in common with the whole nation, in preserving the general sanity of the community as far as possible. Further than this we have no right to interfere, but we do think, that for general good order, every man who becomes lessee of the Clarence, should be forced to wear a straight waistcoat all the year round, and a muzzle in the warm weather, say from the 25th of May to the 29th of September.

Theatricals in the East are looking up, that is, the managers aim at pleasing the galleries. Legitimacy, however, is still the order of the day at Whitechapel, where the butchers occasionally look in at the Pavilion to see Virginius, and to turn critical upon the plan adopted by the Roman father in slaughtering Virginia. We understand Mr. Freer studied the

exact cut under the immediate direction of Michael Scates, who says that Macready's manner of *digging* the knife into his daughter's bosom is *infra* Die for a great tragedian. The butchers also have given their favourite Cobham a few lessons in weighing out the pound of flesh for the part of Shylock, and he has rehearsed in the shambles repeatedly, with a pound of raw beef to represent the bargain. In fact, in this cultivated spot, Shakespeare is, in their own elegant phraseology, "*all the go*," and we presume it is in compliment to his best friends, the butchers in the neighbourhood, that Farrell permits the *butchering* of so many tragedies.

Bartholomew affair has been dreadfully attractive, and Richardson has been carrying every thing before him. He has been playing the old mixture of ghosts and bad grammar, spectres and false spelling, to the same hot-sausage-eating audience, whom it has for so many years been his grand aim to propitiate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Seymour, our ex-artist, is much to be pitied for his extreme anguish at our having come to terms with the celebrated Robert Cruikshank, for the supplying the designs of the caricatures in *Figaro*. Seymour has been venting his rage in a manner as pointless as it is splenetic, and we are sorry for him. He ought, however, to feel, that notwithstanding our friendly wish to bring him forward, which we have done in an eminent degree, we must engage *first-rate ability*, when public patronage is bestowed so liberally, as it now is, upon this periodical. He ought, therefore, not to be nettled at our having obtained a superior artist. We are sorry for him, and regret that a person whom we have so much advanced should have been so ungrateful.

The trade may be supplied with all the Almanacks for 1836, by W. Strange, among others are The London Almanack, in a neat wrapper, price 2d.; Moore's Pocket Almanack and Royal Prophetic Almanack, price 1d. each. These are very neatly printed, and deserve encouragement.

ALMANACKS FOR 1836.

THE COMMERCIAL BOOK ALMANACK, price Sixpence. This Almanack, on comparison, will be found to contain more useful tables and interesting matter than any yet printed.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen.
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

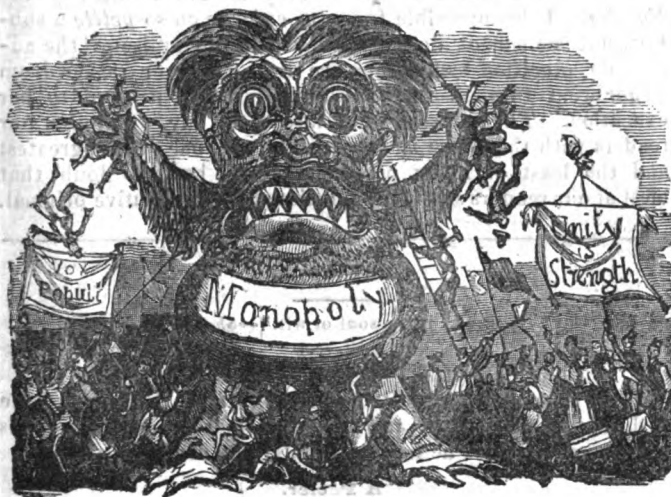
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No. 146.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE DÆMON OF MONOPOLY.



The above is a fearful picture of the Dæmon of Monopoly, which is at length happily doomed to destruction by the power of the *Trades' Unions*. This monster has long been devouring the produce of exertion and industry, which have hitherto been powerless in its hateful clutch, but the late struggles of its former victims, the oppressed operatives, have undermined the foundations of its tyrannical influence.

We are by no means advocates for a transfer of undue domination from the hands of the masters to those of the men, but it is quite evident that *union* among the latter is the only effectual means of counteracting the improper influence which the former have exercised for so long a period.

The only danger is that the workmen should become tyrants

Vol. III.

in their turn, which would be even a more objectionable course than their submission to the tyranny of others. We would warn them against this danger, and of the impropriety of allowing themselves to use with injustice the ascendancy they may acquire.

We do not wish to enter further into the question of *Trades' Unions* at this moment, but we heartily coincide in spirit with the caricaturist who has drawn a very powerful picture of the effects of well directed combination against the Monster of Monopoly.

THE INTERPRETER.

A Clever Member.

We certainly are undeviating advocates of liberality, and we decidedly regard a liberal member of parliament as a more useful personage than one who is illiberal, but with all our deference for integrity and independence in an M.P., we do not think that any *one* representative of the people in the House of Commons has it in his power to save from destruction the whole of the community. However, M.P.s themselves are not all of the same opinion, and Attwood of Birmingham, with delicious modesty, has been lamenting that *he* has not yet brought about universal happiness, as well as a perfect state of political excellence. The following extract from his speech at a dinner given him by his constituents, explains the grand extent of his views with reference to the country, and his awful failure in bringing them to a happy issue. The following is the pithy extract:

"I have done my best for the country, but it has not been in my power to accomplish that which I fondly hoped and intended."

We regret that *Attwood's best* has been only a fifth rate kind of excellence, and that his intentions in the country's behalf have not been so salubrious in the result as they appear

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to have been sublime in conception. "He has done his best," he declares, but what the devil is it, now that it is done? With all due deference to Attwood, we think he has done nothing, and as that is his best, we should like to see some of his worst by way of novelty.

A Literary Savage.

Gratitude for information is a very proper feeling for the editor of a literary paper, though it is not a feeling that would very often be in requisition by the editors of sundry periodicals. *The Athenæum* is very right to thank its correspondents for news, but we think there should be something like delicacy in chuckling at a piece of information which announces the depopulation of a whole state, or some equally melancholy calamity. These observations are suggested by the following paragraph in *The Athenæum* of last Saturday. It is headed *Ravages of War*, and proceeds as follows:—

"As illustrative of this subject, we find, in *Le Sauveur*, a Greek and French journal published at Nauplia, the melancholy statement, for which we return thanks, that whereas the district of Argabs and Corinth contained more than 600,000 inhabitants, its population is now reduced to 89,130."

Such are the sentiments of the editor of *The Athenæum*, who luxuriates in the fact, and is positively *thankful* for the intelligence that about four fifths of the inhabitants of Nauplia have been cut off by some awful visitation of providence.

We do not know whether it would be possible to connect the editor of *The Athenæum* with the death of any of these wretched individuals; for the honour of literature we should hope not, but the exultation looks suspicious at any rate.

Elegant Enthusiasm.

The Edinburgh dinner of last Monday was of course a specimen of elegance, taking place, as it did, in the modern Athens, the very seat of all refinement, and given, as it was, in celebration of so exquisite an aristocrat as old Grey, the Ex-Prime Minister. *The Times* report says—

"Long before the appearance of the chairman, there arose an almost universal clatter of knives and forks, and a general demolition of the eatables was vigorously commenced. The rather indecent proceeding elicited some disapprobation. Hisses arose from different parts of the room, and one gentleman in particular, having *ascended one of the tables*, entreated the company to desist from mastication till the chairman had taken his place. But his appeal was fruitless; on went the work of demolition, and by the time the chair was taken, and the dinner regularly commenced, the eating was really over."

Now we have by no means a desire to smash the Brougham blow-out, or rather the Grey gourmandize, more than it actually deserves, but we cannot help denouncing the proceeding as beastly in the extreme, which led to the abrupt demolition of all the eatables, before the hour appointed for dinner time. The idea of a hungry set of patriots devouring the whole contents of the dishes before the chairman appeared, speaks volumes in favour of Scotch appetites at an awful expense to Scotch elegance. *A gentleman* leaping on to the table amid forks and platters, is also another symptom of the march of refinement in the modern Athens. The Grey guzzlers are, in plain words, a filthy set, and we only wonder that the ministers, who have been brought up as gentlemen, could sit down to table with such a gang of ill-mannered vagabonds.

THEATRICAL GALLERY, No. 9.



The above minute specimen of mortality may be remembered by the public as one of the infant *corps* of 200 soldiers that astonished the world at the Fitzroy in *The Frolics of the Fairies*. It is impossible for us to *enlarge* on so *petite* a subject, but we cannot do less than record our praise of the admirable precision with which the drum *major* or rather drum *minor* went through the various evolutions entrusted to her execution. Though somewhat late in the day, we present our readers with the above *memento* of at once one of the greatest and the least of living performers. We have no doubt that most of our readers saw and appreciated the diminutive original.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

A revolving Light.

Lord Brougham is said to be *starring* it in the North. He is decidedly not a *fixed star*, for with reference to some of his old liberal opinions he has most materially *come round*.

A Feeler.

Lord Brougham is going about the country saying *he feels deeply*. If the public pocket be the *locale* to which he alludes, he has a *feeling in that quarter deep enough* to all intents and purposes.

Idle M.P.'s.

The excited Vaux said at Aberdeen, the House of Commons was the *idol of the people*. We agree with him in thinking it is made up of the *most idle* of the people.

A-tax on the Peers.

It is a principle, that what is useless and superfluous ought to be taxed. If this be true, how enormous ought to be the tax imposed upon every member of the peerage.

The centre of Gravity.

Brougham declares the House of Commons is the most *grave* of all human assemblies. When we consider the *magnetic* power it exercises over the public purse, we think Brougham would be justified in calling it the very *centre of gravity*.

A hard Hit.

Lord Wynford, in one of his eloquent rigmaroles about loyalty to the King, once declared that his Majesty *dwelt* in his (*Wynford's*) heart. We can have no objection to this, and indeed *Wynford's heart* seems just the thing for a royal residence, as palaces should always be made of *stone*.

Rather Free.

Several places in the North have been giving their *freedom*s to the Lord Chancellor. Their servility in parting with their *freedom* to a member of the government is perfectly natural.

Fishing for a Joke.

Among the advertisements of books in the daily papers, is an announcement of the publication of a volume called *The Angler in Wales*. Our friend Gloucester, on seeing this, declared he always thought that *angling for whales* was quite a work of impossibility.

A defence for Philpotts.

Philpotts, whatever other faults he may possess, cannot be charged with having ever in his speeches uttered a *twice-told tale*, for he *never says the same thing* in two consecutive speeches.

THEATRICALS.

It is not often we soar into the lofty regions of poesy, but the subject we are about to touch upon, is one that demands all the pomp of the Muse, to invest it with that high degree of dignity which is required by its intrinsic grandeur and originality. We shall put it into a dramatic form, in order to make it appropriate to the subject it has to deal with. The topic we are about to rhapsodise upon, is BUNN'S DREAM, or *The Vision of the Small Annuitant*. The little lessee was disturbed in his sleep by a strong night-mare, produced by a careful over-night perusal of one of the announce bills put forth from the Victoria, by the new management. We will, however, give the dream in its terse poetical language, as delivered by Bunn to Bartley, who had just entered the manager's apartment with the high-lows he had just cleaned, while Cooper, of Drury Lane, stood in attendance with the double patentee's dirty shaving water.

SCENE.

Bunn's crib in Bloomsbury—a three pair back with a sloping roof. Window in flat, and old flannel waistcoat in broken pane of ditto. A dirty towel marked Polhill, Drury Lane Theatre! and the celebrated velvet breeches in the distance. Bunn discovered snoring. Cooper airing the velvets at an expiring rushlight. Bartley pocketing a piece of brown Windsor soap from the wash-hand-stand.

Bunn (waking).—What, ho! where am I, who the deuce Ah! Bartley, Cooper—pr'ythee how d'y'e do. [are you,

Bartley—Great master—you have been disturbed I fear, Some vision, perhaps, of salaries in arrear.

Bunn—No, nothing of the sort, but Cooper, come, Get me my matutinal pint of rum. [Exit Cooper.

Oh, Bartley, I have dreamt I saw a bill,
Which doth my soul with sad forebodings fill,
'Twas the Victoria, which the posters tell,
Is half rebuilt.

Bartley—By whom?

Bunn—By Carbanel.

Bartley—Great heavens, I tremble.

Bunn—Yes, but that's not near
The worst of all the dangers that I fear.
The curtain all of glass—will take the town,
Ah, won't that draw?

Bartley—Draw, aye! both up and down,
And what is worse, great liege,

'Twill bear inspection,
For folks will like it better *on reflection*.

Bunn—Yes, overwhelming sure will be his gains,
Who for the public takes such monstrous *panes*.

Bartley—Cheer up! great chief, remember! we have still
Hopes that our operas our house will fill.

Bunn—No! there we're smashed again; Paton and Braham
Are to be there.

Bartley—Oh! would that I could stay'em.

Bunn—Or rather, Bartley, would that I could pay'em.

Bartley—Who holds my office.

Bunn—Thy office, villain? pooh!

No one; they've got no dirty work to do!

Bartley—Well! but, great chief, from whose eight-shilling
I lick the dust as if 'twere morning dew, [shoes
Who's the stage manager?

Bunn—Ah! now I see

You mean the person you pretend to be.

That office at the rival house is vested

In—what's his name?—the man you so detested.

Bartley—What? any one I hate rais'd into power?
Damned be the day and cursed be the hour!

Who is it?

Bunn—Mitchell.

Bartley—Oh! the blow's a hard 'un.

Is it he we swindled out of Covent Garden.

Bunn—The very same.

Bartley—Then open, hell, and swallow me!

Let me go down! and oh! let Cooper follow me!

[Bartley swoons.

[Bunn walking solemnly up to the carcass of Bartley, and
holding the rushlight in his eye, speaks the following
soliloquy.]

And art thou gone? farewell! thou wretched pile

That ever greeted me with fawning smile.

Where shall I turn to find a flatterer now,

With sycophantic speech and servile bow?

Oh! thou wert one of those who suited well

The place you filled; you're just the thing for hell.

Enter Cooper with a bottle.

Bunn—Ah! Cooper! I am overjoyed you've come,
My spirits have been sinking. Where's the rum?

[Cooper and Bunn sit down in solemn silence, and having
got glorious over the rum, gradually sink down over-
powered by its potency.]

Scene closes with a pair of flats.

Bunn and the dramatic authors are at loggerheads, the lessee requiring the right of playing the pieces produced at the winter houses for twenty-one miles round London. Whether he will succeed in the object of his demand we neither know nor care, but shall leave the parties to fight it out between themselves, as it is to us a matter of perfect indifference. Most of the respectable authors, such as Buckstone, Serle, and a few others we could name are wholly independent of Bunn and his binal property, but with reference to the scum of the society, whom we could also name, it can be a matter of no interest where *their* pieces are played, though, if we might suggest the spot, we would say the further from London the better for all who can distinguish between talent and fustian. While we are on the subject of these people, we may as well insert an epigram on a certain blood and blue fire dramatist, whose reputation for the horrible has placed him on a proud pinnacle of savage celebrity:

His genius they say soars high,
And the assertion's wondrous right,
It takes indeed no common fly,
But goes *completely out of sight!*

Such is indeed the genius of more than one half of the pilferers, adapters, translators, and dramatic defacers who constitute a majority of the authors' society. We by no means wish to include some of the cleverer, among whom are Planche, Peake, C. Dance, Serle, Jerrold, Buckstone, and a few others, but it is notorious that there are some among the conclave whose names are ridiculously contrasted with those we have mentioned.

It is, we believe, the intention of the various theatrical managements in the metropolis to dramatize the Scriptures in the ensuing season, and an opera called *The New Testament, or the Four Evangelists*, is to be one of the earliest novelties at Drury Lane Theatre. We cannot by any means approve of this proceeding, though there is at least novelty in the idea, and if Philipps has played Moses, we do not exactly see why Matthew or Mark should not be given to Liston or Keeley. However, we must hope that the special interference of the licenser will save us from the horrible atrocity of this perpetration, and that George Colman the younger (the old boy of near ninety) may at last do something useful in his capacity of dramatic censor of the nineteenth century.

Yates intends opening with *The Temptation of Saint Anthony* at the Adelphi, though, if we remember rightly, the piece was refused a licence as a *ballet* some time since at the King's Theatre, where *Faust* was produced as a substitute. If a thing be too impious for the fashionable folks it must be bad indeed, since

That at the Opera's but a gorgeous piece
Which, at a Minor were flat blasphemy.

If it were expected that the Opera-goers would have been shocked at the impiety of *La Tentation*, we are quite sure the Adelphi people are more in the pious line, and therefore it is in our opinion a formidable experiment to try them with a double distilled dose of downright blasphemy. They have, however, been for a long time under a quiet and gradually increasing course of *diablerie*, so that the mixture will hardly come upon them with that precipitancy that in other cases might have been inflicted.

A great deal of chopping and changing has been going on at the English Opera with respect to the part of Hela in *The Mountain Sylph*, wherein Mr. Lennox was to have made his *debut*, but which ultimately fell to the lot of Mr. J. Bland, who, to do him justice, *flared up* most vehemently in the character. We know not what may have been the cause of this singular ebullition on the part of our noted friend (the quondam hero of the hat and feathers), but he certainly has rather taken us by surprise in his performance of the character. We have more than once allowed he can sing, but we have more often insisted that he *cannot* act, at least that his acting partakes essentially of the Shogog and Mears style of simplicity and sentiment. With our accustomed sincerity we always do justice to merit however humble, and we therefore feel pleasure in making a critical salaam to J. Bland for his vocal effort in the part alluded to. The return of Philipps to his old part will, however, of course, be the means of enhancing the treat afforded by the opera, and our friend Bland must content himself with the less ambitious opportunities afforded him at Madame Vestris's, whither he is transferred as the stock *Adonis* of the establishment. Madame opens in about a week; her company remains much the same as before, with the addition of some three or four more pairs of legs, which we presume will be found as attractive as these things have been hitherto.

We understand the Victoria arrangements, notwithstanding their extent, will enable Mr. Glossop to fulfil his promise of opening on the 29th instant; the operatic *corps* will be enhanced

by the addition of Miss E. Paton, who is engaged for a new opera, which is even now in preparation. Mrs. Waylett is, we understand, also likely to become a member of the company, and an Irish Roscius is spoken of as likely to electrify the town, in William Tell, Virginia, and other leading tragic characters.

We have received a letter commenting severely on the rebellious principles of our *protégé* Tett, whom we should be sorry indeed to denounce as the traitor supernumerary. It seems he talks sedition seated by the side of an old piano-forte in the English Opera House, and that one Mrs. Walsh (eke a chorus singer) is the co-radical who talks theatrical treason in the theatre alluded to. We should be very sorry to smash Tett to atoms, or doom Mrs. Walsh to everlasting damnation, but the political couple are hereby informed we have our eye upon them. We should be very reluctant to quell Tett *in toto*, but we warn him against aspiring to the dangerous rank of *Masaniello* of the English Opera House.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are glad *An Enemy to Humbug* approves of our substituting Cruikshank's caricatures for those of Seymour. We cannot however admit his eulogy on ourselves and Cruikshank, because it involves a smash for poor Seymour which we think our ex-caricaturist does not merit.

We have received a ticket for a set-out of some kind in Great Queen Street. If we can find time we shall attend as the party seems to desire it.

Mr. E. Davis is uncommonly kind to write us a letter of advice, but advice is an article we are not in the habit of taking from people whom we have not the pleasure of knowing.

SEYMOUR'S INSANITY.—We have received several letters with the above fearful heading, but we see no direct proof of our ex-artist being in the state alluded to. One correspondent calls our attention to Seymour's bad spelling, where he says he "*informs* the public that he has no *conexion*" with such and such matters. Now we see no proof of insanity in Seymour's bad spelling, because our worthy ex-caricaturist was always remarkable for a high disdain of the very common-place art of orthography, and has always treated our humble friend Mavor with a contempt as picturesque as it is sensible. We really wish people would not run him down so in their letters to us. As we exalted him, so can we sufficiently debase him when we feel disposed, but we think he is at present humbled sufficiently.

The Trade may be supplied with all the Almanacks, for 1835 by W. Strange, among others are The London Almanack in a neat wrapper, price 2d.; Moore's Pocket Almanack and Royal Prophetic Almanack, price 1d. each. These are very neatly printed, and deserve encouragement.

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No. 147.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

BROUGHAM A COOK.



Every one is well aware of the versatile talents of the Chancellor, and indeed every one ought to be, for Vaux is an excellent advertiser of his own universal abilities. Every one has heard the story of his lately going into a bookseller's shop in the north and puffing himself off as editor of the Penny Magazine; though by the bye, there was little ostentation in that, for he could not have described himself as a much more contemptible personage. However, if the Penny Magazine were in want of an advertisement, we do not see why Brougham should not give it the aid of his professed editorship, and we trust the circulation has risen in proportion to the puff which he has given it. We are, however, afraid that the disgrace is mutual, and that however insignificant it may make the chan-

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cellor appear, to be known as the editor of the Penny Magazine, still it makes a publication pitiful in the extreme, to be known as being in any way allied with any portion of the ministry. There is, however, one attainment Brougham seems to be possessed of, that until very lately the public was not aware of, we allude to his lately discovered proficiency in the art of cookery. The anecdote of his going into a pot house in the North, and cooking some eggs and bacon, is tolerably well known, and the caricaturist has certainly made the most of it, in the above sketch of Vaux in the very act of exercising his abilities. We can imagine that the same genius which directs a cabinet could also cook a chop, and if he can get the ministry into a broil, as he has done, why should he not also broil a kidney. At all events he has made a nice mess of many things he has attempted, and a precious stew is the result of his parliamentary cookery. We dare say his science in the gastro-nomic art considerably assisted his appreciation of the blow-out in Scotland. We cannot conclude without paying a passing tribute to the variety of the Chancellor's attainments, which fit him equally for the court and the kitchen, the woosack as well as the scullery.

THE INTERPRETER.

A deluded People.

There are some conscientious republicans, but I do consider that man to be deluded who thinks there ought to be no Lords, and who wishes to produce a state of things which shall end in no King.—Extract from Lord Brougham's Speech at Aberdeen.

Is it not awful to contemplate the monstrous delusion our American brethren must have laboured under some half century

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ago, when they so gloriously emancipated themselves from the thralldom of monarchy and all its attendant incubus; and is it not also at the present day most overwhelming to witness their gross infatuation in quietly contenting themselves with a President, who can travel to the Senate-house on horseback, instead of, as in our happy isle, a King riding majestically in a gilded coach, hid from the gaze of an intelligent and discerning public by a troop of mustachioed soldiers. We can easily imagine the Lord Chancellor's giving utterance to the sentiment quoted above, for we have good authority for stating that, on the strength of his reception, and the extraordinary guzzling he has had in Scotland, his Lordship intends, during the next recess of Parliament, to visit the Western and afterwards (if he should live so long) the midland counties, by which time it is expected the Scotch aristocracy will be impatient to see him again. With a mind stored with such a delicious perspective, a body approaching corpulency through the excellence of the Aberdeenshire viands, and a head approaching the ground through his copious libations of whiskey toddy, no wonder republicanism appeared so hideous in his Lordship's eyes. But, verily, we say unto all wearers of mitres, coronets, and crowns, that, as certain as Lord Brougham has been drunk every day since he entered Scotland, so sure is it that the time draweth nigh when those mighty changes which the political horizon has portended so long shall be fulfilled.

Bloody work.

We are always delighted with every thing agreeable, but what is agreeable may often occasion a little difference of opinion between us and some of our fellow members of the community. Among others, the proprietor of the Colosseum in the Regent's Park seems to take a very special view of what is pleasing, and advertises the *Massacre of the Natives* in a bill of entertainment, as one of a variety of *amusing and delightful incidents*. We don't know what there can be particularly agreeable or delicious in the massacre of a heap of poor Indians, but it is held out as a delicate bait to the lovers of the curious. The whole set-out is advertized at *only one shilling*, so that one can sup full of horrors for the small charge of twelvence. We think the proprietor of the Colosseum ought to be bound over to keep the peace, if he entertains such very loose ideas on the subject of massacres. We expect, by way of novelty, he will be advertising a real murder, or a grand *felo de se de deux*, by a brace of determined suicides. We confess we can see nothing, either light or entertaining, in a general massacre of a whole race of Indians. However, every one to his taste, as Horace Twiss said the other night, as he walked arm in arm down Tothill-street, with young Dutch Sam the pugilist.

OUR OWN ALMANACK.

In these days of almanack making and unstamped prophesying, we certainly think *our almanack* will be looked for with peculiar *gusto*, because we are so well known to possess that respectable gift called second sight, which, as it were, places upon our mind's eye the sublime spectacles of futurity. Every speculator is now dabbling in the black arts to dive into coming events, and knock up an almanack for sale, because these things no longer require an outlay for stamps; but the *real thing*, the actual prophetic almanack which one can depend upon with confidence, can only be supplied from the peculiar resources of this favoured periodical:—

JANUARY.

This is the first month in the year, and derives its name from *Janus*, who had *two faces*; so that it is a month over which

ministers and politicians generally are supposed to have some influence.

6th of January, *Twelfth Day*. Brougham draws the King, and even Horace Twiss, Lord Wynford, and Mr. Hunt, are seen with characters.

15th, the *Duke of Gloucester* born. The ghost of Joe Miller is seen walking up and down Piccadilly all night, as if in a troubled state.

FEBRUARY.

The sign of this month is *the fishes*, and as the frost will be rather severe, every one will feel somewhat disposed to *skait*.

Monday, February 2nd, is the anniversary of the *Purification*, and it is supposed that this day will be celebrated by a few changes in the ministry.

14th, *Valentine's Day*. A great many valentines taken in by young ladies, and a great many young ladies taken in by valentines. On this day Brougham resumes his suit in the matter of Harriet Martineau.

Having come to the end of February, we shall discontinue our astrological labours until next week, when we shall resume and bring to a conclusion our almanack. We shall, in the mean time, cause a startling hieroglyphical design to be executed by Cruikshank, which will illustrate a few of the magnificent prophecies which, by the splendid gift of second sight, we are enabled to send forth among the subscribers to Figaro. Let the world look out for our next week's number.

GLOUCESTER'S ALMANACK.

Our friend the Duke having been put up to the fact that there is now no duty on Almanacks, sent for Higgins, and the following strongly dramatic dialogue instantly ensued between them:—

Gloucester—Higgins, you thief.

Higgins—"You thief," that's me. Here I am, master. (*Prostrating himself on the hearth-rug.*)

Gloucester—Rise, minion, for I have got something in my head at last.

Higgins—Allow me to take it out.—(*Making a motion as if about to exterminate a certain small animal.*)

Gloucester—Sconndrel, it is not that. It is something far more surprising. I have got something inside my head.

Higgins—Your immortalityship is quite right—that is more surprising. What's the row, now?

Gloucester—Why Higgins, they have taken the stamps off Almanacks, which have no longer any duty.

Higgins—Well then they'll never tell the truth. If they feel no longer the obligation of *duty* upon them.

Gloucester—Silence, thou spirit of ignorance, I will write an Almanack, for we can do it cheap, having no stamps to pay.

Higgins—You write an Almanack! how?

Gloucester—Why isn't it *all-my-knack* that'll do it?

Higgins (*swoons and comes to, like lightning*)—Ha, ha!

Gloucester—Yes, Higgins, here's the pen and ink, now then, make some ink lines.

Higgins—Why, as my master *inc-lines* to do it, his slave will not object.

Gloucester—Very good. Now, Higgins, here's an old Almanack, we'll draw up ours from that, (*reads*). "Bissex-tile, or leap year," what do they mean by that?

Higgins—Can't say.

Gloucester—Why it must mean the *spring* is long, and the year takes a greater *leap*. Ha, ha, ha! put that down in the Almanack—that'll do.

(*Higgins writes as directed.*)

Gloucester—Now let's see, what are we to say about the moon?

Higgins—Can't say.

Gloucester—Why let's see, when will it be in its first quarter? Why when its one fourth completed. Put that down.

(*Higgins writes as directed.*)

Gloucester—Very good, and now when will it be full? Why when it can't hold any more. Put that down.

(*Higgins does so.*)

Gloucester—New moon, how the deuce can I say when there'll be a new moon? Why you'd better say, "when the old un's worn out." Put that down.

(*Higgins does so.*)

Gloucester (*looking over the Almanack*)—Hum, hum, there's nothing particular in January. Oh yes, on the 15th the Duke of Gloucester born. That's me, put down that.

Higgins—But mayn't I put down when I was born too?

Gloucester—Certainly not.

Higgins—Why not?

Gloucester—Because you're *not to be born* now, you vagabond.

*Gloucester continues reading down to the 28th of February, when he suddenly falls back with horror and exclaims—*Gracious heavens, Higgins, here is an awful prophecy—oh, my *aide-de-camp*, I'm done for, as sure as that one and one make two. Oh, Lord a mercy upon me, looky'e here, looky'e here, see what it says opposite the 28th of February, and look what a horrible prophecy there is respecting me.

Higgins—(*reads*)—"February 28th, Saturday, Duke of Gloucester smothered, 1367." (*The aid-de-camp lets the paper fall in an agony of despair.*)

Gloucester—You see, Higgins, they prophecy I shall be smothered on the 28th of February. Rush to the magistrates, and bind over the whole world to keep the peace towards me.

(*Both rush out with impassioned violence.*)

Thus by a misinterpretation of the Almanack, were precipitately brought to a close, the magnificent labours of Gloucester in his new character of astrologer. He had misunderstood the meaning of the words "*Duke of Gloucester smothered 1367,*" which he fancied instead of recording a chronological fact relating to a former Duke, was actually nothing more nor less than a prediction of his smothering. We shall make it our most especial business to set Gloucester right upon the point, for we are sure if he can be induced to continue his Almanack, it will be one of the most splendid efforts of prediction ever known in the annals of prophecy. We have long been acquainted with his powers as a plague, and are dying to appreciate him if possible as a *profit* (*prophet*).—Next week we will report the further result, if we can persuade him to renew his labours.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

Sharp Work.

The other day Cumberland and Gloucester were talking about swords, and in speaking of the value of one, Cumberland held in his hand, he said to Gloucester who doubted him, "I'll presently set you right upon the point." The innocent Gloucester fled in consternation, saying his cousin Cumberland wanted to murder him. "For," said our Duke, "we were talking about a sword, and he swore he'd *set me right upon the point* presently.

A subject of Veneration.

The Chancellor has been declaring that the House of Commons should be an object of *love*. And so it is, if we may judge of the paltry proceedings resorted to to obtain a seat in it.

A Set-down for Grey.

Mr. Gray, a banker of Dalkeith, at the late Edinburgh dinner, asked Lord Grey to have the kindness to *take a seat*. The ex-premier declined the favour, perhaps from the fact of his having already experienced too many *settings down* at the hands of the community.

A Light of the Age.

Scientific characters tell us that there is decidedly *phosphorous* in the brain. Gloucester's skull must contain no small share of it, as his simple Royal Highness is known to be most especially *light-headed*.

Cause and Effect.

The Ministers still talk largely of the great *cause* of Reform. We have had enough of the *cause*, and are now looking vainly for the *effects*.

Comparisons are Odious.

Lord Brougham has been compared to several great people, and among others to Bacon. We have no objection to this comparison, but if he do resemble any part of *Bacon*, it must undoubtedly be the *gammon*.

THEATRICALS.

All the theatres are at length about to open, but we have already said upon this subject all that we have to say. Vestris advertises three new pieces, but they are all translations, which we regret, and we think she would have done better had she selected one from the pen of the clever C. Dance for her opening. The Victoria opens with *Othello*, powerfully cast, and a new farce called *The Man with the Carpet Bag*, by the author of the *Revolt of the Workhouse*, &c. The astounding alterations in the House would not allow the use of the stage for the rehearsals of any very heavy pieces, and the trifle alluded to will therefore be the only new production on the night of opening. Every body will, however, flock to see the most splendid theatre in the world, and when the public sees the immense alterations in the house, every allowance will be made for the non-production of those splendid novelties on an extraordinary scale of grandeur and expense that will be, we understand, speedily brought forward in rapid succession under Mr. Goslop's management. The past week has been one of very little interest, so far as the theatres now open are concerned, and we have positively been enabled, (on account of the dearth of novelty at other houses) to honour the Pavilion and the City with a visit respectively. We got through both jobs on the same night, having first called at the City, where we found *Richard the Third* proceeding to the tune of some five shillings, at least if we may judge from the appearance of the audience. Mr. Moss was *flaring up* as the crook-backed tyrant, but he seemed to be doing the energetic with a most suavid air of gentlemanly apathy. He decidedly reads the part with great judgment, but we can readily believe that he did not feel much disposed to put forth his genius in the presence of the gin-drinking gang that had groped into the various recesses of the house, and formed the company to boxes, pit, and gallery. An old hag next us swallowed a pint of raw rum in our presence, and sundry other atrocious acts of hoggerly were committed in our actual vicinity. But, to leave the audience and speak of the performers: they were evidently unused to tragedy, and the whole tribe of Catesbys, Stanleys, Tressels, and Buckinghams were decidedly never intended for velvet hats,

spangled tunics, and white inexpressibles. They were all out of their element in Shakspeare, and the result was a burst of merriment whenever one of the crew attempted a bit of tragedy. We were sorry to see Mr. Debar figuring away in such company, for he was in a respectable situation at the Victoria, where he might have improved; but not all the yellow ochre on his boots, not all the red lead on his visage, not all the blue tunics and *clean* Berlins in the world, can make him appear at all considerable among the crew of failures that constitute the majority of the City company. The gentleman who played the Lord Mayor is a rich specimen of vulgarity and absurdity. He broke his wand in the presence of the Duke of Buckingham, and pointed out this accident to his grace, with a serious air, as if asking him whether it would be possible to go with a broken wand into the presence of the Duke of Gloucester. The scenes in the tragedy were a fund of true amusement. Each apartment in the palace looked as if it had just been cleared by a distress for rent, and seldom contained more than a *table painted* on the dirty canvass. The ladies too were some of the rarest specimens of heaven's handy-work, and the Lady Anne was such a woman as we should imagine Gloucester, or no other man could have had much difficulty in captivating. Altogether we thought it an exceedingly sorry turn out, and were astonished at the idea that a maniac could have been found to enter upon the premises. Though the fittings up are rather of a meagre kind, yet paltry as they are, they might have purchased at least one dinner for somebody. We regret that any individual should have been so rash as to lay out even the price of a basin of pea soup on so contemptible a property. But, however, ambition sometimes overpowers hunger, and the man who has funds for a chop or a steak lavishes his paltry all upon a theatrical establishment.

We are happy to hear that Mr. Butler is about to appear as Hamlet at the Haymarket, on Wednesday the 1st of October. We have no space to say more than to express our sincere pleasure that this gentleman who stands so high as a tragedian, should have been added to the Haymarket company.

The Pavilion has been redecorated, and is indeed a very pretty little theatre. Though its fittings up are new, its company consists of the old approved troop, at the head of whom is Mr. Freer, with his lungs and attitudes, choppers and broadswords, battleaxes, black looks, red cheeks, yellow boots, and all the other requisites for a Whitechapel tragedian. There is something deliciously melodramatic about Mr. Freer's whole bearing, and we never see him without expecting to have our throats cut, or our trunk run through with a property javelin. He is however an immense favourite with the butchers in the neighbourhood, and we cannot think of dissenting from the marrowbone-and-clever-school of criticism. Mr. Elton has been starring it for a few nights preparatory to his opening at the Victoria.

We cannot omit a grand joke which we heard the other day, and which is very severe upon the Surrey company. It is well known that Mr. Glossop has enriched the Victoria by the purchase of *all* the scenery of the Surrey, which is being rapidly gutted by the carpenters. The other day C. Hill the stage manager, asked one of the parties employed in removing it, if he had "cleared away all the rubbish yet." "Oh Lord, no," was the reply, "cleared away *the rubbish* indeed, why we haven't begun upon the *actors* yet." This is beautifully severe, and deliciously true—though he might have added "nor the *pieces* either." The fact is Mr. Glossop knows which was the *really valuable* part of the Surrey establishment.

Mr. W. Farren whose relish of *abandonment* is well known, has actually been carrying his favourite principle so far, that he has positively *abandoned* his intellects, and announced himself for the part of Shylock. Whether he will make it "the Jew that Shakspeare drew," we cannot as yet say, but it certainly will not be in Mr. Farren's hands the Jew that ought to *draw* an audience. However, a man has perhaps a right to make a fool of himself on the occasion of his benefit, but we think Farren is carrying the privilege to an extent altogether without precedent.

Vauxhall, we believe, definitively closed on Friday last, having completed its fourth last week, and its second *positively* last week of the season. One of the principal features of the gardens, Mr. W. H. Williams has been particularly ubiquitous this season, having been singing alternate nights at Vauxhall in London, and the Margate Tivoli. By the bye the latter is a place well worthy the attention of the cockney bird of passage, to the Isle of Thanet, the nine shilling steam voyager on the boundless ocean. Tivoli is admirably conducted, and within it are concentrated all the best features of Vauxhall, without its expensive stout, and dear slices of ham, emulating the wafer in tenuity. We are at least told that *beer* (filthy name!) is excessively high priced at Vauxhall, but this is a Barclay and Perkins branch of criticism with which we are thoroughly unacquainted. For our parts we know not the respective beauties and various shades of excellence in that vulgar decoction called ale, and know not the difference between X and XX, in fact we should not know a pot of *thirty* from a pint of *fifty*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Crito is informed that *The Siamese Twins*, advertised as ready for publication, has been some time printed; but it will appear as No. 2 of an edition of plays by the same author, published at 6d. each, and printed uniform with *Strange's Edition of Buckstone's Dramas*. The first number will appear next week, and will consist of the new farce called *The Man with the Carpet Bag*, to be played on the opening night at the Victoria theatre. *The Siamese Twins* will form the second number, and will appear in a short time afterwards. The edition will be charged only *Sixpence* per play, and will be published by *Strange*, who can supply it through all the vendors of this periodical.

We are obliged to the gentleman who sent us a prologue about the shambles, but it is as old as the hills, and our correspondent ought to know that this periodical is by no means a museum of antiquities.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 148.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

OUR OWN ALMANACK.



According to our promise of last week, we renew our Almanack, and furnish the hierglyphic which we pledged ourselves should illustrate our prophetic labours. We shall not comment on the engraving, but proceed to our Almanack, which we shall take up from the first of March, having, we believe, last week got as far as the end of February.

March 4th, Ash Wednesday. Several persons die on Friday, the supposed cause being that *ash* Wednesday is a day for *settling the ashes* of many.

23rd of March. Lady-day, or *Quarter-day*, being the day when rent is due, and *no quarter* is given by the landlords.

April 1st. All fools day. A grand holiday for the following individuals:—The Duke of Gloucester, Lord Stormont, Higgins, and a variety of others, far too numerous to mention.

VOL. III.

26th of April. *Low Sunday.* A holiday for Young Dutch Sam, Horace Twiss, and several other accomplished persons whom it is impossible to specify.

May the 1st. Chimney-sweepers' and nightmens' day. A holiday for all the tools in the treasury, and all who do dirty work throughout the kingdom.

24th of May. Rogation (or *Rogue-ation*) Sunday, strictly celebrated by both houses of Parliament.

June 5th. Duke of Cumberland's birth-day. Lamentation among all husbands—a day of mourning for his household.

June 7th. *Whit Sunday.* Pettigrew gives a *conversazione* at which the Duke of Sussex asks a conundrum.

June 8th. *Whit Monday.* Pettigrew gives another *conversazione*, at which the Duke of Sussex asks another conundrum.

June 9th. *Whit Tuesday.* Pettigrew gives another *conversazione*, at which the Duke of Sussex asks another conundrum.

June 21st. The longest day. The King goes out for the day, leaving Adelaide at home. The birth-day of the *tallest* son of a famous blacking manufacturer kept.

June 24th. Midsummer day. Landlords putting in distresses and hearts *rent*.

July 3rd. Dog days begin. Puppies begin to get popular. D'Orsay is admired for a short period during this oppressive season.

July 15th. St. Swithens. An attempt is made to put an end to the present *reign (rain)* and the *pow'rs (pours)* that be, grow very unpopular.

W. Molineux, Printer, 18, Rolls Buildings, Fleet Lane.

August the 31st. John Bunyan died. Every body makes an attempt to get rid of his corns and *bunions*.

September the 5th. Bartholomew Fair. Bunn removes his whole company to Richardsons. Two extraordinary exhibitions take place—Bunn shows himself as the lowest and least person in the world, while Brougham exhibits as the greatest. The last is a deception, the first is none. The Ministers set up a show for juggling, in which they cause great surprise by the dexterity with which they empty the pockets of the bystanders.

September the 29th. Michaelmas-day. Gloucester presents a petition against the custom of eating geese at this period. He declares he sympathies with the unhappy animals. The petition is *not laid on the table*, but *the geese are*, as usual.

October the 8th. Reform Bill thrown out 1831. It has been *taken in* since then, and the people have been *taken in* also.

October the 29th. Sir *Walter Raleigh* beheaded 1618, which Gloucester declares was *Raly (Raleigh)* too bad. He wishes also to know whether *Raleigh (Rally)* when his head was cut off, ever *rallied* afterwards.

November the 5th. Guy Faux day. Lord Brougham exhibits in the public thoroughfares. Gloucester enquires if the *Powder Plot* was only a conspiracy to *bring in the Whigs (Wigs)*.

December the 5th. Marshal *Ney* shot—and his horse is said to have raised a frightful *neigh* at the fall of his master.

December the 21st. St. Thomas, the shortest day. The King declares he will stay at home *all the day* and enjoy the society of his *Adelaide*, having set apart this day in the year as the shortest, and consequently most appropriate to his domestic happiness.

December the 23rd. Duc de Guise assassinated. Gloucester asks "*What Guise*," and wants to know "if they were any of the fifth of November *Guys* among them."

December the 29th. T. a'Becket *murdered*. On this day Jerrold's piece of that name is *performed* at the Surrey.

Thus ends our *year* in describing which we trust we have had throughout the *ear* of the public. Our readers and the world in general may rest assured that all we have predicted will inevitably come to pass, except such portions of it as may not happen to be verified. There is, however, nothing very alarming in the prospect, and therefore there is nothing to fear even if we have correctly filled the office of astrologer.

If any further information should be thought necessary, a reference to our caricature must satisfy even the most curious.

THE INTERPRETER.

Pillaging Playwrights.

Every one is acquainted with our opinion of those paltry pilferers, who, assuming the name of dramatists, turn good French plays into bad English plays, by the aid of the dictionary. It has all along been our aim in our dramatic notices, to unmask the humbug of those persons who presume to lay

claim to talent on the strength of a smattering of French, and we therefore gladly hail any thing like efficient co-operation in an endeavour to smash the pretensions and expose the ignorance of those persons who try, by dint of bad translations from the French, to maintain the title of English dramatists. We, however, perceive, that a work has been advertised which will deal destruction to these *pseudo* poets, and protect managers from the extortion of money, and the public from the extortion of praise, for things that possess no more merit than a common schoolboy's exercise. Bunn, for example, calls himself an author because he has put some French pieces into bad English, but perhaps he has merely done so as a satire upon, and a protection against, the translating tribe who would otherwise pester him with their paltry plagiarisms. However, a work is now advertised under the name of *The French Stage*, which is to give for sixpence a translated play, immediately on the appearance of the original in Paris. Those already advertised are *The Queen's Champion*, pilfered by Mrs. Gore, *The Minister and the Mercer*, plagiarised by Bunn, together with *The Sledge Driver* and *Secret Service*, arranged, the first by Mrs., the latter by Mr. Planché. We must, however, by no means rank the last named gentleman among the mere translators. His adaptations are in general so skilful, as to give to him (with the exception of plot), all the merit of an original dramatist. The work we speak of will make sad havoc with a large troop of would-be dramatic authors, who feed only on the literal, but often ungrammatical, translation, of French *vaudevilles*.

The Unfair Farebrother.

To call Farebrother an ass would be libellous, and to call him a Lord Mayor would not, though the terms have long been synonymous; but this is one of the inconsistencies of the precious law of libel. We do distinctly call Farebrother a Lord Mayor, but we do not distinctly *call* him an ass, because *that* is quite *unnecessary*. We however feel it our duty to take him down a little for his ignorant jokes at the expense of one of the laws he is appointed to administer. He was *very funny* on the subject of the poor law bill, so funny that the beadle laughed outright, and the ward constable, who is one hundred years of age, gave an unearthly chuckle. Now we give Farebrother this warning, that if he dares again to attempt to revolutionize the kingdom by subverting at once the authority of the king and parliament, we will pound him in our mortar till he is mere dust, and then, should he make any dispute, we will serve him like one of his own disputed lots, or, in other words, we will *put him up* for the sake of having the pleasure of knocking him down again. We believe he now knows very well what to expect, and therefore we trust that, by holding his tongue and treating the laws with respect, he will at least show that he knows himself to be an arrant idiot, and thus prove he is at all events one step advanced on the road towards sagacity. We recommend his impeachment, and a month at the treadmill, if he make any further attempt to raise a civil war, and inundate the land with blood from the rocks of the north coast, to Great Turnstile, Holborn. Let him in future be dumb, for silence is the only means he possesses to shield his ignorance.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 85.

"I should be sorry to be guilty of blasphemy," cried Gloucester last Sunday, after reading his weekly chapter in the bible, "but there's something here that I can't at all understand or agree to." Higgins looked up with an expression of mingled alarm and penitence. "Only look," said the Duke, the bible complains of a man for *sowing tares*." Now, if he has got any *tears (tares)* that *want sewing (sowing)*, I think

his doing so would be very industrious." Higgins sung an anthem founded on *Cherry Ripe*, and accompanied himself upon the Jews' harp with imposing accuracy.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

Quite in Character.

The disposition to snatch the viands from table at the late Grey dinner in Edinburgh, was highly characteristic of the occasion, for the Whigs have themselves always evinced an eagerness to clutch prematurely whatever *good things they could lay their hands on*.

A Side Blow.

The Lord Chancellor is said to be the *rudder* of the ministry, and so he may be well called, for he seems ready to guide to *either side* as may suit his purpose.

A good Definition.

"I say Bill," said a political dustman to a radical sweep, "why is it they says *Vox* at the end of Lord Broom's name?" "Why," responded the purifier of chimneys, "they think he's going it rather too far, and so they calls out *Vo* in the hopes of stopping him."

A Crack in the Head for the Duke.

Gloucester said the other day, "he could never *pull in the same boat* with the Whig ministers." No," said Brougham, who heard of it, "Gloucester can't well *pull in any boat* for the poor fellow has only a *cracked skull*" (*scull*).

A seasonable Joke.

"I can't be a *goose*," said Gloucester, "because *geese* are foolish, while I am a *sage* being." "Ha, ha!" retorted Cumberland, "you're a d—d fool—don't you know that *geese* are generally stuffed with *sage* and onions." Gloucester retired to a solitary drain in the yard, to shed his tears in silence.

A Massive Joke.

The King declares that every concession made to the Catholics, makes good for the majority of the people. "For," says his Majesty, "what is favourable to the Catholic religion must be favourable to the *Mass*."

THEATRICALS.

Monday last was the day of opening for all the minor theatres, the principal of which opened with considerable spirit on that evening. There were no less than *seven* new pieces produced on the occasion, consisting of three at the Olympic, two at the Adelphi, one at the Victoria, and one at the English Opera. Considering that the 29th of September is Michaelmas Day, it was rather a bold experiment in an author to put forward his production on the night of that ominous day, when a quarter's rent is due, and when *geese* are plentiful. However little a dramatic author may feel himself concerned in the receipt, or, perhaps, even the payment of rent, the *goose* is to him a most objectionable animal, and consequently, Michaelmas day was a most ill-omened one for the production of dramatic novelty. These hateful birds were prevalent in many of the theatres on that evening, and made a most special set at the Adelphi, for which diabolical and enterprising establishment, the restless spirit of the horror-haunted Fitzball had concocted a dish of *diablerie* which might have furnished hints for the improvement of Pandemonium. If the devil had looked in at the Adelphi on Monday night, he must have admitted that competition with Yates was quite out of the question, and that his own attendant imps were not half so hellish as the unhallowed beings who,

for sixpence per night, comprise the infernal *corps* in the shape of supernumeraries. It is certainly a strange compromise of one's religious feelings to do the diabolical for a few shillings per week, though we do not doubt the capacity of any of the parties to people a dramatic hell, or make it quite as horrible as the real one. Of the piece we have no wish to speak, because it was awfully bad, and as every body says so, we shall not trouble ourselves to repeat the public verdict. It was supposed it would abound with blasphemy and horrors, which of course made every one rush in the hope of being shocked by the one and terrified by the other; but it seems the only blasphemy is that of having classed it among dramatic productions, while the only *horror* is that of sitting it out, a horror and an *effect* which is quite distinct from the stage, being produced only upon the audience. O'Smith resumed his favourite part of Nick, which seems to be the grand study of his whole life, the first and highest aim of his existence. He is now so perfectly identified with the devil, that any criticism upon his assumption of the part would now be utterly superfluous. He seems to have taken an extended view of the unhallowed character, and is, we should imagine, as like the real thing as is at all possible. The effects were, to do Yates justice, on a most extensive and most expensive scale, while in some of them there was a decided sympathy between the stage and the auditor. For example; while the scene represented the *yawning earth*, in front of the curtain was a fine illustration of a *yawning audience*. Positively, we shall not be surprised to hear that Yates has formed an engagement with the devil himself, though, unfortunately, contracts in that quarter are inconveniently durable. If he could be secured *for a few nights only*, THE DEVIL HIMSELF would make a fine figure in an Adelphi play-bill, and would be an immense favourite *pro tem.* with an Adelphi audience. The second piece, called *The Chain of Gold*, is likely to become extremely popular. It is from the pen of Pocock, who, about once in twenty years, writes a piece, to let the world know that the brains are still in, and the man still living. It is very clever, and deserves to run for a very long period. The Adelphi company is very weak in comparison to former seasons, being at present without Mesdames Fitzwilliams and Honey, as well as Buckstone, who were three of its greatest props in times preceding.

Vestris also opened on the same evening with three new burlettas, one of which was almost entirely damned, another was doomed to demi-damnation, while a third, we are happy to say, was eminently successful. The name of this last is *The Loan of a Lover*, and is one of those happy adaptations for which Mr. Planché is so deservedly eminent. The music in it is also of a very delightful character. Of *A Little Pleasure* (another of the new pieces) it would give us *little pleasure* to speak, because it is by an author of whom we think most highly, but who, in this instance, has not been so felicitous as usual. Mrs. Orger's great talent much assisted the piece; but, though her efforts were seconded by Keeley, the success was very equivocal. *My Friend the Governor* was subjected to *demi-damnation*; but as the author had one of his pieces triumphantly successful, he and the public also, both are, or ought to be, perfectly satisfied.

The great point amidst the various openings of theatres was the Victoria, and at an early hour (say the papers) the doors were thronged, and the streets almost impassable, so great was the anxiety to gain admittance into this splendid establishment. Immediately on the opening of the doors, the house was crammed in every part by persons who testified, in phraseology as various as the prices, their respective feelings at viewing the magnificence of the interior. The occupant of the dress circle, who had paid his *four* shillings was struck with bland and perfectly silent astonishment, while the *two* shilling inhabitant

of the upper tier expressed his wonder audibly to those in his vicinity. The *shilling* visitor to the pit was unmeasured in his praise, while the *sixpenny* tenant of the gallery, not content with admiring in silence, vented his *connoisseurship* in loud exclamations of "Crikey Bill, an't this here *magnefficient*!" addressed to some friend at the further end of the building. The ceiling is one of the most tasteful and splendid things ever conceived, presenting a *coup d'œil* of the most novel character. The glass curtain it is needless to speak of; every one will go to see it, and all must allow it is best the more we reflect on it. The performances on the first night were *Othello* and *The Man with the Carpet Bag*. The tragedy was admirably supported by Elton, H. Wallack, Forrester, Miss P. Horton, and Mrs. Selby, the latter of whom as Emilia drew down in one part a burst of applause which, without exaggeration, we believe to be the loudest we ever heard within the walls of a theatre. *The Man with the Carpet Bag*, owing to the universal excellence of the acting, was completely successful. Mitchell, as the Man with the Carpet Bag, presented a most humorous portraiture of a lawyer's clerk in distress, while Forrester enacted to the life the bustling but briefless barrister. W. Keene as Grab, a rascally old lawyer, seemed to have studied the tribe with patience, and depicted one of the race with painful verisimilitude. Ross made an excellent Boots, while Doyné and Miss Forster formed a most agreeable and appropriate papa and daughter. Upon the whole, nothing could have been more auspicious than the opening of the Victoria, which has been thronged throughout the week with delighted thousands. A piece from the experienced pen of Mr. Lunn, the successful author of scores of clever dramas, is forthcoming on Monday.

The new piece at the English Opera is called *My Grandfather*, being from the pen of T. Haynes Bayly, of *boudoir* and ballad notoriety. It was not eminently successful, but was saved by the acting of Wrench and others, as well as the singing of Mrs. Waylett in some of Alexander Lee's delicious music. This part of the operatta will become unboundedly popular. The English Opera has lost much of its strength, but the departure of some will give others opportunities of coming forward. Among the most promising of those whose prominence will be advantageous to the public and themselves, is Oxberry, who, in certain parts, stands quite as high, in our opinion, as J. Reeve or Keeley, the leading low comedians of the establishment. We are glad to perceive Mr. Serle has announced a piece called *The Widow Queen*. We have long been looking for something from the pen of this gentleman.

Mr. Butler's *debut* at the Haymarket, was, as we anticipated, triumphantly successful. His Hamlet is too well known to the town to render it necessary for us to dwell upon its innumerable beauties. He is acknowledged to be the best Hamlet on the stage, and the audience loudly testified their admiration of his splendid performance of the character.

The Surrey is advertised to open on Monday next, but it is said want of scenery, and particularly want of *flats*, will prevent the opening. Now there can be no waiting for *this*, since *flats* are numerous enough, nor need they be looked for much beyond the company. The alterations are, we understand, very extensive, and comprise a new knocker upon the stage door, an extra chair in the box office, together with an entirely new cut glass knob to one of the small lustres round the lower circle of boxes. We have to congratulate the new proprietor on the rapidity with which these extensive alterations have been made, and we cannot but admire the pure taste which has dictated the introduction of an *extra* chair into the box office.

The part of Hela in *The Mountain Sylph*, has changed

representatives as often as a politician changes sides, and it has now fallen into the hands of Mr. T. O. Atkins, who does it considerable justice, and consequently deserves a notice here, which we freely bestow upon him. He is a very talented worthy man, but a very *base* (*bass*) man, though of course we allude only to his vocal capabilities. The *trial* was a severe one, but he *acquitted himself* admirably in the undertaking.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Crito is informed that *The Man with the Carpet Bag* is published, price SIXPENCE, and that *The Siamese Twins* will form the second number of an edition of farces by the same author.

The Duke of Gloucester is most respectfully informed (in answer to his modest inquiry) that three times two are six, and that we shall be happy to give him any further information of a similar character.

Janus is informed that Mr. Mears of Covent Garden is particularly fond of raw onions with salt. When Mr. M. eats bread with them, it is rather by way of a luxury.

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No. 149.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

BROUGHAM IN HULL.



The Chancellor has lately, as all the world knows, been upon an extensive tour, and has been speechifying to a pitiable extent for the benefit of such towns as have either received him with a dinner or a deputation. If he has been crammed with good things put into his mouth, he has repaid the obligation by
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several bad things sent out of his mouth, and thus the exchange has been highly profitable to his lordship of Brougham and Vaux, if not to the various townspeople who have been surfeited with his rubbish about liberality, affection for his King, safe reform, and patriotic ministers. Among the various places the chancellor has visited, *Hull* came in the way of his jargon-talking and dinner-eating rambles, and as we have had the particulars from an eye-witness, we may as well give them as nearly as possible:—

It appears that his Lordship reached the place somewhat quietly, and had even been some hours in the town before he was recognized. He was, however, waiting on the pier (the scene of our caricature) with his daughter-in-law upon his arm, expecting the coming up of the tide to enable them to embark in the steam-packet, when a sweep belonging to the town thought he recognised the nose of the chancellor. Brougham, very naturally not wishing to be known, (for where would be his popularity if he were) gave his nose a twitch of ineffable agitation and comprehensive contempt; which peculiarity of proboscis instantly confirmed the suspicions of the hero of the soot-bag. It soon got over the town that Brougham was on the pier, and the enlightened people of Hull called a meeting on the instant in some adjacent tap-room, and it was resolved that Brougham should be invited to partake of a quarter of a pint of half-and-half together with a portion of a glass of brandy and water (cold without) to fortify him on his meditated voyage by the steam packet. These spirited resolutions having been unanimously carried over a bottle of ginger beer, (which nobody paid for) the people of Hull to the extent of nearly

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

twenty, sallied out to greet the chancellor, and invite him to the refreshments alluded to. We have lost the letter of our Hull correspondent, which contained the names and descriptions of the ringleaders in this ragamuffin ebullition of enthusiasm in behalf of Vaux; but the list comprised all the principal riff-raff of Hull, which was the only portion of the inhabitants that evinced any thing like ardour in the cause of humbug, that is to say, in the cause of the chancellor. Brougham, on seeing the ragamuffins approach him, felt, to do him justice, a due and laudable contempt, so that his nose sought the skies with an up-turned expression indicative of the most lofty and undisguised disdain for the whole crew of enthusiasts. However, he knows full well the necessity of humbug, and with a bland smile received the outrageous puffs of the debased sycophants, while he favoured them with a few most sincere and unadulterated *damns* in a side speech to his secretary. He then proceeded to make the following speech, which he has made in effect at every place he has visited, merely changing the name of the town to suit the actual occasion. His speeches throughout his tour have been all upon one model, all moulded in one form, which he carries about with him for patriotic occasions, as lawyers carry the forms of declarations, &c., merely filling up the blanks left for names, dates, and other matters necessary to adapt them to their present purposes. He thus commenced:

"Gentlemen,—

However great may have been my pride on former occasions, *this* is positively the proudest moment of my existence. Surrounded as I am by the respectable people of Hull (*aside*, "somebody has picked my pocket;") I feel a glow of satisfaction that can only be compared to nothing; for indeed I have felt nothing like it since the first receipt of the seals of office inspired in me a burst of affection, which I feel at this moment as *strong as ever I did*, (*aside*, "There's no lie there, at any rate,). Gentlemen, I shall accept the half-and-half to which you have been kind enough to invite me, and allow me to pledge you in this wholesome beverage (*aside*, d—d double X). I shall now take my departure, and you may depend upon it I shall write home to his Majesty to tell him what nice people you are here, and what a delightful day I have had of it. I now bid you farewell, and you may depend upon it every act of the Ministry will be designed for the benefit of the community in general, but of you, the enlightened, liberal, patriotic, (*aside*, idiotic) people of Hull in particular."

'This address was received with a burst of enthusiasm unparalleled in the annals of blackguardism. He then descended the pier ladder, and his descent is the subject of the caricature which graces our present article. The steps being somewhat perpendicular, presented to the people beneath a view of his daughter-in-law's legs, and the chancellor's directions to the men beneath not to look upwards, were superb evidences of his ardour in the cause of morality. However, this point is better illustrated by the pencil of Cruikshank than it could be by any matter which we could add in illustration of it. We shall therefore leave it all to the contemplation of the public.

THE INTERPRETER.

The Grey Gnattony.

A long controversy has been going on between the various newspapers on the subject of the brutal blow-out at Edinburgh, and the propriety of pouncing upon provisions placed at a table, before the time fixed for feeding. *The Courier* defends the proceeding on the plea that it was done at the coronation banquet of George the 4th, by some of the first noblemen in the land, but we really see no palliation in this, because peers can be quite as piggy as the inferior members of society. A patrician appetite is not more moderate than a plebeian one, and the paunch of a marquis is quite as well adapted to hoggerly as the stomach of a scavenger. We think too much importance has been given to the subject altogether, and we maintain it is of little consequence how many good things the people put into their mouths on the occasion alluded to, though very few good things *came out of their mouths*, as may be seen by the various reports of the speeches in the newspapers. They sat down to be crammed, and consequently the promiscuous attack on the eatables was perfectly natural. It was filthy in the highest extreme, but then it was *Scotch*, and so we perceive no inconsistency.

Buying a Secret.

Some lunatic has given 10,000*l.* for the secret of St. John Long, which was enclosed in a sealed *envelope*, and was not to be inspected until paid for by the purchaser. This is a spirited speculation at any rate, though we could have told the contents of the *envelope* without ever having opened it. The fact is that the chief ingredient in St. John Long's plan was humbug, and the next principal ingredient was essence of cabbage leaves. But not all the materials in the world could work half the charm, or would be found of half the value to the purchaser as that sheer and superb humbug which alone made the fortune of the former proprietor.

A New Butt.

We have to congratulate the civic gang upon the election of a new mayor, who is in every respect a worthy head to the most noble corporation of cockneys. The new mayor is no less a personage than Alderman Winchester, whose very name seems to invite us to a sally against those especial favourites of ours, the London Aldermen. Winchester will, we have no doubt, prove a most admirable *butt*, and we shall decidedly *tap* him on the very first opportunity. We shall be very glad to get rid of old Farebrother, for we have so completely jammed him to pieces, that his bare name has become almost too insignificant to appear in the pages of this periodical. We shall go at Winchester with renovated ardour, and do not doubt we shall find him as fertile a subject for a smash as any of his predecessors. We understand he is in every respect qualified to fill the civic throne, for we have heard him spoken of as a determined eater of venison, an inflexible maker of bad puns, and a stern misinterpreter of the laws of his country. With such magnificent requisites as these, what may we not expect, and we therefore promise the country a rich harvest of fun, the moment Winchester shall be fairly established in his civic capacity of king of all the cockneys. We cannot forbear giving a few words of farewell to the fading Farebrother, whose last flicker of splendour is now about to be extinguished by the embryo brilliance of his successor, the Right Honorable, that-is-to-be, Lord Winchester. We trust that Farebrother will find in the bosom of his family, all that he can possibly desire, and that he may never want a basin of real turtle, a pipe of best tobacco, and a pot of first-rate heavy-wet. With these benevolent wishes, we consign him to that obscurity for which nature so nicely adapted him, when she bestowed upon him his present amount of mental capacity.

SELECT CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter is from the Duke of Gloucester, and is enlivened by a vigorous pun, involving a commercial fact of no mean interest.

To the Editor of Figaro in London.

You Sir,—Every body is complaining that there is no sale for goods, and nobody can divine the reason for such being the fact. But *I* have found it out, and so, Sir, I suppose I must admit that I'm *nobody*! Well, Sir, the fact is the shipping interest is hurt, and what injures the *shipping* must injure the *sails* (*sales*). Conscious that I have just hit it,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your most obedient butt,

GLOUCESTER.

Witness, Higgins.

We have received the following brief epistle from the Duke of Gloucester, which, though it contains nothing but one wretched, and most despicable joke, we gladly insert it in compliment to the talents of the royal family.

TO THE EDITOR OF FIGARO.

SIR,—It is our gracious will and pleasure to see the accompanying conundrum in the next number of your periodical. Send me sixpence by the bearer, and believe me to be,

Your most valuable contributor,

GLOUCESTER.

The following is the conundrum specified in the Duke's note, in compliance with whose request, sixpence, (*a bad one*,) was forwarded:—

Who is the most dangerous person in Ireland, and who is most likely to increase, rather than diminish, the number of deaths in that unhappy country? The Bishop of *Kil-more*.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

A Defence for Vaux.

The enemies of Lord Brougham say that for his Lordship to shew a grasping disposition is *quite in character*. We must dissent from this, and give it as our opinion that in every recent act Vaux has shewn himself to be quite *out of character*.

A Royal Joke.

"As for the cause of reform," says his Majesty, "I wish to see something that is definite." The king may be contented on this head, for as to the cause of reform, he has himself been lately *deaf in it*.

Self Contradiction.

Lord Brougham has been declaiming in favour of *slow changes*, while the *rapidity* with which he has *changed* his own *principles* give the lie direct to his own argument.

THEATRICALS.

Bunn's nightly receipts have averaged 30*l.*, so that the loss to Captain Polhill may be estimated at about 1000*l.* per week, on a calculation that would do credit to Cocker for its accuracy. He brought out a filthy farce of his own called *Bed and Board*, which was speedily consigned to its last *bed*, as the audience refused to be *bored* by the infliction of it. We can have no possible objection to Bunn's improving himself in French by the translation of bad farces from that language, but we do object to his transferring to such translations the filthy impress of his own degraded notions. It was so very vulgar, and so atrociously obscene, that it was too bad even for the saloon visitants, who at present form the majority of the audience at the

two national establishments. Though the little great lessee, with his usual impudence, announced in the bills its unqualified success, the avalanche of contempt and indignation showered down upon it by an offended press and an insulted public, caused its withdrawal from the stage at the very moment when its success was pronounced in the bills to be unqualified. On Saturday Bunn made an attempt to inflict a large lady called Clifton on the town in the capacity of leading tragic actress; but the six-foot specimen of transatlantic genius did not make the impression which the hero of the velvets had dared to anticipate. As our clemency is proverbial, we will not risk our character for mercy by making any comment on the performance of Miss Clifton. The playbills say she has succeeded, which is perhaps the harshest thing that has been said of her, for all the world knows that Bunn's playbills go completely by contraries. We regret that nothing can be said in her favour here, but with a due desire to assist a *debutante*, duty forces us to state that if Miss Clifton were a favorite in America, she did wrong to risk her popularity by a journey to this country. Her lungs are inimitable, and her arms beautifully brawney,—but here praise must cease. She seems better adapted to set to with Young Dutch Sam, the late star of the Surrey, than to grapple with the conceptions of our first-rate dramatists.

One of the great points of the re-opening of Drury Lane seems to be the return of the veteran Sinclair, who has come back to this country from America with an increased stock of stupidity and awkwardness. We always thought him the worst actor that ever God created, but now we think him so bad that we can hardly think he can ever have had any thing to do with creation upon its original principles. He struts about the stage enveloped in large pieces of velvet, and smothered as to his face in white feathers and frills of alarming rigidity. In fact, Sinclair, *quoad* his acting, beats Mears hollow for atrocity, while his voice seems to have been practised with an old tin tea-kettle instead of a piano-forte as an accompaniment. However, every body tells us that age commands respect, and if so, we presume we ought to puff old Sinclair, for we are given to understand that he is ninety-five years of age next Wednesday.

On Monday a Mr. Denvil made his first appearance at Drury Lane, in the character of Shylock. This gentleman was unknown to the London public, having, a few months since, played only at the Fitzroy, where the entertainments, consisting solely of farce and burlesque, of course gave no opportunities to a regular tragedian. He had subsequently been seen at the Kensington, whence (chiefly on the recommendation of Mr. Planché, we believe) he was transferred to Drury Lane, where he appeared for the first time on Monday. To tell Mr. Denvil that his *debut* was equal in *eclat* to that of Kean in the same part, would be ridiculous, but in the present state of the tragic department of the drama we can conscientiously congratulate him on the prospect of filling a very important station in the histrionic profession. His performance of Shylock had a few faults but a greater number of beauties, and in the early part of the scene with Tubal, he comes nearer to Kean than any other actor we ever saw in the character. The trial scene was also gone through with considerable judgment, and indeed in all those portions of the play where genius is most likely to manifest itself, Mr. Denvil was, in his representation of the part, the most felicitous. It is needless to enter minutely into the various points and readings; suffice it to say that the Shylock of the *debutant* evidenced the possession of very superior talent, and gave a promise of future excellence. We are always friendly to those who develop any real talent, and we therefore regret, for Mr. Denvil's sake, that Bunn has had recourse to his usual buffoonery with respect to the new tragedian; the ignoble lessee, in bills which bear direct evidence of having

been printed before the play was over, heralds the new Shylock's second and third appearances with an air of ignorant assumption, and puffs him in large red letters at the bottom of the playbills. This trickery can do the actor no good, and we were glad to perceive that Mr. Denvil disdained the senseless yelp which was raised to force him to appear at the end of the tragedy. He was quite right to disregard it, for a man who has just played Shylock ought not to come on as a mandarin immediately afterwards. The other parts in the piece were ill played, with the exception of Portia, by Miss E. Tree, and perhaps the Nerissa of Miss Lee, who is at least too quiet and good-looking to admit of her being an object of severity. As to our old friends Warde and Cooper, as Antonio and Bassanio, they seemed as if they had laid a wager who should send to sleep the greatest number of the audience. Cooper lulled us one minute, when we were awakened by the iron notes of Warde, who woke us up by the harshness of his voice, only to send us asleep again by its monotony. Cooper is a delicious actor in little comic pieces or melodramas, but to put our newly-married friend into long Shakspearian parts can only be useless to himself and miserable to others. Yarnold's Gratiano was the worst thing we ever saw except Sinclair's Lorenzo, which was, if possible as bad as Harley's Launcelot Gobbo. Mrs. Crouch sang the music of Jessica extremely well; but as to Sinclair, we can only say that the Venetian vagrant act must have been very loosely drawn up if he were enabled to walk the streets uncaged, or make the noises he did in the shape of songs without being taken into custody. What on earth our American friends can have seen in old Sinclair we can't possibly imagine. We understand he has made a fortune in the United States, but we cannot allow him, on the privilege of wealth, to commit nightly nuisances in the face of an English audience. We consider these remarks likely to prove salutary, for it may be as well to quell Sinclair at once, before he has the plea of custom for singing at the national theatres. "A stitch in time saves nine," and a slight persuader from our critical lash may, thus early applied, prevent many a future drubbing from our tomahawk.

The Haymarket is to close on Saturday, and we think it ought to have closed on Tuesday, before Mrs. Glover had been suffered to play *Paul Pry* for her benefit. Any thing extraordinary may be supposed to assist in making a house, but we think Mrs. Glover in *Paul Pry* must have been a thing too *outré* and horrible to be accounted as a legitimate means of attracting an audience. At the Victoria there is nothing to notice but the extraordinary success of the new management, under which more money has been we understand already taken than even in its best days was ever remembered to have come into the house at a former period. The fact is, the gorgeousness of the decorations, and the magnificent looking glass curtain, have rendered it necessary for every one to visit the Victoria. *The Wandering Minstrel* and *The Siamese Twins*, have both been triumphantly transferred to these boards, and *The Rent Day* strongly cast, in addition to a new farce by Mr. Raymond, will both be performed on Monday.

The opening of the Surrey has, we understand, been very inauspicious, but such pieces as *Adelgitha*, *The Sleeping Draught*, and *The Soldier's Daughter*, are not likely to attract an audience. In fact, when *Adelgitha* was played, *The Sleeping Draught* must have been a superfluity, for the former comprised the latter to all intents and purposes. Both the Surrey and the Victoria promise new operas. For the first Mr. Edwin has been secured, but in the opera of the latter, Miss Paton, and probably Braham, will appear, with a host of equal talent, whose services will be required for a work of extraordinary

genius, which is spoken of most highly by persons of sound musical judgment, who have had the privilege of hearing it. Competition seems to be the order of the day between the two *trans-Thamesian* establishments; but the Victoria has most effectually distanced its rival.

At the English Opera house a Mr. *Mc. Jan*, from Bath, has appeared in the part of *Lo Zingaro*, and has, we are informed, evinced talent of no ordinary kind in his delineation of the character. He is intended to fill the gap occasioned by the secession of O. Smith, but we understand he is, as an actor, infinitely superior to that deservedly popular personage. Mr. *Mc. Jan* is a perfect artist, and his assumption of character so complete, as far to distance the ordinary sketches of actors in general. We have said thus much upon the judgment of a gentleman in every respect qualified to give a critical opinion, but we shall take an early opportunity of seeing Mr. *Mc. Jan* ourselves, and shall be glad to do more ample justice to his abilities. Mr. Serle's long-talked-of play of *The Widow Queen* is announced for Thursday; but as this work is written earlier in the week, we cannot notice the performance of it. We have, however, no doubt that we shall next week have to announce its complete success, and to record our approbation of the production.

Bunn is going to bring out Byron's *Manfred*, and the principal character is given to Mr. Denvil. We wish him every success in the undertaking, and do not doubt he will gain much ground by his appearance in an original character.

Mr. Butler, whose Hamlet at the Haymarket created so great a sensation, played Macbeth on Monday with equal effect. Our theatrical article has already run to so unconscionable a length, that it is utterly impossible to enter into the merits of this splendid performance. If Bunn knew his own, or rather his master's, interest, Mr. Butler would be a member of the united company, though we very much doubt if he would condescend to belong to the troop after the treatment he has experienced.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Crito who is so very curious on the point, and who pesters us particularly on the subject, is informed that *The Siamese Twins* is now published for SIXPENCE, by Strange, and forms number 2, of an edition of pieces by the same author. No. 1, was *The Man with the Carpet Bag*. Both pieces are now being acted at the Victoria.

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Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 150.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

BROUGHAM AND HIS BANTLINGS.



For an explanation of this excellent caricature, we must refer our readers to the celebrated scene in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the application to which is too obvious to need the repetition of it here; and we shall therefore beg our readers (such as forget Shakspeare) to refer to the play alluded to. There is, however, much intrinsic humour in the drawing *per se*, for it represents the worthy Chancellor taking advantage of his own delightful bill to avoid the support of a variety of little cherubim who are represented as clinging to him as their *natural* protector. Now we by no means intend to insinuate anything of the sort, but we merely put Brougham as a case, though we pronounce him to be perfectly innocent of expecting to reap any personal advantage from the bill that throws the support of illegitimate children upon the mothers, leaving the fathers wholly disencumbered of the burden. It is, however,

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on Cruickshank's part, an admirable hit at such members of the legislature, as are not so staid as the sagacious Chancellor, whom we wholly acquit of inconstancy notwithstanding his learned flirtations with the deep-read blue-stocking the virgin Martineau. The gaol and workhouse in the distance with the mothers waiting to receive their offspring, while the reputed father trots off with a sneer, is one of the severest gashes that has yet been inflicted on the new poor law bill, and will help to give it another most effective kick into the mire of public odium. The delight of their Majesties at the *fun* is beautifully depicted, and William's exclamation, "I shall go into *Fitz*," is a nice rap at the Jordans and other royal brilliants of the same high water. We forbear descanting any further on the caricature, which professes the peculiar advantage (as George Robins would say) of being its own eulogy.

THE INTERPRETER.

The Cabinet busy.

After the various complaints that have been made of the time wasted by the Ministers during the Session of Parliament, it is to be presumed that the various members of the Ministry would be busy during the recess in framing such measures as may give satisfaction to the community. Among the rest Lord Althorp is particularly looked to by the community to originate something for the common benefit. On looking over the *Court Circular* to find how the great folks are at present employed, we find the following interesting paragraph:—"Viscount Althorp inspected the Palace in St. James's Park yesterday."—This is a grand achievement for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we have no doubt some legislative scheme will result from his lordship having poked his nose sedulously into every hole

W. Moineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

and corner of the royal residence. If, however, he had inspected the various accounts for building it, he would have been acting a part more in conformity with the situation he holds in the ministry. When Althorp is so *busy*, what may we not expect from the labours of the government in the next session of parliament.

COCKNEY LITERATURE.

It is not perhaps generally known, that there is much genius among the cockneys, some of whom have been known occasionally to spell correctly *three consecutive* words, while there are here and there instances of great men (COCKNEYS), who have positively put a whole sentence together without very glaring violence to Lindley Murray's revered memory. By dint of an awful blow-out upon turtle and other filth, we have prevailed upon Lord Wenables to sit down and pen the following

JOURNAL OF A TOUR,

Two Miles in the direction of Kensington.

We will, however, in order to encrease the effect, give it word for word in the glowing and enthusiastic language of the civic narrator. It runs precisely as follows:

JOURNAL OF A TOUR, &c.

I woke at six o'clock, it was one of those beautiful mornings when nature seemed to have put on her red and white striped waistcoat, for alternate streaks of red and white positively lay along the sky, giving it the appearance of several yards of stuff intended for the holy and exalted purposes of tailoring. I sallied from my bed like the early lark, and in fact it was with the intention of having an *early lark*, that I so soon made my egress from the comfortable medley of sheets, blankets, mattresses, feather beds, and bolsters, in which it is my nocturnal habit to encase myself. Having cleaned my high-lows, and partially washed my face, I left the room, and ultimately the house, after I had carefully achieved the fearful descent from my garret, the staircase to which, I can only compare to the abrupt declivity of Primrose Hill, or the frightful decadence from the minute mount in Kensington. After getting outside my door, I came to the powerful, but still sagacious, resolution of following my nose, and I therefore rushed on wildly in the direction of my nasal organ, which pointed forwards with a decided dig towards the rural retreats of Kensington. On reaching Hyde Park corner, I looked towards the vast expanse of green between the ends of Piccadilly and Oxford-street, and I felt a sympathy for the *green*, because I felt I had never seen so much of the rural districts for some years past, I mean those happy years of apprenticeship, when I used to spend my Sundays and shillings at Richmond, or otherwise. As I proceeded along the Knightsbridge road, I found myself wandering into a Byronian train of thought, naturally inspired by the green palings, or my right stretching in straight uniformity as far as the eye could see, and on my left a variety of dead walls, inspiring a holy sympathy with the scene around me. I very naturally threw my thoughts into the following rampant stanza:

Sweet is the view across the lovely park,
Sweet is the ride down Knightsbridge in a shay,
Sweet is the song of sparrow, tom tit, lark,
Sweet are the cottages for curds and whey.

Soft is the hue which tints the half-way-house,
Soft is the grass that carpets all the ground,
Soft is the feather of the passing grouse,
Soft too am I, like every thing around.

But (oh!) these scenes of nature I must quit,
And (ah!) these holy reveries resign,
For (God!) I must behind my counter sit,
From (heavens!) ten at morn till night at nine.

Yet, as I make out bills and cast accounts,
Running the ledger through from year to year,
The memory of these scenes will burst the founts,
That prison up the tender tradesman's tear.

And on the dog-book holy drops will fall,
Meandering o'er some dishonoured bill,
As if that gush might serve to pay it all,
Though I've a notion that it never will.

But now, farewell, ye barracks and ye parks,
Ye long green palings and the half-way-house,
Farewell ye tom-tits, sparrows, swallows, larks,
Ye cottages for curds and whey,—and grouse.

For I to Tooley-street must hurry back,
Leaving these scenes for other folks to walk in;
Here comes an omnibus, I'll get in smack,
'Tis for the city—then it's no use talking.

This beautiful ebullition of romance and sentiment, warm from the imagination of the subdued Wenables, is a gem of poetry unequalled since Byron. It forms an apt conclusion to this most pathetic article. We shall probably resume the strain of cockney sentiment on some future occasion, that is, if a responsive thrill is felt by the whole population on reading the rhapsody of the Ex-Lord Mayor, the Right Honourable Cockney Baron of Queenhithe, his Grace of Wenables.

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

Bunn read a new piece of his own the other day, which was so bad that the porter at the outer door was alarmed by an awful sound of snoring, when, on reaching the green room, he found the whole company stretched on the floor in different groups, fast in the arms of Somnus, while Bunn's manuscript was lying on the table, as terrible in its effects as the lasciferous charcoal pan, or the still more deadly upas. The man, having with great difficulty roused them from their alarming state, hurried from the room, as he himself had begun to feel, in some degree, the effects of the manuscript. Bunn hurried to the denouement of his piece, the last stage direction of which was, "*Guards enter and appear stupified.*" On this being read, Tett, who would sacrifice his salary to his independence, manfully exclaimed, "*Look stupified!* how's that to be managed? Oh! I have it!" "*How? how?*" was the general exclamation of the excited company. "*Why,*" said Tett, with a sardonic sneer, that might have withered a hollyhock in full bloom, "*if they are to appear stupified, they have only to peruse the manuscript, and I'll be bound they'll be stupified with a vengeance.*" Bunn emptied the inkstand deliberately into the left eye of the rebel supernumerary.

It is well known that if Farren were purchased at his own price, Rothschild could not buy him up, and even the whole coffers of the Bank of England would fall far below the self-estimate of Mr. William Abandonment Salmon Farren. Under these circumstances we delight in a little reduction of his self-love, and take every opportunity of bringing him down one or two *per cent* in the estimation of others, even if it be impossible to depreciate him in his own judgment of his own abilities. Turnour, the Covent Garden Momus, is of the same persuasion as ourselves in this respect, and the following dialogue took place the other night between him and Farren on the subject of the latter's personation of Shylock.

Farren.—Why-er, you know-er, my Shylock-er is the finest Shylock on the stage-er.

Turnour.—No! I think it's best off the stage, if you'll allow me to judge.

Farren.—No! sir, I-er, wanted to take a new view-er of th Jew-er. I wanted to-er make him out-er an ill-used man-er.

Turnour.—Then upon my soul, sir, you hit it exactly; for poor Shylock was dreadfully ill-used when you represented him.

Farren.—What-er-er-er-er—

Turnour.—Why that-er-er-er-er-er (and the Momus of the green room walked away with an air of calm satisfaction, leaving old Abandonment to make the best of the lesson Turnour had given him.)

"I met G. Bennett the *tragedian* on Waterloo Bridge," said a friend to Turnour. "Indeed," said the Sheridan of Bow-street, "I know G. Bennett, but who on earth is the tragedian you allude to?" By way of continuation of this superb smash for Bennett we add a clincher. "Why," said the friend of Turnour reproachfully, "You know very well what I mean, I met G. Bennett—yes, G. Bennett, mark me—the tragedian on Waterloo Bridge—don't you see?" "Oh aye," said Turnour, "I do see—well he may be a tragedian on *Waterloo Bridge*, but I never saw him act there. All I know is, he is no tragedian at Covent Garden theatre."

Really Turnour this is much too bad upon the hoary father of the two national establishments.

It is not often Bunn makes a joke, because he can't, otherwise his efforts in the cause of Miller are at least praiseworthy if not successful. The other day he was sitting at the Harp with a pipe in one corner of his mouth and a cigar in the other, (for he likes the system of *double puffing*, as we see by his bills of both theatres), when he took up a paper stating that his Majesty gave an audience to the Hanoverian Minister—"Crikey," said Bunn, after having gulped down a whole pot of half-and-half, "I wish his Majesty would only give me an audience—for I want one most awfully as my empty benches at both houses will amply testify."

AN APOLOGY FOR BREVITIES.

We are this week without our accustomed batch of brevities. First, because other matter precludes them, and secondly, because the political world is like political people, so very dull, that nothing bright can possibly be struck out of it. We have, however, substituted some *Green Room Brevities*, and as our journal is (as several correspondents continually assert) THE ONLY THEATRICAL PAPER, we cannot think any part of our subscribers can feel annoyed at any addition to the dramatic department of our periodical.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane, with due submission to our critical *dictum*, is closed for half the week, and unless Bunn does something better than he is doing at present, we shall, in mercy to Captain Polhill, as well as in justice to the public, close Covent Garden theatre in the same manner as we have shut up the twin establishment. The rubbish that has been represented at both houses, is painful to a well-regulated mind, and we foresee an awful pawning of the velvet breeches, before the season is over, together with a frightful sell-out of the now excessively small annuity. *Manfred*, which has been talked about for the last three years, is to be done at last without Macready, and the new opera, which we were to have had last year, is to come out as soon as the management can get credit for the resin necessary to renovate the fiddle-strings in the orchestra. We have been told that Polhill has got rather tired of losing 1000*l.* per week, and that he has put Bunn upon a salary, of which the following is an estimate:—

BUNN'S SALARY.

	£.	s.	d.
	Per week.		
For being called lessee.....	0	10	0
For wearing the velvet livery.....	0	5	0
Waiting at table, and making bad jokes..	0	1	9
To pay for washing, including a clean collar at least once a fortnight.....	0	0	3
Laughing at the Captain's jokes.....	1	3	0

Total £2 0 0

It will be seen that Bunn enjoys a salary of 2*l.* per week, the largest item in which is 1*l.* 3*s.* per week for laughing at the Captain's jokes, which we think is hardly enough for so arduous a duty. Mr. and Mrs. Wood appeared on Tuesday. We were not there to see, but the lady is decidedly an acquisition, and we are told the house was an overflow.

The English Opera has been considerably more successful, owing to the commencement of the performances at 7 o'clock, and to the production of Mr. Serle's new piece of *The Widow Queen*, which is decidedly one of the cleverest productions from the pen of the same author. It is written with extreme point and heatness, while there is sufficient interest in the plot and incidents to keep the attention alive to the admirable dialogue. Mr. Rumball's acting is of a most interesting order, being a superb mixture of the comic, the horrible, the light, the heavy, the eccentric, the mild, the ordinary, the extraordinary, and the extravagant. He seems to have taken a most quaint idea of the character of Henry the Eighth, and evidently imagines the "*Ha! ha! ha!*" to be the only characteristic of the monarch alluded to. He carried his "*Ha! ha!*" to so great an extent, that the audience were several times disposed to join in the ebullition, though in a more humorous spirit than the sombre and sepulchral air with which Rumball gave the ejaculation alluded to. We have understood that Mr. Rumball is a great favourite with a portion of the public, particularly that portion of it which vegetates in St. George's Fields, and forms (or rather *used* to form) an audience for the Surrey. We cannot, however, by any means, rank ourselves among the admirers of the groan and chuckle school of tragedy, the awful mixture of the grin and growl which seem to be the ingredients of the talent put forth by the ex-Garrick of the Surrey. Mr. Serle's piece was very much indebted to his own chaste acting, as well as to the singing of Mrs. Waylett, Miss E. Romer, and Miss Fanny Healy. Oxberry also added another graceful leaf to his quickly expanding wreath of unadulterated laurel, which soon bids fair to envelope his temples in one virid mass of that most honourable of evergreens. Mr. Arnold intends to bring out *Her-Man*, a new opera by Mr. Thompson, who, we hope, will prove *his man* (not *Her-man*) on this occasion. By-the-by, we don't precisely know which *Thompson* is alluded to, there being so many *Thompsons* in existence who each claim a nook in the side porch of the temple of immortality. There is for instance, F. Thompson, the box book keeper, Masaniello, and chop-house proprietor, all in one; then there is Thompson, rendered famous for having threatened to knock Bunn into the world after next, or to some region equally distant from the one now blessed with his presence. In fact, there are a large number of Thompsons, though who wrote *Herman* we don't know, and should not be able to distinguish him from a Snooks, a Smith, a Jones, a Brown, or a Snodgrass.

The Haymarket has closed very judiciously, owing to the opening of the Victoria, the circle of whose attraction seems to be bounded only by the extremest limits of the metropolis. On the occasion of the Haymarket's closing, Vining informed the audience that there had been money made in the course of the season; and indeed, if Buckstone's *Married Life* could not make a house prosperous, it must be, indeed, rather in a poor

condition. The gratitude dealt out to the public on the occasion of the farewell address, was in this instance deliciously laconic, and Vining took his leave with a bow that would have done credit to the master of the ceremonies at Vauxhall, the indefatigable, the thin-pumped, the almost immortal, Simpson.

The Adelphi has been very prosperous, owing to two new pieces from the pen of Buckstone, *The Kitchen Sylph*, a burlesque, and a new farce called *The Christening*. Both are as laughable and clever as all his productions, and his literary aid has considerably increased the Adelphi audiences, which were decidedly rather bordering on the select for the first week of the opening. He has likewise taken his place there as an actor, and indeed his temporary absence caused a great void in the company.

At the Victoria, a new farce from the pen of Mr. Raymond has been eminently and most deservedly successful. It is called *The Irish Gentleman*, is very smartly written, abounds in comic situation, and gives scope to some very humorous acting by Messrs. H. Wallack and Forrester. The house nightly overflows, and we understand no less than 800 persons were unable to obtain admission to the gallery for Monday, it having been crammed immediately after the doors had opened. The tide of success is unparalleled, but we believe it is the intention of the proprietor to keep it in his favour by the rapid production of novelty.

We visited the Surrey a few evenings since, to witness the *Shylock* of Mr. Butler, which was, as we expected to find it, the best on the stage, and abounds in beauties we never before saw imparted to the character. Throughout the trial scene, the bye play was masterly in the extreme, and showed a knowledge of the character beyond a mere comprehension of the meaning of the words, to deliver which with propriety seems the extent of the ambition of too many modern tragedians. While we give our unqualified praise to Mr. Butler's *Shylock*, we must, though we have no wish to be ill-natured, point out a few of the drawbacks by which he was surrounded. Among others, Mr. Dibdin Pitt, who played Antonio, was an awful mar to the general effect of the tragedy. We do not wish to question Mr. Dibdin P.'s abilities in a certain line; we know no one so well qualified to cut a theatrical throat, or enter upon the stage through a dramatic hell of blue fire and turpentine; but his melodramatic constitution totally unfits him for a Shakspearian personation. As the merchant Antonio, he had throughout but one expression of countenance which he has partly from nature, and partly from playing perpetually the cut and thrust heroes heroes, existing only in the *brain* of Fitzball, where, by-the-bye, they must find themselves in particularly *small apartments*. When the Jew offered to cut the flesh from the merchant's breast, Dibdin Pitt, with a natural stage *gout* for any thing savage even at his own expence, bared his bosom with an eagerness for the knife, as much as to say "I don't care whose carcass suffers, but a play in my idea can't be complete without a little hacking or blood-shedding on the part of somebody." The cast of the piece was, with one or two exceptions, very weak; but we sincerely admit that the beauties of Mr. Butler's performance were of an order to atone for all of them. The second piece introduced us to Mr. Davidge himself, in a part not giving much scope for the display of his abilities, and that he does possess talent we have no inclination to dispute, but we think he allows himself to

take liberties by virtue of his position as proprietor of the establishment. We observed an attempt on his part also to give point, and a species of personal allusion to many of the sentences he had to speak, which was in bad taste, more especially as there was no disposition to seize them on the part of the audience. The actors seemed the only persons who understood the allusions, and we suppose they thought an extra giggle at a manager's joke, or an attempt at enthusiastic reception of the manager's puffs of his own honesty, might possibly gain an extra shilling on Saturday by way of addition to their week's salary. To the audience, who did not understand the thing, it was merely a bore, to us, who saw through it all, it was particularly low, and most especially contemptible. The last piece was a compound of combats and candle ends, blood, bluster, blue fire, bad acting, worse scenery, vulgar clap-trap, and all the rest of it. In fine, it was one of the old school of Surrey melodramas. The taste of the audience rewarded it with a stout hiss. We wish the actors were not on such amiable terms with the occupants of the gallery, who saluted each performer by his Christian name, in expressions such as "Go it Charley," "Keep it up Georgey," "Cut away Bob," and other slang which we by no means comprehend, but it is quite enough to hear gibberish from the actors without having a second dose from the audience. We shall, with great candour and sincerity, speak favourably of any thing done by Mr. Davidge to merit our praise, but we shall also be as rigid as usual in our censure of what may be otherwise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a long rigmarole from one who signs himself *Heraclitus*, and who actually has the modesty to ask us to give his communication a place in *Figaro*. He wants it returned, but we have a good mind not to send it back, for it is ridiculous to suppose we can take charge of all the various rubbish that is constantly reaching us. However, if he can make a very pretty bow, and a very bland apology to our publisher's deputy assistant, the trash can be given up to him, though it is only its extreme length that induces us to give it up, because we do not believe it to be possible he ever could have achieved a copy of such rare stupidity. By-the-bye, he innocently starts a supposition of a possibility of our ignorance of Latin. Poor young man!! he must be very far gone indeed. We prescribe sedatives.

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SUNDAY morning at 8 and half-past 9.

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No. 151.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE LATE BURNINGS.



The recent *flare up* of the Lords and Commons has been food for speculation in all quarters, some wondering how it occurred, and others wondering it had not occurred sooner. Many have been the rumours as to the cause of its breaking out, some attributing it to accident; but if accident has done it, design has a great deal more to do with the proceedings of accident than we ever gave it credit for. In our Brevities we have given a slap or two at the probabilities which may have led to the consummation in question; but there are many causes that may be assigned, and among others, we wonder that divine vengeance has not been adduced as one of the most probable causes of the burning of the Lords and Commons. When we think of the dire proceedings that have taken place within its walls, when we reflect upon the various *reprobates* who have by their presence profaned its benches, we should see nothing very ex-

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traordinary in the fact of the conflagration having been exclusively the work of Divine Providence.

It will be remembered that for several sessions past Mr. Joseph Hume has displayed openly a most inveterate hatred to the building just consumed, and that he every year endeavoured to carry a vote dooming it to destruction. Upon this strange *gout* for demolishing St. Stephens, a report has been founded stating that Hume had a hand in the combustion, but we think there was more humour than truth in the assertion that Hume is the incendiary. However little truth there may be in this report, there is still sufficient in the facts to warrant the caricaturist in his grotesque supposition that the member for Middlesex would not be altogether displeased at the late event which has saved him the trouble of any further speeches on the insufficiency of the House of Commons for the purposes it was intended to answer. As for what has been done in St. Stephen's by the *reformed* Parliament, we are quite certain that the House will not be missed as far as that is concerned, for NOTHING can be just as effectively done in premises that are burned down as in those that are standing. The two Houses have for some time past been merely large buildings in which a certain number of men have met to talk egregious stuff, and considering the recent predominancy of *smoke* within the walls, we cannot be astonished that the flame should ultimately have burst out of it. If the conflagration has had the effect of burning the Acts of Parliament, it has so far done but very little mischief, and we can scarcely be surprised at the rapidity with which the flames spread, when we consider how cursedly *dry* were the materials they had to play upon. It has been re-

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marked that the legislature was never so *near setting the Thames on fire* since it has been in existence, and we must admit we never thought so much *brilliance* could have emanated from a place we always regarded as the abode of dullness and opacity. It will be perfectly unnecessary for us to dwell upon the very pungent caricature that enhances our present number, and the thought of making Hume dance to his native bagpipes, is quite worthy the genius of a Cruikshank. Brougham's unsightly face peering over the scene of destruction is most thoroughly in character. The rest we leave to the contemplation of our readers.

THE INTERPRETER.

Expensive Innocence.

Mr. Briscoe, M. P. seconded the motion and was sure the court could not entertain a doubt of the hardship of poor prisoners, when declared to be innocent, being called upon for half a guinea.—*Sunday Paper*.

We certainly coincide most completely with Briscoe in this instance, because we think that many people may prefer guilt which costs nothing, to innocence at an expense of half a guinea. If it costs a person ten and sixpence to be found faultless, virtue will become a thing too extravagantly dear for the poorer classes of the community, though, by the bye, if the price of an article should rise according to its scarcity, innocence should be very high-priced in the market. Still, upon the whole, we think we must agree with Briscoe.

A scene for Royalty.

Among other absurdities with which the newspapers continually teem, perhaps one of the choicest specimens, (or rather, to speak more accurately, *specimina*.) of humbug, is the following delicious announcement connected with her little Royal Highness, and her Duchess mother, who shed such a respectable glory over the twaddling district of Kensington. The following is the paragraph:—

"We understand that Mr. Rodwell has been appointed composer to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria."

Now we have no objection whatever to this appointment, for Mr. Rodwell is a clever personage; but what the deuce their respective Royal Highnesses can possibly want with a composer, it is altogether beyond our ingenuity to calculate. Presuming, however, that a composer is necessary to arrange appropriate music for the various movements of royalty, we shall take the urbane liberty of writing a scene descriptive of the result of the application of Mr. Rodwell's talents, in his new capacity of composer to their Royal Highnesses. It is essential to give it a dramatic form, as music is only necessary to stage situations, and we must therefore suppose the royal *duo* to be a brace of performers in some domestic drama of household interest.

SCENE.

Victoria's Boudoir.

A tooth-brush, O. P., upper entrance, looking-glass in flat, toilet-table P. S., tooth-powder in centre, rouge in the back-ground, pincushions in the distance, combs, hair brushes, &c., in confusion. A chord—enter the Princess through door in flat. Slow music, during which the Princess opens the top of a chest of drawers, and takes out a frill, which she puts on, and exit through door opposite. Slow music and enter the Duchess—she advances towards the toilet-table with a start. Hurried music by Rodwell, composer to her Royal Highness; she sits down. A chord—opens window. Air and chorus of housemaids without. She sits down. Crash—advances towards the rouge pot. Slow music—she takes it away. Crash, by Rodwell, (composer to the Duchess,) and exit to hurried music.

The above is an interesting domestic scene, which is of course materially indebted to the music of Rodwell for its effect. The curious in these matters will be enabled to see through the moral of the delightful sketch, which shows the anxiety of the Duchess to prevent the amiable little Princess from the appliance of *rouge* to her infantine cheeks, a practice we *cannot* sufficiently reprobate. The music is admirably adapted to the situations by Rodwell, whose appointment as composer to the royal duo, we shall in future all be able to appreciate.

Theatrical Licences.

The past week has been remarkable for the display of a vast deal of insolent and stupidly arbitrary interference with the amusements of the public by a set of drivellers, with whom lies the power of granting theatrical licences. That there are some respectable persons among them we can readily concede, and that some may have at least common sense, if not first-rate talents, we may even go so far as to admit, but the majority is constituted of a gang of imbecile maniacs, with about half a grain of wisdom among them all; arrogance, stupidity and tyranny being their preponderating attributes. These persons have refused licences to several places of amusement, calculated to civilize the neighbourhood in which they are built, and among others, we think the cases of the Strand and Kensington theatres, to be particularly hard upon the respective proprietors. The Strand theatre, for example, is in a situation where it is absolutely demanded, while the Kensington, if licenced, could have injured no one but a lessee who happened to be unsuccessful, and it would certainly have afforded a chance of rational entertainment, to a numerous and highly respectable neighbourhood. A Mr. McWilliam appears to have been the chief promoter of all the oppositions, and as such, he ought to be branded as an enemy to every thing liberal or civilized. He attempted to give no *reason* for his wayward foolery, but merely "*it was his humour*" to raise his puny voice, (contemptible but for its numerical weight,) against the granting of any fresh licences. The Duchess of Kent had used her interest to obtain the licence, but McWilliam (a journeyman drayman for what we know,) started up, in direct opposition to the wishes of the Kensington people, sanctioned, and even headed in their petition, by the mother of the future sovereign. If McWilliam were of sufficient consequence, we should annihilate him in these pages, but the man is never heard of except on licensing day, when, in a plethora of pot-house pomp, he sets his awkward foot upon the neck of advancement, not knowing what he is about, but instinctively urged, like all brainless brutes, to use *power* when he finds he possesses it, regardless whether it be for good or for evil: the fact is, that persons in authority should for various reasons, encourage the stage, since all rational amusement tends to divert the public mind from dwelling too long and morbidly on the subject of politics. We heard it remarked, with great truth a few days ago, that it should be the policy of all governments to afford premiums to such managers as catered best for the public diversion; and indeed it is well known, that so well does it answer the purpose of continental cabinets, that the ministers supply from the public treasury large sums to enable managers to open their theatres to the public *cheap*, and thus make them places of frequent resort by the lower as well as the higher grades of the community. Such should be the policy of this country, and so it has been in wiser periods, for the *eclat* and fashion of seeing *Master Betty*, it is well known, was encouraged by the government to turn away the people's attention from politics. We do not say it should be entirely turned away, but we had rather see an agreeable topic like a new play or a new opera the subject of discussion than some sore and anger-stirring question in politics. We remember seeing at Venice on the morning before the performance of a new opera, every person we met in the streets had a book of it in his hand, and the sensation certainly was as great as it would have been

in England had the subject been a new poor-law bill. There can be no doubt which would be the most pleasant of the two subjects to dilate upon—but our foolish rulers would prefer taking away from the people what few diversions they have than by adding to them try to lead them pleasantly away from the more irritating and exciting arena of political controversy. McWilliam and Co. the idiotic magistrates of Middlesex should be *made* to look to this, and not be allowed to thwart the public advantage by their beastly ignorance.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 85.

"Come here, Higgins," cried the Duke. The *aid-de-camp* staggered into the room, amid the evaporation of three hap'orth of strong sulphur. "Who," continued Gloucester, "who is there in the army that ought to be a most universal favourite?" Higgins stood aghast for a long series of minutes. "Why, mustn't it be *General Darling*?" thundered the Duke, with an eye of lightning and a voice of thunder. "Oh! ah!" was the bland rejoinder of the subdued toadeater.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

Cause of the Fire.

Various causes have been attributed for the late fire in the two Houses of Parliament; but we understand it arose from one of the inflammatory speeches made by Philpotts against the Reform Bill. This fiery concoction had been incautiously left in the same place where it fell from his mouth, no one having thought it worth while from that time to this to take it up again.

A Royal Joke.

A new bridge is to be erected from Lambeth to the Horse-ferry. "This," said his Majesty, "is intended to *a-bridge* the distance between the two localities."

Another.

One of the papers declared another site should be found for the new Houses of Lords and Commons. His Majesty on being consulted, declared they presented, in their ruined state, the prettiest site (*sight*) he ever witnessed.

A coincidence.

It is rather a remarkable thing that the Parliament Houses which were to have been burnt down by Guy Faux, should have been consumed by fire in the days of another greater Guy; we mean Chancellor Brougham, otherwise Guy Faux.

Lowered not Raised.

Some one said to the King the other night, "Alas, your Majesty, the venerable Houses of Parliament are rased to the ground." "Raised, you fool," was his Majesty's classic reply, "how can their being burnt down be called *raising* them."

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

A would-be first tragedian having stipulated with his manager to play first-rate parts, the other day refused that of Richmond. "You must do it; it comes under your engagement," said the director. "Considerably *under* it," was the rejoinder. "But it must be done," still said the manager. "I can evade it," cried the hero of the sock and buskin. "How?" was the retort. "Why thus," said the actor, "You engaged me to play *only in London*. Then how can you expect me to play *in Richmond*?"

The following conundrum is at present highly popular in theatrical circles; Tett is supposed to be the author. Why is an ugly man like an actor at work? Because he's *playin* (*plain*)!!!

GLOUCESTER'S BENEFIT.

We think proper to advert to this subject in consequence of some letters we have received, charging us with having ill-used the Duke of Gloucester, with reference to his promised benefit. The fact is, the Duke has put us off several times in a very ungentlemanly manner, after having made appointments to settle the benefit terms, and to make the necessary deposits for securing to us the actual *expenses* of the number. About eight months ago, he (*the Duke*,) was to have been with us for the purpose of depositing a portion of the necessary sum, when, an hour after the time, Higgins made his appearance, with a very bad regularly copper-coloured, forged half-crown, which we positively refused having any thing to do with. We imagine every one must admit the infamy of this piece of business, and the benefit was broken off in consequence, though the king had been with us to read an article of his own, which we had accepted for the number in question. We can only say, that even *after* what has passed, we are still prepared to allow the Duke of Gloucester to take his benefit, and we shall be happy to do any thing for him on the occasion, that may serve his interests. After this we need say no more; his Royal Highness knows where he can meet with us.

THEATRICALS.

The legitimate drama is being butchered at the patents to houses of twenty or thirty pounds, and Polhill loses about 100*l.* per night at each of the two establishments. How long his purse can support this swamping of his assets, it is not for us to determine, but we understand his loss has been 43,000*l.* since he first undertook the enviable task of management. A little comedy called *The Regent*, adapted from the French by *Planché* has been deservedly and completely successful; but as for any thing else that has been doing, we understand from those who have been there, that it has been unprofitable and contemptible. The fact is that the patents are now a kind of unknown region into which nobody ventures; for the atmosphere of Iceland is not agreeable in these November evenings, and the somniferous exhalations of ranting breath from the stage only tend to make the two theatres more objectionable than they ever were within our memory. Denvil and Vandenhoff are both clever, Mrs. Wood is highly delightful as a singer, but these persons cannot keep open the two theatres by their individual exertions. The best speculation for Bunn would be to advertise *Mrs Pitt* as presenting the appearance of a *vast Arabian Desert*, and a few persons might then tumble up to the gallery to view the frightful fidelity of the picture. By the bye, we ought to expose a piece of confounded quackery on the part of the excessively little lessee, who has had the astounding impertinence to advertize a reduction of prices to the national theatres, when the only reduction is a paltry one of two shillings to the upper boxes, for which no one was ever known to pay within mortal memory. We predict that the *two* theatres can't keep open till Christmas. They are, as it is, closed on alternate nights to *save candles*, for we understand the receipts of last Monday at Covent Garden would only allow of the purchase of a few pounds of regular vulgar mutton fats, with which the house was illuminated on the following evening. We wish to see the two theatres in distinct hands, for the benefit of the public, the profession, and the proprietors. That point accomplished, we would even let Bunn alone, and allow that, with competition against him, and Polhill's purse in his favour, he might be allowed a chance as manager of one of the establishments. However, there is one difficulty we fear he never can surmount; we mean his vulgarity, which makes him hateful to all parties. Either his mother forgot the extra two-pence

for manners when she sent Bunn to school, or that sum has been frightfully thrown away upon the small annuitant. He ought to go out for a few nights as waiter to evening parties, where he might at least pick up a *little* gentility.

The minors are continuing the race of novelty with considerable spirit, and we believe that the success of the small houses is almost as signal as the failure of the two large ones. The English Opera has commenced the plan of beginning the entertainments at seven, instead of eight as heretofore, and the two operas of *Nourjahad* and *The Mountain Sylph*, backed by Serle's excellent play of *The Widow Queen*, (which gets up nightly) have drawn excellent houses since the change in the arrangements. *Cramond Brig*, (as we have not seen it,) we cannot criticise, but it has been successful.

The Adelphi has had another new piece from the pen of Pocock, which is almost as great a hit as his *Chain of Gold*, while Buckstone's two comic pieces back up the evening's amusements at the Adelphi deliciously. Vestris has had nothing new since *A Friend in Need*, but Thursday was to give us a novelty for herself and Liston. The grand focus of success is, however, the Victoria, which literally overflows nightly from the pit and gallery, while aristocracy beams in the boxes with a four shilling exclusiveness at once dignified and unapproachable. The curtain draws not only the mass of the public, but also persons of rank who are desirous of seeing this peculiar specimen of perfection in art, and the performances are of a quality to support the high character the house has acquired. *The Rent Day* has been better done here than it ever was at Drury Lane, Mitchell's Bullfrog having sent Harley's into the shade by about 77 degrees, calculating as nearly as possible by the thermometer of ability. The fact is, Harley made Bullfrog a buffoon, while Mitchell made it, what he makes every thing he plays, and what the author intended it should be made, a character. Elton's Martin Heywood, Forrester's Toby, W. Keene's Crumbs, and Ransford's Hyssop, were quite equal to the Drury Lane caste, while H. Wallack was great in Silver Jack, his original character. Mrs. Selby played with intense feeling as Rachel Heywood, and Miss P. Horton made herself especially agreeable as Polly Brigs, in which part she introduces the interesting incident of nursing a small child, a process she goes through with an adroitness that would do honour to the best regulated nursery. Altogether, nothing could exceed the perfection with which this piece has been represented at the Victoria. Elton has appeared for the first time in William Tell, a character which, without in any portion of the piece seeming to imitate Macready, he represented with very great force and fidelity. He was particularly happy in the declamatory passages, and gave the fine language of the part an effect worthy of its eloquent dignity. Mrs. Selby's Emma was also a very felicitous performance, abounding in touches of true feeling, and, as far as we can recollect, the best we have witnessed. A new piece is advertised for Monday from the pen of an illegitimate daughter of Byron. If talent be hereditary, this unlawful young lady may inherit it, as well as Miss Ada is said to do, for we suspect that genius holds in proud defiance the parish register, and if it descends from father to daughter, it is not through the parish books on payment of clerk's fees, but would as soon devolve on an illegal daughter as a *bona fide* ditto. The interest on the subject is astounding, as it ought to be, for the first production of a child of Byron is a point of no mean importance in the world of letters. *The Chinese Cousins*, or *Swiss Brothers*, or *Egyptian Grandfathers*, or *Chelsea Nephews*, we positively forget which, are going through some singular feats in front of the *Glass Curtain*. One gentleman actually

lies upon the back of two chairs, with his toe-nail upon one, and his whisker upon the other, these parts of his frame being all with which he supports himself for several minutes, in a horizontal position. If that isn't a miracle we don't know what is! Prince Hohenlohe was a fool to the *Lambeth Uncles*—we beg their pardon—the *Swiss Brothers* we should have called them.

The Surrey we have not this week been able to visit. Mr. Butler has played William Tell, which we hear is his second best performance being inferior only to his Hamlet. It must be fine indeed if it surpasses his Shylock, which so much delighted us *twice* last week. We shall take an early opportunity of seeing his William Tell, though we regret he should be supported, or rather marred, by a set of persons wholly unfitted to appear in any thing bearing the name of tragedy.

Almar is *flaring up* at Sadler's Wells with overwhelming spirit. We understand he has got Mr. Archer and a tiger hunt in the same piece. We cannot imagine any thing more deliciously ferocious than the whole set-out. When we want horrors for supper, instead of our customary light repast, we shall step up to Islington. In the mean time, we must do Almar the justice to say, that he leaves nothing undone to try and obtain public patronage, and we believe if he thought a *real ghost* would draw, he would set a spirit trap in a churchyard, in the hope of catching one. We trust his theatre fills, and shall certainly visit him the first opportunity.

The Pavilion has been doing *Murder* and *Midas* in the same night, but whether they are both one piece, and *performing Midas* was the *Murder*, or whether they are separate productions, we cannot possibly say, not knowing. We shall, however, peregrinate into the East shortly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Heraclitus may have his communication back again. We agreed with it in spirit, but it was too long.

One of *Figaro's Friends* will observe we have taken advantage of his suggestion.—Will G. E. B. D. furnish us with any facts—but they must be facts on which we can commence a *flare up*, as he expressively terms it, against the parties alluded to.

The Man with the Carpet Bag, the *Siamese Twins*, the *Revolt of the Workhouse*, the *King Inco*, and the *Son of the Sun*, all written by G. A. a Beckett, are published; the two first by Strange, at 6d. each, the three last by Miller, at 1s.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

BUCKINGHAM AND TEMPERANCE.



One of the most extraordinary and ridiculous pieces of twaddle that have disgraced the present age of redundant humbug is the desperate effort of Mr. Silk Swipes Buckingham, M. P. to drench the public *nolens volens* with filthy beer, beastly double X, horrid stout, and all the other Barclay and Perkins rubbish that under its various designation goes about in drays and finds its way through pewter pots into the stomachs of the lower orders of society. Now much as we detest the whole set out, from ambitious brandy to humble swipes, from the

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towering gin bottle to the homely mug of beer, yet still we do think that if people must swill liquors, they might be allowed at least the choice of the material in which it is their hateful taste to saturate their carcasses. We understand the regulations that are adopted by the promoters of the temperance societies are replete with twaddle of the rarest order, and bind people down with the utmost rigour to refrain not only from entering a public house, but even from going down a street in which one happens to be situated. Sobriety is an excellent thing of course, but we do not precisely see how it is a quality that can be secured by regulations, for we very much doubt whether at a dinner party a man would restrain himself from taking an *extra* glass of wine upon the remembrance of some dry clause in the Temperance Society articles. It is all very well for Buckingham to go round the country giving lectures on the virtue of detesting ardent liquors, and indeed his *dry* discourses are illustrations of his argument, for there is not a *jot* of *spirit* in any portion of them. However, his efforts in the cause of dryness are of that egregiously idiotic kind, that it requires less the tomahawk of criticism than the pencil of the caricaturist to reduce him to that level of insignificance to which his conduct so thoroughly and justly entitles him. The engraving above is at once pungent and prophetic—showing what should and possibly may be the fate of the advocate of small beer, toast and water, gruel, camomile tea, and the other rubbish that comes under the title of light harmless drinkables.

He is represented in the vigorous sketch above as paying the penalty of his rash attempt upon the gin-drinking propensities of the lower orders of society, who worship Juniper as the idiots

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of old used in ancient times to worship Jupiter. The gin bottle is their god, and every one who pays much adoration at that shrine, is pretty certain to fall prostrate before the deity. However, it is useless for us to make a comment where the pencil of a Cruikshank has been so severely eloquent, and we leave to the contemplation of the readers of this publication the splendid illustration that figures at the top of this elaborate article.

THE INTERPRETER.

Mad or not Mad.

One of the most amusing touches we have seen for sometime in a public print, is the recent declaration of Mr. Rayner, that he *is not mad*, which he politely insists upon in a very laconic epistle. It appears that one or two newspapers declared he was *under restraint*, and Rayner wrote to say he was not, inferring of course, that if he chose to smash all his own windows, crack his crockery, or do any other domestic damage, there would be nothing to restrain or hinder him. We presume a gentleman is to be believed when he says he is not mad, and have the greatest pleasure in accepting Mr. Rayner's assertion of his own sanity. We must admit that his treatment about the Strand theatre was enough to drive a cleverer man than Rayner out of his mind. To him it would have been only *a short drive out*.

Long Bars.

An individual named Cooper has thought proper to protest that while at Dudley, near Birmingham, he heard of the burning down of the House of Lords early on the night of the fire. Now that is nothing at all to an instance we know of—namely, that a person at Edinburgh saw the sparks before there were any, and even heard the waterman pumping at the engines before a single engine came near the premises. The fact is, these folks who heard a great deal more than ever happened, must be of the asinine breed, and their faculty of far-off hearing may be accounted for on the principle that they are members of the *long-eared tribe*.

Rodwell again.

We last week gave this gentleman a light rub upon the subject of his appointment to the office of composer to the princess Victoria; but we have now to use the *Rod well* again, for we find he not only sets *boudoir* fooleries to music, but he has actually been composing *music* to the *Conflagration of the Lords and Commons*. We are not aware what subject he will choose next, for nothing seems incapable of melody to him, and we shall expect one day to hear that he has been setting to music a conversation between the King and Queen, though, by the bye, in this subject there could not possibly be the smallest harmony. We are certainly surprised to hear of his *composing to the burning down of the houses*; but the bills advertise the music as appropriate, and we have no doubt it was in "bars that breathe and notes that burn," he contrived to achieve the task of melodising the *flare-up* in parliament. We are told it was in fact so expressive, that the music set fire to the paper on which it was copied, and that the fiddle-strings of the leader were consumed while he was playing it. Of course, previous to offering it to Yates, Rodwell called at Kensington palace to play it over to his young pupil, and before he had got half way through the piece, the furniture was found to be singed in every direction, and the piano was actually so nearly in flames that a fireman was called in to *play upon it*.

THE STAGE STRUCK MONARCH.

That William the Fourth was a fine actor every body is aware, and he possesses to a magnificent degree the art of dissimulation, which, as we all know, is among the first of an actor's qualities. Among other parts his Majesty has been recently playing, is one in the heavy melo-dramatic line, which he took upon himself at a rather short notice in the lately-got-up melo-dramatic extravaganza of the burning of parliament. On going to see the ruins, we are informed by the papers, that he made the first tragedy speech to old Sutton, the speaker. Now, Sutton, you are going home—but stop—stop—stop—home did I say? home—home—home; alas, alas, alas, alas, alas! Sutton, Sutton, Sutton, Sutton, Sutton, Sutton, you have no home to go to," (*pointing to the ruins of the Speaker's late mansion.*) Now, after this, we shall object to his Majesty being, as he has hitherto been, a mere supernumerary, *going on* in processions down to the house, and doing *little business* occasionally as president of the council. He is, after the above display, entitled to be put forward in a more ambitious line of business, though being a *king* we can not see any opening for him in the way of *respectable utility*. We should certainly put him into the duke's and heavy father's, so that he may become in a dramatic sense, the (*heavy*) *father of his people*. His start and his pause after the question "are you going home?" were both, it is said, very fine, and reminded the by-standers of what Diddear was in his last days, and what Dibdin Pitt always is, and always will be. The sudden transition to "you've got no home," was as surprising as a bit of honesty would be from the Lord Chancellor. We think his Majesty entitled, (after his performance at the fire,) to an advance of salary.

GLoucesteriana, No. 36.

"What shall I do for air?" cried Gloucester in the crammed gallery of the Victoria. "What shall I do for a little *air*?" Higgins, who was sitting eight off without his coat, cried out, "What's that you want, Bill? Is it a little heir? send for your little second cousin Victoria; she, you know, is a little *heir* to the throne." This infamous joke was met by the whole house with a cry of "Throw him over!" which would have been put into execution but for the zealous interference of Graves the active officer.

It is well known that the Duke and Higgins have been to see the glass curtain, and the Duke was much disappointed at not finding them to be *plates* of glass as he had been given to understand by the money-taker. On the visit of the illustrious pair, a very large dull spot was seen upon the magnificent sea of glass, and the whole house was wrapt in astonishment to know the cause of the phenomenon. A loud cry for an explanation was the result, when, upon inquiry, the dulness was found to be caused by the reflection of the great thick head of the unfortunate Higgins. His removal was warmly called for, and the public demand was attended to by the immediate ejection of the unhappy *aid-de-camp*.

On the return of the worthy couple from the theatre, on passing the bridge the toll keeper of course demanded the customary gate fee of one penny each; but the ducal exchequer being completely aground, he was unable to meet the demand upon his pocket. "Oh!" said the Duke, "I'll leave my *stick* if you please." "Upon my soul, sir," replied the gate-keeper, looking at poor Higgins, "I don't think your *stick* is worth it."

The *aid-de-camp* aimed a blow at the toll-keeper, which was rebutted by a severe dig upon the left nostril, which sent the toad-eater home amid a deluge of his own tears.

P.S. Before leaving the Victoria, at the time Higgins's head had obscured part of the curtain, the Duke brightened up the dark spot by asking the following conundrum. "Why are we, when looking at the glass curtain, like the Dorchester unionists?" "Because," said Higgins, "we are *transported*." For guessing this joke prematurely, the toad-eater received a blow in the eye, and when we last heard, was labouring under a contusion.

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

"Nobody pays to go to the large houses now," said a dustman to Turnour. "Don't they," said the upholder of patent rights and vendor of playbooks. "Don't they *pay*? I can assure you every body who sits out a performance at either Drury Lane or Covent Garden pays for it *very dearly*." The dustman did not see the joke, but Turnour was laughing at his own wit, when a dispatch on the subject left his residence.

Shogog was told the other night that Yates could sink the Adelphi stage by the aid of machinery. "*Sink the stage!*" cried the sardonic super, "he need not have had machinery for that. Fitzball has done that long ago: for when was any stage more *sunk* or *lowered* than it has been repeatedly by his dialogue?" Fitzball's *brains* were on fire when he heard it. The *conflagration* was, of course, quite harmless.

One of those strange miracles that sometimes startle the world has lately occurred in the fact of Mears, the hero of the unshorn beard, the god of the cider-cellars, and the operative hero of both houses, Mears, the identical Mears, has positively made a joke. The following is the exact account of the witticism as it was reported to us upon the very highest authority: Mears had been told by a young lady of great musical talent, that she was going to sing at Yarmouth, and she was modestly doubting what might be the nature of her reception. "Oh!" said Mears, with a redundancy of gallantry, "the moment you open *Yar-mouth* (*your mouth*), you will be certain to get a *her-ring* (*hearing*)."
We understand this joke has been written down on a sheet of whitey-brown paper, splendidly emblazoned with tin-foil, to be placed in the British museum as one of our national curiosities.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

Magistrates in Quod.

There are no less than three magistrates in the King's Bench. We understand they complain of their incarceration, and declare that they were of themselves equal to the formation of a *Bench* of Magistrates outside, without any sacrifice of their personal liberty.

THEATRICALS.

Our criticisms of the large houses have lately dissolved into a mere statement of Captain Polhill's losses, which of course rise in amount as the season progresses. We understand 1500*l.* per week to be the present average, so that the Captain is melting his fortune at the mild rate of 72,000*l.* per annum.

The Opera House has fallen into the hands of Severini, and the late lessee has fallen into the hands of his creditors: in fact poor Laporte has met the fate which we gloomily anticipated for him so repeatedly in the course of last season. The

active vigilance of the sheriff has got him *in durance* vile, which we fear he will consider to be past *en-durance*.

One of the richest treats we have for some time experienced is the perusal of a Drury Lane bill, advertising for performance *The Poor Gentleman*. Really the captain is a facetious fellow, to have a joke of this kind at his own expense, for it is a delicious idea to advertize that at Drury Lane they are *doing the poor gentleman*. Wednesday was to have been signaled by the production of *Manfred* at Covent Garden, which, however beautiful as a poem, is decidedly not suited to dramatic representation. We have not, at the time of writing this, seen the piece, because we go to press too early to notice the productions of Wednesday night, but we do not predict overwhelming success will be the result of the experiment. The rehearsals have been excessively entertaining, more especially from the dictatorial tone of the aspiring Tett, who has been intruding his suggestions on the vague ground that he was a personal friend of the lamented Lord Byron. Now Shogog, it is well known, was no more a friend of Byron than Philpotts is a friend to morality, and the only intercourse Shogog ever had with the bard was similar to that told in the story of the ploughboy, who was ordered to get out of the way by the nobleman. Shogog is, in his line, a most respectable member of society, and has got a terrific reputation for rearing old sows upon fertile pastures. These accomplishments, though they certainly elevate Shogog in the social and agricultural world, do not by any means warrant his interference with the dramatic poem of *Manfred*. We trust, after this most wholesome of hints, our venerable ploughboy, the land-holding supernumerary, will not venture to suggest what ought to be done with a poem by Lord Byron.

The City theatre is one of the most extraordinary instances of the elasticity of *nothing*, for the assets of the house, which we know have always been *nothing*, have held out with an elasticity that quite surprises us. The house is open at this moment, a singular illustration of the desperate strength of a managerial *mania*, and of the artlessness of shopkeepers in the vicinity, who happen to supply the penny rolls for farces, the thin slices of ham, the half pints of beer, and other cheap edibles that go by the name of properties. The piece which is now exciting so thundering a sensation in Grub-street, is called by the beautifully savage title of the *Blood Spiller; or the Barber of Bishopsgate, and the Fair Maid of Finsbury*. We understand that a bucket of real blood is introduced in the last scene amid the savage applause of a sanguinary audience, and it is expected if the management continues its present ferocious career, arrangements will be entered into with the body-snatchers, for the introduction of some real dead men as supernumeraries. Whether this frightful system will succeed time will show, but we really cannot take part in those extraordinary meals of dramatic horror which are provided for the East-enders by the Grub-street management.

Murder still flourishes at the Pavilion, and in fact seems to be rather to the taste of the people eastward. Perhaps it may be accounted for on the ground that butchers constitute the majority of the inhabitants of those remote and disreputable regions.

The Victoria has been redundant of novelty, but the most striking feature of the past week has been an operative romance, called *Zameo*, generally attributed to Medora, an illegitimate

daughter of Lord Byron. Miss Medora has certainly strung together the materials of a most effective piece, which acts uncommonly well, and is the vehicle for the introduction of some fine scenic effects, together with some pleasing music. The comic part in the piece is entrusted to Mitchell, who makes it as funny as Medora could have desired, while the serious parts are judiciously divided among Messrs. H. Wallack, Elliott, and the Misses Horton. Most of the music is pleasing, but a song given to Ranford in the 2nd act is a masterly composition. The piece was received with rapturous applause, and Medora bids fair to share her illustrious father's laurels. Marshall's view of the burning of parliament, is as good as the original for fidelity, and nightly delights those who were not fortunate enough to be present at the actual *flare up*. Great novelty is announced for Monday. We understand money goes nightly from the doors, which is a phenomenon of late years wholly unknown in theatrical history.

The Surrey has been doing tolerably well, but to speak candidly, there has been nothing to attract but Mr. Butler's performances; these, however, would well repay a visit. We shall report when there is any novelty.

The Adelphi management is at least active in the production of novelty, the latest being *Oscar, the Bandit, or the March of Crime*, a French piece, in which Yates has stolen a march upon his rivals. The fact is, that at the Adelphi, (except in the case of Buckstone's dramas,) authorship is quite out of the question, the only object being to get hold of something that will afford scope to the carpenters, scene painters, and mechanists. When a piece is put in rehearsal, it is first handed over to Evans, the carpenter, who cuts it precisely to suit his various traps and platforms, without the slightest regard to the author's intentions. "We must have a procession here, sir, because we've got a platform, and somebody must go to the devil in this situation, because we've got a trap," are the only instructions an Adelphi dramatist can obtain, while his piece is in rehearsal. If he lays his scene in the day, he is told to transfer it to night, because they have just got a new moonlight painted, and if he intended one of his characters to leave the stage naturally through a door, he is desired to arrange his *exit* through a sliding pannel, because such a thing has been made expressly by the machinist. With all these superior advantages, *Oscar, the Bandit*, is of course a superb piece, and cannot fail to have a run, with the aid of all the distinguished parties alluded to. O. Smith has one of his pet parts in it, and succeeds in looking as black as usual. He is a magnificent frightener of children, from the tender age of two to that of eight, and with such a recommendation he of course is well worthy of his salary. Buckstone has been doing a part intended for Reeve, and has succeeded to a miracle.

The English Opera House has produced another grand opera, though we cannot say much for the grandeur of the affair; notwithstanding the magnificent of the music being the composition of Mr. THOMSON OF EDINBURGH. It was, we believe, ourselves who first started the very natural question of *who is Thomson?* and the politeness of the bills informs us that it is *Thomson of Edinburgh*. We insist that we are no nearer to the comprehension of who he can be, than we were before, and we should have been equally wise, had we been told it was Mr. Snooks of Surrey, Mr. Buggins of the New Cut, or Mr. Freen of Tooley-street. To speak with that candour that marks all our criticisms, we must in justice declare, that we don't like Thomson's opera, the chief feature in which, the most prominent feature at least, was an uncommonly large nose put forth as a sort of prospectus upon the face of a Mr. Rowan

who flourishes feebly in the capacity of a low comedian. He has decidedly some talent, but we have not yet seen him in a good part with the exception of a short one in the *Widow Queen* which was too brief to give us an opportunity of judging fairly of his abilities. To return to Hermann, we must say with excessive regret, we don't like it, in spite of the high-heeled boots of H. Phillips, the long nose of Mr. Rowan, the *nonchalance* of Wrench (who gives life to the dullest dialogue) and the amiable apathy of Miss F. Heoley in one of the principal characters. One of Phillips's songs was called for a second time, if not without *rhyme* at least entirely without *reason*. It spoke of wine, and we presume the call was in compliance with the wish of the pot-house portion of the audience. We must not omit to notice the acting, and above all, the admirable dressing of Mr. M'Jan in the part of a follower of Hermann—his appearance was a perfect picture, and his manner a fine study for the true stage artist—the affair, however, won't do, as the treasurer can tell the management, if our critical word should be doubted. We left the house in a fit of piety, shocked at the blasphemous introduction of a lively ballet in a church-yard scene. We who are particularly sensitive on these points, were forced to make an abrupt *exit* amid the importunities of a host of fruitwomen. We had a great deal rather that Mr. Arnold should depend upon those pieces so much more proper to his management, like the *Mountain Sylph*, and other works of true musical genius. He has discreetly revived *The Climbing Boy*, in which a little girl named *Isaacs* exhibits a great deal of infantine ability. Precocious children in juvenile parts are deserving of encouragement, but we seldom attempt to advance those aspiring urchins who aim at the tragic muse, before they have entered upon their teens, and court Melpomene before they are tall enough to reach from her hand either her bowl or her dagger. These we smash deservedly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Man with the Carpet Bag, the Siamese Twins, the Revolt of the Work-house, the King Incog, and the Son of the Sun, all written by G. A. Beckett, are published; the two first by Strange, at 6d. each, the three last by Miller, at 1s. each.

We perceive Buckstone's successful farce of *The Christening* is published, with the author's portrait. It is a splendid likeness, and an admirable engraving. We think every body ought to purchase it.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 153.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

GUY VAUX.



Every one remembers the ditty sung at this season of the year beneath parlour windows, by small children with dirty noses and ragged jackets, bearing upon a chair some unfortunate thing or animal as the abject representative of Guy Faux.

Remember, remember,
The fifth of November,
The gunpowder treason and plot,
I see no reason
Why the gunpowder treason,
Should ever be forgot,

VOL. III.

Thus is sung in trite but nervous numbers, the squib and cracker poet of antiquity, whose genius seems to have been inspired by a dark lantern, a hapor'th of matches, and half an ounce of coarse gunpowder. The fifth of November however at this time possesses a greater interest than ever, for that is now achieved which Guy Faux intended, and while the dirty nosed darlings who turn Guy proprietors on the fifth of November, were singing their loyal rubbish in triumph over the failure of one plot, they seemed to forget that Parliament is in ruins, and that Guy Faux's scheme has been put into practise either by Mr. Swing, or by the interposition of providence. While people are engaged in speculation on the subject, there cannot be the smallest doubt of the fact, for Lords and Commons lie in ruins at Westminster, in a condition as useless as they generally proved to be during the Session of Parliament. There is a great deal of nonsense being talked about where the business of Parliament is in future to be transacted. A garret in a *bye street* would be sufficiently large for all the *business* that will be actually done, but if the size of the place should be in proportion to the business *not done*, but only *talked about*, we should say that nothing under Salisbury Plain, would be large enough. With this view we would recommend a door mat and scraper to be laid down at the entrance of this commodious tract of land, which as it is all *waste*, will be quite in character with the speeches in Parliament. Some recommend one place, some another; but all seem to care very little about the applicability of the building proposed to the purpose it is designed to answer. Now if it were thought necessary that the house of assembling should be perfectly in

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

character with the proceedings carried on, we should unquestionably point to *Bedlam* at once, as the most apt scene in which the M. P.'s both Lords and Commons could possibly congregate. Some say Crockford's should be the house of meeting, and we certainly cannot conscientiously refute the reasoning which points out a *Hell* as the most appropriate destination of the Reformed Parliament. We always thought that its members would go to so great a length that the House of Commons would be too hot to hold them, and now such is not only the case, but the ashes of Parliament are settled in a much more summary manner than either the press or public opinion would have been able to manage it. Turn we now to our caricature, which is in an exceeding happy vein, for Cruikshank has taken advantage not only of the season, but of the drama of the Black Hand, to aim a blow at Brougham as severe as it is merited. The Chancellor Guy Vaux, (or Faux, it is all the same) is not only depicted in the character named, but is represented as being driven out of his position by the various weapons of justice, honesty, charity, &c. while the mark of the black hand of apostasy is palpable upon him. At this point, we think it absolutely necessary that the excited brains of our readers should find relief in cogitation, *ergo* we desist.

A DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

The other night, Colonel Higgins had undressed himself, having taken off his pinafore, nankeen frock, stays and socks, when as is his usual custom, he sprang *a la mode de Swiss Brother* into his cradle. The violence of the somerset broke the bedstead of the Colonel, who came to the earth with a tremendous crash that brought the nurse to his assistance.—“Crickey,” said the Colonel. “Good gracious!” responded the nurse. Upon examination, the old woman discovered that the little brass wheel had been broken off one of the legs.—“Which,” she added, “wants nothing but a new castor under it.” Having put the Colonel into his cot, she retired, when Higgins, finding himself rather uncomfortable from his bed overbalancing whenever he turned to one side, bethought himself of a remedy. “I remember,” said he to himself. “Sally said it only wanted a *new castor* under the leg.” With this impression, he stole out of the room, and reaching the wardrobe, took from a hat box, the Duke of Gloucester's best Sunday hat, which was in every sense of the word a *new castor*. With this he returned to his chamber, and crushing it sufficiently, placed it under the damaged leg of his cradle. In the morning, the Duke of Gloucester having been invited to pass the day in playing with his cousin Victoria, every enquiry was made for his new hat, which was no where to be found. Higgins pretended to join zealously in the search, but was not seen five minutes after the hat was missing. Chance at length led to its discovery in the situation before described, but the guilty Higgins has not since been heard of. The following hand-bill has been issued:—

“One Shilling and Ten-pence Halfpenny Reward.

ABSCONDED,

William Higgins, a very old boy of about seventy. Is quite grey, with a broad comic turn in his nose, and with a countenance strongly expressive of nothing whatever. Had on when he left, no hat—no coat—and it is thought no waistcoat. A pair, or rather a *couple* of braces, one being made of red tape, and the other of whip-cord with a join in the middle. He is sup-

posed to wear his Sunday nankeens, with Oxford mixture coloured socks of coarse worsted. He wore on his feet, a pair of strong boys *8s. 6d.* high-lows, with strings of common twine.

Any one who will apprehend him, shall receive on conviction, by applying at Gloucester-house, Piccadilly, the above handsome reward, namely, one shilling (*a rank bad one*) in brass and ten-pence half-penny in copper. As this is a penny more than the full value, no higher reward will be offered.

TO THE EDITOR OF FIGARO IN LONDON.

SIR,—I am directed by his most Gracious Majesty King William the Fourth, to forward you the following *recherché* jokes, as a slight but somewhat dignified mark of the very high estimation in which he continues to hold your praiseworthy periodical.

I have the honour to remain,

Your obedient slave,

ANDREW BARNARD,

(*Equerry to the King*).

The following are the jokes forwarded by Barnard the toad-eater, the *Merry Andrew* in fact of his Majesty's household. They are evidently taken from his King's note book. Many people (says his Majesty) have wondered why Lord Althorpe should be so fond of fattening *calves*; a riddle that may be readily explained, even on the ground of mere sympathy. But I have a better reason for the fact than that. Lord Althorpe is a minister devoted to the public good, and he fattens *calves* to show his attachment to the *common weal* (*veal*). Among other things I learn that there is some General called *Haxo*, who is about to join the French ministry. Now I should like deucedly to know why he is called by that queer name. *General Haxo* is a devilish queer name, any one will acknowledge. But I suppose he is called so, because he is a *General*, and does *Hack-so* when he goes to battle.

That fellow Brougham is in the habit of coming to me and talking a great deal about the *March* of intellect. Now I have looked into all this, and upon my Sayso, which is a great deal for me to say, I think this *March* of intellect is all *Walker*.

P.S.—We should like the royal jokes better if they were not occasionally so frightfully vulgar. His naval education must however be his excuse, and by-the-bye royalty covers a multitude of sins.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 87.

“Higgins—police—murder—thieves—fire—Higgins—bloodshed—police—Higgins—murder—Higgins—Higgins—Higgins.” This protracted howl naturally attracted the affrighted *aid-de-camp* to the apartment which he entered with an exclamation somewhat between the striking of an eight-day clock and the war-whoop of an Indian. “What's the row—ow—ow—ow—ow—ow? was his first gentlemanly enquiry on entering. “Why the fact is,” said Gloucester, “we must send police officers to the Victoria, I have discovered such a set-out.” The hair of the *aid-de-camp* flew up erect and knocked off his cap. The Duke continued, “yes, Higgins—it is no less than forgery.” The lollipop dropped from Higgins's hand. “Yes,” added Gloucester, “*forgery*, for they are *making money* as fast as possible.” Higgins ran for a policeman, who chastised him severely by treading upon his toes, pulling his hair, and spitting in his face, for his ignorant officiousness. The astonished *aid-de-camp* bore it ALL with most exemplary patience.

“I perceive,” said Gloucester, “that the Judges of Review went down to open the Law Courts on the first day of Term. Now, I want to know what the devil these fellows could want at the Law Courts, for if they are *Judges of a Review*, I don't

see how they can be fit to decide in legal matters." The Duke hurried off to consult Higgins, but after a long argument, the Duke was found weltering in his milk and water, with a large dab of bread and butter over his left cheek, a lump of sugar clenched firmly in his left hand; and altogether the scene presented a ghastly appearance. It is supposed that the debate had been carried on in *high words*, more especially as the nurse overheard *low language*.

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

The other day Shegog (the *soi-disant* personal friend of Byron) started a conundrum which shook the theatre to its foundations, and dislodged a portion of the *stucco* that supports the statue of the comic muse; (an omen of the effects of his wit upon the regions of *facetiae*). The following is the grand conundrum:—"Why does the glass curtain at the Victoria bring so much money to the treasury?" A look of ignorance pervaded the whole company, who respectively admitted that they could not tell. "Why, the fact is," said Shegog, with a look of lightning that singed the adjacent whiskers of Mears, "the fact is—that the glass curtain is made to *draw*, as you all know, *up and down*, while the *rapid money* in the way of *speedy shillings* that pour into the house in the front of the glass curtain may be accounted for by the sympathy with the *quick silver* at the back."

"I'll tell you what," said Bartley, to a dustman who attends to sweep out the theatre. "Vell! vot?" was the reply of the scavenger, who has an *extra* pint of beer *per week* for listening to the jokes of the stage manager. "Why," added the hero of the strong boys eight-and-sixpenny highlows, "I am beginning to think." "Beginning to *think*!"—said the sarcastic scavenger, "come, that's something new at any rate." Bartley looked stupid, *that is*, natural—and continued, "I am beginning to think that the New Lyceum is not the New Lyceum after all."

Dustman—What for not? fool, eh?

Bartley—Because it must be the *late* English Opera House, when the performances don't begin for an hour after those of the other theatres.

Dustman—Then it is the New Lyceum *after* all, you *warmint*.

Bartley blew his nose *first time this season* as the *play-bills* say.—The scavenger sneered and turned upon his heel.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

A nice point.

At a recent Conservative dinner in Scotland, Lord Saltoun gave as a toast, the "*dignity of the Bench*." Our friend Gloucester on hearing of it, enquired eagerly in his *simple* way, what there was so cursed *dignified* in the *Bench*. "An't the *Fleet*," he added, "equally *respectable*."

Good again.

"The houses have been burnt down in a summary way," said Sir Andrew Barnard to the King. "*Summery*, you old fool," was the bland rejoinder of our polished monarch, "how the devil can any thing be *summery* at this time of the year. An't it *winter*? you old fool." "Oh! lawk! ah!" was the sole rejoinder of the monarch's toad-eater.

THEATRICALS.

Manfred has *not* been attracting the town to Covent Garden, nor has there been any *overflow* to the theatre, except such as may have been occasioned by the over exuberance of the un-

tasted bottles of ginger beer, which have become, as it were, angrily *up* for positive want of a purchaser. Nothing is doing in the vast and dreary saloons, the cry of "*buy a bill*?" is faint and low among the exhausted and despairing fruitwomen. It is only, in fact, at rare intervals that the harpies of the fruit-stalls gain a chance customer, and then they find themselves so thoroughly out of practice that they almost forget how to swindle, and idly ask a reasonable price for some now almost uneatable article. The box-keeper, once all life, and ready with tiger-like ferocity to pounce on the box visitors, now wanders listlessly through the vacant passages with his unused pass-key in one hand, his unpurchased bills in the other, while desperation beams in his eye, anger flashes from his nose, or rage is fearfully portrayed in his violently quivering whisker. We are aware that this is a harrowing picture, but it is also a strictly true one, and it is our painful duty to let the public know the truth, however savage or however horrible. To return to *Manfred*: though, by the bye, no one ever *would return* to it after seeing it once, for it is altogether undramatic, as we would have told Polhill, had he just been wise enough to question the matter before he went to the expense of producing it. We must admit, candidly, there has been some spirit employed in getting it up, for it betrays in every department a noble disdain of the length of tradesman's bills, and a lofty apathy as to the amount of drafts given to pay its losses, the *caste* is rather strong in idiocy and embraces some of our old favourite victims who come before us in *Manfred* with a perfect freshness of incapacity. Our friend G. Bennett plays the spirit of the elements, which, we presume, means *Chaos*, and if that be the definition, he was quite in *his element*, for he did chaos so well that we could make neither head nor tale of it. Howell, the old original black, blood-red, and sepulchral Zamiel of the establishment, played the principle of evil, called in the bills Ari-manes, which, we presume, means *old Harry*, that is to say, *Ari*, or *Harry*, manes; which, being interpreted, would signify old Harry of the *manes* or *shades* below. Mr. Wieland enacted the spirit of the night, and considering how little *spirit* there is in any *night* at a large theatre, he got through it with great credit. They call him in the bills *Nox*, but it cannot be with such *Knooks* as these, that Polhill thinks to make any *hits*. Miss Poole played the spirit of air, and certainly personated that air (*that 'ere*) spirit very prettily. Some of the scenery is, to do justice, superb, while the appointments are altogether sufficiently costly. Denvil's *Manfred* is the best thing he has done, and Warde's Abbot of St. Maurice is the *best* thing he has done, though he had *best have done* with the stage altogether. We should certainly say Warde was a worse actor than Cooper, if we did not, upon seeing Cooper, declare he is a worse actor than Warde, and when we see Cooper and Warde together, we are puzzled to know which is worst, always thinking him the least talented who happens to be upon the stage at the moment. We are always sorry to smash Cooper, for we believe he is a quiet man, and an active stage manager, as far as his talent will admit, but unfortunately his *genius* (?) does not carry him beyond the power of saying "right about face," to a line of supernumeraries. This is all very clever in its way we don't doubt, and quite clever enough for Bunn, while, considering the state of the two houses, it is as much as is required from one of the strolling stage managers. As to Bartley, facetiously nicknamed stage manager of Covent Garden, we can't allow him even the praise we award to Cooper, for we think Bartley unfit for any thing more than to try on eight and sixpenny high lows, in cheap shoe shops, whistle cherry ripe down the areas, as a serenade to servants of all work, and draw his salary *from* (never *to*) the treasury of Covent Garden.

Having disposed of that theatre, let us refer to Drury Lane, which is positively as thorough a wilderness as ever John spent forty days in, spreading wild honey upon his locusts for break-

fast, as a gentleman would butter his roll, and swilling in the ditch water in the neighbourhood, as one would imbibe one's tea or coffee. In fact Polhill will have to fast more than forty days, if he goes on as he is now doing, or rather as he is now *being done* by those about him. *As you Like it*, has been played to display Mr. Didear's red hands, Mr. Yarnold's short nose, Mr. Bartley's general inefficiency, and Mr. Baker's new tights. These things are all very well in their way, but they won't draw a house. Mr. Vandenhoff was drawn into allowing his name to be put in the bill for Jaques, and he walked through the business, but as for playing his part, that was out of the question, among the set by which he was surrounded. This gentleman, who is decidedly clever, is a sort of piece of not very first-rate gold, set in some of the most inferior kind of putty. Nobody goes to Drury Lane now, and therefore it don't matter who plays in the pieces. We understand the money takers to the boxes are found to hold such determined sinecures, that they are to be brought into play upon the stage, and will open next week as Othello and Iago. Indeed, the word money-taker, is almost obsolete, for there is as little acquaintance between the men called money-takers, and the thing called money, as there is between Lord Brougham and himself, for if he ever had any acquaintance with himself, he has latterly quite forgotten himself. We wonder Polhill has not had enough of the large houses, and in fact, if he has not, our readers have, so that we shall drop the subject for the present. It has been said that Bunn has taken in the public, but if his management did *take them in*, we should praise him for his cleverness. The fact is, that so far from his taking the public *in*, he completely keeps the public *out*.

Jonathan Bradford has been revived at the Victoria, with a great portion of its original cast. Mr. Elton plays the part of the individual who gives the piece its title. The performance is one of great judgment, and is as clever as the materials will allow him to make it. Fitzball's brain has a strong sixpenny attractive power, and the gallery has overflowed more than ever. Fitzball is, after all, a clever man if he answer his own purpose and that of the manager. A new farce called *The Turned Head* has been brought out with perfect success. The author has been fortunate in the aid of the talents of an excellent company. Forrester, who is decidedly one of the best farce actors on the stage, was admirable in his delineation of a man with his head turned. He gives the fullest point to dialogue, dresses admirably, and imparts a spirit to any piece he plays in. Mitchell is inimitable in a cunning servant, and humours the hypochondriacs in *The Turned Head* with a most knowing relish for the imposition he is practising. Messrs. Griffiths, Bender, Chippendale, and Doyne, contributed most plentifully to the success of the piece, which had the good fortune to be unequivocal. Miss Wilmot played a small part with propriety. The world will shortly be astonished by the production of a new grand opera here, in which Braham and H. Phillips will sing, together with a young lady whom Braham, after, hearing, pronounced to be a singer of such extraordinary talent as must endanger, by her *debut*, Mrs. Wood's present ascendancy. The music of the opera, which has been composed by a very young lady, has been heard by Braham and H. Phillips, the two first English singers, who expressed a perfect willingness to engage at the Victoria, solely on account of the brilliance and beauty of the music, and the transcendent ability of the *prima donna* elect, who is the sister of the composer. In musical matters, involving the necessity of a scientific judgment, we should not presume to give an opinion. The warm approbation of such perfect artists as Braham and H. Phillips,

are sufficient to stamp the reputation of any music and singing. For such being their sentiments on the subject we can vouch, having *heard* them from the lips of themselves, which is the strongest possible evidence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We believe we ought to say something about a very violent advertisement that appears in this day's *Figaro*. Those things come to us, of course quite in the way of business, and it is a department about which we never think of troubling ourselves. We have thought right to allude to it in this instance, as the advertisement seems peculiar, and directed to one *respectable* person, who we should imagine must understand it; if the generality of our readers do not.

We have just seen the preface to the first volume of Buckstone's plays. It contains the best exposure we have yet seen of the injustice of the decision in the case of Mr. Planche the author, and Cumberland the publisher. Every one who is interested in the cause of dramatic authorship, should assist in the dissemination of the preface alluded to.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE GREATEST SCOUNDREL ALIVE.

I TAKE this plan of addressing you, because I don't know you by any other description, and your own conscience will tell you, that I have been **EXACT** in the direction. You have attempted to injure me and insult others, by a **DELIBERATE LIE**, which you are too cowardly to assert openly, while you are too ignorant to give it even the appearance of consistency. If you dare to come forward, and can show the remotest pretension to the position of a gentleman, I *herely call you out at once*, though were I to drag you to light, I think I should find you so mean and despicable a wretch, that an *avalanche* of contempt is all that my immeasurable superiority to you, would allow me to condescend to confer upon you. You are so grovelling, sneaking, low-minded, and malicious a **LIAR**, that I cannot compare you to any thing in existence, because at the creation it was not thought worth while to make any thing so utterly vile and insignificant as you prove to be. While you have the disposition of a scorpion, you evidently have had the education of a scavenger. **YOUR LIE** is so **BADLY MANAGED**, that its inconsistencies are its own exposure. If you are some *misison* whom the *privilege of servitude* allows occasionally to be near my person, you will have the satisfaction of seeing that you have **TOTALLY FAILED**. If you can bring another scoundrel forward in a *palpable shape*, who can dare to participate with you in your lie, *not in the dark*, but openly, I will actually forgive you for your singular *cleverness* in having found a rascal equally *abject* with yourself. In conclusion, let me tell you, you are *suspected*, you have chosen so weak and thoroughly-unfounded a ground of attack, that what you have raised upon nothing, will for want of any support, fall down upon yourself to a moral certainty. Come forward, and confront me if you dare, *I will give you a meeting when and where you please*.

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New ready, Price 7s., in neat cloth boards, Vol. 1, of

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Now performing with roars of laughter nightly at the Adelphi theatre. With the latter farce is given the portrait of Mr. Buckstone. A few proofs of which have been taken, and may be had of any bookseller, price 2s. each. Impressions before the letters, 3s. each.

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row; G. Cowie, 312, Strand; G. Parkes, Compton Street, Soho; and all Booksellers.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 154.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE BANKRUPT BANK.



In these days of general insolvency, it is not to be wondered at that the Governor of the Bank has failed, and we should recommend the directors to go into the Fleet and take the benefit of the act, by way of settling the national debt, by a general and purely constitutional whitewash. There would be a salubrious healthiness in this arrangement that would be highly beneficial to the commercial interests, and we seriously recommend it as the neatest method possible for getting rid of that horrible *incubus*, the national debt, which presses so heavily

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upon the community. If nobody likes the national debt, why the deuce isn't it rubbed off in a summary way? and there cannot be a better opportunity for doing so than the insolvency of the Governor. How Raikes managed to get into a hobble, we positively cannot tell, but all *rakes* generally get through their fortunes sooner or later—so that the *do up* in this case is perfectly natural. By the bye Gloucester who would make a joke in an earthquake, or utter a *bon mot* even with his head between the jaws of a crocodile, Gloucester has made the Governor's smash the occasion for a conundrum, whose searching wit can hardly be said to atone for its most glaring impropriety. The Duke in a mixed company of cads and baked-tatur boys with whom he had been spending the afternoon in filthy festivity, asked the following elaborate conundrum:—

Why is the failure of the Governor of the Bank, Mr. *Mee* Raikes, equivalent to a commercial smash on my part? There was no solution for a length of time, until a response proceeded from cabriolet No. 48, to the following purpose: "Because it is a failure of *Mee*!" The Duke uttered a piercing shriek and fell to the ground, struck as he observed, with the accuracy of the mau's answer.

It is needless for us to comment on the situation of poor Raikes—Cruikshank has shown him up in a manner sufficiently summary.

THE INTERPRETER.

Brougham starring it.

Lord Brougham, determined not to be idle during the recess, has been *starring it* in the provinces, enacting the principal

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

low comedy in all the large towns, and doing the principal parts in all the farces called public dinners, which have been got up at an enormous expence, during his country engagements. He has, however, not been a favourite in every instance, and though in Drury Lane theatre (we mean the House of Lords, we beg the peerage's pardon) he had the run of all the principal business, yet it was not every provincial town that would be gulled into accepting him as a first-rate personage. His starring expedition has consequently not done him much good, and he was generally received with *mingled cheers and hisses*, so that like a semi-damned farce he may be said to have been given out for repetition amidst disapprobation and applause. He foolishly accepted an engagement for one night only, at the Mansion House, and amid the cockneys he of course did not experience any very polite forbearance. His reception was about as good as Harley's would be, if he were properly appreciated, that is to say, if he were generally considered one of the worst actors that ever trod the boards of a theatre.

A curious Curate.

Among those delicate pieces of trash called advertisements in the newspapers, we met with one the other day in the Herald, whereby a clergyman undertook to cure indigestion, from mere motives of benevolence. Whether it was spite to the apothecary, or a zealous hostility to Satan in keeping his parishioners alive, that made him combine physic with religion we cannot of course say, but it certainly seems a remarkable union, though by the bye many divines practise it in a small way, by administering a composing draft in the shape of a sermon. The holy physico-clerical philanthropist says he has derived benefit from his medicines. It must be very convenient to a young man in orders to be able to get himself a cure.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have this week the pain of introducing to our readers a letter of truly tragic interest: in glowing colours worthy the master hand of a poet skilled in the mysteries of human nature, it paints the miseries of Gloucester and his *aid-de-camp* in an adventure commencing in infantine innocence, but ending in the station-house. We have, however, released the cousin of our sovereign from that *quod* to which his indiscretion had consigned him. We give the letter:—

TO THE EDITOR OF FIGARO IN LONDON.

My dear Sir,

My name has often most unwarrantably appeared in your columns, but the following you may rely upon as having actually occurred. I am certainly the most unfortunate being in existence; the Duke and myself had the other evening made up our minds to amuse ourselves the best way we could, nurse having absented herself without permission, and omitted to leave out the key of the cupboard containing the play-things; our first thoughts were directed towards the Victoria, we having been so highly amused on a previous occasion with the beautiful glass curtain; we accordingly set out upon our journey; but, on arriving at the theatre, found, on examination of our pockets, only 5d. each, the Duke having unthinkingly changed his shilling to purchase a couple of raspberry tarts, and, unfortunately, the price of admission to the gallery being 6d. each, we were obliged to exert our united eloquence to persuade the check-taker to admit us, but in vain: and we should have been under the necessity of putting up with the disappointment, had it not been for the kind assistance of the company going to the same part of the house. Whilst endeavouring to argue the check-taker into compliance, we were lifted off our legs by the crowd, and carried into the house with a rapidity inconceivable; and now, my dear Figaro, comes the melancholy and unfortunate

part of the transaction; I being but a tithe of the size of my royal friend and master, was speedily separated from him, at which I began to cry and push about, in hopes of meeting with him, when my further progress was barred by finding my neighbour's elbow in my eye! I really, at one time, the pain was so excessive, thought I had lost my head, and actually commenced looking about for it. My embarrassment on this head, however, was speedily removed by a sudden explosion in my face, which I found proceeded from the bursting of a ginger-beer bottle. Before I had time to open my eyes, I was forcibly ejected from my seat; and in making a violent effort to save myself from falling into the pit, my foot slipped, and I fell on the heads of *four young ladies* in the first row of the gallery. They instantly shrieked aloud, and I really thought at the time, from the extraordinary exertions of the *gentlemen* behind, that I should have had every bone in my skin broken. When they did suffer me to rise, I heard a stifled groan, and presently the ejaculation "Higgi! Higgi! Higgi!" when, lo and behold, I had all this time been lying on the Duke. I raised the poor dear boy up, and we cried for joy at finding each other again. Having, as I before observed, obtained admittance gratuitously, through the kind exertions of the frequenters of this part of the house, and the Duke, being anxious to see the pictures in the pit saloon, proposed that we should endeavour, with our finances, to gain admission into the upper boxes; we accordingly returned to the money-taker, who recognized us as having passed into the house without paying, and taxed us with it. This of course H.R.H. denied, and became so obstreperous that we were given into the custody of the police, who carried us to the station-house, where we still remain. I have now, my dear Figaro, arrived at the end of our adventures, and have to request that you will come and bail us out, and you will then be convinced that the writer is, my dear Figaro, your faithful friend

HIGGINS.

In compliance with this request, we have put in bail; and the Duke and his *aid-de-camp* are now at large upon our being security for their good behaviour. We have no doubt we shall lose the money, as they cannot keep long out of mischief. We shall stop the amount out of the Duke's benefit.

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

"*Talent won't draw*," said a *soi-disant* tragedian to a certain manager. "I tell you Sir—*talent won't draw a farthing* to the treasury." Some one telling this to Turnour, (our still cherished *protégé*) asked him what could have been his motive in underrating talent. "Don't you see," said the Sheridan of Bow-street, "he was undervaluing *talent* to exalt the price of himself. He wanted an engagement."

Mears reading a newspaper the other day by the friendly aid of a pocket dictionary, came to a passage in which it was written "despair and fright were painted in his countenance." After reading it, Mears was heard to mutter "*painted* in his countenance—pooh—they always *rub off the paint* when fright or despair is to be depicted."

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

Rather cheering.

"His Lordship sat down amid tremendous *cheers*, and the meeting then called for one *cheer* more." Gloucester having read this in the report of some dinner, expressed his great astonishment at the quantity of *cheers* (*chairs*) employed by one man in sitting down, and added his Royal Highness, "what the deuce must he have been to have still required one *cheer* (*chair*) more?"

A reduction.

There has been so much political gourmandising of late, that the Ministers appear to have degenerated into mere *beefeaters*.

Rather extra-ordinary.

If Brougham continues to visit cheap, nasty, and vulgar dinner parties, in the shape of five shilling *ordinaries*, we shall begin to think him, in spite of his transcendent genius, quite an *ordinary* character.

A new tithe.

The *Herald* says, "it would be a great thing if the Bishops would keep a tithe of their promises." Unfortunately, however, that is the only *tithe* they do not seem anxious about.

More knave than fool.

The inhabitants of St. Saviours are going to repair the *nave* of the church. Surely there is no intention of repairing that greatest *knave of the church*—the Bishop of Exeter.

Epigram.

(In order to prove that the union of Melbourne and Althorp in the Ministry may be useful.)

Two negatives it is defined,
Will one affirmative produce,
And these two useless Lords combined,
May p'rhaps together be of use.

Epigram. In vino veritas.

If there be *truth in wine*—then I should think
That Philpotts never had been known to drink.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane and Covent Garden continue their indolent career, the former in particular being remarkable for a positive recklessness of ruin unparalleled in the most dreary passages of theatrical history. *Cato* has positively been revived, or rather resuscitated; for as to anything like positive life in the affair—that is out of the question. We suspect Bunn has been trying an experiment to see how small it is possible for an audience to be, and he is indeed successful in keeping the public out of the patent house, for we counted seven women, two men, three boys, and a baby in the pit last Thursday. On Tuesday Henry the Fourth was murdered in most sanguinary style, by the troop of inefficients who are still called actors by an unlimited stretch of courtesy. Even in the worst days of the drama a house *did* show a tendency to become fuller as the performances proceeded, but *now* it is a positive fact, that people drop away all the evening through, and if the play should begin to twenty, it generally finishes to twelve, the remaining eight having been scared away by the dreariness of the proceedings. Some people charge us with inveterate hostility to Bunn, but we can have no personal animosity to him, knowing as we do, nothing further of him than that he wears a pair of velvet breeches, is called lessee of the two houses, and that he enjoys, we believe, a *small* annuity. We also cannot help seeing (and seeing we shall always denounce) that his management has reduced the audiences of the patent theatres to a contemptible scale, and in fact that they never were held so insignificant among places of entertainment as they are at present. The idea of our being actuated by any personal feeling is too absurd; for it is not worth our while to trouble ourselves to have any feeling either one way or the other, where the matter is one of so perfect insignificance—to us at any rate. In fact, in all our theatrical strictures, persons of whom we may have spoken rather plainly, are very much mistaken if they have the vanity to imagine we condescend to honour them with any personal animosity. A fly crushed beneath the foot of an elephant might as well have the impudence to consider the smash as personal, and *flare up* accordingly.

At the Adelphi we have had a new tragic drama from the

pen of Mr. Buckstone, which bids fair to rival in popularity the Victorine, &c. of this most successful of living dramatists. A failure from the pen of Mr. Buckstone seems to be out of the question, and our readers will therefore not be surprised to hear that his new piece is as decided a hit as its predecessors. The incidents are highly wrought, the situations admirable, and the dialogue of a kind that gives to *Agnes de Vere* a high merit as a literary composition in addition to its attractions when considered merely with a view to scenic representation. The characters are all well played, and Mr. Buckstone himself, whose talents as an author have enabled him to aid the development of his talents as an actor, shines forth very conspicuously in an exceedingly well drawn comic character. The whole affair went off to the infinite satisfaction of a crowded audience.

On the Surrey side of the water, opera seems to be all the fashion, and the two transthamesian establishments are active in their preparations for musical novelty. The Surrey boasts the possession of our inanimate friend Wilson, surnamed *the post*, from his determined antipathy to showing any more vivacity than is absolutely necessary to the delivery of a *note*, though in conjunction with the notion of *post*, the delivery of a *letter* would perhaps have been more appropriate. To *support* Wilson, Davidge has secured *Edwin*, remarkable for singing out of tune, keeping a horse and chaise, rearing old hogs upon a farm in the country, and keeping situations for which he is not competent. Perhaps the last of these achievements is the most clever trick of the whole, for *himself* if not on the part of the manager. The *prima cantatrice* is to be a Miss Land who has the rare advantage of having been never heard of, and we doubt not she will reap the benefit of her delicious freshness and charming obscurity. *We* (who recollect every thing) have a slight remembrance of a young lady named Land failing at the Haymarket; but we hope Davidge has too much good sense to look for a *prima donna* in such a quarter. We shall, however, hazard a very bad pun upon the occasion, and say, that if Miss Land be anything of a singer, she (Miss *Land*) ought to be able to go beyond C (*sea*), though, if her voice be particularly *alt*, Land upon the *high Cs* (*seas*) will be something of an anomaly. The Surrey opera may be all very well, and we hope it is, but we don't like the announcement; more especially that portion of it which tells us that the words of the poetry are written by *Fitzball*. Now every one knows we venerate Fitzball mightily. We respect his bewildered brain, and reverence his melodramatic soul, tossed as 't is eternally upon a gulf of blue fire; but still we don't think him a writer, and consequently we are less likely to fancy him a poet. Judge, then, of our horror at seeing, in the Surrey bills, the following announcement:—

THE POETRY (with the exception of a few songs by Sir Walter Scott,) entirely written by MR. FITZBALL, the admired and very popular author of JONATHAN BRADFORD!!

Here is arrogance—the *poetry*, by way of attraction, is advertised as *exclusively* FITZBALL'S, the word *few* being introduced before the songs by Walter Scott, as much as to say, the author of *Rokeby* is not suffered to interlope too much upon the majestic muse of the author of JONATHAN BRADFORD. As it is on this piece Fitzball's claims to the title of poet are founded, we will just give our readers a specimen of the *blank verse* in *Jonathan Bradford*—verse, by-the-bye, in this instance, properly called *blank*, for we defy any one to prove that there is *any thing in it*:—

My wife, I've brought the nutmegs, yes my love,
Besides two lumps of sugar, ah! my dear,
And also I have got the lemons, oh!
Together, with a nutmet grater, ah!

This is the germ of the POETRY in the first scene, but we will

quote from memory another passage, that ought to make Walter Scott blush indeed for the comparison.

Here's the canary—ah, he's gone to sleep,
But never mind, the liquor leave I will,
And with it, I will also leave a knife
And lemons, that he may cut out a slice,
And shove it in the liquor if he likes.
In the canary, he the slice can souce,
And swill the mixture up whene'er he wakes,
So now I'll leave him—softly—softly—crikey.

The beauty of this poetry is so perfect, the expressions so terse, the sentiments so noble, and the diction so glowing, that we are sure the Dean and Chapter of Westminster will throw open Poets' Corner to Fitzball's ashes gratis. The poetry of the Surrey opera (*not by Walter Scott, but by FITZBALL, as the bills triumphantly have it,*) will be looked to with avidity.

After referring to the Surrey opera, we turn to that of the Victoria, for which the first talent in England has been engaged, including Braham, H. Philipps, Miss Paton and Mr. Collins. This throws the boasted *strength* of the Surrey perfectly into the shade, but the grand opera is postponed till after Christmas, as the sensation attending its production will be such, that it cannot, in justice to the fashionable world, be brought out until after every one has been brought to town by the assembling of Parliament. We understand there is already a vigorous and praiseworthy competition among the principal music publishers, for the purchase of the copyright. In the mean time, not to be behind hand in the race of competition with the Surrey, the Victoria management will bring out the *Maid of Judah* in magnificent style, as a sort of decisive *quietus* to the musical mania at the Surrey. Miss Paton and Mr. Collins will sustain the principal parts in this splendid opera, which will be got up under the direction of Lacy, who is engaged expressly to superintend the getting up in the same style as that in which it was originally given at Covent Garden.

Name the Winner, a new piece from the active and valuable inkstand of Dr. Millingen, has been produced with unbounded success at Madame Vestris's. It adds another to the list of stock pieces at the Olympic, and supplies to the Doctor's brow another sprig of that healthful laurel, in which his temples are so honourably shaded. Mrs. Orger's acting in it, as well as that of Liston, completely established the success of the production.

Mr. Butler took a benefit last Wednesday at the Surrey, an incident which occurred, as our readers know, too late in the past week to admit of a notice in the last number of *Figaro*. He selected *Coriolanus* for the occasion, and he evidently fixed upon one of his very finest personations, for the gratification of his immediate friends, who supported him famously at his benefit. It is unfortunate that our limits never allow us to enter minutely into a criticism of a Shakespearian assumption, but had we space, we could enumerate, in Mr. Butler's *Coriolanus*, beauties sufficient to fill a whole number of our periodical. Mrs. Butler appeared, for the first time in London, as Lady Elizabeth Free love, and played with great spirit. We never before had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Butler play, but she possesses great vivacity, and has a manner on the stage very lively and agreeable. The house, we were glad to find, was crowded.

We are happy to find that Mrs. Waylett intends opening the Strand theatre, which we believe she intends carrying on in the same style, that rendered it so popular and so profitable at the time she formerly held occupation of the premises. We wish her every success, for it is hard indeed that so talented a

person as Mrs. Waylett, should become the victim of monopoly, and be precluded from exercising her abilities in a London theatre.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is not true that Seymour has gone out of his mind, because he never had any to go out of. "That he has lost his senses," as our correspondent states, we can believe, though if he should have let them fall any where, they have doubtless been removed as a nuisance by the scavenger. Another correspondent wants to know "how it is Seymour can't write his own name!" We reply, "upon the same principle that a donkey can't quote *Metastasio*—Ignorance, gross and beastly ignorance." We are told that in the year 1815, a subscription was raised among a few friends of civilization, and enemies of idiocy, to teach Seymour to spell, but his hard and obstinate bit of brain, rebounded from the process in its infancy, and the result was, he never got beyond words of one syllable. Poor man, now that he is deprived of our benevolent and condescending patronage, we understand he is obliged to speculate on his own account in miserable caricatures, which don't sell, and which of course are not worth purchasing. The fact is, Seymour never had an *idea* of his own, though he was sometimes happy in the execution. But it is a well-known fact, that the *ideas* for the caricatures in *Figaro* were always supplied to him by the Editor, he (Seymour) being a perfect *dolt*, except in the mechanical use of his pencil.

Buckstone's *Christening* we perceive, is out, with an admirable portrait of himself, and an admirable proface in favour of the rights of dramatic authors.

Crito, who is dreadfully pertinacious, is informed, that *THE TURNED HEAD*, by G. A. & Beckett, will be published in a few days.

The public will be delighted to hear, that a third number of

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No. 155.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE POLITICAL JUGGLER.



That there are jugglers in politics as well as on the stage, no one ever thinks of disputing, and an elaborate argument on our part to prove an assertion that is not denied, would be, as our readers are aware, thoroughly ridiculous. Leaving them as it were the labyrinths of logic for the plain gravel walk of fact, we must take the liberty of asserting, that Brougham and Vaux has long been the regular Ramo-Samee of the Ministry. Among other tricks he has divided himself considerably with the game

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of keeping up the ball, but it is very probable that he now must be content to catch it, for catch it he will from the artillery of the press, which with its wonted magnanimity, has already begun to thunder down upon a prostrate Ministry.

Another of his tricks is balancing on the top of his nose the twitches of which gave an interesting uncertainty to every thing he attempts to turn it u at. But one of the most peculiar of the feats of the Whig Ramo-Samee is that wherein he is represented acting in the above engraving. It is that singularly appropriate and closely-applying trick of shooting off birds by a pea-shooter, the birds being represented by the Ministers (his former colleagues) whom he once or twice nearly succeeded in getting rid of by means of his patent political pea-shooter. Having however shot away all his own old friends, the King himself takes a turn, and Brougham is picked off with singular precision. This is perhaps a proper punishment for a man who has deserted all his old friends—but the caricature is too able on this point to require our pen to further illustrate.

THE INTERPRETER.

A bad Spec.

The right hon. E. J. Littleton has intimated to his tenantry in Staffordshire his intention of making a deduction of 10 per cent. at his Lady day rent audit.—*Morning Paper.*

The above is a proof of the old adage "there never was a change but by which somebody is benefitted." The plain truth is, that, in consequence of Lord Spencer's giving up the Exchequer, it was intended, but for their sudden dismissal, to appoint Mr. Littleton as his successor, which would necessarily vacate his seat, and to secure a re-election, he gave out the above bait, which, unfortunately for him, has turned out a gra-

W. Molineux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

tuitous piece of liberality, a source of much annoyance to a true Whig.

GLOUCESTER AND THE NEW MINISTRY.

The moment that Gloucester heard of the change in the Ministry and that the Whigs were kicked out, he poked the fire, snuffed the nursery rush-light, wound up an eight-day clock, put on a clean pinafore, washed his face (*first time these three days*), and took a place and a half in the Brighton wagon for himself and Higgins. On arriving at the Pavilion he rushed into the presence of the King, who regaled him plentifully with a hearty meal, set out upon the celebrated milk and water and bread and butter service emblazoned with the word WILLIAM, given to the Duke as a present by the Duchess of Gloucester on his last birthday. While we are about it, we may as well describe this service by way of episode. It consists of a large blue and white plate picked in to represent a Chinese pagoda, with a bridge in the foreground, over which three boys are passing. Above this bridge and in stern defiance of the rules of perspective, is a small boat, in which is another boy similar to those on the bridge before alluded to. Under the boat, rather to the right, and still in keeping with the whole set out by being quite *out* of keeping with the rules of art, is a nondescript tree, which frequently serves as a puzzle for Gloucester, when he has sufficiently cleansed his platter with his tongue to enable him to examine minutely the work of the artist. Above the boat is another pagoda, to the right of which are two birds, the *genus* of which must be left to those who guess conundrums; the animals being quite out of the sphere of our knowledge of natural history. At the bottom of the picture is a long zig zag railing, and this completes the description of the centre piece. There are two borders, an inner and an outer, both of blue and white, *picked out* with blue of a darker shade. This handsome plate cost four-pence *new*, and had the Princess taken the half dozen—we believe she might have got them for one and nine-pence. But the royal household did not require so weighty an accession of platters, and one (*stingy work!*) was purchased. The milk and water cup is of solid delph, and is of a dead white colour, with a stain of smoke on one side, supposed to have arisen from the Duke's having incautiously left the precious vessel too long upon the hob, when he wished to have his milk and water warmed up, in the cold winter mornings. The word William is splendidly emblazoned in large rich, plain, vulgar black characters on the outside, and identifies the property at once as that of the beloved Gloucester. Such is the milk and water and bread and butter service, with which the Duke entertains all his young friends, and from which he served the young Queen of Portugal, when she took tea with him at four o'clock, in the play-room at Kensington. This elegant mug hangs upon a large iron holdfast in the royal kitchen, and the plate occupies a division of the rack in the scullery. The repast being over, Gloucester proceeded to enquire what had been the row with the Whigs? When his Majesty gracefully declared he was "tired of the humbug of the old government." "Besides," added the King, "I want a *flare up*, and I think Wellington's just the fellow for making one." Gloucester humbly replied that he thought there was danger in the experiment. "Now," said he, "Bill, I'm as you know, a thorough going Tory—at least I hate improvement—can't bear civilization—detest education (particularly spelling) and think the March of Intellect (except the Mother's Catechism) all gammon." This declaration of the Duke's principles met with an encouraging blow upon the back from the Sovereign. Spurred on by this chaste mark of favour, Gloucester was emboldened to continue. "Now," said he, "I have ventured to propose a Ministry." The King went into hysterics, which lasted four days! Upon his coming to, Gloucester went

on precisely where he had left off, "and *this* is the list I should propose."

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S ADMINISTRATION.

PREMIER—*The Duke of Gloucester*—(with a seat in the Cabinet, and an arm chair in the Nursery.)

ANOTHER PREMIER—*Colonel Higgins*, with NO SEAT in the Cabinet, but STANDING ROOM, and a seat in the Gallery of the Victoria theatre. N.B. I am to have Higgins's salary.

LORD CHANCELLOR—*Mr. Mansell*, (with no seat anywhere, but a walk in Hyde-park whenever he thinks proper).

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—*The Duke of Gloucester*, (WHEN THERE'S ANYTHING TO RECEIVE), and somebody else (WHEN THERE IS ANYTHING TO BE PAID).

LORD PRIVY SEAL—*The Duke of Gloucester*—and I should say Higgins may as well be *Lord Privy Wafer Stamp*. This is a measure of retrenchment, for wafers are much cheaper than sealing wax.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—*Mr. Mears* (of Covent Garden theatre), for I owe him sixpence, and I may as well pay him this way as any other. Besides he must be (as the actors say) UP IN THE PART, for I think I saw him play it in a procession, some time ago.

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY—*The Duke of Gloucester*, with a Deputy, on the terms specified relative to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SQUARE KEEPER OF RED LION SQUARE—*Mr. Horace Twiss*, (with a seat inside the enclosure—as it is out of the Sheriff's jurisdiction). This arrangement is with the view of keeping Mr. Horace Twiss out of mischief.

Such is the outline of the Gloucester administration, which we believe his Majesty candidly told the Duke would "send the country to smash in the first week of the session." Gloucester who, since he saw Richard the Third at the Victoria, has become fearfully ambitious, is undaunted by the ill reception of his suggestions, and has actually gone so far as to draw up the following PLAN OF GOVERNMENT.

First and foremost it appears to me—that as there are no Houses of Parliament there can be no Members—and therefore I think I and Higgins must have it all our own way, which will be much the best way for the community. With respect to foreign policy, I should never fight—for I see no fun in it. If there were a row with another country, though I don't see why we should not all be at least upon bowing terms—yet if there were a row, I think it ought to be settled by a game at backgammon, nine-pins, shove halfpenny, or beggar my neighbour, between the two sovereigns of the countries between which there is a difference. With respect to reform, that is a subject I don't understand—and I won't pledge myself to any line that may be suggested, or to any twenty lines that may be written upon the subject. I'll pledge myself to *any thing* though if I may be allowed to take myself out of pledge by paying the interest. The national debt seems to be the greatest difficulty, but who owes it, or who it's owed to, or what's it for, is all a mystery. If the King owes it, he ought to take the benefit of the act boldly, but if any one else owes it he ought to be arrested. What it's for, I can't think—whether it's money lent, or a washing bill I can't say, though I don't think the nation wears clean shirts often enough to admit of its being a washing bill. However, I think it might be paid off by a benefit at some theatre, say half a Monday night at the Victoria, and as Prime Minister I should have no objection to dance between the pieces, if it would be thought attractive. I can dance, because I learnt at Wilson's, who gives parties where you get a sandwich included in a shilling ticket. I often used to go when I was well off, but I have not been lately. * * *

Here the Duke's valuable memoranda break off, with the exception of some private notes relating to flirtations at Wil-

son's hops; but such light matter would be out of place after such grave political writing as that which has just preceded. Should the Duke have another political fit, we shall certainly report progress. We think his plan for paying off the national debt excellent: and in the same spirit, we propose a substitute for all taxes:—let Gloucester take the Opera, and let Higgins dance in the *ballet*. We are sure enough money would be made to render taxation quite superfluous.

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

It is not generally known that Selby in addition to his high reputation as a heavy fatter, and his deserved immortality as a farce writer, also enjoys a very high degree of perfectly *private* celebrity for making puns by wholesale, and dealing them out retail to a delighted audience. The other day Fitzball's eccentricities called *pieces* were the subject of conversation, and the name of the *author* (?) was introduced as a consequence—or rather as a thing of *no consequence*. Some one said "How is it he has changed his name? I am told it used to be *Ball*—why does he now call himself *Fitzball*?" "Oh," said Selby, with a glance of lightning that would have endangered the powder mills had he been in their neighbourhood, "*Ball* used to be his name till he began to write melodramas, and they were so *horrid* that they positively frightened him into *Fitz* (*Fits*), and he has been called *Fitzball* instead of *Ball* ever since that period." Selby was instantly crowned with a wreath of the freshest parsley that Covent Garden Market could afford, while a *hapor'th* of wildflowers were employed to give life and variety to this sombre though certainly savoury evergreen.

Warde was complaining to Jerrold that he Warde had to play Macduff. "Well," said the author of the *Rent Day*, "you ought to be satisfied, I think, for at least it will have the effect of keeping you out of *Banco* (*Banquo*)." Warde pointed to a large bundle of writs and indigited a small account hanging upon a file against the wall as if it never expected payment.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 88.

The Duke in one of his recent rambles found an old mongrel with one ear considerably shorter than the other, his tail fiercely lopped, his eyes closed with age, and his feet worn nearly down to the knees with constant walking. He of course had no toe-nails—nothing in fact by way of saving claws (*clause*). "Here's a find, Higgins," cried the enraptured Duke, "Crikey, here's a dumb animal that speaks for itself—come and look at it." The *aid-de-camp* gazed at the unhappy beast with religious reverence. "Now," said the Duke, "if I were to run this new found dog against a spaniel—why would it be disgraceful to him if he were even to beat?" Higgins whose open mouth received a passing cock-chaffer, was mute with unfeigned astonishment. "Why," said Gloucester, looking at the nailless toes of the wretched quadruped, "Don't you perceive that however fast he might run he couldn't come off with a *claw* (*eclat*)." Higgins offered up a small sacrifice consisting of a gingerbread nut and two brandy balls.

The Duke and his *aid-de-camp* passing a buttermilk shop, read the following terrific announcement:—"To amateurs in cheese, a new Gloucester will be cut up this day at twelve precisely, when it can be served out at eighteen pence a pound to retail customers." "Good gracious," bellowed the Duke, "here's a set out—oh the cannibals, going to cut me up and serve me out at so much per pound—that would be *serving me out*, wouldn't it?" The *aid-de-camp* acquiesced with a protracted howl. "But," continued the Duke, "it won't do to stay to be cut up—we must escape into the heart of the kingdom—call a cab." Higgins did so—and on being asked where

to drive, replied, "oh a shilling fare towards the heart of the kingdom." Upon which the cabman turned his horse's head towards Little Pulteney-street, with the intention of going in the direction of Newmarket.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakspeare*.

The Chancellor's Embarrassments.

Brougham used to swear upon the holy brandy bottle that he would never *embarrass* his sovereign by *resigning*." Old Vaux was right for once, he would not *embarrass* the King by *resigning*, though he would have embarrassed him a great deal by remaining in.

Brougham v. the People.

It is strange to read with what great *weight* our wise Chancellor treats the loss of the House of Commons, a circumstance acknowledged by all persons of "sober" *reflection* to be of a very *light* nature. We never thought his lordship very *Humorous*.

Due Appreciation.

Lords Durham and Brougham are so well aware of their total incapacity for governing, that they do not even attempt to govern themselves.

Raising the Wind and felling a Cabinet.

Brougham, when expostulated with by his colleagues on the mischievous effects of his stupid letters, replied, that Althorp was always complaining of the smallness of the revenue, and he thought the postage a sure means of increasing it.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

It is probably known in theatrical circles, that a most impotent blackguard and cowardly (*because unexpected*) attack was made in the saloon of the Victoria on the person of the Editor of this periodical. The individual who had the folly to make this very inefficient and foolish attack is a Mr. Edwin, perhaps known to our readers by our having occasionally noticed his utter want of talent in his professional capacity. We have been strongly recommended to prosecute this person; but we shall certainly decline doing so, because we think it would be too great a condescension on our part, and also, we have no wish whatever to subject Mr. Edwin to any pecuniary inconvenience, because we believe he has a wife and family, and we have no animosity whatever towards them that might induce us to do him an injury. We suspect that Mr. Edwin was urged on to this step by some low blackguard, who may be actuated by some feelings too contemptible for us to understand, but he has merely exposed himself and disgraced himself in the eyes of all sensible persons. There were other means to have adopted if he had felt himself aggrieved, means more manly—(to say nothing of gentlemanly) and more effectual. We have heard that SIX RUFFIANS have made up their minds to *waylay* us UNEXPECTEDLY with *bludgeons*, and break our editorial bones. As we can be hardly prepared for an onset of this dastardly kind, we must act rather in a summary way, and therefore the first scoundrel who makes a sudden attack upon us, must not be astonished at finding himself in the next world by a deposit of about an ounce more than the usual quantity of lead in his pericranium. Any person who makes such an attack will be A COWARD, for he knows that in an open street such a thing would be stopped after the first sudden onset. If any one feels himself aggrieved, let his position be as degraded as it may, we are ready to *meet him* WHEN AND WHERE HE PLEASES. In our foregoing remarks we do not aim at ACTORS. Much as we occasionally jest at their expense, we do think that even the

lowest supernumerary would not approve of such a mode of redressing an injury. We think the affair originated with a gang of unadulterated ruffians, and that the theatrical profession generally would feel proper contempt for the conduct we have described. We may as well say a word in answer to an observation which has been rather generally made, that from our position with respect to theatres, we ought to support the theatrical profession. We assert that we *do*, and that for the respectable part of the profession, we feel every desire to exert all the influence of which we may be in possession. We will admit, *because we are told so* by those who *see its workings*, that our ridicule has often done injury where it never was intended to do so, but we have never *skulked* or disavowed what we have said, and a manly demand for an explanation would always be, and often has been, candidly answered. In conclusion, we have to lament that Mr. Edwin has allowed himself so to degrade the profession to which he belongs. If he has any thing more to say, he knows where he can properly meet us, as does every other person who may feel aggrieved.

THEATRICALS.

We patronized Drury Lane on Saturday last, to see the *Red Mask*, founded on the *Bravo*, which has been vehemently puffed in the bills for the last twelve months. The music is good, but not new, the scenery superb, the singing generally good, the acting universally bad, and the piece, being by Planché, is far superior to the generality of operas. He has, however, succeeded in putting some wretched words to some of the music, but we know the difficulty of writing common sense in these cases, and we make allowances accordingly. Templeton is of course the gem of the piece, because his acting is so beautifully bad, that nothing on earth can be more delicious to those, who, like ourselves, doat upon the ridiculous. He sings well, but in other respects, the sooner he turns hermit and quits the world, the better will he find it, both for himself and for society. Miss Sherriff rises in favour with us every time we see her, while Giubelei and Seguin, with their deep voices and long noses, gave an effective gruffness to some of the music, which at once reminded us of a watchman's snore, and the rumbling of a broad-wheeled waggon over the plain of Salisbury. These gentlemen are decidedly clever, and we have given them a puff accordingly. Warde played an old waterman, in a true Thames spirit, and forcibly reminded us of the Tower-stairs just before the starting of a steam-vessel. Cooper was the Bravo Jacopo, and the only judicious thing he did, was the letting his head be chopped off in the last scene, for if there be one part that Cooper can spare better than another, it is decidedly his *caput*. The people hissed as if they thought it might be of consequence to the poor man, but the audience evidently did not know how very little use he had for the article, and how very little he would feel the loss of it. There was a call for Cooper at the conclusion, to ascertain if his head had been really cut off, but though he took it under his arm and offered to go forward, Bunn positively refused permission to let him make his appearance. As a man's head can only be chopped off *once*, the *denouement* was of necessity altered after the first night, but Bunn should have got a fresh victim every night, for there must be many heads in each establishment which are utterly useless to their respective proprietors. It is a pity government does not allow Bunn all the culprits condemned to die, for then they could be beheaded on the stage, which would be an admirable aid to the pieces produced under the auspices of the small annuitant. As we have said before, with some exceptions *The Red Mask* is a splendid set out, and with our usual

candour we say it ought to be successful. We should not omit to notice the acting of Miss E. Tree, which in one scene was truly natural. Old Younge, the Whitechapel Garrick, *flared up* as the Doge in a yard or two of red velvet, with a collar of blanket and black worsted to represent ermine. This veteran has always had our encouragement, and we were of course delighted to find him alive last Saturday. We delight in praise, and are glad to confess that we were charmed with Miss Romer's *debut* in Cinderella last Tuesday. She made a decided hit in this very arduous character. Sinclair was worse than ever as Felix. We thought we had quelled him by our first notice after his return from America. If we find him making himself much more conspicuous, we must have recourse to summary measures. Irwin deserves a good word on this occasion; his singing is deliciously tenth rate, and his stockings are splendid specimens of the triumph of the washerwoman.

On the other side of the water things have, we believe, been prosperous. The Surrey opera was postponed until Thursday, when it was of course too late for us to speak of it. The houses at the Victoria have been immense, Mrs. Waylett having played there during the week, and been very attractive. Mr. Osbaldiston has likewise played Rolla thrice; the anticipated opposition to his appearance having been unsuccessful. *The Maid of Judah* is forthcoming next week in all its pristine splendour.

Mrs. Waylett opens the Strand on Monday with a new two-act opera by our friend Fitzball, and music by A. Lee. *The Turned Head*, transplanted from the Victoria, will follow; and the performances will conclude with a burletta, which, from its title at least, should be interesting to our readers. It is called *Figaro in London*; but whether Gloucester and Higgins will be the principal characters, we are not at liberty to mention. The opening of the Strand will occasion a great sensation among playgoers next Monday.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. F. (we think that was his signature), who writes a letter of humble complaint, couched in respectful language, is informed that it is altogether a mistake to suppose that there ever was any editorial connection with this periodical on the part of the gentleman named. *Figaro in London* has had but one Editor from the commencement to the present time. The party named had at one time a slight pecuniary (*merely pecuniary*) interest in the work, but he was bought out at the rate of about 700 per cent. *premium* on the money he had invested.

Some one writes to us about the Surrey. If it comes from any one in the theatre, he is informed, we never attend to any suggestions that do not in the most absolute way chime in with our humour.

We shall relieve the inhabitants of Kentish Town by a smash for the Omnibus people, if any distinct case should be sent to us.

The public will be delighted to hear, that a third number of

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No. 156.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

A BIT OF PROPHECY.



In the present important emergency it is perhaps rather presumptuous to deal in prophecy, but as inspiration comes *volens nolens* and can't be helped, we give the result of our artist's

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launches into the mysterious depths of futurity. He is a regular *diver* in the ocean of time, and thus may be said to find out in *diver's* ways what is to become of us. Such a man is invaluable to the country at the present time, for when it fears a *plague*, it naturally looks with anxiety to the *prophet* (*prophet*). The caricature seems to tell us that Church Ascendancy will be the result of the Wellington administration; and the horrors of this is ably depicted in an engraving that must startle every liberal minded personage, by its threats of tyranny and intolerance. This is, we think, quite sufficient to free us from the charge of supporting the Tories, but we must really decline lamenting over the fall of the Whigs, in spite of the entreaties, threats, *cheques*, and private letters, all urging us to assist in getting up a howl of regret over the departed Ministry. The fact is, we cannot consistently join the humbug that is now proceeding, or take a part in that magnificent farce which is just now being enacted by several of the Whig newspapers. The awful attempts at a *crisis* are so thoroughly laughable, that we positively can't join the cry, for we consider Tories (of course) objectionable, but Whigs we estimate as thoroughly contemptible. They are not in our opinion, worth the expense of an old onion to create tears, and in fact we would not weep for them if the refreshing drops could be extracted without further trouble than sniffing up the remnants on the top of a pepper-box—there is no more approach to a political *crisis* by the kicking out of the Whigs, than there would be a chance of a commercial crisis if Higgins were to stop payment, and when we say his income is eighteen-pence a week, our readers will be able to judge how far the toad-eater's failure might affect the

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currency. It is all very well for vestries to meet, and beadles to ring bells, and overseers call meetings, and small shopkeepers to spout patriotic sentiments about the *crisis*, but what the deuce the *crisis* may be is the question we should first like to have answered. It may be a *crisis* for the Whigs, and rather a bore for Lord Brougham, but we don't know who else can be affected by this summary ejection of the late Government from the Treasury offices. The only dilemma that we can see is that there can be *no Administration*, but so far from this being a crisis to be feared, we think that as nothing good can be reasonably expected from *anybody*, something better may be confidently looked for from *nobody*. This is a simple, but we think thoroughly satisfactory piece of logic, to prove that *no Government* is by far the best Government that the present race of politicians afford us the choice of. With these prospects we really think the country is in a better situation than it has been in for a very considerable time, and we congratulate the people accordingly. With our usual loyalty to our Sovereign, we are always ready to get him out of a hobble whenever he gets into one, and as every body is calling upon him to explain what he means by making Wellington premier, and as he don't seem able or willing to do so, we may as well relieve him from the task, by giving a reason for him. He has selected Wellington, knowing that he never can *act* as *Minister*, and feels that he thus advances the interests of the country, as it is by *acting as Ministers* that all parties have contributed to bring it down to its present low position. Whether any thing can be done to restore it, we can't say, but if his Majesty were to instruct us to form a Cabinet, we should cut down the expences most unsparingly. We think a guinea a week handsome pay for a premier, considering the perquisites he gets in the shape of silver cups and gold snuff-boxes. Perhaps after this specimen of our style of forming a Cabinet, the King may send for us. If he does, we shall say so in a second edition.

THE INTERPRETER.

Important News.

It was not Mr. Mc. Phail of Regent-street who moved a resolution at the Clerkenwell meeting.—*Globe*.

This is decidedly important in the present crisis, or *The Globe*, which is nearly the principal opposition paper, would never have thought of inserting it. We therefore cannot but pay a tribute to the solemnity of the announcement, which would be doubly revered by us, if the two following very simple questions could be satisfactorily answered:—In the first place, *who* is Mc. PHAIL? and in the second place, *what* was the *RESOLUTION*. That it was not *Mc. Phail of Regent-street* who moved *the resolution*, will doubtless be sufficient to render it expedient that the Duke of Wellington should abandon his idea of forming an administration.

An excuse for his Majesty.

The Tory press finds it rather difficult to give any thing like a *reason* for his Majesty's summary dismissal of his whole cabinet, at a moment when he was receiving Brougham's puffing letters by the general post, and giving every indication of the

fullest confidence in his ministers. By way, however, of giving some *reasonable* pretext for his conduct, the Tory prints have been comparing him to George the Third, "the venerated old king," (as they call him,) "of blessed memory." Now every one knows the unfortunate peculiarity of the monarch before last, and we therefore feel highly indignant with the Tory press, for their having brought the sagacious William into so suspicious a comparison. They say the present king has acted like George the Third, when he dismissed the "talented" ministry, on which occasion, says the *Post*, he thus addressed himself to Lords Liverpool and Eldon: "My lords—I do not send for you for advice respecting the dismissal of my ministers; on that subject George the Third, from his own conscience, has given advice to the king, and I have dismissed my late ministers myself." This is very clever, and quite worthy of George the Third of *blessed memory*, though by the bye a long time before he was gathered to his grandfathers and grandmothers, he had lost his memory. It was a mighty convenient arrangement for the old boy, to find an excuse for inconsistency, by making himself appear two persons, and the act of his giving advice to himself, must have been a fine piece of *burlesque*, in every respect worthy of so enlightened a monarch. We, however, seriously protest against the comparison with our own William in this particular, for to make out that he treated himself as two distinct persons, is nothing more nor less than charging him with being a gentleman *beside himself*. However true this may have been, unfortunately in the case of the blessed George, yet when applied to the equally blessed William, it becomes high treason, and worthy of the severest punishment.

Lord Mayor's Honour.

Any thing under this title will be enough to startle the world, for a Lord Mayor connected with any thing like *honour*, would be quite a national curiosity, or rather quite a *curiosity*, and not at all natural. It seems that the present civic sovereign pledged his honour as a *gentleman* to call a common hall, whenever he might be required to do so, and it also appears that some common councilmen were mad enough to think a Lord Mayor's *honour as a gentleman* was to be relied on, while, in conclusion it appears that on the first time of his being asked to fulfil his pledge, he flatly refused to do so, and thus has gone to the devil at once, the Lord Mayor's *honour as a gentleman*. Our only wonder is, that anybody ever was mad enough to listen to the words: as to a Lord Mayor's breaking the pledge given upon so foreign an article as any thing *gentlemanly* must be to him, we are not at all astonished.

GLOUCESTERIANA, No. 88.

Gloucester, having a small love affair on hand, declared to the faithful *aid-de-camp* that he certainly would propose, if he could only find words. Higgins took down the *dictionary* to look for some *airy diction* in which to pop the question. "I can't find words," cried the Duke in a paroxysm. "Then try the Kamschatka method," said Higgins. "What's that?" said the Duke. "Why *blows*," responded the *aid-de-camp* with a low moan, which his master quelled by encasing the hearth-broom in the jaws of his faithful servant.

"I am told," said Gloucester, "that if Pollock were to put up for a seat in parliament, they would not allow him to stand. Now I think it illiberal in the extreme neither to let a man *stand* or let him *take a seat*." Higgins sang a congratulatory *cansonet*, and wound it up with an oration in favour of his *puissant* master.

The Duke the other day having heard that the Chancellorship was about to be filled up, sent off a despatch to Brighton in order to endeavour to persuade his Majesty to hold the office vacant until his arrival at the Pavilion. When he got into the

royal presence he claimed the seals as his right, "on account," as he said, "of his legal attainments." "What the deuce do you mean?" was the King's pithy reply. "Why how have you got any knowledge of the law?" The Duke replied that "he had already compiled a law book the other day while at breakfast, for he had achieved a splendid *Abridgment of Bacon*." The King finding Gloucester wholly unfit, instantly swore in Lord Lyndhurst.

PERSONALITIES OF THE BAR.

We certainly consider personality between two brother members of the bar as highly objectionable, and we cannot help recording the following instance of it, in the hope that it may tend to check it for the future:—

"Are they very particular in calling people to the bar just now?" enquired Twiss of Mansel.

"Why," replied Mansel, "I think they are more particular than they used to be."

Twiss.—Why so?

Mansel.—Because we have not had such a one as you called lately.

Twiss.—Yes! the middle temple even *now* would not call a donkey to the bar.

Mansel.—Then of course, Twiss, if you had *now* to keep your terms again, you'd enter as a member of some other.

Twiss tried to hide his confusion by pretending to look for a brief, but of course could not find one, as such a thing has not been seen in his chambers for the last two years.

Directly Sugden heard that the Whigs were kicked out, he posted off to Wetherell's chambers, to know about getting in. Wetherell opened the door in his dressing-gown, with an unshorn chin, exclaiming, when he recognised the barber, "Ah! Sugden, you've just come in time to shave me."

"What," exclaimed Sir Edward, "do you take me for a barber?"

"I forgot," replied Sir Charles, "*talent* is not always *hereditary*."

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

"I've got a capital idea for a farce," said an author whom we shall call *Somebody*, because he was a decided *nobody*, "it is an idea that has been sleeping in my brain for the last six months." "I don't wonder at that," said Turnour, who overheard, "my only wonder is that it ever *woke* in your brain, when we consider the horrible soporiferousness of the neighbourhood." Turnour gave himself a shilling out of his own till, as a premium upon his own sarcasm.

GLOUCESTER'S ALBUM.

Under this head we shall classify a few notes by the illustrious Duke, from his private album. They abound in pith, not to say in pathos:—

I have read that "the tallow market is *more firm*." How the deuce this can be I can't see; for if wigs (Whigs) are quite out, what can they want with so much grease, and, consequently why should there be any rise in tallow.

The other night Gloucester was treated to the *pit* of the Victoria, and as it was his first appearance in *this* part of the house, he was made particularly neat by a clean pinafore, and the *order of the Bath* pinned on the outside of it. When he reached the door, he was, however, forced to pocket the gewgaw hastily, for he saw in large letters on the door-post, "*No orders admitted*." Higgins suggested a hint that this might

be intended to exclude the clergy, as they were people in orders also. The Duke chastised the toad-eater.

A ROYAL BREVITY.

The King was eating his breakfast the other morning, and taking a strange fancy, (as monarchs sometimes do), ordered in an impassioned manner a new laid egg. "Let it be boiled *hardly*," was the royal command, as the servant left the room, to which he soon returned with an egg thoroughly raw. "Good God!" exclaimed his Majesty, "look here, Adelaide, they've brought me a raw egg, when I wished it boiled *hardly*." "Well, your Majesty," was the minion's reply, "I have done your bidding, for the egg is *hardly boiled*." The servant was forced to eat it as a penalty for his stupidity.

PUFFS FOR WELLINGTON.

As every one is pouring some kind panegyric on the great captain, we think we cannot, in common decency, refuse him our meed of eulogium. As every thing else is exhausted, we think we will try the field of epitaph, since it may do for him hereafter, while the senseless puffs of his parasites, may only serve to do for him at present.

ANTICIPATORY EPITAPH,

(On the Duke of Wellington.)

Here lies the Duke, who to the highest station
Rose in his life by going from side to side,
Yet ne'er in politics did serve the nation
But once, and that was only *when he died*.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

A faux pas.

The evening paper says "steps have been taken every where to convene public meetings." Gloucester, on seeing that *steps* had been taken, enquired if the people were to be addressed from ladders.

A bad move.

The efforts to get up an excitement in favour of the Whigs are wretchedly feeble, for no one can be found at the meetings to *move their resolutions*, but notwithstanding this, their efforts are firm, so that in another sense their *resolution* is *not to be moved*.

Epigram.

(A proverb supported.)

If it be true that "*unity is strength*,"
There's nothing now that is not to be done,
For *unity* we've really got at length,
A cabinet made up of *only one*!

Another Epigram.

"The evil that men do lives after them."—*Shakespeare*.

You'll be immortal, Philpotts sure,
If what is said above be really fact,
Your after life is quite secure,
Since *men survive in every evil act*.

Where the shoe pinches.

The King, in *trying on* an old *Wellington*, may be said literally to have *put his foot in it*.

Office in bad odour.

It is considered somewhat strange that so much difficulty was found in getting a Solicitor General. The fact is, the *dirty* work has become lately so degrading that none but a most *General Solicitor* would think of demeaning himself to ask for it.

The true Cause of the Ministers being kicked out.

Brougham has been the sole cause of this mishap to his colleagues. The letters he was in the habit of sending by post to the King were so long that the whole of the royal time was occupied in deciphering them, and so numerous that they well nigh drained the privy purse in postage. "I'll put a stop to this," was the emphatic remark of the gracious tongue on the receipt of B.'s last; and away went the letter to the flames.

THEATRICALS.

Bunn has been making a furious attempt to take the town by *Storm*, and has brought out a *ballet* under that title, being merely a version of *La Tempête*, which failed in Paris, and which, had Bunn asked our advice, we should have told him positively could not have succeeded in England. It is gorgeously produced, but all the expense is thrown away upon a set out which can have no possible attraction for London playgoers. In other respects, there is a dulness at present at both the patent houses, in spite of the concentration of the two tragedians, who, when combined, are certainly incapable of exciting sufficient interest to fill either of the national theatres. The fact is, that even first-rate actors will not draw now without new pieces, and second-rate performers cannot possibly be supposed to succeed in doing what even Macready could not hope to accomplish. If attraction is wanted in the shape of a first tragedian, Mr. Butler is infinitely superior to either that Bunn just now possesses, but the fact is, he wants new names, which he finds are utterly useless, for a name is not to be made by the most extravagant of puffing, if there be none of the material of genius to work upon. *The Wheel of Fortune* has been revived for the first time these fourteen years, and they may as well put it by for fourteen years again, for what it is probable they will get out of it. Vandenhoff played Kenrudstock very well, but one can't go to a theatre to see a man act a part decently. Where the minors are so paramount in the quality of their entertainments, the majors stand not the least chance against them.

A good farce called *Tam o'Shanter*, written by Captain Addison, was produced with complete success at Drury Lane, on Tuesday. It is amusing and well acted, and is deserving of the approbation it received, which we have much pleasure in recording.

The Strand opened on Monday with immense *eclat*, and Mrs. Waylett was welcomed by the public to her old home with an enthusiasm that augurs favourably indeed for her present undertaking. She was received with rapture in the two pieces wherein she appeared, and each member of the company was greeted enthusiastically upon entering. The entertainments wound up with a piece called *Figaro in London*, which has had the good fortune to be very favourably received by the public, and very graciously noticed by the press; while the acting contributed greatly to its kind reception by the audience. Forrester played Figaro with great spirit, Williams a rival barber with dry humour, Mitchell a boots at an inn, with all his accustomed quaint adherence to nature, Oxherry a fop with the most easy and well assumed mental vacancy, Debar a walking gentleman with strict propriety, Kerridge and Dubouchet policemen with the most grasping adherence to station-house technicalities, and Mademoiselle Josephine a barber's boy with proper *naïveté*. The two ladies in the piece were Miss Roster who played a scold with magnificent violence, and Miss P. Horton who represented Mrs. Figaro, as she does every thing else in a very pleasing view, while her singing gave additional zest to her per-

formance of the character. We are delighted to witness the importation of this young lady to the boards of the Strand, a theatre for which she is eminently calculated both by appearance and ability. We believe we have enumerated all engaged in the piece, excepting Mr. Doyne, the active prompter, whose exertions, if we had forgotten to notice them, were not, *on the first night at least*, overlooked by the audience. On Monday we are to have a new piece from *Fitzball*, who however we may have occasionally quizzed him for his Surrey pieces of horror, generally manages to please the taste of his audience, and this perhaps is the truest test of a man's ability. Lee's music, and Mrs. Waylett's acting will be additional charms.

We have not yet had time to reach the Surrey, and consequently we have not seen Rodwell's opera, which certainly as a work of native composition, claims our particular notice. We shall next week *criticise* the opera, and the performers in it, very minutely. We shall not condescend to laugh over any want of ability with a passing joke, but shall deliberately and *critically* expose the deficiency of any party in whom we may find it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received two very dirty, ill-spelt, and ungrammatical epistles, crammed with threats. They are now, doubtless, in the hands of the scavenger, having passed over the dust hole to that fittest of personages to have the charge of them.

We have received the enclosure and gentlemanly letter of L. H., to whose communication we will give our early attention.

A heap of dirty-looking letters have gone back to the Post Office, on account of their not being post paid.

Sir John — is mistaken. In the other portions of his letter we agree with him. To his first request we can say certainly "Yes."

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 157.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE MODERN MIDAS.



This is not the age for miracles, and therefore such a thing as a sensible Lord Mayor is not to be expected. If such an animal should spring up, he should be instantly murdered, embalmed, and placed in the British Museum as a natural, or rather a most *un-natural* curiosity. The present Lord Mayor is one of those worthies who sticks up for established custom, and the old habit—of Mayors making fools of themselves seems to be the one uppermost in his recollection, for he adheres to it with a stupidity that would have done honour to the dullest donkey that ever uttered a bray or demolished a thistle.

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He seems to be resolved on walking firmly on in the course of his predecessors, or in plain terms obstinately making a fool of himself, whenever such a thing as an opportunity can possibly present itself. We think, however, that the king of all the cockneys (the civic monarch, the present holder of the Cheapside and Ludgate-hill sceptre, the monarch of Tower-hill, and sovereign of all the smoky little streets in the neighbourhood), we say that we think this person whom we have so fully and respectfully described, goes rather further than is absolutely necessary to keep up his character as idiot in chief of the whole metropolis. Former Mayors have been content with making bad jokes and committing the houseless to prison with a powerful but ungrammatical tirade against the poor in general, but the starving in particular. This man has, however, thought fit to add a little bit of downright deceit to his other hereditary qualities, and has been breaking his word with a disregard of gentlemanly feeling, which however appropriate in a civic authority, would in any one else be deemed blackguard in the extreme, and such as to entitle him to be cut by the whole community. We need not allude more particularly to the case in point which we last week commented on, and with the details of which every body (meaning our readers) must be thoroughly conversant. Sufficient to say he promised a thing upon his honour as a gentleman, which in his official capacity he refused to do, so that we can only treat *the Right Honourable Lord Winchester*, and the said *gentleman*, as two distinct personages. The caricaturist has most humorously sketched him in

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the character of Midas, which under all the circumstances is most particularly appropriate. The judgment of Midas between Apollo and Pan is neatly illustrated by the judgment of Winchester between Wellington on the one hand, and the city requisitionists on the other. It would be quite superfluous to add ears to Winchester after his decision had been given. There needs no outward or visible sign of the asinine quality which is so fearfully manifested in the spirit of all his proceedings. The above caricature is a fine subject for meditation. We hope our readers will profit by it.

THE INTERPRETER.

Shakespeare in Cranbourn Alley.

Among the various vicissitudes in this age of universal upside-downishness, is the recent break up in the affairs of an opulent West End silversmith, whose business is, as our readers perhaps know, about to be sold and got rid of. The celebrated line from Shakespeare should be altered in this instance, for instead of "Othello's occupation's gone," "*Hamlet's occupation's gone*" would be more appropriate.

The Schoolmaster abroad.

Lord Brougham having got stale as a provincial star, and having completely failed in the favourite farce of the Court of Chancery upon his return to town, has gone abroad in the hope of attracting a little attention among foreigners, by means of his former reputation in this country. He has appeared in Paris, but has not made a great hit there, and will hardly find it worth his while to make a very long sojourn. It is presumed that he has gone to meet Peel, and apply for an engagement under the new management. He has been soliciting for the Chief Barony of the Exchequer, and as he seeks still to fill the part of a judge, it is presumed he wishes to adhere to broad farce and low comedy.

The Catnach Papers.

Two executions have occurred, we understand, at Horse-monger-lane within the past week, a fact we only allude to, that we may have an opportunity of passing a tribute of praise to the illustrious Catnach of Seven Dials, the Mæcenas of last dying-speech makers, and the imparter of a literary interest to all the murderers and highwaymen that have swung at Newgate during the last twenty years. Mr. Catnach is the Colburn of St. Giles's, and as the Leviathan of publishers divides with Murray, of Albermarle-street, the whole trade in more expensive publications, Catnach, of Seven Dials, shares with the almost equally illustrious Pitt of the toy and marble warehouse, Monmouth-street, the traffic in those interesting effusions which contain the last penitential remains of the assassin or the house-breaker. Under the auspices of Messrs. Catnach and Pitt, the scaffold literature of the country has risen to an importance which it never would have attained but for their laudable exertions in bringing it under the notice of the community. They have, also, the rare merit of having hit upon an expedient which would be invaluable as a plan for public instruction. They contrive so to generalize all information in their peculiar department of letters, that an acquaintance with one man's dying-speech and confession, is an equivalent to the knowledge of all that were ever printed. Such are the peculiar sources of information to which these indefatigable publishers have access, that the dying-speeches of criminals are often in circulation before they have been made, and confessions sometimes appear in print, which though of course quite authentic, are occasionally, by some mistake committed in the actual representation. With regard to the portraits that adorn these interesting docu-

ments, it has been illiberally remarked, that the same wood engraving has served for a likeness of every man that has been hanged during the last quarter of a century; but we indignantly rebut this attempt at detracting from the respectability of Messrs. Catnach and Pitt, who could not be guilty of so low an imposition. Must it not be obvious to the authors of this base insinuation—the captious hypocritics of the art of portrait sketching—that all men's faces seem alike, when a black cap is drawn over their eyes, and that, therefore, the publishers cannot be answerable for the similarity that is said to exist between all those interesting specimens of art, which for many years they have issued to the world, as *exact portraits of the unfortunate hindwidevals*.

NOVEL LIBEL ON ROYALTY.

A most atrocious libel upon our present king has just been put forth in a trashy novel, with the title of *The Port Admiral*. The eccentricities of our beloved monarch are well known, and, though his youthful conduct savoured most exceedingly of the *tar*, we indignantly deny that he ever came to so horrible a *pitch* as one might be induced to believe by a perusal of *The Port Admiral*. William the Fourth is described not merely as a vagabond in his youth, running after all the lowest women in Plymouth and Portsmouth, but he is actually represented at these tricks only fifteen years ago, when he had attained the venerable age of two-and fifty. He is described, at this ripe stage of his existence, as a fool of the most unrelieved order, with all the intention of gallantry towards the fair, but with not a word to say to them. He thus addresses a young lady to whom he wishes to pay his devoirs:—"Oh—ehem—oh—and—ah—he—hem—who—that is—what—who may you be, my good girl?"

Now we have no objection to his Majesty being introduced into a novel, but we protest against his being misrepresented and exposed to general ridicule. We are in possession of a few anecdotes connected with the naval life of the king, which really shew him in the light of a warm-hearted wit of the first water; and, by way of counteracting the effect of the malice of the author of *The Port Admiral*, we will, from our most exclusive sources, publish a specimen:—

His Majesty, when Duke of Clarence, was (as in his unrestrained eccentricity he was wont) taking a stroll in the purlieus of Wapping, when he was asked for alms by a man without legs, in the habit of a seaman. His Royal Highness, suspecting the beggar was an impostor, from the ignorance he displayed in nautical technicalities, thus humorously smashed his claims to charity:—"Come, come, you land-lubber, don't think to gammon me; I'm not the swab you take me for; I have had too much experience of the *hearts of oak* to be imposed upon by the *art of house*." This is delightful waggery, and may be read with pleasure by the most loyal of our readers, to whom it must be indeed refreshing, after the libels put forth in *The Port Admiral*.

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

Under this department the following are the only two *merceaux* we have to record, as there has been a dulness over the theatrical world in general.

A Stroller.

"Can you tell me why — would be just the thing for a strolling actor?" "Can't say," was the reply; because he roars and squeaks so whenever he goes upon the stage, that he is in every sense of the word, a *high-tinny-rant*, (*itinerant*) performer.

A wilful prodigal.

Captain Polhill was observed the other day, hastening from one door of Drury Lane theatre, and was seen to make his *exit* with very great rapidity at another. "Look," said a wag, "there he goes—look at him, how fast he's *running through his property*."

To the Editor of Figaro in London.

SIR,—I perceive by the advertisements in the papers that the Monthly Magazine for December contains an article called *Ireland and her Commentators*. Now I think Ireland all very well to write about, though what on earth can be said about a few common potatoes, it is really very much past my wisdom (great as it is) to imagine. Perhaps you can in your next number enlighten me upon the subject of a mystery which I can assure you it has cost me much time and true philosophy to attempt to unravel.

Your obedient servant,
CAPTAIN ROSS,

(Discoverer of Boothia, and Commander of the celebrated *No Thoroughfare* Expedition.)

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shakspeare.

A civic brevity.

"The Lord Mayor can say tart things," said Hobler to a scavenger. "Yes," replied the dustman, "he does say things that are *tart*, which is not to be wondered at when we know him to be a regular *cake*."

On Stormont saying that all poets are fools.

(From the French.)

All poets must be fools, you say,
I'll grant that you can clearly show it;
You never rhyme, and thus display,
That every fool is not a poet.

Epigram.

Magnum est vectical Parsimonia.

Economy, they say, 's a great possession,
But for this proverb there is no pretence;
There's naught in Twiss by general confession,
Yet he's a vast economy of sense.

An apt analogy.

The individual who sticks the bills for Figaro having been taken to task for neglect, somewhat sharply claimed the respect due to a Peer. "What does the myrmidon mean?" was the ejaculation of the publisher. "Why, sir, an't I as good as the Lord Chancellor, I only *stick up* for any body as pays me."

Epigram

(On placing the bankrupt Duke of York's statue on a high column.)

To put the Duke upon so high a column,
Appears to me a mockery rather solemn.
Such lofty place for him cannot be meet;
Surely the project they should straight abandon
Of placing him, who'd scarce a leg to stand on
Upon a thing of near one hundred feet.

Epigram

(On the Penny Magazine).

Some say the Penny Mag. does good,
Making instruction flow like blood
Through England's vast domain;
It circulates both far and wide,
'Tis true nor can it be denied
It circulates in vein (vain,)

Epigram.

Comparisons are odious.

Why can the leader of *The Morning Post*
A likeness unto Trajan's pillar boast?
Is it that classicality does in them
Equal appear? Oh no! 'tis thus, my reader;
That Trajan's pillar and *The Post's* dull leader
Are columns both, and both with *nothing in them*!

A Just Remark.

There are some orators whose speeches are read to the greatest advantage in *sheets*; and for the best possible reason, which is, that one is pretty certain to go to sleep over them.

Epigram.

"The evil that men do lives after them."—Shakspeare.

If there be truth in maxims, Bob Montgomery,
Your works in after ages may be read;
For though their fate just now is rather summary,
They'll come to life again when you are dead.

Epigram.

(To a certain ill-looking political exquisite.)

To stand at the mirror, your hours to pass,
We cannot call idle in you;
For when you behold your own face in a glass,
You've surely an *object in view*.

An Uncomplementary acknowledgment.

A person speaking of the mental powers of a certain narrow-minded, self-styled political economist, declared that "such was the quality of his mind, it *took in* any thing with which it came in contact." "Very likely," was the reply; "at least if you use the term *taking in* in the sense of *contraction*."

Epigram.

"What can't be cured must be endured,"
At least the proverb so doth teach;
Then, must we be for ever bored,
By Scarlett's dullness in a speech.

Like Causes proved to produce unlike Effects.

From the same cause different effects proceed,
Since Twiss turns pamphleteer for filthy pelf,
And thus, what is a loss to all who read,
Is oft a source of profit to himself.

THEATRICALS.

As we predicted, *The Storm* was so violent a failure, that it was withdrawn after the second night, though it had been announced in the bills for performance every evening until Christmas. The puffing system is now carried to so frightful an extent, that we should hardly be astonished to see a piece advertised for performance every night until the day of judgment, when it must be positively withdrawn to allow the production of novelty. *The Storm*, with all its hurricanes, hailstones, and thunderbolts, did not succeed in raising the wind, and Bunn has started for the Continent in search of novelty. Whether Brougham will be engaged, is not yet a point of discussion; however, we think, if he will be reasonable in his terms (say 5*l.* a week and a ticket night,) the little lessee will do well in closing with the great Chancellor. Having failed in his novelties, Bunn has perforce been thrown back upon his revivals, and has advertised *The Revolt of the Harem*, which is to be reproduced with all its *original* splendour, including, we presume, the legs of the *figurantes*, and all the rest of the meretricious trash that constitutes the chief *splendour* at present of the two national establishments. With his usual severity on himself, Polhill has been playing *The Poor Gentleman*, and *The Road*

to *Ruin*, as if he were determined to let the public into the secret of the rapid liquidation of a part of his splendid income. Monday night last was the most entertaining night of the whole season to the public, and the most profitable to the management. Of course we allude to the two houses having both been closed in consequence of the lamented death of a member of the royal family. It is the only *paying* night they have had at either house since the commencement of the season.

The Maid of Judah has been produced on a scale of magnificence at the Victoria, and with a powerful musical cast not to be equalled in any other theatre. Miss Paton, Messrs. Collins, and Ranford, sustained the principal characters with most unquestionable ability, and Mr. Collins is nightly encored in the song from *Mose in Egitto*, the words of which, in the English version, comprise an uncompromising puff for woman, with some other material of an equally clap-trap character. The music in this opera is throughout exceedingly good, and being a medley selected from Rossini's works, reflects the greatest credit on the taste of Mr. Lacy, who, with his usual judgment in *adapting*, has adapted his simple name of *Robin* to the Italianised word *Raphino*, which he always prefixes to his family appellation. We never yet heard a full opera so effectually represented at any thing short of a patent house as *The Maid of Judah* is now being given at the Victoria. The band, the chorusses, the dresses, the decorations, and the scenery are all upon such a scale of splendour as we could not expect to find surpassed at a national establishment. A new melodrama from the effective goosequill of the vigilant Selby was produced on Wednesday with, we believe, unadulterated success, though we have not yet had an opportunity of seeing it. It has the advantage of a strong cast, including, as it does, the principal part of the Victoria company.

Selby seems to be taking the town regularly by a *coup de main*, for he has produced this week a new farce at the Adelphi, which has made a decided hit, under the title of *The unfinished Gentleman*. Without flattery we may say of it, that it has the rare merit of being wholly original, while the characters are drawn with a truth, and the dialogue enlivened by a point, seldom to be met with in the productions of modern farce writers. It is the best burletta that has been produced for a length of time, and we congratulate him on the parts having fallen into the hands of performers capable of doing justice to their excellence.

The Strand theatre seems suddenly to have leaped up once more into its position as one of the chief of the minor theatres, and the production of one novelty, with the speedy promise of many more, has this week given an impetus to the prosperity of the concern, which leaves no doubt of its becoming a very valuable property in the hands of the present management. The new piece is called *The Young Courter*, and is written by Mr. Fitzball, who has contrived to construct a very light, pleasing, drama upon trifling, but agreeable, incidents. The music by Mr. A. Lee is among the happiest of that agreeable composer's efforts, and we may particularize a song called *The Bird*, (admirably sung by Miss P. Horton,) as a composition of no ordinary merit. The burden of the piece was most effectively sustained by Mrs. Waylett, whose delicious singing was of great service to the author and composer, while Mitchell and Williams afforded their aid in two humorous characters, which they personated with surpassing drollery. The Misses Horton are already becoming established favourites at this house, both on account of their acting and singing, which are of a quality we highly approve, and will, we are sure, place them in a very high rank of their profession.

The poor Fitzroy appears to be in a horrible mess, being we believe under the management of a *common-wealth*, which means, in theatrical phraseology, common poverty. We perceive that talent meets with promotion, if not with pecuniary encouragement at this house, for Miss Smith, whom we remember entering the theatre as supernumerary, stands now in the lofty position of leading tragic actress, in which capacity she perpetrates the *Lady Macbeths*, &c., &c., with due solemnity. We understand Goll, formerly the harlequin of the house, is to play *Coriolanus* in a few days, the play being in active preparation, and the sheet being already at the mangle which is to serve as a *toga*. This looks like spirit on the part of those at the head of affairs; and we trust a corresponding influx of filthy lucre will be the salubrious consequence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A *well-wisher* to *Figaro*, as he calls himself, asks a question merely for the sake of impertinence, which he knows requires no answer. A statement has been made over and over again, respecting the point he pretends to want information about, and we shall not condescend to reply to him. He knows well enough, at least every body who knows any thing of the matter is perfectly aware, that this work has been under one editorship from the commencement, and that it never had any contributors, except casually, about once in six months upon an average. We really shall not condescend in future to notice petulant letters. If the writers don't like their purchase, they can keep their pence in their pockets, for the filthy dross is, and always has been, to us, a matter of utter indifference.

De Malvern must see the impropriety of any further jokes upon the subject of a late illustrious personage, whom we always greatly respected for his many virtues. We should be guilty of the highest indecorum were we to act upon the suggestion of *De Malvern*, and in fact we have found from experience, that our own judgment is the best by which to regulate the conduct of this periodical. Correspondents think themselves mightily sagacious, but the letters we receive generally savour strongly of either blackguardism or ignorance.

The letter from *Labour in Vain Hill* contains humorous ideas, which also occurred to us, but delicacy, under the circumstances, forbids their publicity.

FIGARO'S CARICATURE GALLERY

has already, in its first and second series, caused a sensation in the pictorial world, but the third number of these gems of art and humour, seem to have inspired an interest in the public mind, more engrossing even than the downfall of the late ministry. We are, however, authorized to state, that *three-pence* is all that will be charged for them, but the demand must be quick, as the supply will be limited.

We do not know the person who does the penny-a-line work for the *New Messenger*. It was laughable to observe the clumsy attempt made last week to depreciate this periodical, by stigmatising it as a penny paper, and a *cheap* publication. We plead guilty to the charge of cheapness, but if the *Messenger* were priced at *one farthing*, that being at least forty times its value, would be an exorbitant demand for it. It is amusing to us to witness the dirty ditch-watery outpourings, from the filthy common sewer of envy, that are sometimes let loose upon us, by the poor garret-inhabiting wretches, who write in the most degraded of the Sunday journals. They form a delightful contrast to the respectable newspapers. This is quite as it should be; for the respectability of the press a line should be drawn, and the black but impotent venom of these unhappy penny-a-liners, most effectually marks the difference.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen.

Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 158.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

A POLITICAL NONDESCRIPT.



To describe a nondescript would be an attempt about as futile as an endeavour to put a little common decency into the ex-Lord Chancellor, and we shall consequently be particularly brief in what we have to say in our leading article. The many headed monster of the new Tory Ministry is frightfully depicted in the above caricature, and the whole engraving is tastefully emblematical of the present position of politics. By the bye the public anxiety is at last gratified by the arrival of Sir Robert Peel, who has come in a chaise and four to save the nation from anarchy. Now that he has come he has done so

little that we only wonder at the devil of a fuss that was made when he was expected. Sir Robert was sent for by a special messenger, and another special messenger almost broke his neck by the rapidity with which he travelled to announce the *immense fact* that the Baronet *would come*; and now the Baronet has come we are surprised at any means of expedition beyond the *diligence* having ever been resorted to. The papers have teemed with various accounts of his achievements since his arrival. Our intelligence is always the best if not the earliest, and at least we went to the expence of a cab to get it from Privy Gardens in time for publication in this week's number of Figaro. The following are a few facts of leading interest:—

The moment the Baronet left his carriage, he walked into his house, having however been previously let in by the hall porter at the principal entrance. Sir Robert then walked up stairs to his dressing room, where he was provided with about a pint of hot water, with which he underwent the process of a vigorous shave, having however previously unpacked so much of his luggage as comprised his dressing apparatus, &c. On being fit to be seen, he sent for the Duke of Wellington, with whom he had a private conversation about the various offices and the division of the government patronage. Having encased himself in a clean shirt, he hurried off to the King, who was graciously pleased to declare himself to be in a devil of a mess, adding affably at the same time, he only wanted to be got out of it, and was not at all particular as to who should be accessary to a consummation so thoroughly desirable. After taking a glass of wine with the Sovereign, he hurried to Downing-street, where Wellington was anxiously waiting to know how he got

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on with the King, and the result was particularly gratifying to the hero of one hundred fights, and of about twenty sinecures. From the above particulars it will be observed that there can be little doubt the country will be saved, when such patriotic proceedings as those we have described are immediately acted on by the new Ministers.

THE INTERPRETER.

Philpotts in a Mess.

We have no wish to ridicule an accident, but poor old Philpotts, the venerable and highly *respected* Bishop of Exeter, has been tumbling head-over-heels down some hill or other in the country, with a *pirouette* that seems completely to have astonished the simple inhabitants of the peaceful neighbourhood. His lordship's horse, (according to the paper called *The Western Times*.) fell with him, and over he went like a cricket ball, smack into the little parish of Rew, where he was picked up by an old washerwoman, who was fortunately passing at the unfortunate moment. Happily his head was the principal part that suffered, so that nothing of any value was at all damaged. A medical man was sent for, who gave him a dose of senna upon the spot. We fear the Bishop's fall is only emblematic of the expected tripping up of his party, that has so lately and so unexpectedly returned to power.

Political Instruction.

Example they say is better than precept, and one is more likely to avoid a vice that is exhibited before us once, than those that are talked of and preached against to all eternity. Thus, while certain politicians denounce dishonesty, they manage to practise it in all its hideousness, and witnessing how contemptible it is shown to be in their actions, we are more effectually warned against it, than we could be by all the lectures that ever were spoken, read, or written upon the subject.

Thirst for Instruction.

"A gentleman who is desirous of perfecting himself in the knowledge of the French language, feels that he only requires practice to attain the end he desires. He therefore is desirous of meeting with a young French lady, who could dedicate to him two or three days per week. As his object is to acquire the modern accent, the age of the lady must not exceed twenty four years. Cards of address to be had, on application, at No. 46, High Holborn."

So says an advertisement in the *Times* of last Wednesday. If this be not a method of making instruction easy, it is unquestionably a plan for rendering it extremely agreeable. The taste for the modern accent, and the precaution adopted to ensure it, is excessively diverting. The lady's age must be limited to twenty-four years, as if any thing before that time in pronunciation, would amount to barbarism. This plan for mixing the *utile* and the *dulce*, would be particularly popular in the universities, and professors would doubtless have greater influence, if some of the old women in gowns were to be supplanted by a few charming blue-stockings. The advertiser in the *Times* beats hollow both Bell and Lancaster, as the inventor of a scheme for rendering the acquisition of knowledge an agreeable pastime, instead of a laborious lesson.

More Parochial Humanity.

Nobody ever expects to hear of such a thing as a humane overseer, but we think there is a point at which coldbloodedness ought to stop, if only for the sake of decency. There have lately been many instances of what we should term legal murder, but which common *parlance* designates merely as *death by starvation*, brought on by the heartless apathy of the parochial authorities. The other day a woman in labour was

represented as being nearly famished, when the overseer of the parish, instead of granting such relief as could keep life and soul together for the time at least, rushes to the act of parliament, which he peruses as slowly as ignorance will allow him, and which he interprets with as much heartless illiberality as the act gives scope to, and then offers a *quart of oatmeal* to the poor creature, who of course dies in consequence. The idea of looking into an act of parliament to know how far one can *legally* save a fellow creature from dying of hunger, is a notion which for cold blooded savageness, outdoes any atrocity upon the criminal records. One might as well hesitate to cut down a man who was found hanging until there had been an elaborate scientific enquiry into the effects of strangulation or the probable consequences of a long continuation in such a predicament. Humanity by act of parliament is a quality we can neither appreciate nor comprehend, and it is only a parish overseer who could attempt the practice of so negative a virtue. Our opinion is, that this kind of conduct is murder, without the courage to do the active part of it; but the general opinion is different, and the overseer continues to live a *respectable member of society*.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

Though we do not approve by any means the decided and most uncompromising rating of two or three of the public newspapers, yet there can be no doubt of their being correct, in their ridicule of the recent attempt to get up a *CRISIS*, which attempt is a piece of gross treachery, which we cannot so far compromise ourselves, as either to assist or to countenance. We will, however, do the *CRISIS* party the justice to endeavour to represent the affair in the most important light possible, and give as near as we can A HISTORY OF THE CRISIS IN THE METROPOLIS.

The moment the awful news was heard that the King had kicked out his Ministers, a deep gloom pervaded all the London tap rooms, and a settled melancholy seemed to have entered even the pots of porter which seem to scowl through their foam, as the blackness of a puddle in winter occasionally bursts forth through the snow that covers it. The moment the news reached the parlour of *The Hog and Escutcheon*, where Charles Pearson and other leading politicians were seated over some porter and baked potatoes, a panic seized every body present, and they rushed precipitately from the room, forgetting, in the patriotic enthusiasm of the moment, to settle the little score that had been incurred in the course of the morning. Pearson immediately called in at Thompson and Fearon's, whence a charity-boy was dispatched into the very bowels of Fleet-street, to announce the alarming fact that the country was going to the devil; a fact which was communicated officially to the beadle of Farringdon within, who was ordered to march himself down in a compact body of one to the western end of Fleet-street, as it was at the extremities of the city that the *crisis* was expected to be first felt by the inhabitants. This being energetically achieved, a cab was called, in which Pearson hurried down in the direction of Tooley-street, where he was met by Michael Scales and a large party of patriots, who, on hearing of the *crisis*, had ordered two pots of ale and a Welsh rabbit, so that they might be prepared in that quarter of the city to meet the impending emergency. So far every thing was done in the city that the extraordinary circumstances required, and Pearson instantly constituted himself and Scales a committee of public safety, of which Scales was secretary, treasurer, vice-president, and deputy governor, while Pearson made himself chief president and actual governor. This being agreed upon without dissent, a letter was written to the King, (carefully corrected by the authority of Mavor), which being copied was instantly forwarded to his Majesty by the twopenny post, pointing out to

William the Fourth, the danger of the crisis, and wanting to know why the dence Scales could not be Premier, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer being given to Charles Pearson. These are all the facts that have hitherto transpired respecting the METROPOLITAN CRISIS, though we understand the panic is spreading by means of the omnibuses throughout all the suburbs, and has actually travelled by Cloud's coach as far as the three-mile-stone on the road to Brentford. Whether it will be possible to save the country, we cannot at present determine.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

Epigram

On the Union of two inefficient Politicians.

Two negatives, it is defined,
Will one affirmative produce,
Thus when the couple are combin'd,
They may together be of use.

Want of Reciprocity.

It is the boast of a certain hack orator, that such are his resources, his invention *can honour* any draft he may make upon it. His invention may perhaps honour the drafts, but the *drafts* certainly are very far from doing *honour to his invention*.

Epigram.

(To Lord John Russell the poetical nobleman.)

Poeta nascitur non fit.—*HOR.*

His claim to the title of poet I scorn,
For empty I'll easily show it;
Whene'er he writes verses he cannot *be borne*,
And therefore he is not a poet.

A doubtful Compliment.

There is said to be very considerable ambiguity in the style of Sir Robert Peel's speeches, which are said to bear several different constructions. This is a false accusation, and it is but justice to him to say, that never yet was a speech of his printed which would admit of *various readings*.

Consolation.

'T'wix, who is a would-be contributor to Blackwood, was complaining the other day of the sharp reply he had received, in the answers to correspondents, from an Editor to whom he had volunteered his assistance. "In fact," exclaimed the disappointed scribe, "my communication was rejected with an utter breach of good manners." "You should remember the old adage," said one who heard him. "What d'ye mean? what adage?" "Why, *evil communications corrupt good manners*."

An unfortunate Criticism.

The Emperor Nicholas was the other day showing a portrait of himself to a member of the English embassy, who, on being asked for his opinion, thus unfortunately expressed himself to the tyrannical Autocrat—"Sire, I think the resemblance of the figure perfect, though your head might have been *taken off with more effect*, when the most enlightened of critics must have expressed himself satisfied with *the execution*."

Epigram.

Refuting the maxim "*in vino veritas*."

There can't be truth in wine,
And I will tell you why, forsooth,
Brougham does much incline
To drink—but not to tell the truth.

Epigram.

A defence for a certain prosing speaker.

Whene'er Joe Hume does make a speech,
Though he for several hours preach,
And to a lengthy sermon spin it,
The charge of tediousness he
Could ne'er deserve, for all would see,
(Whate'er he speaks,) but little in it.

A just Remark.

There are some orators whose speeches are read to the greatest advantage in *sheets*; and for the best possible reason, which is, that one is pretty certain to go to sleep over them.

Epigram

(On the most miserable of all newspapers.)

The *New Bell's Messenger* has lately writ,
A leader full of novelty and wit;
If it has *wit*, to both I will agree,
Wit in that quarter must be *novelty*.

GREEN ROOM BREVITIES.

A Turncoat.

John Reeves is likely to become a *water-drinker*, as he has been heard to declare that of all the spirits he has ever met, the *spirit* of the *waters* in Manfred is the most perfect.

Cause and Effect.

John Reeves plays with a great *flow of spirits*; this accounts for his propensity to *swallow* them.

The Stage degraded.

In the Christmas piece at Drury Lane, the manager has introduced horses. In degrading the national theatre, by bringing *quadrupeds* on the stage, is not all claim to patronage completely *four-footed (forfeited)*?

Bad Associations.

"I am afraid," said a wit, "that Captain Polhill has got associated with a very low set, who will do him no credit." It was suggested that the Captain's connections are good, and that whatever he may be as a manager, there can be no doubt of his title to the name of gentleman. "Ah! you dont know," was the reply; "if you go to Drury Lane, you will find he *keeps the most abominable company*."

A slight Lathering.

A wag wishing to be severe on the dirty little dramatist M—, observed to him, "I wonder you do not petition for the repeal of the duty on soap, because your advocacy of such a measure must command attention." "What do you mean," angrily demanded M—. "Why, I mean," was the reply, "that if you petitioned to have the duty taken off soap, the government must respect your application; because they must know you plead on public grounds, as it is a question in which your appearance would show you *have no personal interest*."

THEATRICALS.

The public seems to place exactly the same value upon the outrageous productions at the large houses, as they do upon the small annuitant himself, who, not content with nightly violating decency by the exhibitions of the long-legged, short-peticoated, French dancers, and making his filthy theatre the resort of the most undisguised profligates of the day, has last week attempted to foist a thing called *Modern Honour*, written by a woman, too, exceeding all that ever yet fell under the edge of our tomahawk. We shall not go through its filthy

details, as we respect too much the nerves of our readers to shock them by a repetition of such beastiality. It is only necessary to say that it is all about a gambler who, by specious pretences, gains a rank he is as much entitled to as Bunn is to be manager of both the theatres, from which he is hurled with all the indignation due to the shuffling, lying, mean, and contemptible. There is no doubt a strong analogy between this character played by Warde, and the hero of the velvet breeches himself. We are not singular in this opinion, for Warde evidently thought the same, as his acting was as much directed to the side scene as it was to the house, that he might watch the effect it produced upon his master and the carpenters, who stood by at the wing. It has been suggested to say that it might be as well if, for the future, the actors were to play to the wings altogether, for here of late the whole strength of the audience seems to be congregated. With our usual high sources of information, we are enabled to give to the public a little financial information with respect to the large houses, which will increase at least one hundred fold the miracle of their being kept open for so long a period. The captain's purse seems to be infinite; but the longest lane must eventually have an end, and Drury Lane will not we think be an exception.

The average weekly receipts of Covent Garden on the nights that Manfred is performed, are as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
To one Private Box	2	2	0
21 Dress Boxes	7	7	0
1 Upper Circle	0	5	0
4 Half Price	0	13	6
19 Pit	3	3	6
6 Gallery	0	12	0

Multiplied by Three

14 1 0
3

On the other three nights:—

Boxes	0	0	0
Pit	0	0	0
Galleries	0	3	0
	42	6	0

At Drury Lane things are as bad if not worse, though not being in the secrets of this house as much as the other, notwithstanding they are under the same *mis*-management, we cannot state particulars with that exactness we might have wished. But it matters little, as one thing is as certain as that Palmerston dies his whiskers, that every thing is going post haste to that place which is not to be mentioned to ears polite, or written for the eye of those who enjoy a like distinction. These simple facts speak as much as a volume of *Figaro*, and we therefore need not waste more paper or type upon the abominations of the patent houses beyond saying that somebody has written a piece called *Reflection*, which is to come out sometime this week. What a fine subject for reflection is Bunn himself, and every thing connected with these theatres; but if they want to make this the only successful production of the season, they should represent Polhill having a fool's-cap on his head in leading-strings, with Bunn as his guide and instructor. This might make a hit that would attract some of the filthy lucre which now flows into the pockets of the managers of the minors.

At the Victoria a new melodrama by Selby, called the

Auherge des Adiets, has been received with the most perfect success, and it well merited the applause it experienced. The acting throughout is very good, particularly a small part assigned to Mrs. Selby, who executes well every thing she undertakes, and constantly gives evidence of more than common ability.

At the Adelphi and Olympic there have been no novelties in the course of the week, but the Strand management has been universally active. Mrs. Nisbett is added to the already highly attractive company, and certainly is a most powerful adjunct to the forces of this favourite theatre. Her performance of Harriet in *Is He Jealous?* is the best we ever saw, not excepting the performance of Miss Kelly, who was we believe the original. Her *nonchalance* is so easy, and so perfectly sustained, that she makes a perfect representative of one of those juvenile harmless idiots, who constituted the contemptible but perfectly innocuous fraternity of dandies. Miss Mordaunt is pretty and lady-like, both of which qualities are invaluable in a theatre like the Strand, where, from the proximity of the performers to the audience, a chaste and subdued style of acting is perfectly indispensable. Forrester is capital in the part of Belmour, and Miss Foster blusters most engagingly through the part of Rose. Mrs. Nisbett's engagement must prove attractive at the Strand, and in conjunction with Mrs. Waylett herself, gives to this theatre the advantage of two of the most pleasing women upon the stage, united in the same company. Selby, who seems endeavouring to secure immortality by a *coup de main*, was to bring out on Friday a piece called *Mr. Augustus Buggins*, being the *third* effort of his unwearying goose-quill, within a single fortnight. He is decidedly a steam dramatist, and must write with a forty horse power, which is novel indeed, though writing with forty *ass* power has long been a common process. If he continues his literary labours at this rate, a bill should be brought into parliament for setting aside Salisbury plain, as the only place large enough for raising sufficient laurels to deck his honoured brow. An ordinary bush of the sacred shrub, would be as a mere nothing upon Selby's temples, which, if he produces excellent farces at his present rapid rate, must in time become a sort of *Mont Blanc* of genius. The *Twelve Months* are to come out on Monday, Mrs. Waylett personating *May*, and Mrs. Nisbett *Nature*. Surely these personages could not have more delightful representatives, while Miss P. Horton is to enact *April*. This is all very inviting, and with the aid of some delightful music arranged by Lee, it will be hard indeed if the piece don't succeed, and precious trash it must be admitted to be if it fail with such advantages. Two gems of original music in the shape of songs for Miss P. Horton and Mrs. Waylett, will also be points of interest, as being the composition of Miss M. A. Glossop,—whose opera has already been the theme of so much conversation in the first musical circles. The pieces at the Strand for the ensuing week, are *all new*. This is as it should be—novelty is of vital consequence.

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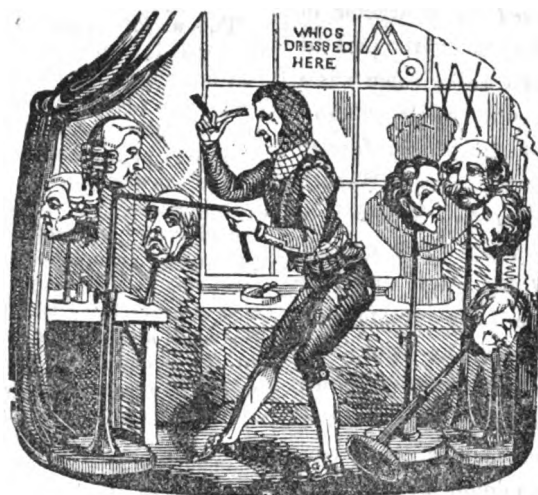
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FIGARO IN LONDON.



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No. 159.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1834.

[Price One Penny.]

THE DUKE IN BUSINESS AGAIN.



The above caricature is illustrative of the resumption of business by the old Tory party, Wellington and Peel, who have again opened that well known public-house, formerly distinguished as *The King's Head*, but now supposed to be no head at all, and to have been for a very long time standing quite empty. *The King's Head* being in this desolate state, it was not a very difficult matter for the old Tory clique to get into it, and, having done so, they very quickly turned it into the sign of *The Sword and Mitre*, which is the emblem under which they have always been accustomed to carry on their business on former occasions. On the public-house in the picture above may be seen the words *Fine Ale*, which may be taken

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prophetically to signify that the *fin-ale* will soon arrive to the proceedings of the present occupants. Adelaide appears to be the landlady of the concern formerly known as *The King's Head*, while Peel officiates as first waiter, but how the King came to take such a thing into his head, we really cannot imagine. Wellington makes a superb pot-boy, and is just the person for *bier*, when we recollect his strong predilections in favour of bullets and bayonets. So much in illustration of our caricature, and now to say a few words upon the late ministerial arrangements, which have been abused by one party, approved with qualifications by a second party, and vaunted by a third as the only means of saving the country from destruction, the throne from annihilation, the King's head from amputation, and the whole of England from being thrown into a state of subversion as terrible in its effects as the upset of a Paddington omnibus, when it is as full of animals as Noah's ark was in that dreadful shower in which wherries were useless, and umbrellas would have been but a mockery. However, to put a period to this strain of lamentation, let us go back to our old subject, which is the new caste of the very old farce of *Forming a Cabinet*. The King is a sort of Captain Polhill, and will soon be in as great a mess with Peel for his manager, as the Captain now finds himself in with his friend of the velvets as head man of business at both establishments. The characters in the *Cabinet*, which has been revived with the whole strength of the Tory company, includes one or two talented names, but the rest are made up of very indifferent performers. Lyndhurst has already been tried as Chancellor, and though he gets through the law scenes with some judgment, yet he fails in the political

W. Mollneux, Printer, 13, Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane.

portions, where he wants that low comic *gusto*, that species of *John Reevisism*, which materially *lightened* the character in the hands of the late representative. *Grey* made the part of *Premier* a walking gentleman, and his last walk, which was a *walk off*, may be considered the best part of the whole performance. Peel will of course make it a sort of gentlemanly *Jeremy Didler*, a performance something between the styles of Wrench and Jones, commonly called the *lying servants*. Sugden is to do the Irishmen, but we don't think he is half sharp enough, and that consequently, the Irish people *doing him* is a far more probable result than the contrary. There is one advantage he possesses, namely, that he thoroughly understands his business, and is always perfect in his parts; besides, to do him justice, Sugden was never known to be either drunk or disorderly. Wellington is to be *Home Secretary*, and such is the universality of his pretensions, that we have no doubt he will make himself *at home* anywhere. The rest of the characters are represented by mere supernumeraries, which is always the policy of a manager, because, if he should not be a shining character *per se*, the dinginess of those around makes him brilliant by comparison.

We shall refrain from any further criticisms on the performers at present, and, in fact, even in spite of their known incompetency to manage the stage of politics in accordance with the taste of the time, we are rather inclined to give them another trial; for, bad as they may once have been, it is quite possible they may have *totally* changed; for *consistency* never was known to be one of their weaknesses. *NOUS VERRONS.*

THE INTERPRETER.

Islington Horrors.

Every body is aware that there is occasionally abroad a strong hankering after the horrible, and there is generally to be found some one to administer to this delicate taste of the community. But one of the most alarming things we ever witnessed, is a recent *Sadler's Wells* bill, which appears to have been issued, not by the management, but by some party who is about to take a benefit. The following is as near as we can recollect the frightful purport of the blood-chilling poster. There is at the top of the bill a woman pouncing upon a man; the female looking as like the devil, as Brougham's conduct looks like political knavery. Beneath this, there is what we presume to be an extract from the piece of which the engraving is an illustration; it runs thus—"Ha! she comes—oh! she seizes me—oh, God!—LORKS, she clutches my throat. CRIKEY—oh! she chokes me! ah! ah! oh!—I die—ie—ie—ie! oh—ie—oh—ie—oh! oh! oh!" This is undoubtedly awful work, but beneath this terror inspiring quotation, coolly comes the quiet and common place expression "COME EARLY," as if one would go at all, much less *early*, to see the style of thing that the poster promises. Comment on this rich set out is useless. We expect soon to see bills headed HORRIBLE TREAT—SIX REAL MURDERS—COME EARLY. We must be understood as not reflecting on the Sadler's Wells management, which has in the present hands been always spirited and respectable, but the bill we allude to is an isolated specimen of vehement absurdity, which deserves our extremest ridicule.

THE CRISIS.

This awful set out is proceeding with frightful rapidity, and the crisis is becoming every day as alarming as it was when we last undertook the sacred duty of describing it. Meetings have been held in all the beer shops throughout the metropolis, and pots of porter have been ordered with an energy that speaks resolutely of the determination of those who call for it to stand by their *order*—pipes are smoked with a fervour that completely shows that the intelligent classes are at their post, and the *Morning Advertiser* is thumbed with that greasy mark of the digits of the labourer, which plainly proves that the meanest mechanic is beginning to take an awful interest in passing politics. Every thing is being done worthy of so important a crisis. Speeches are made in words of four syllables to give due dignity to the occasion on which they are made, and addresses are written to every body, calling upon them to stand to their rights, which every body would probably be polite enough to do if they only knew where the deuce to meet with them. The moment the list of the new Cabinet appeared, Mr. Jones sent a dispatch to Mr. Smith, who sent off a note by the twopenny to Mr. Snooks, who hurried off a letter to Mr. Jones, who in the enthusiasm of the moment ordered a whole pot of ale, not calculating on the high price of that liquor, which he was unable to pay for in consequence. It will be seen that the country is up and doing, but we hope next week to have something of even a more startling character. Should any thing occur we shall publish a second edition.

THE KING'S CLASSICAL FLARE UP.

One of the most delightful occurrences we ever remember to have known, is the recent classical *flare up* of his most gracious Majesty William the Fourth, who has actually been to see the Latin play enacted by the boys at Westminster. What on earth the old boy can have possibly wanted at such an exhibition, we can't conceive. Our Sovereign fully understands the mystery of rope ladders, rudders, and binnacles, but as he himself nautically observes, "*shiver my timbers* if I can make either head or tail of them '*ere dead languages.*" The Sovereign has often been known to enquire how the devil the languages are ever used now, if they have been dead so long, and consequently, knowing, as we do, his Majesty's peculiar notions on this head, we very naturally wondered what could take the adorable William to see a play all in Latin. He, however, did go, and attended to it so well, that one might almost have fancied he understood half a word here and there, for he had, what is technically called, in school phraseology, a *crib*, which enabled him to distinguish the comic portions of the dialogue, at which he laughed most heartily. The *prologue* and *epilogue* he swore, were such capital good things, that as a pair of *logs* he would have them copied into his *log book*, and by the powerful aid of Ainsworth, he contrived to find out here and there a glimpse of the meaning of what was spoken. Upon the whole it may be called a classical triumph for the King, though he never yet was asked a question about a Latin word, but he has invariably thought proper to decline it.

He is reported to have conversed with Mr. Vernon, the captain of the school, after the performance. The purport of it was this:—

"Well, young chap, you've rather floored me with your Latin trash. My dear eyes, I couldn't catch more than a word here and there!"

Vernon.—Your Majesty is quite right.

King.—Quite right? who the deuce dared to say I was not quite right, sir? (violently, and knocking down the few persons in his vicinity.)

In the midst of this confusion, the party separated, the King

declaring he liked it deucedly, and would come again next year if he could only get an order.

BREVITIES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—*Shakespeare*.

A good-natured Friend.

The Bishop of Exeter complained the other day he had been misrepresented by the public press. "Oh," said Lyndhurst, "you can't complain of *that*—if they had *represented you correctly* you might have been a little scandalised." Philpotts finished his glass of brandy and water in the agitation of the moment.

Epigram.

To relieve a certain M. P. from the imputation of plagiarism.

You can't find fault with him on plagiarism's score,
For no one ever spoke such trash before.

Literary Suicide.

A silly author expressed an intension of writing his own biography. "Then," said his friend, "I must keep an eye upon you, for you will most assuredly commit self-murder."

Epigram

(Involving the reputation of a proverb.)

"Nature abhors a vacuum," 'tis said,
Yet nature gave to Cumberland his head.

THEATRICALS.

The public will perceive that we have at length succeeded in effecting that grand and solitary measure for the theatrical profession, namely, the probable dissolution of the unnatural and unprofitable union, between Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Captain Polhill, tired, we understand, of the annoying process of drawing *cheques* on his banker, has resolved, we believe, on throwing up Drury Lane, before it has completely *thrown him down*, which it might have done had he continued to back Bunn in the concern much longer. Our exposition of the receipts last week, has had a paralysing effect upon the Captain's mind, and he has come to the sagacious conclusion, that if the expences of a theatre be 200*l.* per night, and the receipts averaging about *ten*, he must be losing money at about the rate of a steam carriage travelling on the Liverpool railroad. We understand the Captain keeps Covent Garden, but it is fortunate he has something better to keep him, for we fear his system is not one which will ever render even a single theatre to him, a source of *emulument*. It has not transpired who will be the future *lessee* of Drury Lane, but from past experience we should say, whoever he may be, the *less* he has to do with it the better. It has been surmised that Laporte will take it for the performance of Italian operas as the King's theatre is shut upon him, and he having retained all the first-rate talent, both in the department of opera and of ballet, could certainly offer such an opposition to the Haymarket concern, as would require far more than ordinary tact and spirit to contend against.

We understand the Opera House is in want of a tenant, and cannot find one, in the event of which dilemma continuing, it is in the contemplation of Messrs. Groom and Richardson, the assignees of Chambers, to open it under their own management. Groom is a lawyer, and Richardson is a black job master, a gentleman used to performing funerals, if not operas, and to *hearsing*, if not *rehearsing*, every species of undertaking, from the entombing of a Duke, to the cheap burial of a parish pauper. Should the assignees open the Opera, they have in the handsomest manner offered to do personally what they can for the concern, and Mr. Groom, junior, has expressed his readiness to dance a hornpipe for the opening. In addition to

this, Mr. Alfred Mayhew, (son of the assignees solicitor,) has in the kindest way imaginable, threatened to sing *Cherry Ripe* on the same night, so that the attraction may be as great as possible. With such bright anticipations, and with the promised adhesion of such first rate talent we do not see how the King's theatre could possibly fail under Groom and Richardson's management. Should the house open under such able directorship a *grand funeral ballet* will be the opening novelty under the title of *Il Nero Besognio*, which being translated into English, means the *Black Job*, and in this ballet it is expected Mr. Richardson, senior, will make his first appearance at a regular theatre. The piece opens with an undertaker's shop, in which Richardson's men will all be discovered working, so that the *ballet* will not interfere with his business, but rather assist it than otherwise. In the course of the scene a stranger enters who asks the prices of various shells, and this portion of the ballet will, it is expected, introduce a splendid puff for Richardson's cheap rate of selling his first rate coffins. The stranger orders one to slow music, and pays for it to a hurried movement, intended to show that Richardson's plan of doing business is *for ready money only*. He then goes out O.P. followed instantly by a man carrying the coffin, thus showing that at Richardson's establishment there is no delay in sending home the articles. Here follows a front scene, between two mutes, (*buffo* dancers engaged expressly) and the piece concludes with a magnificent funeral procession, introducing all the horses, mourning coaches, plumes, palls, mutes, crape, black silk, and all the other *paraphernalia* of Richardson's extensive establishment. Such is the plot of *Il Nero Besognio*, which it is expected will be one of the most dreary and dismal performances that ever graced the boards of the King's theatre. Richardson himself will drive the hearse, and introduce a *pas seul* in the character of *Un Maestro dun Besognio Nero*, or a black job master. It is presumed this piece will run the season—and certainly the novelty of having *funerals performed* as ballets will be great, though they are daily done all over the country as farces.

Another drama from the active pen of Mr. Buckstone has this week been produced with great splendour at the Adelphi, under the title of the *Last Days of Pompeii*, founded on Bulwer's beautiful romance with that appellation. Mr. Buckstone has shown all his usual talent in adapting this subject for the stage, a task by the bye, of no inconsiderable difficulty. He has, however, contrived to make of it not only an effective piece for stage representation, but a drama of no mean pretensions in a literary point of view, the dialogue being to a great extent taken from the book of Mr. Bulwer, who never writes a sentence that has not something in it valuable, either for thought or expression. Of this quality of the novelist's writings Mr. Buckstone has judiciously taken advantage, and it is worthy of a clever man, who is so well able to write good dialogue of his own, to pay the compliment of unmutated adaption to a brother author's language. Having said so much in favour of the piece, we can only reiterate similar expressions of praise for the getting up, which reflects the highest credit on the management. The scenery, as we can bear testimony, is perfectly correct, and the *Street of Tombs (La Strada dei Sepolcri)* is drawn so effectively and so like the reality, that we could imagine ourselves transported to Pompeii when we looked at it. The acting is good, particularly that of Mrs. Keeley as a blind girl, who makes a most interesting representative of a very interesting character. Mrs. Honey looks much prettier and acts much better this season than she ever did before, so that as *Ione* she did not please the eye *on'y (only)*, but the ear also. O. Smith was as devilish as ever, and seems to have lost none of his magnificent relish for the demoniac and alarming, which qualities seem to be in a high state of cultivation, by this most infernal of the sons of Thespis. If O. Smith continues

to play the devil in this style, we really think he might be called upon to preside in a branch establishment, should the real Pandemonium be over-crowded by a surplus population. Buckstone acted, as he always does, with much quaint humour, and is much indebted to himself as an author, for what he did as an actor. In fact, in both characters, Mr. Buckstone ought to be infinitely obliged to himself, so that if Mr. Buckstone acknowledged as an author, what was done for the piece by Mr. Buckstone as an actor, he would do nothing but bow to himself from morning till night, for the next fortnight. *Agnes de Vere* followed, and Selby's *Unfinished Gentleman* wound up, sending his hearers laughing to their beds, and, in fact, the jokes were some of them so good, that several parties called at the theatre the next morning, to pay off the remainder of the laughs that were due to them.

The Strand theatre has been prolific of novelty, the last few nights having been signalized by the production of no less than three new pieces, one of which is from the inexhaustible brain of the unwearied Selby. The name of this is *Augustus Bug-gins*, in which Mitchell, as a spectator from a private box, is supposed to interrupt the progress of a farce; but Mitchell did it so admirably, and so exactly like the real thing, that the audience insisted on his being turned out; for he succeeded in making the delusion so complete, that hardly any one could be led to believe his interference could be any part of the performances. This occasions fine fun nightly, and we would recommend every one to see the confusion while it is at its height, as in a few nights the best of the joke will be lost, by the public having been let into the secret. Another of the Strand novelties is a new farce called *Quite at Home*, in which Forrester plays, with admirable ease, the part of a gentleman who turns his friend's house out of window by making himself *quite at home*, on the vague privilege of being an old school-fellow. The third novelty was the piece so long in preparation, called *The Twelve Months*, which (owing to the excellence of the acting, the extraordinary beauty of the original and selected music, the correctness and splendour of the costume, as well as the excellence of the scenery and the liberal style of all the minor appointments), was eminently successful. The plot is sketchy and the dialogue aims at nothing, (critics may say it has *precisely* hit what it has *aimed at*,) but the aids we have mentioned make it indisputably a very pleasing entertainment. The months were all well sustained, May being the principal feature, though an apology was made for Mrs. Waylett, who, we regret to say, laboured under so severe a hoarseness, that she was unable on the first night to give that effect to the music which she usually imparts to it. Miss P. Horton as April, executed her share of the music admirably, having evidently studied it with great care, and sang a very sweet song, called *The Curfew Bell* with much taste and sweetness. It is the composition of Miss M. A. Glossop, as is also the delightful ballad given in the first act to Mrs. Waylett, which was universally admired, and which, when this charming singer recovers her voice, must become extremely popular. Among the other music advertised as original, we were much struck by the air and chorus *When the Bird on the Spray*, which is, we understand, Mr. Alexander Lee's composition. Mitchell made an excellent October, which, though a short part, he contrived to render a very merry one. He sang a parody on *Lesbia hath a beaming eye*, with true comic *gusto*. The other months were adequately represented, and Williams played the old farmer with a dry humour which rendered it highly effective. Miss Foster who took the part of his wife at short notice, also acted with great spirit. She has improved materially since her transfer to

the Strand theatre. Last though very far from least, comes Mrs. Nisbett, who enacted Nature so delightfully that it would be quite impossible she could have a fairer representative. This lady's style of acting is so quiet and engaging, that she has even in the short time she has been at the Strand, become a great favourite with the frequenters of the establishment. Her union in the same company with Mrs. Waylett makes the Strand strong in female attraction. Before closing our notice of the Twelve Months, we ought to pay a tribute to the Diorama, which is splendidly and spiritedly painted by Mr. Hillyard, who has shown himself to be a first rate artist by this achievement. The whole getting up reflects immeasurable credit on Mr. Mitchell, the stage manager, whose tact has enabled him to produce effects on this little stage of which one would hardly believe it to be capable.

The Pavilion is so terribly out of all reasonable latitude, that we are really unable to peregrinate so far, though Mr. Butler has been playing there, which is certainly about the strongest inducement that could be offered to us to undertake the journey. We have been informed that there is a young lady named Crisp at this house, who gives great promise as a singer, and who was honoured with a rapturous *encore* in a song she executed last week on the occasion of some benefit. A Miss Reekie, who has been doing the Terpsichorean business at this house, is to be the Covent Garden Columbine. We have often heard her favourably mentioned, and we are glad to hear of her elevation to her new position.

The poor old Fitzroy has come to another smash, about six *per annum* being about the average number of its failures. We understand the proprietor is hungry for a new lessee, and has had a bill stuck up in Bedlam, that the concern is to let, *that* being thought the most likely place in which to find a *tenant* for the property (?????) Our only surprise is how it has been kept open at all for the last few months, for there has been, we believe, no manager, no lessee, no talent, and *no nothing*, in the expressive words of somebody whom we have not the pleasure of knowing. We are not by any means aware who will be the next victim, but we would not advise any gentleman who has a capital beyond seven shillings to go into the speculation. It might pay for three months between Christmas and Easter, but the rent ought to be extremely moderate.

Great preparations are going on for Christmas at all the metropolitan theatres. The Victoria will have two new pieces. *Jacob Faithful* has been quite a hit at that flourishing establishment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The correspondent who writes about an M. S. (we forget the signature), shall hear from us next week at latest.

We beg to call public attention to some caricatures published by King, of Chancery Lane, called *Sketches by Argus*. They are well worthy their price, which is only three-pence, and they must drive Seymour's low personal ribaldry out of the field in a very short period.

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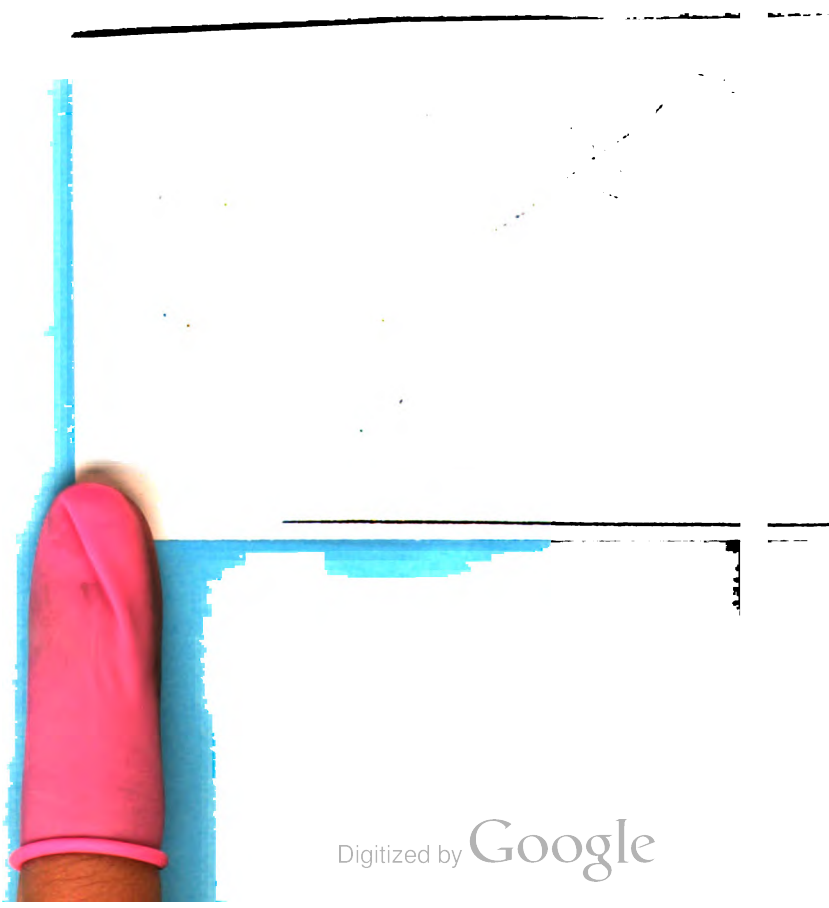
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FIGARO IN LONDON.

With Engravings by Seymour.

VOL IV.

FOR THE YEAR 1835.

LONDON :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. STRANGE, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW ;

AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PREFACE.

IT is now four years since this Publication was launched into the world ; and, amidst all the various shifting winds of politics, it has always pursued one steady course. Though we own to having belaboured all kinds of roguery right and left, yet we have never gone from side to side, and have always been *right*, never having been *left* behind in the great work of unflinching advocacy of the best interests of society. We can only say that the razor of FIGARO shall never want an edge, more especially while its sharpness continues to be increased by constant *whetting* upon the truly magic *strop* of public patronage.

Though some may find FIGARO at times somewhat of an ill-tempered blade, yet, upon the whole, his operations are found to be wholesome to those who temporarily suffer under them.

At this festive season we cannot intrude further on the public time than to wish the whole world a happy New Year, though we trust the old *ear* of the public, which has turned to us from the first, will still be open to us.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

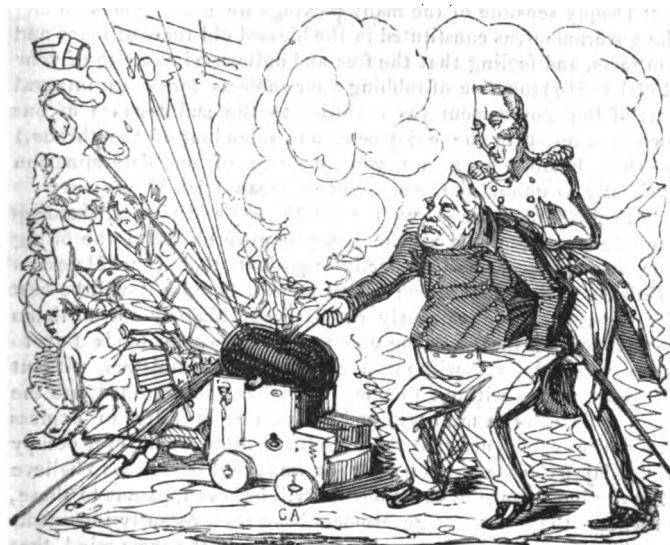
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No. 161.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

THE GREAT GUN OF DISSOLUTION.



Bang! bang! go the Tory Newspapers! and off rattles the Tory Great Gun of a Dissolution of Parliament. The Duke's counsels have prevailed, and 'Reform Bill' has mustered pluck enough to fire off the great gun—the old soldier behind, backs him up, and snuffs powder and plunder as a crow does carrion. Mark the members of the Parliamentary Body as it is shot out of the cannon—see their fright and horror—how can they face their deceived Constituents? how escape the razor of the incensed FIGARO, who, with fresh hot water and a renewed lather, grasping his

VOL. IV.

avenging weapon with vigorous hand, is ready to take all by the nose and make a clean shave of Whig, Tory, and Conservative?

Parliament is dissolved, and the pack of place hunting thieves who constitute the majority of what is called a House of Commons, are scattered to hunger and thirst for plunder during forty days in the wilderness of public opinion. Now,—as that insipid fool, Leigh Hunt, says,—*Now* will they pledge themselves to the farmers to repeal the Malt Tax,—*now* will they promise the Dissenters to abolish Church Rates,—*now* will they bribe the humane, by swearing to abandon the Poor Laws,—*now*, 'cap in hand' to the bankrupt tradesman, they will insinuate the advantage of a Paper Currency and Enlarged Circulating Medium; *now*, cringeing to every cobbler, they will eulogise the march of mind;—*now* with fawning face and charitable smile will they pat the head of the poor factory child, while they wheedle the father of his vote;—*now* will they promise Reform, Retrenchment, every thing,—

All promises a hungry placeman knows;
And bid him go to hell—to hell he goes.

Hungry dogs will swallow dirty pudding, and an Ex-M. P. will gulp down Reform, and Abolition of Sinecures.

Beware, Electors, beware; Vote neither for Whigs nor Tories—stick to the Radicals—men not of aristocratic families—men whose children can earn their own living, and neither desire nor want place. This is the rock a-head of all administrations. "Give, give," cry the daughters of the horse-leech and the sons of corruption. Now or never is the time—season the English beef well with Durham mustard, and throw out the cock-nosed lordlings, the ring-tailed foplings and fools of the Tory Administration.

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THE INTERPRETER.

"My first impression was, that it was a Hoax."—Sir W. Horne to the Electors of Marylebone.

This prosecuting, arbitrary, ex-Attorney General, should remember the story of the dying lion, who was kicked even by an ass. While Attorney General, Sir W. Horne gored every poor fellow that came in his way,—exchequered his constituents for not paying their Assessed Taxes;—prosecuted poor wretches for selling unstamped newspapers;—sent a man, named Reeve, for twelve months to Newgate, for vending a halfpenny paper about a National Convention, which he had purchased as waste paper, and now he has the impudence to think it a *Hoax*, forsooth! because the Electors of Marylebone politely request him to vacate his seat, to save them the trouble of kicking him out!

Magisterial Mercies.

Mr. JONES.—(Handing his card to Mr. LAING.)—We apply, Sir, on behalf of a poor woman, whose basket of apples was seized on Saturday night, under circumstances of peculiar hardship and distress.

Mr. LAING.—What do you apply for?

Mr. JONES.—To explain to your worship the circumstances under which she offended, and to beg for the restitution of her property.

Mr. LAING.—She has got her basket again, hasn't she?

Mr. JONES.—But the apples are kept, and she is now at her greatest need, in a state of destitution.

Mr. LAING.—I cannot help that; the case is decided, and the fruit eaten, and I shall not hear any more.—*Police Report.*

The merciless conduct of this ruffian Laing, has for some time past been the disgusting theme of all the Press. But how can this legal robber justify even to himself, his own actions? Rolling in the people's plunder, gasping for breath from an overloaded maw, and redolent of his morning gin, he seats himself on the magisterial bench—the dispenser of the tender mercies of the law, to the poor half-starved wretches who are dragged before him—cracking his ribald jests with the low crew of blood-money thieves, or something worse, who are called police officers, this Midas of Hatton Garden rejoices in insulting the feelings, and wounding the already overcharged and almost broken hearts of the poor and unfortunate. He took this woman's *all* from her—Mark, reader, the injustice of the law. It takes *all* from the needy, and fines the reeling, rich, rollicking, and filthy drunken common councilman, or Lord Mayor, *five shillings*. Well do we know this Laing, his dirty tricks, his low mind, his cunning conduct—and sharply will we shave him with our new razor, if he mend not his manners—yea, verily, these apples shall be to him the apples of bitterness!

Measures not Men.

This is a new cant phrase of rich signification—a new inscription on the Tory banner. It means "Place, Pension, and Plunder, at all events." Imagine a housebreaker knocking at your door and requesting admittance, as he wants to set your furniture to rights! would you try the chance of admitting him? No! However, as our new ministers are in, and have adopted this cry to carry them through the elections, we are happy to inform the public that the following petitions will be presented by the following persons, in the next session of Parliament—and no one can doubt that looking to "Measures not Men!" the peculiar propensities and advantageous situations of these parties will incite them to a warm advocacy and fearless vindication of the interests of the petitioners.

Messrs. THOMPSON & FEARON, against Gin Drinking.

Mr. IKEY SOLOMONS, to punish Receivers of Stolen Goods.

Mr. JOHN KETCH, against Capital Punishment.

Mr. DICAS, to Repeal the Law of Libel.

Mr. HUNT, in favour of Warren's Blacking.

The Rev. D. BERESFORD, for the Abolition of Church Rates.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH, for the Abolition of Sinécures.

Lord LYNTHURST, to Repeal the Insolvent Law.

Mr. BARRETT, of White Cross-street, against Imprisonment for Debt.

Mr. WALTER, of the Times, to Repeal the Stamp Duties.
Sir J. HOBHOUSE, to Abolish Military Flogging.

Who can doubt the sincerity of these gentlemen? who can deny that they will do every thing in their power to carry these measures?

ELECTION MOVEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

Two Thousand Pounds to the Borough of Chatham, on the Tory interest.

Five Hogsheads of Gin to the Horns' Tavern, Kennington.

Forty Pipes of Port, from Messrs. Thompson and Fearon's cellars, to the City of London Tavern, on the Conservative interest.

Sir John Scott Lillie from Middlesex to Greenwich.

Sir F. Burdett from Westminster to Windsor.

Mr. Serjeant Spankie from Finsbury—to the devil.

CITY MEETING EXTRAORDINARY.

A grand General Meeting of the Swell Mob, Mace Coves, Bill-brokers, and Horse Chaunters of the City of London was held last week at the London Tavern, John Ketch, Esq. in the Chair, supported by the other civic authorities. After a slight preparatory confusion, during which the pockets of several respectable old gentlemen in wigs were carefully cleaned out, Sir C. Wetherell's braces mislaid, and Lord Ellenborough's hair knocked out of curl, the following

LOYAL AND DUTIFUL ADDRESS TO HIS MAJESTY

was agreed to:—

"We the undersigned Mace Coves, Leary-ones, Bill-brokers, and Horse Chaunters, connected with the Swell Mob of the City of London, request permission, at the present juncture, to address your Majesty.

"Deeply sensible of the many pickings we used to make under the government, as constituted in the blessed old times of loans and contracts, and feeling that the free and unlicensed exercise of your Royal *Pri(g)* rogative of robbing your subjects forms an integral part of that government (as essential to the maintenance of our own families, as to the enjoyment and splendour of the throne,) we beg humbly to assure your majesty of our determination steadfastly to uphold the same by every mean trick in our power.

"Feeling, in common with your Majesty's Ministers, the deep importance of applying all the power of government to the filling our own pockets, and perfectly confident that your Majesty's Ministers will do that which is best for us, because it will be best for themselves, we earnestly entreat your Majesty not to listen to any more of that humbug about Reform, which tends but to keep your Majesty without a palace, your Ministers without pensions, and us without plunder. Plunder and pensions are the main objects of a ministry, and we desire dutifully to express our entire confidence that these useful purposes will ever occupy your Majesty's paternal care; nor can we permit ourselves to believe that the importance of these objects will be less apparent to those, to whom the powers of government have been recently intrusted.

"That your Majesty may long continue in the same mind, that your people may always suffer us to swindle them, and ever show themselves thankful to that gracious Providence, which has placed a William on the throne, an Adelaide in his bed, a Peel as Prime Minister, and a Wellington as master of all, is the humble prayer of

Your Majesty's dirty and dutiful subjects,

JOHN KETCH, Old Bailey.

HENRY WINCHESTER, Lord Marc.

JACK ASS, 50, Old Broad Street.

DOOR-MATTS LUCAS, Alderman.

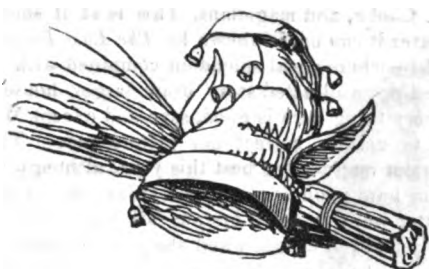
CHARLEY PRIG, Fitzroy Square.

ALFRED BUNN, Key, Chandos Street.

GEORGE LIE-ALL, Broad Street.

BILL BOAST, 50, Lothbury.

Here follow the names of the rest of the Swell Mob—for which see the *Times* of Monday.



WINCHESTERIANA.

"It is the duty of the Lord Mayor to preserve the peace; but to bring the Police into collision with the people, is an odd way of effecting that. Nothing more likely to create a riot. If I had seen one of the officers seizing a placard of a peaceable nature, and ill-using the person who held it, I should have felt myself justified in seizing him by the collar."—*Alderman Harmer and the Police Committee of the City.*

The conduct of the Chief Magistrate of this great city borders on insanity. My Lord Winchester should not be allowed to sit as a magistrate, unless in the custody (which we suppose is really the case) of Brown, the marshal.—What can be more disgusting—what more disgraceful to the city, than the following:—

"The LORD MAYOR—You state what is not the fact.

Mr. CROUCHER—My Lord Mayor—

The LORD MAYOR—I shall not argue with you.

Mr. CROUCHER—The men were not stationed there.

The LORD MAYOR—They were there to cause a riot.

Mr. CROUCHER—They were not.

The LORD MAYOR—(After bullying Croucher about committing him, &c.)—You treat the Chief Magistrate with disrespect.

Mr. CROUCHER—I do not treat the *chair* with disrespect.

The LORD MAYOR—You must apologize.

Mr. CROUCHER—I won't apologize—I have done nothing.

The LORD MAYOR—Then you sha'n't have the boards!"

Mayors and asses have been synonymous for some time; but how a man can be so carried away by the mean notion of securing a paltry knighthood, from a scoundrelly ministry, we cannot conceive! Is not the proud name of a London Tradesman far more honourable, to say nothing of respectable—than a Sir, or a Bart., before or behind a name? Titles, which can but record the base truckling, the filthy paltriness, the very smallness, the many meannesses, the dirty trickery, by which they were acquired. What the better is Sir John Key, *Bart*? Does his title plaster over his roguery? Does it whitewash his character, or make his son of age? We rejoice, however, to find by the above opinion of the Police Committee, that these measures are not city measures—but *Winchester Measures*.

BREVITIES.

A Cornu-copia.

Sir W. Horne has addressed the Electors for Marylebone; their answer is—that John Bull is not a "Bull to be taken by the *Horne*" just now.

The Modern Action.

Lord Chesterfield has taken "The Buck Hounds:" his lordship has been going to the dogs for some time past.

No one's good Word.

The new Ministry have declared their intention 'to remove all existing abuses;'—they must, then, immediately remove themselves; for never before was there an administration so *abused*, in all quarters, and by all parties.

A Misnomer.

Lord Winchester requests us to announce his belief, that the person who represented himself at the Mansion House as Mr. Croucher, the City Election Agent, is no *croucher*, as his conduct to him proved.

A Liberal Offer.

The Editor of Figaro in London has no objection to be brought into Parliament—all his expenses must be paid—the Borough must be a *Liberal* one.

A Standing Joke.

"Do you think this Ministry will stand?" said Sugden to Wetherell. "To be sure," said Charley; "don't you see, they're at a *stand* already?"

A Curt Criticism.

"My dear fellow," said a dramatic author to the new Editor of a Periodical, "don't cut up my new pieces." "Not I," was the quick reply, "I'll see them *damned first*."

A Miracle.

"Since Sir E. Sugden's advancement, he has been returning all fees received by him from solicitors and suitors."—*Morning Chronicle.*

Cease, Electors, cease to storm—

Peel will carry on Reform!

Haddington will wisely rule,

Knatchbull be no more a fool,

Nor Watkins Williams Wynne a tool!

Cease, rude tradesmen, cease to fret,

Lyndhurst will pay every debt.

Miracles will never cease!

For, more mirac'lous than all these—

A lawyer has—RETURNED HIS FEES!

The Currency Question.

There will be no change in Cash payments, as Sir Robert Peel has asserted that it is necessary that the present should be a *speci(e)-ous* administration.

Placard and Blackguard.

In regard to the affair of the Board-men, in the City, Lord Winchester declares he has been a *bored-man* himself ever since it happened.

The Silver Cradle.

Lord Winchester is in high hope of attaining this unusual civic honour, by the birth of a son during his Mayoralty. But his Lordship has taken such pains in making a fool of himself, that we fear he will be disappointed in making one of his wife.

BIRTHS.

On the 24th of last month, at the Mansion House, Sir R. PEEL of a Reform speech—still born.

On the 21st of last month, at Norwich, after a long and painful labor, Lord STORMONT of six words at one birth. The little dears are lively and much liked—they have been christened—I *hate* the name of Reform.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday evening, the 30th ultimo, about half-past six, regretted by a large circle of acquaintances, after a long and severe illness, THE FIRST REFORMED PARLIAMENT; this young lady never got over the fright occasioned by the house taking fire.

While on a tour in the North a few weeks since—Lord BROUGHAM'S Reputation as a statesman.

MARRIAGES.

At the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, by the Rev. and Hon. ARTHUR WELLINGTON, Doctor of Civil Law, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford—Sir EDWARD KNATCHBULL, Bart., to Miss Lord ELLENBOROUGH, Vice President of the Board of Controul. The happy couple, after receiving the congratulations of the minister and a numerous circle of acquaintances retired to spend the honey-moon in Downing-street.

At Windsor Castle, on the 25th ult. Mr. C. W. W. WYNNE, to Miss Lord CASTLEREAGH—First Lady of the Bedchamber.

THEATRICALS.

We are extremely sorry to fall foul of a lady so early in our theatrical season, but if Mrs. C. Gore be the writer of an article in last week's *Court Journal*, entitled "Manners," and referring to the modern stage, we can only say, that that filthy common sewer of vulgar lies, and foppish affectation, the *Court Journal*, has found a fit Editress—a proper mouthpiece for its slimy lucubrations—and an able concocter of its calumnious nothings. Of all persons in the literary and dramatic circles, Mrs. C. Gore has most reason to be grateful to actors. Her comedies, vapid and unmeaning as they were, would have been hissed off the stage as unendurable even by an audience consisting half of dandies, and half of authors, after the very first scene, had it not been for the spirit and vivacity which the actors infused into their parts, *maugre* the unearthly, sensual, and devilish dullness of the Authoress. She accuses actresses of want of manners, because they do not choose to behave on the stage like the women of loose character which Mrs. C. Gore's comedies represent ladies of fashion to be. She blames Miss E. Tree because she is not as pawky, muling, lazy, lounging, puling, and would-be-fine-lady-like as Mrs. C. Gore. She abuses the actors, because they do not depict the dull depravity and insipid viciousness of a Castlereagh or a Stormont, and blames the managers for not encouraging lordlings and men of quality in their green rooms, *to mend the manners*, forsooth! of the actors. Who that has seen the things that haunt the back slums, or side scenes of the Opera—that loll and leer in the green rooms of the great houses—the jewelled fingers, the ringlets, the gingerbread waistcoats, the *bouquets*, the little goldheaded canes of our hermaphrodite young noblemen,—who knows them rich in pocket—poor in spirit, profligate in character, and careless of every thing but their coats and their cabs, would look to *them* for manners? Rude are they in speech, even though speaking with most gentle voices. Their club-house manners are disgusting in female society—their vivacity is unknown, but at the gaming table, and their wit is never either seen or shown but in getting a swindling bill discounted by a tailor or cigar merchant. Mrs. C. Gore should learn more of fashionable life, before she speaks of fashionable manners. She talks of Mr. Kemble forming the manners of the Sir Brilliant Fashions and Sir Harry Wildairs—but all these characters were written and acted before Mr. Kemble was born!

Christmas is the Saturnalia of actors and managers—to criticise a Pantomime, would be to break a butterfly upon a wheel; and he who, at Christmas, can see a fault in a Clown or a Pantaloon, deserves to drink small beer for the rest of the year. The Pantomime at Covent Garden is however a very melancholy affair, with nothing to redeem it but a very pretty Columbine, picked up by the Manager at one of the much-abused Minor Houses. The Drury Lane Spectacle of King Arthur, &c., is all galloping and gunpowder—crimson robes and blood-stained crests—glare,

glitter, T. P. Cooke, and magicians. This is at it should be—but how much better it *can* be, is shewn by *The Last Days of Pompeii* at the Adelphi—where equal splendour combined with more taste, and an interesting, well acted story draw larger houses in a less compass. Every thing here is good, save and except Mrs. Keeley's dress, which is neither correct nor picturesque. The Adelphi pantomime is out and out the best this year, although the Sadlers' Wells one runs hard upon it; nay, we think, would perhaps succeed even better were it acted first, as all men, women, and children invariably feel too fatigued and sleepy to commence laughing at half-past nine at night. MAN-FRED, at the Strand Theatre, is a burlesque of singular and egregious richness. Mitchell, as *Man-Fred*, the distressed sweep, is sublimely philosophical, and poetically serious. Could the soul of Byron have animated a master sweep, in Mitchell's mind it would have found a kindred spirit. His soliloquy over 'The Disjuncted Pavement' was splendidly and seriously metaphysical, and his rhapsodical address to the Omnibuses and Hackney Coaches, went to the heart of his hearers. *Ann-Star-kie*, the mysterious and melancholy apple woman, found a fit representative in that merry little girl, Priscilla Horton, who out-*Grisi*-ed Grisi—out-*Catalani*-ed Catalani in her vocal efforts. But what can be said of Oxberry as Perrot?—Of him next week.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 162.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

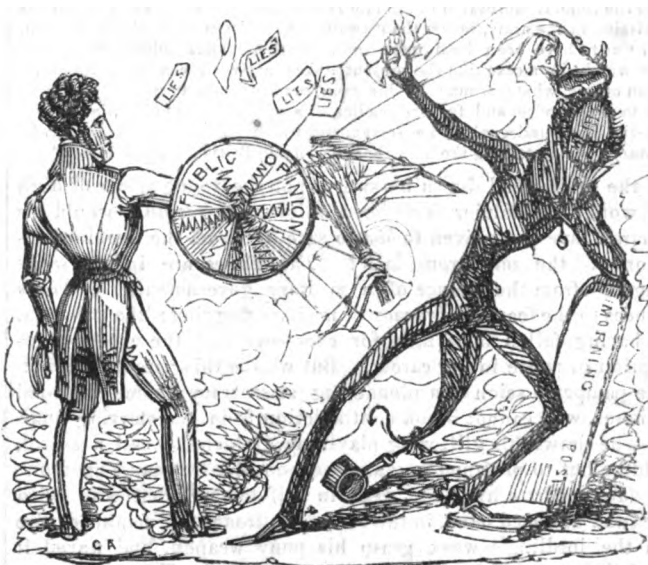
THE OPPOSITION WINDSOR COACH.



Poor William has got a pair of new horses not used to the road. They got on very well until they came to the Hill of Reform, down which they started at a rattling pace; but not liking the way, they made several attempts to bolt; Bill, however, kept them up to the mark, until near the bottom, when springing on one side, they run the coach against a post called the *Elections*, and here overturned the whole concern. They have broken the harness which will have to be repaired by Mr. Burdett, the Westminster sadler, and have put poor Billy and his wife into sad tribulation. Billy was cautioned against the mettlesome pair, by several friends, who, although

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they acknowledged their blood, did not quite admire their action. Billy, however, was overpersuaded by his old woman, who actually sent to Italy for one of them, and has bought his experience pretty early in his journey. We do not expect he will be able to get beyond the first stage with them. In the mean time, an old original Opposition Windsor Coach, horsed by the new proprietor, Mr. Durham is about to start, and will no doubt meet with patronage.



DUNCOMBE versus Thynne.

The vivid fancy of the fertile Hornegold has portrayed, with satiric pencil, the glorious defeat of Lord Thynne's paltry attack on the character of Mr. Duncombe. Duncombe has treated him

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like a man—and public opinion now shields him from the shafts of calumny and the envious assaults of the scurrilous Tory brood of anonymous slanderers.

Neddy Thynne, who is generally in that wholesome state which the song describes as—

“Not drunk nor yet sober, but brother to both,”

is for once quite sober; and the happy artist having caught him at that felicitous moment, depicts him as appalled at his own handywork, and leaning vainly for help upon a rotten Poet. His bills are flying about like kites—his hand is on his head, but there's nothing in that, and a tin-kettle has been tied to his Lordship's tail by the Press, which will bring every dog in Saint James's Parish about his heels. And all this because poor Neddy has been beguiled, when bemused with brandy to put forth an advertisement, which no sober man would have been dishonest and scoundrel enough to have done. His Lordship's imbecility, however, is no excuse for his meanness or his Toryism—words which are now synonymous.

THE INTERPRETER.

The Tory Tally-Ho!

“Mr. W. Holmes has arrived in town from Berlin.”—*Court Circular.*

We all know what this means—“We all know old Billy the, whipper-in well,”—the game's a-foot, and the old fellow comes up to lay on the hounds. Old Billy's business is to wander in Parliament time from club to club, like an old mud-raker, picking up here and there a rotten member—from dowager to dowager he sneaks about in search of young dandy M. P's. and ‘whips ‘em up’ to the house, where the minister wants them to vote for some robbery, or to cry down some reform. When Billy Holmes comes back from Berlin—why need we ask the principles of an administration.

Cone of the People.

“The young officer who so unfortunately committed himself by drawing his sword, in consequence of an altercation with a soldier of another regiment, during the funeral procession of the late Duke of Gloucester, has resigned his commission in the army, rather than await the decision of a Court Martial, which was to have been held upon him. That impartial administration of justice which, in a case like the present, takes away all chance of impunity from an officer, whatever may be his rank, greatly tends to uphold a proper spirit in the service, and fully reconciles the well conducted soldier to the strict discipline under which he serves, and which he perfectly knows to be necessary for maintaining the high character of the British army.”—*Times.*”

If the soldier had drawn his sword upon the young officer of high rank, would the soldier have been allowed to resign? would his discharge have been given to him to save him from the merciless infliction of the murderous lash? *The Times* are indeed sadly changed;—from the defence of a military government, *The Times* advances to the fearless advocacy of military flogging; like a woman, who having fallen once, falls for ever—without the power of redemption or pause in her career. But who is this ‘young officer’? Some pampered scion of a plundering aristocracy; some high-fed pensioner, who cannot brook contradiction from the starving humble;—he draws his glittering plaything, (which to call a sword, would be but to profane the sacred weapon of a freeman,) upon one who dare not bare his blade, even in self-defence; but who with naked and unarmed hand, in the conscious strength of manhood, tore from the lordling's weak grasp his puny weapon, and waved it scornfully over his head. A bitter omen to the Tory boasters—who dare to prate about putting down THE PEOPLE.

Literary Jealousies.

OLYMPIC.—“A new burletta has lately been brought forward, entitled ‘St. Mark's Eve.’ When we consider death a funny subject, or feel inclined to enjoy a constant succession of verbal and practical jokes upon the great change

which awaits mortality, we shall enter into a discussion of the merits of this piece; in the mean time we turn from it with a cold shudder, and question the taste of all parties concerned in its production.”—*Athenæum.*

Were it less openly offensive to that fair and honest dealing which should distinguish literary criticism, we should have passed over, in the present excitement of the elections, this malicious theatrical notice in the *Athenæum* of Saturday. What will our readers think of literary honour and truth, when we tell them that the notice of “St. Mark's Eve,” which is well known to be the production of a gentleman formerly connected with this periodical, but now eminent for the talent and brilliancy of his dramatic writings—was actually written by a party who has an engagement to write farces for Madame Vestris; and who, not content with puffing his own pieces, which are by no means bad, in the *Athenæum*, is actuated by a foolish and paltry jealousy, to abuse those of any other author, who may have the good fortune to obtain a hearing for his production at that theatre. This is sadly out of taste, and is a *Dance* to a very bad tune. The *Athenæum*, in justice to itself, should prevent it. “St. Mark's Eve,” it is well known, is a right pleasant conceit! and the maudlin about ‘the great change which awaits mortality,’ and the ‘cold shudder,’ is first rate humbug.

A Cabinet Council.

SCENE.—*The parlour of the Canteen at the Horse Guards; THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON and PEEEL discovered smoking.*

Wellington. What will you take, Bob?

Peel. Half-and-half; I've stuck to half-and-half all my life.

Wellington. To be sure you have—None of your half-and-half for me, I always ‘go the whole hog.’ Here, Twiss!—(speaking to *Waiter*,)—a glass of burnt brandy with a spoonful of gunpowder in it. And now my fine fellow, what's to be done? Billy begins to funk already; and Harvey has come in without opposition. No one will join us but a parcel of sticks, old women, addle-pated old peers, stiff-rumped posers, swindling lordlings, and crackbrained witlings—a ragged regiment that Falstaff would have scorned to march with through Coventry.

Peel. Let us insinuate a promise to take off the tax on malt,—that will cajole Chandos, mystify Cobbett, and enable Lethbridge and Knatchbull to palaver the countrymen.

Wellington. Lethbridge and Knatchbull! pig-headed ploughmen—they're all corn-laws and leather breeches—why did you bring 'em? Why not have kept it all between us?

Peel. (Aside.)—How little he knows about political manoeuvring. My dear Arthur, we must support the agricultural interest. Am I not about to make *Hunt* Master of the Horse, and *Thynne* Chancellor of the Exchequer?

Wellington. That one may put the king's horses to his blacking van, and the other discount his own bills with the public money!

Peel. At any rate it is as good as making Young Castlereagh a Lord of the Bed-chamber.

Wellington. I never put my brother into place, Sir Robert.

Peel. No, for you are jealous of him.

Wellington. I won't put up with it.—(Throws his pipe at PEEEL's head; PEEEL retaliates with the porter pot.)

Wellington. Villain!

Peel. Rascal!—(They rise from their seats, and seize each other by the collar; TWISS and PRAED rush in—they look at one another spitefully—PEEL puts out his hand, which WELLINGTON takes.)

Peel. Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong!

Wellington. You should not be so provoking, save your sharp speeches for the House of Commons—you'll want them there.

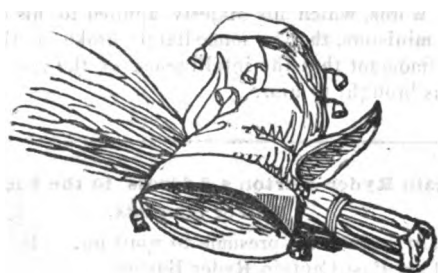
Peel. (With a bland smile.)—My dear Arthur.—(aside.)—An old scoundrel!

Wellington. Bob, I forgive you.—(aside.)—I'll see you d—d first. Let's go to the King, and get some of Adelaide's curaçoa, that'll set all right.

Dog bite Dog.

Dr. Maddan. Constables, I call upon you to put Mr. Hart out of the office.
Mr. Hart (To Constables)—Put me out, if you dare,—put your hands upon me, if you dare. Recollect, I am a Magistrate, and one of your employers—and you dare not touch me. You shall obey me as well as *Dr. Maddan*.
Dr. Maddan. Constables, I call upon you, and upon all present who are special constables, to put Mr. Hart out of this office.
 The constables stared and stood motionless.—*Morning Herald*.

This is a pleasant report of what happened the other day at Kingston. It is some pleasure to see these *gentlemen*, so called, behaving thus politely to one another—but what are the public to expect from such persons? Is this a fit temper for ‘one having authority?’ is this the sober wisdom of the law? are these the acts of those who are in the commission of *the peace*? Truly our rulers from the highest to the lowest are setting us a fine example. The constable must have been much edified, by the *Mad ‘uns* conduct, and the Hart must have panted for cooling streams.



The Lament of Lord Neddy Thynne.

Ah! why does my Neddy so doleful appear,
 Why down that lank cheek flows the briny salt tear?
 Does Vestris coquette his affection to prove,
 Or does Mrs. Waylett deny him her love?

Ah, no! ‘tis not love grieves this comical elf,
 For my Neddy has never loved aught but himself;
 Nor can he fair Vestris with jilting upbraid,
 For my Neddy she cut when his last bills she paid!

Then *why* does my Neddy so mournful appear,
 Ah! why does my Thynne look so cursedly queer?
 Have Selby, or Radford, or aught of their crew,
 Arrested my Ned at the suit of some Jew?

Lord Edward Thynne, loquitur.

I don’t mean myself or my talents to flatter,
 But I’ve swindled my tailor, and I’ve swindled my hatter;
 I’ve swindled my carriages, horses, and plate,
 I’ve swindled the small, and I’ve swindled the great.

And now, as Tom Duncombe’s about his Election,
 And wishing to bring about young Tom’s rejection;
 As the Tories declare with some blunt they will down come,
 I’m trying to swindle this Radical Duncombe.

A lord’s name to a bill cuts a very great dash,
 A lord to a bill makes it equal to cash;
 So I paid Tom in bills, instead of the rhino,
 And *who* paid these bills—how the devil should I know?

So wishing to get Duncombe into a mess,
 I wrote and I asked each endorser’s address—
 And not giving him time to put in an answer, I
 Just filed a new bill, and put Tom into chancery.

‘Give Neddy his bills,’ each conservative cries,
 ‘Give Neddy his bills,’ laughing echo replies.
 ‘Neddy’s bills! Neddy’s bills!’ yells the whole tory host,
 ‘Neddy’s bills! Neddy’s bills!’ quick re-echoes *The Post*.

But, alas! Tommy Duncombe has spoken and smashed me,
 And FIGARO, I’m told, has most dreadfully thrashed me;
 Nor Chancery, nor *Times*, nor *Post*, will avail,
 For Selby has bummed me and brought me to gaol.

Whitecross-street.

EDWARD THYNNE.



Thynne—but not Genteel.

BREVITIES.

A Neddy.

Reformers have every cause to triumph—for the ranks of corruption have already got *Thynne*.

On Mr. Sergt. Spankie’s Address to the Electors of Finsbury.

‘Debtors and rogues, a swindling swarm,
 Are those who advocate Reform!’
 Such is wise Serjeant Spankie’s story,
 Then tell me—Why is THYNNE a Tory?

An Answer.

Lord Mahon says, “I can do what I like with the Borough of Hertford.” The Borough of Hertford has determined to reject him. and says in reply, “Can’t I do what I like with *my own*?”

A Plumper for the City.

Lyll and Ward, ah! happy name!
 Ward and *Lie-all* are both the same.

A Great Difference.

The distinction between Wood, the candidate for Middlesex, and Wood, the City member, is—that one *woo’d*, and the other *woo’d not*, vote for Reform.

Four Penny-worth of City Wit.

Cries Peel, ‘Our Sovereign large supplies
 Requires, and we shall want your vote!’
 ‘Money!’ Old London quick replies,
 ‘You want from me, then—*take A GROTE*.’

The Whole Hog.

Mr. Wilson at the City Nomination, declared his intention to “go the whole hog,” so we should suppose—for we never saw a more *pig-headed* Opposition.

Wrong and Right

Lord Thynne declares, that he is not in debt to Tom Duncombe ;
—he is quite right ; for, to paraphrase one of Martial's epigrams :

You say you nothing owe, and true you say,—
He only *owes* who able is to *pay*.

Takings

The Tories boast of taking off the burthens of the country.
The country responds that they had better *take themselves off*.

A Rub for the Polisher.

The great friendship between Hunt and the Duke of Wellington
is only a scheme of the Blacking Man to get hold ' of the shiners.'

**On Lord Langford's caution to Tradesmen not to trust
Lady Langford.**

His Lordship writes with caution just,
Lest tradesmen should ' my lady ' trust ;
But where's the man who ever heard
That any tradesman trusts *my lord* ?

Dissenting Ministers.

The Ministry declare that they only fear the Dissenters—and
rightly so, for the whole nation *dissent* from their administration.

Mr. Wood of Littleton's Address to the Electors of Middlesex.

I'm Mr. Wood of Littleton,
A gentleman but little known,
But listening to my foolish friends,
Who've gulled me for their private ends.
For Parliament myself I proffer,
And hope you won't reject the offer—
If you return or Hume or Byng,
What will become of Church and King ?
Where will the tithes and taxes go ?
What will our Sinecurists do ?
Our pensions, places, and Church rate—
Our army, navy, and dead weight ?
Our blessed laws, our banks, our stocks,
Each man's estate, and money-box ?
And, oh ! to be remembered yet—
What will become of the National Debt ?
Electors of Middlesex, I presume,
You'll elect me instead of Hume ;
Put up an umbrella 'gainst a storm,
And with Wood of Littleton—stop Reform.

Caution to the Public.

Whereas,—My old cronies, Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, did formerly uphold Catholic Emancipation, and then afterwards, to keep in place, did feloniously carry the same measure in spite of me ; and whereas, the aforesaid Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, did about two years since, most vigorously and effectually, oppose the Reform Bill, and have now sneaked into office, under the pretence of Reforming all abuses. *This is to give notice*, that I will no longer be answerable for their proceedings, and do hereby *caution* all tradesmen, householders, and respectable persons, from any farther *trusting* the aforesaid Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. Signed,

Witness, ELDON.

CHARLES WETHERELL.

TWELFTH NIGHT CHARACTERS AT WINDSOR.

The Duke of Wellington drew General Bombastus Furiso.
Sir Robert Peel drew Charles Surface.
Lord Winchester drew a Donkey.
The Lady Mayoress drew Sappho.
Lord Ellenborough drew a Unicorn.
Lord Thynne (by favour of Mr. Selby,) Nimming Ned.
Her Majesty drew Queen Dollalolla.
His Majesty drew Humpty Dumpty.
His Majesty was so struck with the ominous meaning of the verses underneath his character:—

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses nor all the king's men,
Couldn't set Humpty Dumpty up again.

Prophetic words, which his Majesty applied to his own fate and hat of his ministers, that he immediately broke up the party, just at the very moment that the intelligence of the first day's poll in the city was brought to him.

**Post-Captain Ryder Burton's Address to the Electors of the
Tower Hamlets.**

Let no man me presume to spurt on,
I am Post-Captain Ryder Burton ;
A fighting, flogging, bullying Hector,
And I don't care a d—n for any Elector.
The Tower Hamlets needs must choose me,
Who the devil dare refuse me ?
Whoever the Burton cause espouses,
With Burton ale may make carouses,
For I've opened all the public-houses. }
If Lushington prates about Reform,
I'll give Dr. Lushington something warm ;
If Lushington prates against the Peers,
I'll take the old Doctor by the ears, }
And serve him as I served Algiers !
If any man *my* opinions axes—
I tell him at once I'm for Tories and Taxes ;
None of your humbug, none of your shammy,
I'm Captain Ryder Burton—D—me.

A Note.

Lady Mary Winchester presents her compliments to the Editor of FIGARO in London, and requests him to announce that whatever Lord Winchester may choose to say, Lady Mary Winchester has no intention of interfering with party politics, and that therefore the Election Placards of—

POLL for Lyall, Ward, and Wilson,

have been issued without the sanction or authority of Lady Mary Winchester.

Guildhall, Jan. 6th.

Shocking bad Returns.

The Duke of Cumberland has returned to England, and the Ministry are now ERNEST in their advocacy of Reform.

WINCHESTERIANA.

The Police Committee.

Alderman Wood directed that the several newspapers of Monday last should be brought into the court from the reading-room, and stated that the Lord Mayor was represented in the Mansion-house report of that day to have accused the police committee of impertinence in presuming to interfere with his jurisdiction in directing the police on the occasion of the meeting at the London Tavern.

The LORD MAYOR said, that the report was a true version of what had taken place at the Mansion-house. He had stated that the interference of the police committee with his prerogative as custos of the City of London was most unwarrantable, and that he should feel no hesitation to avow the fact under any circumstances. He had given orders to the city marshals, which orders had been strictly obeyed, and the police committee had no right whatever to question his undoubted right to issue such directions as he thought calculated to preserve the peace of the city. He had ordered Mr. Brown, the marshal, not to attend to the orders of the police committee, who presumed to question the propriety of his conduct.

Alderman Wood said, that at the time the committee assembled at the Guildhall he was in the country. He regretted that such was the case, as he certainly would have sent for the marshal to account for his conduct in Bishopsgate-street on the preceding Tuesday; and if the order had been disobeyed, he would have sent a warrant and apprehended that officer for daring to act in contempt of the power of the police committee. Indeed, if it had been thought necessary by the committee to have the presence of the Chief Magistrate upon the occasion, a summons should have been served upon his Lordship; and if his Lordship refused to attend, a warrant should have been issued, and his Lordship would have been brought before the committee in custody of the police. He (Alderman Wood) had been Chief Magistrate himself, and knew perfectly well the extent of the rights and privileges of that officer, and he knew also the extent of the power of the police committee, by whose exertions the security of the city had been so incalculably increased.—*Times*.

We are only sorry Wood was not in time to have pulled up Winchester before the Police Committee. What a rich sight to see the pury Winchester, Lord Mayor of London, Prince of Fools and King of High-cock-a-lorum, in the custody of a couple of constables, and worried by Wood and Harmer! How his Lordship would have fretted and fumed, and sputtered! How he would have talked of his dignity and rattled the silver in his pockets—and shaken his gold chain—and fidgetted his magisterial gown! How he would have bounced upon the occasion, like a chesnut on a hot shovel! This Winchester is, indeed, the Fool of Fools and grand Jackass of Jackasses—like a swimming pig, the farther he goes the more he cuts his own throat; and you have but to show a dirty puddle, and souse he throws himself into it over head and ears. Justice Midas was wise to him—and a late departed friend of ours would have yielded to him the palm for the helpless innocence of his glaring stupidity. Higgins himself must hide his diminished head; and Hobler has already declared his intention of resigning the situation of Lord Mayor's Fool, which his Lordship has rendered a complete sinecure by doing all the business himself. We cannot help feeling for the delicate situation of Lady Mary Winchester at the present moment. Her Ladyship's note appears in another part of our paper, and we hope the mischief will be remedied. But surely his Lordship should not compromise a person of her Ladyship's quality and distinguished literary talents by such frivolous attempts at wit. We do not like to enter into family quarrels—but when his Lordship, in his fondness for speaking, actually insinuated that Lady Mary Winchester was too drunk herself to speak, (see Report of Ministerial Dinner in the *Times*) and therefore took upon himself to return thanks for her. In justice, however, to her Ladyship, it is our intention to devote some portion of our future Number to a few selections, in prose and verse, from her Ladyship's album.

Serious Accident in the City.

About four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, a terrific accident happened to three gentlemen connected with the Tory interest in the City of London, named Lyall, Ward, and Wilson—by a breaking down on the hustings, which had been erected for the late elections. The gentlemen are said to be so seriously injured, that it is not likely they will appear again in the same place.

THEATRICALS.

We begin to fear that it is all up with the great houses, as far, at least, as genuine acting is concerned—Comedy and Tragedy must quit the stage, and leave to farce, burletta, and melodrame, the task of purifying the morals—correcting the taste, and refining the manners of the age. Much has been done this season, and much left undone. The engagement of Vandenhoff—the bringing forward of Denvil—have shown some endeavour, at least, to produce native talent on a British stage;—some judgment of acting; and some desire of success. But a great stumbling block now lies in the path of every Manager—the number of minor theatres—their comfortable size, and their light and sketchy pieces attract and please many; and the family which would heretofore have gone right on to 'the Lane' or 'the Garden,' is induced, if from the West, to pause at the Adelphi—if from the East, to rest awhile with Mrs. Waylett or Madame Vestris—and the names of these fair managers suggest in themselves a further reason for the diminished attendance at the Patent Houses. How can a sufficient and efficient company be collected by any manager, however rich, or however active—when the *déité* of the dramatic corps are scattered in all parts of the metropolis; for instance—

Vestris, Liston, Orger, Keeley—at the Olympic.

Waylett, Mitchell, Forester, Oxberry—at the Strand.

Mrs. Nisbett, Wrench, Anderson—at the Fitzroy.

Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Honey; Yates, Reeve, Buckstone, Wilkinson—at the Adelphi.

Mrs. W. West, Miss E. Paton; Braham—at the Victoria.

Sheridan Knowles, Miss Philips—New York Theatre.

Charles Kemble, Macready, Jones—no where.

And who is now left for the great theatres? Are we to be answered—James Wallack. Never was there such a Christmas pantomime as his Richard the Third—all stage trick, exaggerated emphasis, start, and stare. The combat in the last scene was truly slaughtering work. James Wallack should stick to Massaronis and Brigand Chiefs. We forbid him Richard the Third and Charles Surface; the one he acts like a madman, the other like a Jew. We went to see 'The Grecian Daughter,' but fell asleep in the first scene, and were only roused by the big drum in the Overture to the Pantomime.

The 'Scene of Confusion,' at the Olympic, is rather a failure—the point of this piece turns upon the unexpected appearance in the boxes of a Mr. Augustus Buzzard, whose wife is supposed to make her first appearance that evening. Buzzard, who sits in a private box, with a two-horse power eye-glass, kid gloves, and a *distingue* air, is suddenly seized with jealousy on perceiving his wife, in playing her part, about to enter a private room with Mr. Salter, one of the actors. He rises in a rage, calls upon the audience to

sympathize with the feelings of a husband, rebukes his wife, and finally insists upon going on the stage. Now it is plain that the humour mainly lies in the person of the actor being so disguised as to escape the recognition of the audience, who would thus be deceived into taking an active part in the performance themselves, and insist on turning out the troublesome, meddling old gentleman. But who can disguise the fortunate misfortune of Liston's ugliness? who can be deceived, when once his voice falls upon the ear;—which, desirous to partake of the risible pleasure, almost curls itself into the mouth in a hearty attempt to laugh? An opening scene, too, unhappily let us into the joke at once; like the anxious reader who, impatient of the intense interest of a new novel, turns to the third volume before finishing the first, the remaining portion of the farce became tedious as a twice-told tale—scarcely relieved by the ludicrous way in which Liston read his part. There was one circumstance in the acting of this piece which is deserving of notice—which is the excessive difficulty Mr. W. F. Matthews found in acting the part of Mr. W. F. Matthews—and how very little justice he did *himself* when acting his own character! The same may be said of Mr. Salter. In regard to the farce, the leading idea is taken from the French; and, in our opinion, Mr. Mitchell's *Buggins* was a better piece of acting than Mr. Liston's *Buzzard*. It was decidedly more effective—for to our own knowledge, had it not been for the vigorous resistance of a friend who accompanied him, Mitchell would have been pitched over into the pit, by an audience indignant at his supposed unnecessary interruption of the performance. The Adelphi have also produced a thing of this sort, but we have not yet seen it.

We attended a lamentably dull farce, extremely well acted, at the Strand Theatre on Monday. The title of this stupid thing was the *Ruse de Guerre*, and the one solitary joke was that of trying a lover's affection by telling him that his mistress had the plague! In this consisted all the *humour* of the farce;—and with this, and the atrocious acting of Mr. Chippendale, our patience was tested for about an hour. Mr. Chippendale, who is pushed forward here as the comic old man, has no pretensions as an actor, and inflicts upon the audience his own natural dullness, as the humorous prosing and farcical garrulity of stage old men. The walking gentlemen, likewise, of this theatre, are ludicrously inefficient—mere sticks, inanimate laths, pump-handle spouters, and awkward lubberly lovers. Surely, a woman of Mrs. Waylett's experience ought to be a better judge of men. Oxberry, in this farce, as a foolish country swain, again distinguished himself as an actor, who must fast rise to great eminence in his profession. Let him avoid mannerism, and not be too fond of dancing, and we prognosticate, that his success will be greater than his father's. The *Ruse de Guerre* had better be withdrawn, and we humbly suggest to whoever may be the manager of this Theatre, the propriety of murdering the gentleman who performs the father in this farce. The attraction of Mitchell's Man-Fred continues unabated. He ought to be elected President of the Chummy's Society without farther delay.

Mrs. Nisbett has announced that the Fitzroy Theatre will be opened under her management. Mrs. Nisbett is a very pretty and fascinating woman—the only *spirituel* actress of genteel comedy, on the stage at present; and our regret at her undertaking so perilous a struggle as the management of the Fitzroy Theatre will and ever must be, is tempered by an intimation that she has sufficient stock in *Bonds*, whether Spanish or Portuguese, we know not, to carry her safely through. She is a woman of sense and spirit, and knows her cue. Wrench, of the English Opera, little Hughes of the City Theatre, and others, are said to be engaged. The fair widow has our best wishes—for success; we hope she will obtain it; we are certain she will deserve it.

The City Theatre is doing well, Leman Rede and Wild together with Hughes and a tolerable company, are drawing good houses, and for the first time these six years this theatre is clearing its expenses.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

The first blow has been struck. Two Reformers have been already returned—and, before our paper will reach one half of the million of our country subscribers, the City of London will have led the way in the path of Reform, and set an illustrious example to the whole Country. Under these circumstances, and looking to the many events which require our attention on all sides, at this eventful moment, we have inserted only a few of the numerous addresses which have been sent us—not wishing to make this portion of FIGARO IN LONDON a means of base pecuniary profit to ourselves but solely of advantage to our country.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF LONDON

Gentlemen,—In compliance with the request of a numerous and influential body among you, I announce myself a Candidate for the honour of representing you in Parliament.

I could have wished that the approaching Election had passed without interruption to the quiet of the City of London by the excitement of a contest; but the imprudent activity of the anti-Reformers, have rendered the unopposed re-election of your late Members impossible.

In soliciting your support I am aware that, long as my name has been commercially connected with the City of London, I am politically unknown to the great majority of the constituency; and it is my duty as well as my inclination, to lay before you the sentiments I profess.

Though not a party man, I am a Whig in principle, and shall always be found an unflinching Reformer, being prepared to carry the spirit of Reform, wherever it can be beneficially applied in Church and State.

I cordially approved the Reform Bill, and gave it the best support in my power. I cannot, however, admit that this ought to be a final and irrevocable settlement of that great Constitutional question. At the same time, in avowing my opinion that many and important changes in the Bill may be necessary, I openly declare myself opposed to Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage.

I am decidedly hostile to the policy by which the Tories have been hitherto influenced; and when I recollect their persevering opposition to the Reform Bill—a measure for which a debt of gratitude is due from the nation to Earl Grey and his colleagues—when I consider the component parts of Sir Robert Peel's Administration, together with the speeches and declarations made at the Mansion House, no other course is open to me than to declare my determined opposition to the present Ministry.

Being prepared to exact a strict economy in all the departments of the State, I shall do my utmost to support every practical retrenchment, consistent with the faith due to the national creditor.

As a firm friend of the Church of England, I shall be ready to vote for all measures calculated to remedy the numerous abuses of that establishment. In the mean time, I do not forget the just claims of the Dissenters, and I shall zealously advocate the cause of civil and religious liberty on behalf of the conscientious and non-conformist.

A thorough reform of the Church of Ireland appears to me to be necessary and unavoidable.

Among those improvements which the country has a right to expect, there are few of greater importance than the correction of the abuses now existing in many of our Municipal Corporations. I shall willingly support a wise and well-digested measure of Municipal Reform, founded on the principle of periodical election.

Having been all my life connected with the trade of London, I feel the strongest interest in its steady advance and prosperity, and I shall esteem it an important branch of my duties to study the means of preserving and increasing the commercial interest of this City.

Confining myself at present to the above short exposition of those views, according to which my political conduct will be regulated, I beg to assure you, that if, by your suffrages, I should obtain the distinguished honour of representing you in Parliament, my best efforts shall be used to forward both the interest of the country in general, and the welfare and prosperity of the City of London in particular.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your faithful and obedient Servant,
Old Broad-street, Dec 27. JAMES PATTISON.

TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

Gentlemen,—The Reform Act, though containing many imperfections which ought to be removed, is nevertheless the greatest acquisition which has been made for the people in modern times. The people may now, by their own exertions, return their own representatives; and if they perform their duty in making a proper choice, the continuance of any arbitrary or corrupt Government, and the support of any palpable abuse, have become absolutely impossible.

Grateful to the late Ministers for the reform which they have been instrumental in procuring, and knowing that time was required to prepare and mature the detailed reforms in administration, which were reasonably to be expected from the representation, I thought it my duty to give them my general support, though I could not approve of all they did, or omitted to do; and, believing that Lord Melbourne honestly intended to make the public welfare the principle of his Government, I regretted the loss of his power; but my regret was accompanied by no surprise, and by no alarm—by no surprise, because, although no authentic explanation has yet been given, I had for some time apprehended that his Administration contained within itself the elements of its own destruction; and by no alarm, because I felt, and now feel, assured that the representatives of the people in the reformed House of Commons will not permit the present Ministers nor any other men to abuse the authority and power which the prerogative of the Crown confers upon them.

Seeing the names of which the majority of the new Administration is composed, it cannot, in me at least, inspire confidence; but there is no cause to fear them, or anything they can do, because, if they will not, or, from old habits and prejudices, cannot, act in pursuance of the national will, as expressed in the House of Commons, they cannot maintain their power, and must give place to men who know better what their duties and the circumstances of the country require. The time is come when the general interest ought to prevail, nay, must prevail, over every other consideration—when the old factitious distinctions which we struggled against in our pursuit of Parliamentary Reform ought to be abolished—when the flags and watchwords under which the Whigs and Tories fought their disgraceful battles ought to be destroyed and forgotten—and when all men, whatever their former views and opinions may have been, ought to feel and avow that it is their duty to unite in procuring for the people at large, in peace and tranquillity, all those fruits of good government which the Reform Act was intended and is calculated to secure.

For me, I have not, and never had, any party but the people—any political object but their welfare—nor any wish to represent you in Parliament other than that which is

sounded on the hope that, by the weight which your suffrages may give me, I may be able to contribute to the public security and happiness.

"I remain, Gentlemen, as ever, your faithful humble Servant.

"FRANCIS BURDETT."

"St. James's-Place, Jan. 8, 1835."

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF LAMBETH.

Gentlemen,—You elected me by an immense majority in 1832, upon the faith of my public principles and professions.

Justly proud of the trust reposed in me—conscious only of patriotic motives, and nerved by the support of a vast and enlightened District of the Metropolis, I was resolute in my fidelity to those principles and professions. In circumstances most painful to myself, involving, as they did, sacrifices of private friendship and political connection to my own sense of public duty, I was sustained by my reliance on your constancy and justice; and this reliance has already been rewarded, by the cordial and affectionate reception I have experienced at your hands.

You will shortly be called upon to decide, finally, between two principles; the real choice rests with the people alone, and, upon that choice, the future destiny of our country depends.

The advocates of both principles profess, and no one more sincerely than myself, that they are actuated by a loyal devotion to the Monarchy and ancient Constitutional Government of England, and a veneration for the Institutions connected with them. Originally generated and developed by the character and habits of the British people, the whole constitutes a system, which, properly directed, is, in my judgment, calculated to ensure to us a larger sum of civil liberty and social happiness than any yet devised—however beautiful in theory, or successful in other climes.

But, although these Institutions were conceived in a truly national spirit, they have in some instances remained stationary for ages, while society has been rapidly moving onward. Others have been perverted for sinister objects, and are now counteracting the purposes for which they subsist. Accordingly, the advocates of that principle for which I contend, would adapt them to new exigencies—renovate and direct their powers where paralyzed or distorted—and by thus conforming them to the present wants, extended interests, and new condition of society, restore the genial and expansive beneficence contemplated by our forefathers, when they bequeathed to us those Institutions.

The disciples of the opposite principle—and on whom those now entrusted with the executive government must mainly rely,—would, on the contrary, leave every thing in the condition to which time, accident, violence, or intrigue, may have reduced it. The aristocratical oligarchies, which for a long period governed both the king and the people, made every prerogative of the crown and national institution, subservient to their own craving ambition. Unchecked by a true representation of the people, the old House of Commons was a corrupt agent in their hands. To prolong the existence of this convenient instrument, was the object of those who opposed the Reform Bill. The same persons naturally insist, that the people are damaged by the possession of efficient controul. In perfect consistency with this proposition, they maintain, that monopoly of power, and the exclusion from civil rights and public institutions, of those who differ from them in religious faith,—that antiquated arrangements, however inapplicable to their professed objects, or unproductive of beneficial results,—that ancient established rights, and prescriptive authority, however inconsistent with reason, should all be respected and firmly maintained, as the best and most powerful aids of government.

We, who supported the Reform Bill, would now steadily pursue its own legitimate and our constantly avowed objects. We contend, that a more fair and general distribution of the advantages now partially enjoyed, and of the burthens now unequally imposed, would not only, in itself, add largely to individual happiness and general prosperity, but attaching, as it must, the entire people by ties of new affection to the State, would vastly increase our national strength, and, finally, place our social system upon a just, noble, more sure, and permanent foundation. A single example will suffice for illustration. Although a member of the Church of England, I do not, as a legislator, allow that consideration to bias my judgment: but sincerely believing an establishment—really and practically administering to the spiritual wants and comforts of the people, and extending the moral influence of Christianity,—to be beneficial in itself, and conformable to the wishes of a majority of the people in this country, I am anxious to render it efficient for those objects. I feel convinced, also, that its stability depends on a more general perception of the spiritual and temporal blessings it is calculated to diffuse. Thus I would deal with it in the "friendly temper" of one, who would reform in order to uphold.

A great contemporary authority, who cannot be suspected of a wish to destroy the church of Ireland, but who seeks, on the contrary, to strengthen its claim to public support, says, in his late Manifesto, that, "if by an improved distribution of the revenues of that church, its just influence can be extended, and the true interests of religion promoted,—all other considerations should be made subordinate to the advancement of objects of such paramount importance." Now, if I would apply the same remedy to the Church in England, with what front can any man, who worships the authority I have cited, pretend that I seek the destruction of that Church, in which, as a member of it, I take a deeper interest. But, such are the disastrous absurdities of a desperate faction—now making their last—dying—convulsive grasp at political power—and reckless,—in their attempt to coerce public opinion,—of all those fearful consequences, which I solemnly adjure you to assist in averting.

The principle I would thus apply to the Church, is the only true Conservative principle. Are not we, then, the Real Conservatives? or can those more justly claim that title, who, abandoning a name associated with political degradation, have adopted this,—to which they have alike attracted ridicule and odium?—We would destroy their engines—Corruption, and Monopoly. In that sense we are, indeed, "Destructives." But what is the value of such terms in the vocabulary of men like these? They denounced as "Revolutionary," that Reform Act, which their Leader now recognizes as a final settlement of the question:—a just settlement of course, for he will not, it seems, amend it. I feel some respect for the confidence of those Tories, who manfully disclose their real principles, and have too much honour to mislead any man. They must be sincere in believing that such principles are become popular;—you will undeceive them. But I cannot conceal my unqualified contempt for the political pirates, who, after a constant war of force and stratagem against the standard of Reform, now meanly counterfeit our signals, to seduce and betray the confiding victims of a wretched artifice. If they be, indeed, Real Reformers, we have need, either of their aid, or of a New Parliament; but Heaven defend us from such Reformers as they would give us! We consider "proved abuses," what they deem indispensable to protect their system; and we would uphold as the safeguards of our liberty, what they would denounce as "real grievances,"—straightway to be redressed. While they would leave the Church, and all other our most valuable institutions, to perish by the corruption which ministers to their own private or political aggrandizement;—we would so cleanse them from this corruption, and so restore their powers of contributing to the general stock of religion—of virtue—and of social happiness,—as might effectually recommend them to the anxious protection of a prosperous and contented people.

The two contending principles are thus before you. The King refers the decision between them to the Electoral Body of the Realm. The Reform Act has transferred the responsibility of that decision from the Sovereign—to yourselves. Distracted by conflicting statements with regard to the condition of public feeling, His Majesty applies to it the constitutional test, which you implored him—and he consented to establish. You will decide, whether you will retain an effective voice in the legislature, or leave yourselves in

the hands of a party content with such moral support as the timidity or prejudices of the Peers may afford them, in counteracting the real wants and wishes of the People. Let the People be firm! Let public opinion be now strongly pronounced upon the policy to be hereafter adopted, and I doubt not that the Peers will then substantially and cheerfully, conform to the views of their Countrymen thus recorded, without any compromise of their Constitutional value, weight, or independence, as a Chamber of Parliament.

I have thought it right at such a moment, fully to explain my general views. For a more detailed exposition of them, I would refer to the first address which recommended me to your favor, in June, 1832. If any man can discover inconsistency between my subsequent conduct and the sentiments then, or now expressed, it will be your duty to reject me as unfit to represent you at a period, when issues are depending vital to the destinies of the British Nation. If, however, you shall still deem me worthy of your confidence, I am incapable of swerving from the principles which have hitherto guided my public conduct, and which I firmly believe to be entertained, also, by an immense majority of this truly loyal People.

FINALLY, as Trustees for the whole Community of this Land, you will, I am persuaded, anxiously exert yourselves, to exclude from political power, those who opposed the very franchise, they now call on you to exercise in their favor, and of which they would gladly—if they dared—even yet deprive you.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your attached Friend and faithful Servant,
GEORGE TENNYSON.

Park Street, Westminster, Dec. 27th, 1834.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE BOROUGH OF FINSBURY.

Gentlemen,—Parliament is now dissolved. I am anxious therefore again to address you, and to state briefly and explicitly the grounds on which I solicit the honour of your suffrages on this occasion.

I have always considered the Septennial Act an infringement upon the Constitution, and shall therefore advocate a return to Triennial Parliaments.

I am a friend to the Ballot, as experience has convinced me that Elections under the present mode of voting cannot be conducted free from the influence of power and intimidation.

I do not consider the present Rate Paying Clauses in the Reform Act as a fair criterion for enfranchisement, I am therefore an advocate for their repeal.

I consider the Tythe system most pernicious, whether taken in connexion with Religion or with the Interests of the Country, and I shall therefore seek the Abolition of Tythes, by a fair commutation.

I consider the Corn Laws a Landlords' Monopoly, and am therefore for their gradual but early and certain repeal.

I consider the present state of the Irish Church to be an abuse which demands instant redress, and I maintain that the Surplus Revenues after supplying the spiritual wants of the Protestant Population are at the disposal of Parliament.

I consider it both unjust and impolitic that any civil distinctions whatever should exist on account of Religious opinions. I wish therefore to have all the grievances of the Dissenters immediately redressed, more particularly their exclusion from the Universities, and liability to Church Rates in any shape whatever.

I shall take every occasion to assist in doing away with Flogging in the Army and Navy, a species of torture, which ought to be unknown to the English Laws.

I am for the Reform of Corporations, and for giving the people the periodical Election of their Municipal Officers.

I am for a revision of the Pension List.

I shall always urge the severest economy in the public expenditure, with a view to relieve the Industrious Classes of the Community from those Taxes which press so injuriously upon them, and particularly from the Window Tax.

Finally—The character and composition of the present Ministry, whose names are now before you, leave no doubt in my mind that they must oppose all measures of real and efficient Reform. I shall therefore think it my duty, if elected your Representative, to give the present Ministry my uncompromising and unqualified opposition in Parliament.

With gratitude for the cordial manner in which I have been already received by you, I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your faithful and obedient servant.

11, Pall Mall, Dec. 31, 1834.
HENRY WILLIAM HOBHOUSE

TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF FINSBURY.

Gentlemen,—I now address you as your Representative: I may again immediately solicit your suffrages in my former character as a Candidate. An extraordinary and unparalleled change in the Executive Government of the country has just been effected, simply because the sentiments of the first reformed Parliament were not in accordance with the political views of the Court and Tory Peers. The King, in the exercise of a constitutional and undoubted prerogative, has dismissed from his confidence and councils the Liberal Cabinet of Lord Melbourne, a Ministry from which the people hoped and were promised the important and inevitable results of the amendment of the representative system. The electors of this great nation have, however, the power of controlling the prerogative of the Sovereign, by the exercise of the great constitutional privilege of representation. The Reform Bill wrested that privilege from the usurpation of the boroughmongers. If the Sovereign choose Ministers at variance with "the spirit of the times," they will be outvoted and expelled from office by those representatives of the people who faithfully discharge their duty to their constituents.

Electors of Finsbury.—The King has called to his Councils an exclusive class of public men:—Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. A. Baring, Sir George Murray, Mr. Goulburn, Sir Edward Knatchbull, The Duke of Wellington, Mr. Herries, The Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Wharnclyffe, Lord Rosslyn. These are the old "rank and file" of the Duke of Wellington and the Tories, men who have ever been the consistent and uncompromising enemies of liberal opinions and liberal measures. They are the old Tories—the bitter opponents of Parliamentary Reform. Will the electors of Finsbury, indebted for their enfranchisement to the Administration of Lord Grey, now put their faith or trust in these Tory Ministers, all of whom when in Parliament (in the years 1831 and 1832) opposed not only the Reform Bills of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, but especially the representative rights of the metropolitan electors?

If the Tories turn Reformers, the King has uselessly changed not measures but men.—If they do not adopt the liberal principles of their predecessors in office, can they carry on for three months the government of this country? If they play the part of Conformers, ought such Ministers to be trusted to work out the objects of a Reformed House of Commons—the very constitution of which has been, to the present moment, the object of their increasing opposition and virulent condemnation? But, gentlemen, they cannot be Reformers: it is not in their nature; the epithet of "Destructives" applied to the Reformers, Journals exemplify their spirit by the epithet of "our national institutions."

Electors of Finsbury.—If Parliament be dissolved, I again ask your confidence and your votes. I shall present myself before you, and shall be anxious to afford to every elector the public opportunity of canvassing my Parliamentary conduct. My political principles are known to you by my recorded votes in four Parliaments. I am as I have ever been, for

triennial Parliaments, Vote by Ballot, and for the reform of the existing defects of the representation. I am the advocate of a thorough church reform for England. I am for a full relief of Dissenters of every persuasion. I will do my utmost to obtain justice for Ireland. If again elected as your representative, I shall vote for corporation reform, for the abolition of useless places and unmerited pensions, for the reduction of taxation, and for every reformation in our social institutions demanded by time and the interests of the people. I am a candidate for your continued confidence, singly on my own individual political merits. I ask only one of your two votes. I will form no coalition. I desire only for my colleague the best Reformer of your choice, and I am ever your faithful servant.
Arlington-street, Dec. 16, 1834. THOMAS DUNCOMBE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 163.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

DRAWING THE TORY BADGER.



The excited imagination of the spicy Hornegold has allegorically hit off, in the above dashing sketch, the situation of the country. In the Downing-street Den of Corruption, safe and snug, is Ratting Bob the cunning Tory Badger—Conky Arthur (otherwise known as Old Nosey), has been fool enough to boast of his badger's prowess, and challenged all England to make its election of dogs, to worry Ratting Bob and draw him out. Old John Bull, who was lodging in London at the time, has sent in three staunch terriers, of true British breed—good dogs and game to the back-

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bone. Their names are Finsbury Tom, Southwark Dan, and The Doctor, who, although a little weak from the recent bleeding of the Lancet, is a mettlesome pup, and will have a fly at Ratting Bob's nose. The character of these dogs is rather curious, they having all been engaged in Vermin Killing. The Doctor has been rustling out the rats of Surgeon's Hall; Southwark Dan has devoted his nose, time, and tail, to the pestering and worrying the vermin who infest Courts—and who had been eating up Old Bull's substance, in supporting themselves and their long-whiskered families; Finsbury Tom has been rather a wild dog, too much given to ferretting about for his private larks, in certain houses of no good reputation, and has amused himself with turning up the varmint only; but now he has got steady and well up to his points, and seems likely to turn out as useful a dog as he is a good-looking one. Johnny is very anxious about the result, and has betted largely upon it; nay, he does, sometimes, go so far as to say that he has staked his all upon it. But he has great faith in his dogs, and they are hard at it—and tail on well. Conky Arthur is a queer old file, and is suspected of an intention to show fight himself, in case of a defeat; but the poor old soldier is now inviolated—and, if beaten this time, will assuredly give up the badgering business, and go off in peace as a Chelsea Pensioner.

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Archbishop Laud . . . The Bishop of Exeter.
Oliver Cromwell . . . Lord Durham.
Sir Harry Vane Lord Brougham.
The Earl of Fairfax . . Colonel Evans.
The Long Parliament . . . The New Members of the House
of Commons.
Queen Henriette Maria . . . Her Majesty.
H. R. H. The Princess
Prince of Wales . (afterwards King) Victoria.
The Duke of York . (afterwards kicked out . . . Prince George of
as James II.) by special desire of his father, . . . Cumberland.
Courtiers, Fools, the Rump, &c. . . The Lords of the Treasury.
Lords in Waiting, . . . The House of Peers.

AFTER WHICH WILL BE PRESENTED,

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

The Characters by the whole Country.

FIGARO'S OFFICIAL INFORMATION.

The vile papers have been labouring during the week to give currency to a report that a difference exists between Sir Robert Peel and Sir George Murray, in regard to the appointment of the milkwoman to the Ordnance. We are authorised to contradict this atrocious insinuation, and can add from our own resources, that both these hon. baronets are so united in the grand object of plundering the people, that no one can find any difference between them.

THE INTERPRETER.

"The inhabitant of a house upon lease, somewhere in Mary-le-bone, who forty years ago, while a Wood of Littleton represented the county, was suing for the place of a purser's clerk, on board a merchantman. We shall no longer answer to the query who is WOOD? Rather let us ask who is HUME? He is one who, half-a-century ago, would have been glad to change places with any of the little green or blue coated charity-boys, who run about our streets. Getting out to India in some servile capacity, he jobbed in bullocks and rice, and gained out of the public money a few thousand pounds. Coming home, he married a female possessed of a few thousands more, and is now a 'private gentleman' living in Bryanston Square."—*Morning Post*.

We wonder who the poor devil that wrote this balderdash is?—This is the true Tory-slang, the fatal nonsense, the overweening folly, which provoked the blood and slaughter that disgraced the annals of the first French Revolution. These are not times to provoke the question of 'who was his father?' or what could Lord Munster say? This is not a period to talk about '*novi homines*, *parvenus*,' and mushroom members. Who, then, was Sir Robert Peel? or who Mr. Praed? or who Mr. Macauley? nay, we could go through a catalogue of names of men who are illustrious both for the bad and good use of their talents, and who certainly must go to the parish to get any information about their grandfathers.

That which the rotten *Post* mentions to Mr. Hume's discredit, redounds to his high honour. Better to toil under the burning sun of an eastern clime, in honest industry, than to loll upon the easy

chair of a Downing-street office, in pensioned pauperism. Better to job in bullocks, than job in that most patient *Job* John Bull; better to deal in rice for curry, (*risum teneatis amici!*) than to curry favour and place, like Spring Rice, and other Whig and Tory trading politicians; better to marry a woman 'with a few thousands a year,' than to wed oneself to *corruption* with three times the amount. But these are not Mr. Hume's pretensions to represent the county of Middlesex. He first put the dam of a question on the impetuous flow of the stream of financial eloquence from the lips of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. He staggered Castle-reagh's stammering periods; brought old Vansittart to book; caught one of the shining humming birds from the nest of prosperity Robinson, and plucking off its feathers, threw it naked and deformed before the eyes of wondering John Bull. It wasn't genteel before Joe Hume's time, to puzzle a minister by reckoning up 'the tottle of the whole' of his calculations. The only financial figures were figures of speech—and elegantly rounded periods used to go for good round sums. These were the times for pensions and sinecures—for dead weight, and exchequer bills—then used the minister to save 200l. per annum, by superannuating a young gentleman of twenty-five with a retiring pension of 400l. per annum, and put another into his place. These were the days of Old George Rose; the standing army days, the national debt days! and if the electors of Middlesex wish for such days once more, they must turn out Hume and bring in Wood; Captain Wood, of the Middlesex Militia, Wood of Littleton, Tom Wood, whose—

FATHER,
GRANDFATHER,
GREAT GRANDFATHER,
AND
MAIDEN AUNT,

have represented the county of Middlesex in some of those happy days—Wood of the old family:—

'The tenth descendant of a foolish face,'
Wood, that true 'chip of the old block-head.'

Foreign Humbug.

"The Duke de Leuchtenberg has arrived in town; His Highness will occupy the same hotel, &c."—*Court Circular*.

This is another of those half-starved Germans, who, like Leopold, kindly condescends to marry a pretty girl, and accept a kingdom to pay them for the trouble. It is a great joke among the fashionable people, that this young German duke 'that shall be king hereafter,' has not got any money to pay for his lodgings, and that the queen, our queen, has actually paid for them out of her own pocket. Under these circumstances, judge, reader, what a pucker His Highness the Duke must have been in, when, according to the *Court Journal*—

'The Duke of Wellington called unexpectedly, when His Highness was at dinner.'

Only think of the natural hungry look of Wellington's nose; his sharp features, his leanness, and then picture the withered, sour crout, saffron coloured, dirty-shirted German Duke, gnawing his cold mutton blade bone, in hungry haste, lest the Duke should ask for a bit. Another humbug paper says, that Leuchtenberg wrote to Donna Maria stating that he was prompted to claim her hand, not from a sentiment of self-love, but to be useful to the Portuguese nation. Now this is too bad; what use can a king be to a nation? The Duke goes on to talk of his 'ardently embracing the work of social advancement.' But the Queen of Portugal replies:—That she, and not the Portuguese nation, is to be the judge of his usefulness; and that he had better not talk of ardently embracing any thing until he has seen her.

Delicate Phraseology.

Mr. Lee thought it impossible to doubt that the expression 'fruits of plunder or costs of piratical equipment,' were libellous; the word 'notorious' might indeed be interpreted either in a good or bad sense.

Lord Abinger thought the expression merely *metaphorical*.

Mr. Baron Alderson observed, that it was sometimes dangerous to be eloquent."
—Court of King's Bench.

Mr. Baron Alderson thinks it dangerous to be eloquent, and the whole course of his lordship's career has proved his extreme caution in avoiding the remotest possibility of danger. But this delicate fencing with words is amusing. Lord Abinger, who as Sir James Scarlett was so frequently entitled the *Notorious*, did not like to condemn his own title, and therefore cunningly discovers a *metaphorical* signification. This will be a vast improvement in modern nomenclature, and we may now say 'the *notorious* Peel, the *infamous* Ellenborough, and the piratical ministry, are about to enjoy the fruits of their plunder;' without fear of criminal information, or terror of an Attorney General's tender mercies.

NOW READY,

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PUBLIC OPINIONS.

Nothing is more pleasant than to see the high estimation in which the gentlemen of the press hold each other. We have selected a few samples from this week's newspapers and publications.

That heap of dung, The Morning Herald.—*Cobbett*.
That squirt of filthy water, The Morning Chronicle.—*The Times*.
That slop pail of corruption, The Post.—*The Morning Chronicle*.
Our blubber-headed contemporary, The Globe.—*The Standard*.
That bully of Berkshire and braggadocio of Printing House Square, The Times.—*The Morning Advertiser*.
That spavined hack, The Courier.—*The Morning Herald*.

We now come to another profession.

Those rascals the Physicians.—*The Lancet*.
Those rogues the Surgeons.—*The Medical Gazette*.
Physic and surgery are a farce.—*The Medical Dissenter*.
We caution our readers against pretended Oracles.—*The Doctor*.
The egregious quackery of a pretended 'Doctor.'—*The Oracle of Health*.
F. G. took the Old Oracle's Pills, and is almost dead.—*The New Oracle of Health*.

Thus, then, as Gay wittily sings---

Through all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuses his brother.

FIGARO IN LONDON alone holds on the even tenor of his way; gaily teasing, lightly pleasing, an enraptured public, unscathed by envy and fearless of reproach.

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY

His Grace the Duke of Wellington and the rest of the Cabinet, appeared at the Strand Theatre, on Monday night, as Chippewa Chiefs. Their faces were painted and rings run through their ears. Sir Edward Knatchbull was particularly distinguished; the Hon. Bart's. brazen face and copper coloured legs shone with brilliant effect in the war dance, to which the Duke of Wellington played the Indian drum with a most melodious and military tattoo. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Ellenborough, as the two Indian Squaws, lisped the Chippewa love songs with peculiar pathetic emphasis. This being the first appearance in public of the company, great attention was excited. John Bull as Mr. G. Gale, an Indian trader, held his hand in his pocket for the Duke to fire at. The accuracy of his Grace's aim was remarkable; he succeeded at one shot in disengaging a handful of sovereigns, which Johnny held in his hand, without doing him any injury. We were particularly pleased with the following speech of a real Michigan Chief, who thus addressed the Duke :--

Pee no mas cove---ram jam half and half
Squou mash cos, don, ah ho, rum and shrub;
Neck nout few sam, dick, bob, gin-pol
Rig wog, row, dab, sam, Bob Frank's Hat.

A graceful delivery, and appropriate action, rendered these lines highly solemn and impressive.

BREVITIES.**Oh Tempora.**

'Meddle not with those that are given to change,' said the election placard! and *The Times*, in consequence, has lost half its customers.

Rhyme and Reason.

Sir J. Scarlett has chosen the title of Abinger, because there's no rhyme for it. There may be no *rhyme* to his Lordship's title, and there certainly was no *reason* for it.

Rather Ungrateful.

Mr. Hogg, the new Member for Beverley, is a Tory, and despises 'the *swinish* multitude.' It is said he intends to go the whole Hogg with Mr. Wilson of the City of London.

What's bred in the Bone.

Talleyrand has resigned, on account of old age. Let no man rejoice—we have a *young* Castlereagh.

The Russian Bear.

Lord Londonderry is going ambassador to Nicholas. This was to be expected; his lordship has been going to the devil (*old Nick*), for some time past.

What's in a Name.

The *Morning Post* calls Fitz-gerald an 'illustrious but *equivocal* name;' what, then, should the *Post* say of the name of Fitz-Clarence, which is only *equivocal* and not illustrious.

On Captain Polhill's Return for Bedford.

What's in a name! we well may say,
For Polhill has polled well to day.

A Clerical Error.

'What Bishop is that looking out of the window?' said Philpotts to Blomfield, as they were reeling down Fleet-street. 'That,' says Blomfield, with a Calvinistic hiccup, 'that's the Bishop of *Carlisle*, and that house is the New *Carlisle* Cathedral.'

THEATRICALS.

A dull day in November, a ride across a moor in a fog, or the standing under the shelter of a gibbet during a pelting shower, are the only comparisons suitable to the melancholy mixture of prosing and preaching, which formed what the management of Drury Lane last Saturday, were pleased to call a 'new Comedy.' The 'King's Seal' is said to be the joint production of Mrs. C. Gore, the writer upon 'Manners' in the *Court Journal*, and of Mr. Kenney, the farce-writer; there are two acts of dullness, which we must attribute to Mrs. C. Gore, and a couple of old jokes, whose adaptation to this comedy, of course belongs to Mr. Kenney. Where can these people pick up their notions of a comedy? they take one incident—set two fellows talking, and another jumping, and, forsooth, call it a comedy. Was it a joke to hear the Duc de Sully lecture Henri IV. on finance? or to hear Auvergne talk of state-intrigues? or to listen to Bertholdus prattling about the arts? or his servant complaining of hunger? Yet these are all the contents of the 'King's Seal!' Warde was harsh, dry, and monotonous as usual; Cooper, as a king, pompous and proxy, and grating in his delivery, as is his custom. Farren unaffectedly foolish, and arrogantly idiotic, as he always will be; and we never did see or *did hear* such an emphatic nobleman as Mr. Diddie made. In the whole of this comedy there was not one spark of wit to light us on the dull road of attention; and poor Ellen Tree, the actress of nature, modesty, and elegant simplicity, was obliged to tear a passion to the very rags in a vain endeavour to render her part effective. Little Miss Murray must endeavour to cure her lisping propensities: if natural, it is unfortunate, if affected ridiculous, to hear a young woman talk of her 'thuththeptibiliteth,' or her 'thocking thenthationth.'

Mr. Wallack has addressed a letter to *The Times*, written with great modesty; he complains of severity, and says, that after an absence from the stage, he has a right to the laudable ambition of acting Richard, Hamlet, Othello, &c. All this is very well—Mr. Wallack has such a right, and so has Mr. Turnour; Mr. Brindal may act *Richard the Third*, if he can get a chance. Mr. T. P. Cooke may perform Othello, if the stage is vacant for him; but if the one acts a king like a footman, and the other represents a hero as a jolly jack tar, surely the critics may tell them of it. Mr. Wallack, as he truly says, has been the stock Romeo, and has acted Iago to Kean's Othello, and *vice versa*: but Mr. Wallack, after all, was not Mr. Kean, and Mr. Kean is still too fresh in our memory (alas, for himself, he was always *too fresh* for his own), to allow of Mr. Wallack as first tragedian. We do not agree with the *Times* 'that he possesses none of the qualifications necessary for success in the higher department of tragedy: in our opinion he has every qualification but one, and that is—*genius*.'

The fee-faw-fum of a *Vi-Fa* frightened the lessee of the City Theatre last week into shutting it up; so that when the aspiring Hughes and the indefatigable Rede approached the stage door to enact their brief parts, they found that it was no use (Hughes), and could only read the notice,—“This 'ere theatur is clothed—Boxes locked—Pit shut up.” The stage carpenter, fired with dramatic ardour, and flushed with one week's wages, has since undertaken the management.

Mrs. Nisbett has published the usual programme of performers, prior to the commencement of her season. A more inefficient set of dramatic incapables it would be difficult to collect from the sweepings of every tragic barn from the Land's End to Long Lane, Smithfield.

The Surrey Theatre continues crammed. The Manager has had the unpoliteness not to reply to the usual application for Editorial

Admissions made to him by our Publisher: and yet these gentlemen complain of ungentle criticisms and ill-natured remarks. How can it be otherwise, when a man has to pay, perforce, a few shillings, to listen to such trash as the usual pieces represented at these theatres generally are. Touch the pocket of a critic and you sharpen his pen. We mention this by the way, being ourselves, as our readers will soon find, superior to all such meanness, and above all prejudice for or against person or place.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the immense Public Patronage which attended our last Number, the audacious Hornegold and the vivacious Strange have conspired to present

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AND IN AND OUT OF PLACE!

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The Letter from the Green Room has been thrown into the fire—the personal peculiarities of actors and their domestic circumstances are not of any interest to the public; nor if they were, would FIGARO IN LONDON pander to such depraved curiosity. When a man comes before the public as an actor—his conduct, as an actor, is open to stricture; but what right has the satirist, however clever or amusing he may be, to intrude upon the privacy of their domestic circle, and wound the feelings of those who have neither provoked censure nor deserved shame. POPE has given a proper rule of conduct to all writers either on Politics or Theatricals:—

“Curst be that line, how smooth soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one honest man my foe.”

The enclosure from *Downing Street* remains unopened—FIGARO IN LONDON is not to be bribed. The public pay him too well for that.

If *Young Castlereagh* feels himself offended, he knows where to find us.

A *Young Author* is informed, in answer to his request, that Mr. COWIE, of 13, Newcastle Street, is the best Printer we can recommend to him. COWIE is a capital Printer, and easily captivated by Cash Payments.—In case he should employ Mr. C., we shall take as a personal favor his not mentioning our recommendation, for COWIE hates a puff!

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 164.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1835.

[Price One Penny.

BEFORE AN ELECTION!



AFTER AN ELECTION!



We are about to read our readers a great moral lesson. The Elections have now passed and gone; like Hamlet, then, we call upon our fellow countrymen to look on 'that picture, and on this!' Before Election, the generous candidate o'erflowing with love of country, exuberant in his admiration of freedom, anxious to reduce the corn tax, leather tax, soap tax, window tax, or any other tax that will get your vote; bows and scrapes to the honest voter, gets himself shaved by the village barber, has his breeches mended by the tailor, bursts his Hobby to oblige the cobbler, and has his horse or even himself shod by the blacksmith. 'Vote for Mr. Fudge! every body votes for Mr. Fudge! Measures not Men! Old English Gentlemen! Ale and Toast! The Plough and the Ploughshare! Speed the Plough! Every body votes for Mr. Fudge.' Behold him *After*. 'Petitions to present,' he hasn't time—must dine with his Majesty—important business—attendance on committee—must think of the whole united country, not of the mere interests of Shuffledown. Fudge has a soul above buttons—Fudge must be a minister and forget his low acquaintance—Once in seven years is quite enough to be civil—let them vote once and petition six times.

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IN PLACE.



OUT OF PLACE.



The quiet humour of the artist has given an air of rich repose to Wellington's face, the great Statesman, who is now *in*. His nose is not brought out, as it would have been, by an inferior artist, but the whole angularity of the face is subdued into a calm contour of quiet contentness—Wellington is *in*.

But alas! how different the unhappy wight, of no less celebrated nose, who is *out*, and truly *out*. Fallen, like Satan, never to rise again. The kingly home itself flashed upon his sight.—He, the representative of knowledge—the rising sun of education—the day-star of free-thought to his country, might have looked (in the hour of events) for its highest honours. He stooped to intrigue, to flatter, to bandy words, to insinuate scandal, to act meannesses, and he fell—fell for ever.

ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

Under this head, it is our intention, from time to time, to enliven our readers with a little of that delicious scandal which sweetens the coteries of Almack's, and which the footmen and ladies maids, who write fashionable novels, would give their ears and shoulder-knots to get at.

No. 1.—The Handsome Upholsterer.

Lady Caroline —; but no, we will not mention names. Lady Caroline B——, the *recherche*, the elegant Caroline, sick of foplings, and satiated with luxuries, reclined listlessly on her fauteuil, and sighed and blushed, and sighed—she knew not why.

Sir Henry Halford had attended her in vain. Sir Henry had smirked his best compliments, and insinuated his best scandal in vain. He saw her Ladyship was out of spirits, and sent a large phial of his best Madaira, labelled, 'Two table spoonfuls to be taken when languid'—Sir Harry's favourite dose for the ladies—and Sir Harry is the ladies' favourite physician.

In vain—this but added fuel to fire. Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii' were perused, but failed to lull her Ladyship to sleep. Ninetta, her *femme de chambre*, read Lord Flourish's last election speech, but that availed not, and her Ladyship still sighed, nor knew she what she wanted.

There came at the door one single, modest, unobtrusive knock, not such as rouses the opening eyelids of poet or young barrister, not the solemn, sonorous, solitary summons of an independent dun, but such a love-tap as Adonis would inflict on the shoulder of Venus, in their hours of dalliance, the gentle summons to smiles and bliss!

It was, in fact, to say no more, a single knock, and the Groom of the Chambers, (for ladies, like horses, have their grooms,) and nounced 'The young man from France and Banting's.'

He came, he saw, he conquered—the easy chair he brought might bring ease to her Ladyship's back-bone—but oh, the easy manner in which he brought it, stole away all ease from her Ladyship's heart!

No more. The next glorious sun that shone upon Pall-Mall, glittered on the silver-mounted harness of her Ladyship's ponies as they waited for her at the door of Messrs. France and Banting.

"Take that house in Belgrave-square, let it be furnished gorgeously—I leave the choice of furniture and its fashion entirely to the taste of Mr. —."

The house in Belgrave-square was taken and furnished, and now behold Mr. —, with diffident air, conducting Lady Caroline through the rooms. Crimson draperies, rose-coloured hangings—all that wealth and luxury could furnish were there. They reached the sleeping apartments—'My Lady,' said Mr. —, in the conscious pride of a great artist, 'in this bed—your Ladyship's couch, and its hangings, I have exhausted my whole art!'

Her Ladyship blushed.

'Is there any addition your Ladyship could suggest; does your Ladyship see any thing wanting in the bed-furniture?'

'But one thing only is wanted to complete the bed-furniture.'

'May I ask what that is, your Ladyship?'

'A husband,' sighed her Ladyship, and burst into tears.

Need we say more—They were married by special licence at St. George's, Hanover-square, in a few days, and the handsome upholsterer is now figuring in fashionable circles as —

A DOWNING STREET ECLOGUE.

Mackworth Praed.

Now the keen contest of Elections' o'er,
 Now voters rest, and mobs can pelt no more,
 Whilst other Tories taste of place the joys,
 And Peel with Stanley and with Richmond toys.
 Why sits my Dawson discontented here?
 Nor hopes the large supply, the frequent cheer,
 The 'shouts of laughter,' and the hear! hear! hear!
 Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
 Where pride was wont to frown and smiles to play?

Dawson.

Alas, my Praed, I do not share thy glory,
 But lost between the stools of Whig and Tory
 I've grasped the shadow, and I've lost the meat,
 I've got a place—but ah! I've lost my seat.

Let bluff Sir Edward about farmers prose,
 Let Charley Wynne whine through his speaking nose,
 Let Ellenborough shake his flowing hair,
 And Londonderry make the Chancellor stare;
 Let brother Bobby with a gracious sneer,
 Confess his fault is being *too* sincere;
 Hint that to save the king and please the nation,
 Has been his utmost wish in every station;
 Swear that he had not learned to turn his coat,
 Or for a factious party give his vote!
 In vain to me will Neddy Knatchbull prose,
 In vain to me is Wynne's melodious nose;
 Great Ellenborough's hair has no avail,
 And even Peel's persuasive voice must fail.
 I've lost my seat—Go, search the boroughs round,
 No seat for Derry Dawson can be found!

When loud at royal bastards Wakley rails,
 When Hume and Harvey tell their piteous tales,
 When sinecures and pension lists are read,
 And Goulburn rises with his speech of lead,
 When budget-hating Parnell questions loud
 And estimates and explanations crowd—
 When Poulett Thompson prattles on Free Trade,
 And Buckingham his Temperance speech has made,
 When Burdett, Hobhouse, Evans, and that crew
 And gape-creating Grote and Duncombe too,
 Join fierce O'Connell, raging with his dozens
 Of sons, and sons-in-law, and Irish cousins.
 On that dread day, when you on Dawson call,
 You'll find no Dawson in St. Stephen's Hall.
 And 'een forgotten by the thing he made
 Great Derry Dawson will be rumped by Praed!

Praed.

When I forget the favours you have done,
 May I forget—all that I call my own;
 May I forget my tailor *not* to pay,
 And oh, may I forget—e'en quarter day!

While suavid Sutton holds the Speaker's chair—
 While there's an Ass that can be made a Mayor—
 While royal Adelaide does William scold—
 While Jersey does not think she's getting old—
 And oh, until we've paid the National Debt,
 My Derry Dawson I will ne'er forget.

Dawson.

Then take *The Times*, and carefully peruse
 That sage memorial of diurnal news,

Note all its quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Mark how the *old* Whig members it beguiles,
 And learn, my Praed, from this, 'tis always best,
 Whatever may come, mind your own interest—
 To blunder and keep out, are statesmen's crimes,
 Ever, my Praed, like Peel,—change with *The Times*!

BREVITIES.

Rejected Addresses

The Electors of Middlesex and Berkshire have refused to make themselves 'Hewers of *Wood*, and drawers of *Waters*', for a Tory Administration.

Somewhat Precocious.

Captain Wood, in consequence of his minority in Middlesex, is to be promoted to a Majority in the Guards.

A Query answered,

Who is this *Wood*? What sort of *Wood* is he, enquired an elector—oh, returned the Scotch canvasser—he is a son of a *Beech*.

THEATRICALS.

The laudable ambition of James Wallack has induced him to go through the part of Brutus, in *Julius Cæsar*. We thought the exclamations and orations of Antony quite thrown away. *Julius* was avenged, for if Brutus murdered Cæsar, Wallack certainly murdered Brutus. Coulton might just as well have played the part, his draperies would have been as well arranged, his attitudes would have been as picturesque, there would have been as much sentiment at least in his dancing, as in Wallack's acting.

Surely at the moment when Brutus bestrides the corpse of the fallen tyrant; of the friend he loved, but whom he slew to save his country—surely at that moment Wallack must have felt his incapacity to represent that great and glorious character. How could he, a mere attitude-monger, depict that scene which the poet describes:—

When Brutus rose

Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
 Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
 On high extending like eternal Jove
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword
 Of justice on his rapt astonished eye,
 And bad the father of his country hail,
 For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
 And Rome again is free!

Wallack stabbed Cæsar like Selby, or any other Cobourg actor, who does the wholesale butchering work, in Fitzball's tragic Melodramas, would slaughter some inoffensive brigand-chief, or harmless big-whiskered assassin. There was a want of dignity, of decency, (in the Roman sense we mean) of philosophy, of association—but why should we run through the catalogue of deficiencies? Mr. Wallack will answer all with his laudable ambition! He acts without imagination, genius, or refinement, and presumes to quarrel with those who comment upon him.

Because Mr. Kean was presented with a silver vase by his fellow-actors for his tremendously magnificent personation of Sir Giles Overreach, Mr. Bunn has presented Mr. Ducrow with a silver vase, as a testimony of his admiration for the 'taste and imagination with which he got up King Arthur.' This, then, is the secret of the reported squabble between Bunn and Stanfield, whom the Lessee seems to look upon as merely a thing of paint and

brushes. A shrewd hint has been given to us of Mr. Alfred Bunn's interference in Westminster election matters, (for Bunn, like all lick-spittle blackguards, is a Tory.) We have heard of his imitating the Duke of Northumberland in sending letters round to his tradesmen, advising them to vote for Sir Thomas Cochrane, and threatening them with the loss of his custom on their refusal. We shall inquire more fully into the subject, and keep a rod in pickle for Alfred.

A new Interlude, which from its very title, 'The King's Word,' was evidently good for nothing, was produced at Drury Lane on Tuesday. It refers to a passage in the life of that monarch whose vice and treason have escaped a people's hatred in their foolish admiration of his wit and good-humour. The merry monarch Charles the Second, is the hero—but the melancholy with which Mr. Warde played this character was terrific—His acting was mirth in mourning, a perfect wet blanket on all fun and frolic; a wedding couple in a mourning coach, an honest man as a Prime Minister, a sensible man as a Lord Mayor, a dinner party in a charnel house, or a supper on oysters and soda water in a frosty night, could not be more incongruous than Warde as Charles the Second. Cooper, too, the croaking Cooper, was his aider and abettor in carrying on the joke of this interlude. The dialogue of two mutes, would alone parallel their joint acting. There was a gravity in every sentence, a palpable ponderosity in every joke which passed between them, which sensibly affected the risible muscles of the audience. For ourselves we thought we had tumbled into a tragedy, and hoped to see one or other of them cut his companion's throat—but were unhappily deceived. The king however is very nearly shot. Cooper as he richly deserved, is tried, convicted, and then brought upon the stage to be executed—when hey presto! his solemn Majesty in mirthful gravity, waves his hand, and Cooper is *made a Duke*. Ellen Tree acted charmingly, and scolded in a graceful and enviable manner. Harley, who always has a hungry part, (we suppose his salary is never paid here,) acted a hungry Sheriff most feelingly; and we are unable to decide whether the author in writing this part, or Harley in acting it, made the greater fool of himself. It is a dull affair, and will soon drag its slow length off the stage.

The Constant Couple of Farquhar emasculated, has been brought out as a semi-demi kind of opera at Covent Garden. Bunn the barbarian, has made a eunuch of George Farquhar, by depriving him of his strength to give him the power of song; but how Miss Betts shrill strains and inharmonious quaverings can compensate for Farquhar's wit we cannot calculate. Of this comedy we will write next week, and give our theatrical friends a slight taste of the true cause of such comedies not being now relished on the stage, by shewing them the original cast. Suffice it for the present, to say that Mr. Wallack played Sir H. Wildair, like a dashing jew-bail—that Mrs. Faucit's Lady Lurewell was like Mrs. Millwood—that Bartley's Beau Clincher was vulgar, and offensive—that Webster's Young Clincher was a study for good acting, and wanted only warmth to make it excellent—and that Blanchard's Alderman Smuggler, had it been rather more mellow, and less fidgety, was the only true piece of acting (except Webster's) which reminded us of the glorious days gone by. Meadows is, we suppose, a natural consummate fool, for he makes all his characters foolish alike. Vining, who had to perform the part of Colonel Standard, looked as if he got his clothes from Monmouth Street, and his manners from Drury Lane.

The Michigan Chief having lost his lady, the Strand Theatre was closed on Wednesday. We consider this to be first rate hum-

bug. If Mrs. Waylett chooses to take a holiday because another squaw dies, she should not deprive the public of the pleasure of seeing Mitchell's Man Fred, that model of burlesque acting; we know not which most to admire—the quiet humour of the actor, or the chastity of his acting. Mitchell, indeed, has not, like Wallack, with "laudable ambition"

Aimed step by step the tragic height to climb,
But reached at one great leap the *low* sublime.

Mrs. Nesbitt's theatre, the Queen's, we reached after a long pilgrimage. She has furnished up the Fitzroy famously—it looks gay and tasty as a lady's boudoir. Light, pleasant pieces, some rather pretty music, which Tom Cooke has *hashed* up for her, and her own good acting have filled her house every evening.

We visited the Victoria last week, and got in just as Selby was murdering a brother actor, which he seemed to do with great relish. Mr. Bulwer should bring an action against Mr. Glossop for defamation. We long to see announced the last nights of the 'Last Days of Pompeii.'

The new Lessee of the Clarence Theatre, situate, we believe, either at Islington or Highgate, has adopted a famous plan of filling his house. Every family in the neighbourhood receives 'three orders for the boxes,' with the comfortable addition, that two of these orders will be admitted *gratis* on the third's paying one shilling. This was too inviting—so we sent in two chimneysweeps with an order, and told them to say, that the third gentleman would come in *in half-an-hour*.

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No. 165.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

CUTTING OFF MOTHER CHURCH'S EXCRESCENCES.



The generous Seymour, with a patriotic ardour unequalled since the days of Curtius, has abandoned all selfish considerations, and yielded to our request, for his country's sake. Again he wields the satiric pencil, and corruption trembles to its very base. His first peace offering to FIGARO IN LONDON, is the rich etching our readers now gaze upon with laughing eyes. Alas! for Mother Church! the good old lady has dropped into Downing Street to have a little chat with her old friends, the state quacks, again established in their old places—and they have persuaded her to try their remedies to cure her pluralist dropsy, and her cathedral

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gout. The Bishopric Polypus is being sawed away by the knowing Lyndhurst; Surgeon Peel is tapping off the pluralism, while Army-surgeon Wellington, with military quickness and nerve, is chopping away the venerable family gout, which has so long precluded the old dame from any active exertion. 'Save me from my friends,' Mother Church is groaning out—while Mr. William King is aghast at this first work of the firm he has just re-established.

SHOCKING CRUELTY TO AN ASS.



THE CITY FLARE-UP.

To be voted a liar by a majority of twenty-six, is an honour unexampled in the annals of civic magistracy. The manly

independence and honourable consistency of that patriotic book-seller, Effingham Wilson, who is seen kicking out the ass, is in strong contrast with the shuffling and sneaking tergiversation of Lord Winchester. Sir Peter Laurie himself (*et tu, Brute!*) cried out, 'Mind your pockets,' as the Mayor disappeared, and not one word would the dirty-fingered contractors, the plundering stationers, the swindling bill-brokers, or the roguish stock exchange thieves, who compose the City Aristocracy, venture to say in defence of their worthy representative the great Lord Winchester,

THE INTERPRETER.

The Devil Correcting Sin.

Lord Castlereagh.—To the democratic and revolutionary spirit, which, with unbridled violence, is stalking abroad—as long as I have an arm to lift, or a leg to stand on—so help me heaven! I will give my most strenuous opposition. (It is impossible to convey, by words, any idea of the rapturous sensation predominant in so crowded an assemblage at this declaration.)—*Times.*

That any spawn of the vile Castlereagh-breed should feel an innate hatred to even a whisper of reform, is not to be wondered at. This male excrescence of that filthy family, whose founder was a pedlar,—this thing, whose uncle was a traitor to his country, and whose father is the dandy of sixty, the 'too-bad' Lord Londonderry—dares to place himself in opposition to a united country. We recollect him, when in London, *without* 'a leg to stand upon,' worried by bailiffs, eand xchequered by Vestris—a thing of curls and cane—a pattern for puppies—and hired as a shew-block for tailor's coats, who united with monstrous precocity the follies of youth, with the full-blown vices of manhood, and the disgusting debauchery of maturer years—and now he is *down* upon the County of Down, and comes back to London upon the principle of 'set a thief to catch a thief'—a law-maker, where formerly he was a law-breaker.

Royal Gallantry.

"At the dinner given at the palace Brighton, to the Prince Augustus of Portugal, (the Duke de Leuchtenberg,) the King proposed the health of the Queen of Portugal, upon which, the Prince proposed the health of the Queen of England, when the King, with his accustomed gallantry, proposed the health of the Queen of Spain, saying, with great good humour—'We all drink the healths of the three Queens,' which was drank with great enthusiasm by all present."—*Atlas.*

This is fine loyal humbug for the stupid *Atlas*—a paper of great size, but little sale,—of much pretension, but of no merit! What wit! What gallantry! What refinement! What courtesy! What a conjugal compliment of our uxorious monarch, is the putting together the (at any rate) virtuous and respectable, however peevish and meddling Adelaide, with the Queen of Spain, the most profligate woman that ever disgraced a throne, and the Queen of Portugal whose precocious—but we will rake up no more Court scandal. What is the plain English of this twaddle? Billy likes a glass of wine, and none the worse for having a woman to recommend it—so he took three glasses instead of one—and that's the interpretation.

The True Destructives.

"The Sarah, Captain Cormick, from Virginia, brought above 150 emigrants which she took off the *Henry*, bound from this port for New York. They had been fifty days at sea, when the vessel, which was an old one, became so leaky, that there was no chance of her swimming much longer. Just at this awful crisis, the Sarah hove in sight and took the unfortunate passengers off the wreck. There was not time to save the luggage or provisions before the *Henry* sunk."—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

The infamous avarice of the owners of the *Henry* should be exposed. Why are not their names placarded in the newspapers! Is the *Liverpool Chronicle* afraid to do this? Let it send, them to the fearless *Figaro*. Here are one hundred and fifty lives perilled

in a leaky old vessel, that the owners may fill their pockets with the passage-money. They insure the vessel at Lloyd's, and when she sinks, pocket the insurance-money. Crimping for the plantations in the olden times, was nothing in cruelty to this plan of emigration. Who can forget the *Amphitrite* transport, and her hapless lading? We doubt not, the Liverpool scoundrels who own the *Henry*, hold up their heads on 'Change as honest men, and well to do in the world—that they talk about destructives, and shake their heads at the result of the elections, and make speeches about 'attacks upon property,' and go to church—and that their families subscribe to Missionary Societies, while they murder, by wholesale, their poor fellow-creatures on the high seas—all in the way of business—thinking it, doubtless, a praiseworthy action thus to thin the surplus population.

The Poor—The Police—and the Poor Laws.

That 'a niggard him bad massa,' is a proverbial expression in Jamaica—and that those who are raised from a state of poverty themselves, to comparative sufficiency and petty power, are most cruel to the poor—is unquestionably proved by the police reports of the last few weeks. 'You mustn't come to the parish,' says the Poor Law—'You mustn't get your living,' says the policeman to the poor apple-woman, who, cold and shivering, stands through an inclement day, hoping to procure honestly for her children, that evening meal, of which, with a mother's heart, she has deprived herself all day. She sees the dashing daughter of the purse-proud tradesman, opposite whose gilded shop she holds her humble basket, clothed in silks, and wrapped in furs—she hears the tuneful piano-forte jingling a merry waltz—she sees the happy faces of the family, while the cheerful fire blazes through the crimson curtains—and sighs to think of the cold, cheerless hearth of her back garret, and the starving child left to the care of its ragged sister. A customer stops, her heart beats with pleasure; (reader, we do not exaggerate, 'tis of a mother we are speaking,) those halfpence will purchase a comfortable meal—when up steps policeman *Grab-em*, 202, G division—rosy-faced, warm-coated, full-bellied, and pompous—seizes on the basket and its bearer, and consigns her to the station-house. And this little scene of domestic tragedy is acted every day in this great metropolis. Is it to be wondered at that the poor feel a bitter, vengeful hatred against the rich—that the power to do wrong, and the will are considered synonymous? and what consequences are to be expected from such feeling, when the toxin of an angry and aroused people shall sound the downfall of a pampered, heartless, and pitiless aristocracy?

Peonuniary Patriotism.

"Sir Robert Wilson transacted business at the Foreign Office previous to his departure for the Ionian Islands."—*Court Circular.*

This little paragraph tells the tale of a political life. Sir Robert Wilson, who was the principal promoter of the broil between the soldiers and the people, which occasioned the death of Honey and Francis—who issued his secret directions to entrench the streets, and tumble over carts, dig ditches, and otherwise obstruct the passage of Queen Caroline's funeral—for *we know* he did this—Sir Robert Wilson, who used to humbug the Southwark electors, with a new hat,—who, with buttoned-up coat, and military front, declared himself ready to march and fight in the great cause, "for which Hampden bled, and Sydney perished on the scaffold;"—for whom a generous people subscribed *ten thousand pounds* to remunerate him for what they thought he had lost in their cause—to whom the Whigs, notoriously ungrateful as they are, repaid his arrears of pay, and whom they reinstalled in his rank—rats, turns himself over to a Tory Government—a military despotism, and sells himself, with patriotic profligacy, for an appointment as Governor of the Ionian Islands. Such are the defenders of the people—such their friends! They raise them from the ordeal of

poverty and obscurity—they elevate them on their toil-worn shoulders to honour and station—and these patriots, like the full-fledged bird, which flies from its parent's nest, forgetful even of the tenderness which nursed and reared it—these political ingrates, at the first smell of place and pension—throw away all friendship for the people—wipe out all remembrance of their former promises, and “transact business at the Foreign Office on their departure for the Ionian Isles.”

THE GOOD OF THE POOR.

A new Song of the Figaro in London.

“Sir James Graham said, that the Church of England was supported by the Rich, for the good of the Poor!”—*The Times*.

Tune—*Gee ho, Dobbin.*

When Ryder rode out with his pistols and swords,
And shot her poor boy at the widow's own door;
It wasn't a murder,—to use Jemmy's words,
'Twas for Church and for State, and the good of the Poor.

Chorus.—Sing whack fol de rol, fire away my brave boys,
For the Church and the State, and the good of the Poor!

Our big-bellied Bishop, he feasts upon plate,
Our Vicar, half drunk, drives the poor from his door,
Our Rector, he pockets the tithes, small and great,
While our Curate starves on—for the good of the Poor.

Chorus.—Sing whack fol de rol, drink away, my brave boys,
For Church and for State, and—the good of the Poor!

My Lord's uncle's a Bishop, and proudly he rides,
With ten thousand a-year, and a few thousand more,
My Lord's nephew's a Vicar, and something beside,
And a Rector, his son—for the good of the Poor!

Chorus.—Sing whack fol de rol, vote away my brave boys,
For Church and for State, and—the good of the Poor!

Then away with Reforming, and meddling and stuff,
Your preaching, and praying, and Methodist bore;
Give our Bishops and Rectors but just rope enough,
And they'll soon hang themselves—for the good of the Poor!

Chorus.—Sing whack fol de rol, pull their legs, my brave boys,
For Church and for State, and—the good of the Poor!

THE ROYAL SHILOH.

“A report has been current, during the last two days, concerning the state of the highest female personage in the realm, which, if true, must excite the highest interest.”—*Morning Herald*.

What can this mean? Is Adelaide very ill? is she going to die? does the dull *Herald* think the people of England likely to rejoice at her death? Fie! Grandmamma—this is too bad! But, the Gods avert the omen! does the *Herald* mean to insinuate that the Queen, having long had the Royal William at her command, is about, at last, to have a *Will of her own*? The Gods protect us from another litter of the German breed! But, perhaps, the *Morning Herald*, when it whispers about the highest female personage in the realm, means some sly satirical allusion to the dangerous state of *Mother Church*.

We are indebted to Lady Mary Winchester's prolific pen for the following neat *jeux d'esprit* on this interesting subject, or rather sovereign:—

Hear both Sides.

The courtiers with amaze are wild,—
Good God! Her Majesty's with child!
It's very strange and queer, I vow:
But so it is—the Lord knows *How(e)*!

The New Creation.

The King looks big—the courtiers chatter—
Her Majesty feels very ill:
God bless me! what can be the matter?
His Majesty has made a *WILL*!

We have left *eightpence* for her Ladyship, at our publisher's.

BREVITIES.

A la Militaire.

The Electors of Middlesex were *about right*, in sending the Captain to the *right about*.

Measures not Men.

The Tories, by this time, have rued (*rood*,) measuring their strength by the poll, (*pole*,)—The (h) ell would be more suitable for them,

Nothing New.

The friends of the present administration, tell us that Peel is a *brilliant* statesman. He is generally considered a *light* character.

A Puff.

We recommend the use of Rowland's Macassar to the Tories, considering the *bare* state of their *polls*—(poles.)

The Devil Sick.

The Duke of Wellington is seriously indisposed—to Reform. It is said, that *exhibitions* of the Russell Purge, during the time of the recent election, has produced a powerful effect on his Grace's system.

A Bitter Pill.

His Grace of Wellington has been recommended *bitters* by his bodily physician—his State physicians have applied the *bitter* pill of Church Reform.

Fashionable Movement.

The Archdeacon, Ryder, to Rathcormac on a p(h)asant shooting excursion.

An Out-Rider.

‘Who is this Archdeacon Ryder,’ said Peel to Phillpotts—‘don't you see,’ said the spouting bishop, ‘he is a *rider* to the Irish Tithe Bill.’

A Peeler.

The new Ministerial measure for paring away the excrescences of the Church—is called the measure for *Peeling* the Chutch.

THEATRICALS.

La Somnabula, at Covent Garden, is a great treat. Templeton has amazingly improved; and his ‘laudable ambition’ will eventually entitle him, when Braham *really* dies, to the rank of our first English tenor-singer. Miss E. Romer sings with so much feeling and sensibility, that the envious comparison between her power of voice, and Malibran's is lost in the delicacy and energy of her acting. She sings sweetly, but not strongly; and Templeton is certainly the lion of this opera. As for Seguin, his voice is like a fine-toned, double-bass-viol, played upon by an unskilful hand,—he wants expression, sentiment and soul in singing—and is a mere

walking musical snuff-box—that jingles on just as it is screwed down for it. “*Off to the Continent*” was so thoroughly settled by FIGARO, last week, that the manager has withdrawn it. This is as it should be; and while Bunn is obedient—FIGARO will be merciful.

The Adelphi Theatre continues to be so crowded, that a notice has been stuck at the Pit door, requesting gentlemen who may intend visiting that part of the theatre, to shave off their whiskers previous to admission—every inch of room being a matter of consideration.

Mitchell continues to prove a host in himself at the Strand Theatre. This pleasant little house begins to be unpleasantly hot, so densely packed is the audience. *The Man with the Carpet Bag*, as performed by Mitchell, is equal to any part acted by Liston.—And now for Mrs. Waylett. She has left this theatre, and we should like to know when she intends to put into execution the threat of ‘horsewhipping Figaro,’ which she made at the Lord Chamberlain’s office last week. That she can do so, if she pleases, who can doubt, when we already see her possessed of the manly qualities of drinking and swearing. We ourselves are, however, in a longing condition, until this affair ‘comes off,’ as they say at Newmarket. A box on the ear from a woman is generally considered as a challenge to a kiss, and a horsewhipping from Mrs. Waylett (as a far *more striking* proof of regard) must of course be a hint for some greater favour. Poor Mrs. Waylett, with that unparalleled flashy-genteel Brummagem fashion which she affects, expressed her intention of driving down to the Publisher’s in her carriage (!) and horsewhipping him! but alas! Mrs. Waylett has no carriage, and—unutterable woe! she herself, like her phantom horses, has gone to grass, there to remain until legs like a drayman’s, a voice like a hoarse flute, a temper like Xantippe’s, and impudence like the devil’s, shall again be *desiderata* on a London stage.

Mrs. Nisbett is sadly in want of a stage manager at the Queens’ Theatre. At present the economy of her stage, and the arrangement of her dramatis personæ, savour too much of amateur management. Dancers caper on the boards before the appropriate music has commenced, and actors entangle themselves in situations and positions on the scene, without knowing how to get off. Clari, the Maid of Milan, was dreadfully murdered by a stout, middle-aged matron named Hooper; and a Mr. Angell, who performed a minor part, unconsciously proved himself (as was observed by a young Figaro in the gallery) a very *devil*. Elton’s Romano was good; not too intemperate in passion, nor too whining in the subdued parts; but Mr. Elton should avoid flourishing a pocket handkerchief; the grief and emotion of a man does not go off, like a child’s, in blubbing, nor is there any pathos in the humidity of the nasal organs. We wish to know Mr. Elton’s reason for pronouncing *virtue* as *virtoo*; Mr. Elton of course has *some* reason for this innovation. Miss Vincent made her first appearance in *Vespina*: the circumstances to which we allude are unhappily not of a merely private nature; so that we shall not violate the decency of private life, by stating our opinion, that with the brightest gem of woman—her virtue, Miss Vincent has lost her beauty and chief attraction. The laughing eye, the bright and careless light which shone upon her youthful face, the sun-beams that played in her fair hair, have faded and gone; she has lost all ‘the girl,’ and is only the woman—*whose* woman is unluckily too notorious. Her *naivete*, her archness, having lost their innocence, have lost their charm, and degenerate into a pretty pertness, and a merely acted merriment. She looks thinner and paler, and sorrow, as the poet beautifully expresses it, seems to have shaded her fair brow.

Captain Addison’s new piece, ‘*The Moon’s Age*,’ was sheer babble and trashy nonsense; and Mr. C. Pitt, who was to represent a gentleman, disguised as a footman, by no means looked the character, as he seemed absolutely not genteel enough for a footman. Barnett had a slight character, intended by the author as a quiz upon D’Orsay; what he had to do, Barnett did well; but D’Orsay has nothing to fear from such a caricature as this, which in its utter failure turns the reflection of folly upon its author. This theatre, if care is not taken, will smash itself, by the supereminent folly of the managers acting their own productions.

Our attention has been called to Mr. Campbell’s egregious attitudinizing at Sadler’s Wells. We will pay him a visit.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the immense demand, our last Number, with the *Four* Caricatures of ‘*Before and After an Election*,’—and ‘*In and Out of Place*,’—is reprinted, and may be had at every bookseller’s in the habitable globe. We regret, extremely, that any disappointment took place last week; but it was impossible for us to calculate upon selling more than 200,000 copies in one week. We have caused the Caricatures to be re-engraved three times, and a ten-horse power engine is engaged to work our Printer’s Machine for this occasion.

In consequence of Sir R. Peel’s impudent assertion, our next Number will contain a Caricature, by Seymour, of

The Three Tailors of Downing Street.

The public having patronized FIGARO IN LONDON—FIGARO is about to return the compliment, by patronizing the public in his next number but one, the 14th of February, when he purposes presenting his readers with

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PUBLISHED (for the Proprietor) by W. STRANGE, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch, that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 166.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

THE THREE TAILORS OF DOWNING STREET.



The glorious Seymour thus retaliates upon Sir Robert Peel, his meagre joke of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street. These are the Three Tailors of Downing Street, Sir Bob Peel, Nosey Arthur, and Snatchy Bull; who represent the united wisdom of the grand Confederated Conservative High-priced Master Tailors of the Vol. IV.

British Dominions. They have just finished dressing up *their Dummy* round which they are dancing in high glee at the expected patronage and success which they fancy this new suit will acquire for them. The firm have issued the following announcement:—

ARTHUR, PEEL, AND SNATCHBULL,

Regimental, and Clerical Tailors,

Dealers in Cast Off Clothes, &c. &c.

The Red-coat and Regimental department of the concern is conducted by Mr. Arthur, whose long experience in that line will he trusts ensure him extensive patronage.

The Country and Leather Breeches department is in the hands of Mr. Snatchbull, who will endeavour to accommodate his hard-bottomed friends with *seats* suitable to every convenience. To Farmers and Agriculturists, Mr. Snatchbull only refers to his long connection with the County of Kent.

The Second-hand and Turn-coat department is intrusted to that clever stitch Bob Peel, who with an expeditious hand can turn any gentleman's coat, and give him good reasons for it at a moment's notice.

A. and Co. can give references to most of the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergymen, who have been long their best customers.

N. B. The firm intend issuing a further prospectus in a short time, containing a list of their measures and the prices charged.

G. COWIE, Printer, 13, Newcastle Street, Strand.

INTERPRETER.

Rogues and Vagabonds.

"The magistrates, under the Police Act, have the power of committing as rogues and vagabonds, persons suspected of intending to commit any offence, who shall not be able to give a satisfactory account of himself or herself, and of his or her way of living. For a second offence against the Police Act, the party is to be committed to the sessions—and may there be sentenced to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for one year; and further, if the court shall see fit (the party not being a female,) to be whipped, at such time and in such place, as according to the nature of the offence, may be deemed expedient."

We are happy to see this practice, which was a law among the Athenians of old, again in vogue. To what curious scenes will it give rise! Pensioned Lords and Ladies will be dragged up to the Police office to account for their manner of living. Half of the Members of Parliament will be committed to the Tread-mill, as rogues and vagabonds; and at least two-thirds of the Court be sentenced to be privately whipped! The Duke of Wellington and Peel, as being suspected of intending to commit an offence, will be the first sufferers. Poor Twiss is already in limbo—and Lord Londonderry is about to transport himself to Russia, as quickly as possible.

Modern Improvements.

When Pope Pius the Sixth spent the money of the Papal State, in erecting fine columns and triumphal arches in Rome, while the people were starving—the Statue of Pasquin (the Roman Figaro) bore, one morning, this satirical allusion to his folly:—"We asked him for bread, and he gave us a stone!"—So may the starving poor of this great metropolis, as they walk along by Charing Cross and see magnificent buildings towering around them, say of our Government, that—when asked for bread, they have indeed given us stone! Our streets get better as our people get worse; and we think more of the fine stones of our lordly dwellings, than the melancholy stories of a starving population! The recent braggadocio concerning the opening of the Regent's Park, and the improvement of York Street, suggest the following:—

John Bull.

You keep the people in the dark.

Ministry.

Haven't we opened the Regent's Park?

John Bull.

Your promises are all a cheat!

Ministry.

Yes, but we've paved a nice new street!

Our Ministry are nothing but a superior Road Committee—and, instead of mending our ways, should mend their own.

Old Bailey Dinners.

The hungry wretches who haunt the courts of law at the Old Bailey, were thrown into a state of despondency the other day, on the termination of the trials, by finding no dinner ready for them. It seems that Lord Winchester and the sheriffs disagreed about paying for this long established feed, and so no dinner was forthcoming. You would have thought the bank had broke, or the Lord Mayor was dead, or some other national calamity had happened, so ghastly was the horror depicted in the countenance of each alderman. 'What, no dinner!' said Laurie. 'No dinner, groaned Farebrother. 'No dinner,' grunted Ainsley. 'No dinner,' gobbled Brown. 'No dinner,' squeaked Wilson. Starvation was in every look, they swallowed a luncheon of turtle and punch immediately, fear lending sharpness to the aldermanic appetite—nay, Laurie was actually seen to give a half-penny to a poor beggar-woman, who said she was starving. A dinner was immediately ordered at the London Tavern, and a meeting called without loss of time; and at it they went tooth and nail, until they caught Winchester in a shabby attempt to shuffle off paying his share, and nailed him to feed them all during the whole of the February sessions. The whole bar, and the whole bench, and the whole corporation;

likewise the Common Council, all of whom are entitled to attend, as well as the Governor of Newgate, in himself a host, unanimously resolved to give him a benefit by attending, as some punishment for his shabby tricks. This Old Bailey dinner, is the one alluded to by the satirist, in the well known line:—

'And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.'

Prisons for Debt.

The horrors and miseries of a Debtors' Prison in this country none but those who have experienced them can imagine. The numberless heart-aching degradations which the unhappy wretch, broken in fortune, but not in spirit, is compelled to bear with from the brutality and insolence of governors, deputy-governors, and turnkeys, are past belief, and almost past endurance. An instance has just been brought under our notice, which we are resolved to blazon forth, and brand with merited obloquy the blackguard villains by whose direction, and under whose management these atrocities are committed. We will state the case simply as it occurred, without exaggeration, and almost without comment. It happened, on the Master's, or Debtors side of Horsemonger Lane Gaol. A respectable man, a builder, named *Hetherington*, who was confined for debt in that dungeon, a few months ago, was occasionally visited by his daughter, a fine girl of about 19 years of age. One day he sent her out twice, on business of the greatest importance to himself—when some suspicion having arisen among the turnkeys, or, they pretending that they had some suspicion, that she might have gone out with the intention of bringing in some spirituous liquors—she was stopped on her return—the matron was sent for—she was ordered to strip off her clothes—they took every covering from her—nor were their pretended suspicions satisfied until the poor girl was as naked as she came from her mother's womb! even her very stockings having been taken off, and the comb snatched from her hair! This monstrous indecency—this gross indelicacy—was perpetrated on a daughter performing the pious office of visiting an afflicted and distressed parent, without any formal proceeding by information—but simply because the turnkeys chose to do it. Such is the working of our Imprisonment for Debt system!—Such are the tender mercies, the decency, the propriety, the charity of Horsemonger Lane!

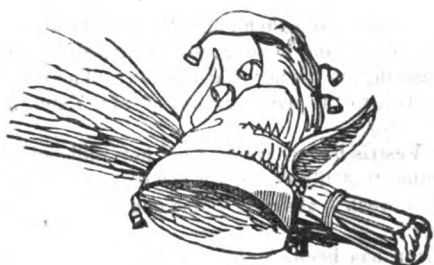
ON THE ROYAL COMMISSION TO REFORM THE CHURCH

Figaro to John Bull

Down with Reform, and down with Swing,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Church and King.
Great William shows us his intentions,
To drop his civil list and pensions;
Old Wellington, resolved to charm ye,
Is going to disband the army—
And Peel, though it may seem absurd,
'Tis said, for once, will keep his word,
Forget this time to turn his coat,
And give to every man a vote.
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!
The King declares, with potent voice,
No more he'll leave you in the lurch—
The Bishops will reform the Church!

John Bull's Answer.

All this is very fine, if true,
But, FIGARO, 'twixt me and you,
All this, I would believe as well,
As that the Devil would put out Hell—
And wishing at once to drown and duck it,
Call in each engine, hose, and bucket—
Rake out each coal, each fire extinguish,
His pranks and tricks, and sins relinquish—
Repent of tempting Eve with th' apple,
And preach a sermon in Zion Chapel!



MR. ALEXANDER LEE AND FIGARO.

We caught this fellow at one of his sneaking paltry tricks the other day. We happened, in our wish to patronise a meritorious publisher, to stroll into the shop of the sagacious Sparrow,—when we saw enter a shabby, short, wire-headed, snivelling, swell-mob man, who looked like an Attorney's fag, and who, from his askant look would be suspected of picking pockets, did not a rheumatic twinge of the shoulder palpably demonstrate the fear of a bailiff. The vagabond stepped up to the counter and purchased a FIGARO. Then with a mysterious look, he summoned the Cock-Sparrow of a publisher into his private nest—and informed him with a most important air, that it was his intention to *prosecute* FIGARO; and then marched out full of pomposity, with all the mischievous intelligence of a Richmond, or any other state spy. The noble Sparrow having adjusted his plumage, spread his tail, put his hat on, and followed the hero, thinking to get him ducked at the adjoining pump of St. Clement Danes, and fully impressed with the notion that he was at least a cabinet minister in disguise, when behold, little Levy, a Jew barker, who lives in Holywell-street, (and of whom Lee in his wish to appear respectable had just purchased a seedy surtout, double polished,) recognised the musical swindler, and developed the mystery by acquainting Sparrow. Such are the shabby tricks which this Lee performs, as some return to Mrs. Waylett for supporting him. Such are the low offices he takes upon himself—a hunter up of prosecutions, an amateur informer, and a profitless spy. Mr. Lee enquired of Mr. Sparrow whether he could give him any information regarding the Editor of FIGARO IN LONDON. Perhaps Mr. Lee can tell us what has become of a man—by birth the son of a prize-fighter—and by avocation a kind of musical penny-a-liner—a paltry pilferer of piddling music, whose harmony is nothing but twiddle—who, finding no vend for his noises, took a mistress at second-hand, and uses her as a whistle for his petty trills—a man who lives upon a woman's earnings—a flatterer of fools—to the weak a bully—to the bold a COWARD—and to the unsuspecting and unprotected A SPY! Can Mr. Alexander Lee tell us of such a man? We shall conclude this mention of a very dirty character—the very writing of which has soiled our fingers—with a little anecdote, relative to Mrs. Waylett's intended visit to Edinburgh:—

"Ech! but, mon, has'na Mrs. Waylett forgathered wi bad company," said Hogg, to Fraser. "No, no, mon," replied the child of *Regina*, "its all—A. LEE."

BREVITIES.

The Royal Shiloh.

"What a God-send this young sprig of Royalty will prove to us," said Billy to Ernest.—"A God-send! do you call it?" replied the whiskered Duke.—"I think it's a *Lords-send*!"

Royal Feeling.

The bastardy clause, in the New Poor Law Bill, is to be forthwith repealed—by order of Her Majesty!

Fashionable Movement

Lord Spencer has been sent for to the Pavilion, in consequence of his Lordship's celebrated knowledge of *Breeding*.

My Gracious!

"What a Babe of Grace it will be!" said Dolly Fitz to Cato Fitz.—"You're wrong, Dolly," was the reply; "it's not a babe of his *Grace*, but—his Lordship's!"

The Speaker.

It is generally supposed that in the choice of a Speaker for the New House of Commons, the majority of Members will vote for Sir C. M. Sutton—not from party motives, but from *dinner-party* motives.

A trying Moment.

"Are the Ministers to have a trial?" is now the question.—Of course they are—because they have *committed* themselves already.

Set a thief to catch a thief

The royal commission to reform the church manifestly, is a strong example of the various sins of omission and *commission*.

THE ASS-KING.

A FABLE.

I own, with Swift, that now and then
Beasts may *degenerate* into men;
And thinking thus, I mean to dish-up
A fable, like a modern *Æsop*.
'Twas on a time, (which Mr. Lyall
Will tell you, if you'll make the trial,
Of reading theories geological,
To make you thorough philosophical,)
When Lions held the highest station,
And ruled with roars the forest nation;
I know not how it came to pass,
A lioness brought forth an *ass*,
And in due time, somehow or other,
By death of first and second brother,
To all beasts wonder and his own,
This ass sat on the Lion's throne!
It so fell out in moment wise,
Fresh ministers by luck he tries;
Who being good, his secret kept,
And while *they* reigned all satire slept.
We know a ministry's the thing,
As any block will do for king.
Thus, four years did he wisely rule,
The fifth he proved himself a fool.
For worried by his wife from Germany,
Who liked a row and hated harmony;
To please his teasing, scolding mate,
The Ass-King changed his plans of state,
And in a manner not quite civil,
Kicked his old ministers to the devil.
And now to court the beasts all rush—
They struggle, rustle, thrust and push;
They bow and smirk, and make grimaces,
Hungry for provender and places,
At once the wolf with action sinister
Pro tempore is made prime minister.
But when the Jackall showed his face,
Jackall and Wolf shared every place.
First came a fashionable ape,
With flowing wig, and pinched-up shape,
Ready to fawn, and lie and chatter;
And with abuse the wise bespatter,

Who wheedled every thing in life,
And pleased all women—but his wife.
This ape, this beast, without a soul,
Takes to himself the Board of Control.

A Kentish bull, with vigorous roar,
Entering the Privy Council door,
Bellows on Corn Laws, Tithes and Rents,
And agricultural discontent;
Incendiaries, and burning barns,
Wages—Low Prices—unlet farms,
And swears it would be for the best
To stick to the Country interest.
To stop his mouth they soon install him,
And Paymaster to office call him.
The cunning fox his way first feels,
And then consents to accept the Seals;
While the Exchequer's Chief Baboon,
By another old fox is filled up soon;
A twisting, crafty, sly old varlet—
With a brush of black, and a face of Scarlet.

But though, tis true, as Proverbs say,
That every dog *must* have his day,
Alas! for Jackall and his friend,
That day *must* also have an end.
For with Prerogative not content,
The Ass dissolved his Parliament.

Soon was the wonder buzzed about,
Soon was the fatal secret out.

What, when a Jackass wears a crown,
Must Lions tremble at his frown?
What shall a paltry piece of ermine
Protect a mischief-making vermin?

Shall to us other nations say,
"A hundred thousand pounds per day—
For Civil List you cheerful pay"—
And isn't it a precious farce

To pay such money for an Ass?

'Tis thus they spoke, and thus they speak,
What happened—— you'll know another week.

THEATRICALS.

Celestia, at the Adelphi, is a vision of fairy land; an exquisite fashioning of the moon's beams into fancied scenes. It is a dramatised poetic imagination of glittering palaces, and radiant forms, and 'airy tongues that syllable men's names, delightfully conceived and executed in the most elegant taste. Never did the lovely Mrs. Honey appear so beautiful, and never were the elegance and grace which are so conspicuous in the choric dances of this theatre so conspicuously displayed; and Rodwell's music is, in itself, delicious:

They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love formed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

The scenic effects in this piece are of the most magnificent description, unrivalled in splendour and in classic elegance. 'The

thousand notes that people the moon beams have here a local habitation and a name given them, and the spectator, lost in an atmosphere of beauty and of song, yields himself up to the delicious influence, seeking no higher gratification. The credit of Celestia, is due, however, to the scenic genius of Mr. Yates, and not to the author.

Madame Vestris has recovered from her indisposition. We have heard it hinted that the doctor's bill will not be the only *bill* to be paid for this week's absence. Madame certainly looks *Thynner* than before.

Miss Horton has been doubling her laurels already acquired at the Strand Theatre, by an imitation of Mrs. Waylett's singing, which she gives in a very laughable new Farce called "Unfortunate Miss Bailey." The imitation is perfect, with but one exception—that of being rather too good. The school scene in this piece is a rich portraiture of a "Seminary for young Ladies;" and the abrupt finale to a quadrille, occasioned by a dinner-bell, was electrifyingly ludicrous.

We have often wondered, in these days of rarity in criminal punishment, what had become of—

—————The gentle bard

Who lived by heroes that die hard,

And by sad sonnets quavered loud,

Drew tears and half-pence from the crowd—

commonly 'yclept "a Last-dying-speech Writer." We find now that they dramatise murders for the minor houses. One of them rejoicing in the cognomina of Lucius Junius Brutus Huggins Wiggins Jones, gave his evidence at a recent theatrical trial, in a singularly pert manner—and talked of getting his existence by dramatic authorship! "By existing," said the facetious penny-a-liner, "I mean bread and cheese with an occasional onion, and a surreptitious go of gin. By living, I mean a bottle of port and a rump steak!" This paltry wit has no business either to live or to exist: so thus we take up the insect between our finger and thumb and crack it—and with a crack it dies!

Next Week,

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 167.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

THE POLITICAL VALENTINE WRITER.



The Rival Speakers Grinning for the Collar.

To place and pension both alike inclined
Are Whig and Tory, differing in mind,
So that poor Johnny Bull right well believes,
He's but the chance of choosing 'twixt two thieves:
The right of giving to Peachum or to Lockit,
A legal preference—to *pick his pocket*.

Vol. IV.

THE NEW JOHANNA SOUTHCOTE.



TO LORD HOWE.

A Hymn to be Sung at all Tory Meeting Houses, and on the Birth of the New Shiloh!

How (e)! wondrous are thy works, my lord,

How (e)! glorious are thy ways!

How (e)! shall we sing thy song, my lord?

How (e)! celebrate thy praise!

G. Cowie, Printer, 13, Newcastle Street, Strand.

Britons, rejoice ! lift up your eyes !
 Send all the Whigs away :
 News from the royal palace flies,
 A Shiloh's born to day !

Prepare your purple swaddling bands,
 Prepare your golden things,
 See Arthur at his cradle stands,
 This miracle of Kings !

The Lord himself, the mighty Lord !
 Pitied a Queen forlorn.
 He came, he conquered, at a word,
 And lo ! a Shiloh's born !

So when old Sarah, Gabriel saw,
 With longing, longing, eyes,
 She broke through age and nature's law,
 To Abraham's great surprise.

Then praise the Lord with joyful tongue,
 Who stands about the throne ;
How(e) can we fail to praise with song,
 Who gave the king a son ?

DR. BLEED-'EM.



To the Duke of Wellington.

Hail ! thou great modern Atlas ! of the state
 Who, for one week, alone didst bear the weight.
 Wise state-physician ! who by *nostrums* sure,
 Will our diseased reformers *kill or cure* !
 Willing, Sangrado-like, always to bleed us,
 Physic or starve us—any thing but *feed* us.
 Stern and severe, at Waterloo a hero,
 A fool at home, in Downing-street a Nero.

THE ROYAL BROOM GIRL.



To Her Majesty.

Oh, royal broom girl, what a sight
 Thy close-fit petticoats disclose
 Poor little Vicky in a fright,
 Disjointed feels her royal nose.

The little Princes in a flutter,
 Throw all their whips and tops away,
 And quarrel with their bread and butter,
 And mope and sulk the live long day.

Her Grace the Duchess—Mother pouts,
 And General Conroy's in the dumps,
 He dreams no more of Ins and Outs,
 His suit is now no longer trumps !

The whiskered Ernest rubs his eyes,
 Poor Georgy Cumberland loudly groans,
 While little Cambridge yells and cries,
 That such new cousins he disowns.

Miss Martineau comes rattling down—
 Swift with four horses post to Brighton,
 Herself as well as all the town,
 On this great subject to enlighten.

"I hope the little dear will thrive,
 What *will* the lovely baby be ?
 'Twill be the sweetest prince alive !"
 Thus talk the tabbies o'er their tea.

And each old maiden cocks her chin,
 And each old bachelor knowing leers,
 "'Tis never *too* late to begin,
 Look at the royal couple's years !"

Ah! blest was Malthus in his death,
 Not witnessing this generation;
 The fates in mercy stopped his breath,
 E'er you increased the population.

Say, what inspired thee, royal fair?
 Was it the famous German spring? *
 Or, was it something in the air?
 Was it the comet—or the King?

Farewell! and may a chopping boy,
 With Billy's sense and Adelaide's beauty,
 Be given to a nation's joy,
 E'er Valentine again does duty.

THE ROYAL BILLY BLACK.



Because I made 'em Brush

TO THE KING.

Hail! thou conundrum of our age,
 Britannia's great first fiddle,
 By turns a fool, by turns a sage,
 A puzzling royal riddle.

By turns you make us weep or smile,
 Your country's curse, or glory,
 The BILLY BLACK of Britain's Isle
 By turns a Whig, or Tory.

THE POLITICAL MAN FRED.



To Sir Robert Peel.

See, lost to all his former mirth,
 His eyes on heaven, his thoughts on earth,
 He mourns that fatal hour;
 When swiftly posting, like the wind,
 Honour and Rome he left behind,
 For England and for power.

Muse on, muse on, thou recreant base,
 False to thyself, and true to place—
 Bethink thee of that night,
 When FREEDOM hailed the funeral flame,
 That blazed upon those towers of shame,
 And shouted with delight!

Farewell, farewell, the *hear! hear! hears!*
 Farewell, farewell, the frequent cheers!
 Not thy mellifluous speeches,
 Nor Goulburn's figures, gain a vote,
 Nor Praed, prepared to turn his coat,
 Nor Wynn's persuasive screeches.

See Russell guides the opposing storm,
 With Wakley raging for reform,
 And Abercromby too;
 Tom Duncombe heads a rattling band,
 Harvey and Hume join hand in hand,
 With fierce O'Connell's crew.

Ruin awaits thee—for the Church,
 Will surely leave thee in the lurch,
 Great William's self's in doubt,

* Her Majesty is said by the *Court Journal* to have derived peculiar advantages from drinking at a spring in Germany, called the Child's Well, which has never yet been known to fail in its effects.

Stanley and Graham stand aloof,
While Lyndhurst shows the cloven hoof,
Prepared to kick you out.

Be warned in time—retire, retire,
A child once burnt should dread the fire,
While you're in safety, go!
There's no room now for you at home,
Order your horses back to Rome,
And kiss the papal toe.

THEATRICALS.

A shoal of new pieces were produced at the theatres on Monday, and we were indeed called upon to prove our ubiquitous power by being in the Queen's, the Adelphi, and the Olympic at the same moment. 'The Married Rake,' as acted at the Queen's, is laughable enough, abounding in striking situations, and well acted. Let Mr. Parry beware of acting men of fashion—he has too much of the cook-shop about him. Let Mrs. Nisbett beware, lest seduced by applause, and led on by her own bounding good spirits, she should degenerate into hoydening and boisterous acting. Let Miss Mordaunt dress her hair more becomingly, and less fashionably—and then all will go right. 'The Farmers' Son' is terrific rubbish. Anderson was out of tune when we heard him; and being a bit of a sportsman, should know better than to wear so many Cockney shot-bags, charges, gun-picks, tooth-picks, and other dandy contrivances about him when he acts 'A Farmer's Son.' Mr. Huckle should have his throat cut—nothing else can save him. There are two very pretty ballads—'Sophy of the Feathers,' and 'Those Sweet Early Days,' in 'The Farmer's Son,' deserving of a better fate.

Peake's 'Death and the Doctor,' at Covent Garden, was deservedly damned. A dance upon tombstones, a fiddle at a funeral, or a supper in a church-yard vault cannot be more revolting.—*Death (La Mort)* was the principal character—a drunken cobbler, the main agent of the plot; and the rest of the business was on the old blood and murder system of all melodramas. Vapid dialogue, thread-bare jokes, indecent innuendoes, and dirty *double-entendres* formed the staple of the piece—and this revolting, indelicate, and offensive production, would have been damned in the first scene, had not an ingenious, modest, and manly appeal been made to

the mercy and consideration of the audience, by Mr. Bartley, the stage manager.

If Mr. Peake does not know better than to insult an audience by his indecent trash, surely the *reader* of the theatre should have spared us such a cruel infliction, and the manager such a fruitless expense. The actors did their best for 'Death and The Doctor,'—but they are both damned. Mr. Peake, in this production, reminds us of the lines in 'Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers':—

Lo! wreathes of yew, not laurels deck thy brow,
Thy muse 'a corse,'—Apollo's Sexton thou.

One word more—the scenes which nightly take place in the first circle of this theatre, are disgraceful. No man with any pretension to delicacy can go there with his family. Profligacy and harlotry flaunt their vileness in the very face of virtue and respectability. The manner in which this part of the theatre is conducted, is an offence *contra bonos mores*, and should be put down as a nuisance by indictment. If these things must be so, they should be confined to the circle immediately above. It is false to say that the boxkeepers cannot pretend to discriminate. They know every person who ought not be admitted into the dress-boxes, and such practices do not go on *there*.

Of the other novelties we must postpone further notice—save that Haynes Bailey succeeded in his new productions at the Adelphi and 'Olympic; and that unlike poor Peake's his *twins* were satisfactory. We are laying by for the Dramatic Author's Society. Our limits preclude us from an *expose* of their mummeries at present.

NOTICE.

An Imp of Darkness received with thanks.

We are compelled by the fecundity of the ever-working Seymour, from giving our wanted batch of Brevities this week. For a like reason, our Interpreter is likewise omitted.

Whiggeries and Waggeries, with Forty Engravings, Price Twopence, are Re-printed, and a copious supply is flowing to all parts of the United Kingdom, from the counter of our Publisher, in Paternoster Row.

No. 166, containing that caricature of the Tailors of Downing Street, which has caused such a sensation in the Cabinet, is still on sale. No. 165, in which we gave the double caricatures of Mother Church Reforming the Ministers! and The City Flare-up; is re-printed—a measure to which we have been compelled by the impudent attempt of His Majesty's Ministers to smother the ridicule heaped on them in that number, by buying it up. A few numbers of 164, containing the Four Election Caricatures, may be still got. Our Publisher will give a shilling for any number of 163.

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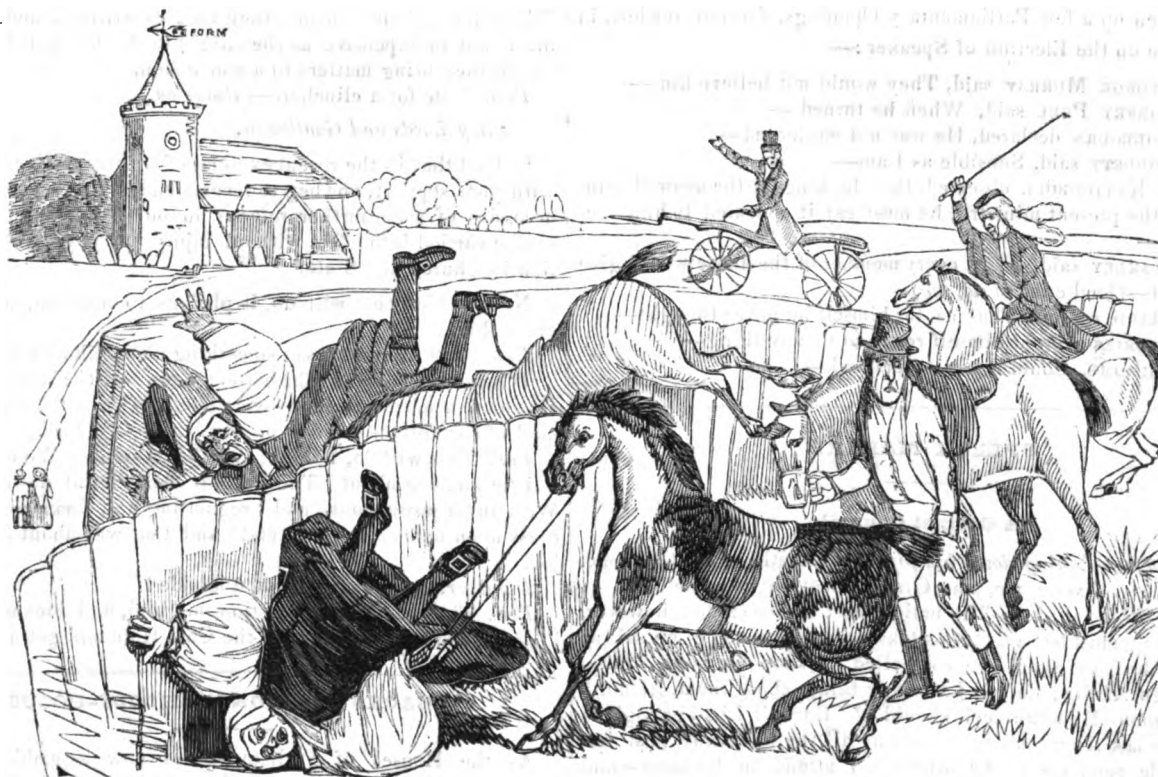
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No. 168.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

STEEPLE CHASE TO CHURCH REFORM.



The prophetic Seymour, whose piercing eye penetrates at a glance through the dark mist of futurity, bringing to light what ever may tend to the good of his beloved country, now submits to the Royal Commission for Church Reform, a foresight of their gal-

VOL. IV.

G. COWIE, Printer, 13, Newcastle Street, Strand

lant career towards their object. Those noted horses, *Exeter*, ridden by Phillpotts, and *London*, by Blomfield, made play at a top-ping speed. Blomfield, with a thorough knowledge of the country, pushed on at a rattling pace, but getting into a ditch, known as 'The Kirk,' arrived at the *Dissenters' Paling* only at the moment that Phillpotts had brought *Exeter* up to the scratch after getting over a rasper, and making hard play at a double hedge and ditch, well known to all who hunt these grounds, as 'The Marriage Law.' *Exeter* made a rush at the paling, but stumbled, and threw his rider. Blomfield worked *London*, head up, to the fence, but he shyed and shuffled when at the scratch; but finally, Blomfield, giving him the spur, he jumped, but succeeded only in tumbling himself head foremost into the ditch, pitching his rider over, where a precipice awaited him. Meantime *Chancery*, (a slow horse but of good bottom, and cleverly handled by Lyndhurst), crept up and passed *Statesman*, an old hack, ridden by Peel—both man and horse done up by the pace. Wellington, who claimed the stakes as winner, adopted a singular species of steed, and charged, straight to the place appointed as the winning-post, on a velocipede. The stakes are disputed, but it is supposed, that Lyndhurst—a known old file, will come in for the best share.

PARLIAMENTARY OPENINGS.

The members have lost no time, but seem resolved that the new house shall be as famous for long speeches as the old one. We have picked up a few Parliamentary Openings, for our readers, in the debate on the Election of Speaker:—

SIR GEORGE MURRAY said, They would not believe him—

SIR ROBERT PEEL said, When he turned—

MR. GOLBOURN declared, He was not contented—

MR. COBBETT said, Sensible as I am—

SIR E. KNATCHBULL observed, that looking at the avowed principles of the present ministry, he must say it appeared to him preposterous—

MR. WAKLEY said, That every member of the house would give him credit—(loud cries of *no, no*.)

MR. PRAED replied, That as for himself he never thought—

MR. HERRIES avowed himself ready to do any thing—

MR. HALCOMB, Could never understand—

SPEECH MAKERS.

A Cabinet Council.

Wellington. (*Laying down his pipe.*)—Something must be done.

Lyndhurst. Excuse me, your Grace, something must be said.

Peel. (*With a wink.*)—The nation must be done; but, however, as something must be said, let us take care that as little be said as possible; lest we should be compelled to keep our word. First, for Foreign Affairs; do you know any thing about them, Arthur?

Wellington. How the devil should I? Haven't I had enough to do for the last six weeks, in answering all the twopenny post letters people send me to try whether I attend to business—and swindle me out of my autograph?

Lyndhurst. They need not take much trouble to get that, your grace, every man in England has your autograph on his tax receipt.

Wellington. Love has made you witty, my lord; but, if you want Foreign Politics, ask Lord Londonderry.

Lyndhurst. He can't tell you, he has enough to do with *Home Affairs*—Lady Londonderry, to wit.

Peel. Besides, do you think we should have made him Ambassador of Russia, if he had known anything about politics? The old beau butterfly! I should as soon expect to find Cupid in a chancellor's wig, as sense and knowledge in an old dandy!

Wellington. Lyndhurst, my boy, that hits you hard; but we have all our weak moments.

Lyndhurst. Moments! your Grace means months.

Peel. Well, then, let us leave Foreign Politics to those that take an interest in them.—(*Writes.*)—This I think will do—there has not been a breeze lately:—(*Roads.*)

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'I am happy to inform you that I continue to receive assurances of the continued friendship of all my allies.'

Lyndhurst. Which, being interpreted, signifies that they are all ready and willing to cut one another's throats; but are in want of a reasonable pretence for beginning.

Peel. (*Reads on.*)

"My endeavours to re-establish the government of Persia, assisted as they have been by the Emperor of Russia, have been entirely successful; and our commercial and political intercourse with that power is now established on a firm basis."

Wellington. The plain fact is—We have lent ourselves as the cat's paw to a Russian intrigue.—We have made a rod for the backs of our Indian possessions, and have already paid £50,000 for it.

Peel (*reads on.*)

'The differences between the King of the Netherlands and the King of Belgium, are fast approximating to a settlement.'

Lyndhurst. I only hope our Ministry will last until then.—When they left off fighting, they took to writing; and, as spilling ink is not so expensive as shedding blood, they will be some time before they bring matters to a conclusion.

Peel. Now for a clincher.—(*Reads on.*)

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'I trust that in the recent exercise of my prerogative, I shall meet with your support, and beg to recommend to your consideration the necessity of such further reforms in our several institutions, as can be carried into effect without injury to our venerable constitution in Church and State.'

Now I think that will do, it pledges to nothing, and promises every thing.

Lyndhurst. We must say something about Church Reform!

Wellington. The less the better: beware of the bench of bishops. Do you remember Sancho's savory simile? Do not stir up that cess-pool of corruption. March on, my boy.—(*To Peel.*)

Peel. This will do, I think, for the present. We will throw in a little humbug about 'The ancient walls burnt down,' and 'our West India possessions,' and 'regulating the finances so as not to press upon our beloved subjects!' and that will about finish up the job.

Lyndhurst. Anything about Adelaide?

Peel. That's a delicate question, my lord, and does not admit of joking—and now let us go to the Coal Hole and get a chop.

QUACKSTITUTIONAL HOCUS-POCUS.

As the Houses of Parliament are now assembled, and the machinery of the state steam engine will be fresh-oiled by a King's Speech, and set to work early in the next week, a prophetic specimen of the debates may not be unsatisfactory to our readers. We shall give the speeches merely in abstract—as we found them in a work, now out of print, an antique report of the debates

past, present, and future, called, **THE TWO PARLEY-MEANT FLATS**, published by the patriotic bookseller, Strange, of Paternoster Row.

Wise sayings of the Ducks, Mere-quizzes, Err-alls, Wise-counts, Barrans, and the Bye-shops at their One-servative Meeting in the House of Words—Splendid address of Cumber-the-land, &c.

The One-servative Party being assembled in the House of Words and the lavender-water and eau-de-cologne brought in, by order of the Surgeon of Harms, the following colloquial debate was carried on:—

'Our Venerable and Gorge-us Quackstitution is in danger,' said the **MER-QUIZZES**. (loud cheers.)

'Let us die, then,' said the **DUCKS**, 'in the breaches of the Quackstitution.' (cries of 'Bravo!')

'It is a love-lie Quackstitution,' said the **ERR-ALLS**.

'It is a booty-ful Quackstitution,' added the **HOLYGARCHY**. (The entire Flat sighed.)

'It was established by the Quisdom of our ancestors,' observed the **BARRANS**. (Hereupon the Bunch of Bye-shops pulled off their wigs.)

'And Ann Tiquity has stamped it with her seal,' remarked the **WISE-COUNTS**. (Ann Tiquity was an old woman.)

'It has been the Bullwork of Kingland,' said one.

'It is the Law and the Profits to us all,' said another.—(Thundering cheers.)

There was a pause.

'I think,' said **WAILING-TONE** to **LONG-DULL-DREARY**, 'that our Quackstitution is the perfect perfection of human Wigsdom. Knowledge is Powder.—Vide the *wigs* of the Holygarchy and my own experience in the field.' (The Bunch of Bye-shops blew their noses.)

'True,' said **LONG-DULL-DREARY** to **WAILING-TONE**. 'What is wanting for the tranquillity of Kingland is, in point of fact, a Society for the Confusion of Useful Knowledge. (Hear.) That which is erroneously called right reason, is really high treason. As regards any Quackstitutional change, I have but one name for it—Devilution. There was a devilution in France lately, as I have been told, (for I never read the papers,) and the Devil himself was seen publicly in Paris, proceeding from street to street, to discharge the artillery for the mob. The mob are dangerous people; they are enemies to all the Drones and Halters on earth.'

Fillpotts here left the Bunch in tears.

'A Devilution,' said **WAILING-TONE**, 'will strike the Kettle off the Puppet's head.'

Err-all Munster fainted.

'And annihilate the House of Hangover, depend upon it,' said **LONG-DULL-DREARY**. (Loud sighs.)

CUMBER-THE-LAND, (after adjusting his moustaches,) then addressed himself to the question. 'My friends,' he said, 'our Quackstitution is the Quackstitution of Quackstitutions. Nothing is like it; it is parallel to itself alone; it is the beau-ideal of the unique; sphinx and phoenix in one; the 'Bureka' that Archimedes missed. Our enemies themselves must allow it to be good, since, if not good for something, it must, at least, be good for nothing. It gives the *green-acres* to the *wise-acres*. We are the wise-acres:—no man denies it.' (Hear, hear.) The speaker then quoted Burgersdicious, Tottel, Puffendorff, and Bombastes Paracelsus, for the purpose of disproving an assertion respecting something that had occurred on the day before, and continued: 'Our cause is Holygarchy *versus* Polygarchy, the latter being the mob—the *multitude*, who are many. These powers are now in contest. The power of the Polygarchy has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. (Tremendous cheering.) If it should continue to increase, the result will disarrange the balance that has, in every other age, subsisted between both powers. Balances are necessary for balancing things: without a balance it is impracticable to balance anything. (Hear, hear.) I trust that I am

perfectly intelligible. (Subdued murmurs.) The remark was profound, but I trust that I am perfectly intelligible. (The Bunch of Bye-shops resumed their wigs.) You will find balances in machinery, in grocers' shops, in watches, account-books, &c. To conclude, I shall merely observe, that Hoax and Trapstick are Hocus Pocus, with Hummery, Mummery, Flummery, Claptrap, Quackstitution, Church and State.'

The conclusion of this speech was vehemently applauded; and the last sentence declared to contain the pith and essence of all that could be advanced, by way of argument, for the One-servative party.

The party then blew their noses and wiped their eyes; after which the House of Words adjourned. Prayers in the House were dispensed with, upon the ground of the whole party being *pray-ers* out of it.

BREVITIES.

A Non-sequitur.

The Queen will be confined after the trial of the Ministers.

The Chip of the Old Block.

Young Rapid has declared that he will oppose reform as long as he 'has a leg to stand on.' His lordship, we are happy to state, will take his seat only in the present session.

A Necessary Consequence.

'When will a certain event take place?' asked little Vicky of the Duchess. 'Look for the anniversary of Lord Howe's victory, my love,' replied the frowning matron, wishing to change the subject.

The King a Sinner.

'I hope the young one won't be a boy,' cried our enthusiastic monarch with a chuckle; 'cause the people will declare I am a *male-factor*.'

The Plain Truth.

A great lady, according to the papers, is said to be looking ill. It is not the first time she has been said to be *ill-looking*.

Basal v. Rogue.

The Tories say that if we get rid of *Peel* we shall immediately have *Repeal*.

An Indefinite Article.

The Duke of Wellington compares Lord Stanley to the Battle of Waterloo, as being a glorious *whig-lory*, (victory.)

The Prospect.

That the Ministry must be *dissolved*, or the Parliament must be *dissolved*, is now universally agreed. We say the Ministry, for in accordance with their general profligate use of power, they have been *wasting away* already.

A Grievous Matter.

A report was spread about town a few days ago, respecting the royal Brute's affairs. 'A *perfect Bankruptcy*.' He was obliged to *sell-his* (Sellis') *razor*.

A Mistake.

Her Majesty declares that the rumour which has caused so great a sensation, is founded on a *mis-conception*.

An Alternative.

People must not be disappointed at what Old Bill will say when he addresses Parliament; for who can with propriety expect any thing good from one of his *spacies*, (speeches.)

Something Ominous.

Mr. Abercromby declined being chaired at Edinburgh. The chair has declined Mr. Abercromby in London.

A Bad Look Out.

The people must still wear the livery of servitude; the Parliament have already put the old *suit-on*, (Sutton) of corruption.

INTERPRETER.

Persecution of the Drama.

The prosecution of the actors at the Strand Theatre is the first measure of a Tory government. Anything which tends to the civilization and refinement of the people, or adds to their stock of *cheap* comforts, raises the Tory bile; and instantly excites the opposition of the insolent aristocracy. The Drama is the school of manners—the vivid portraiture of life and society, sketched by the masterly hand of wit. But the Drama, in addition to its opening a source of luxury and enjoyment, easy to be acquired, may also be made the vehicle of political instruction; while the acted caricature, or smart political allusion, may have a greater effect, and hit harder, than even a leader in the *Times*, or a second-rate joke in the *John Bull*. For this reason, His Majesty's Ministers appear resolved that the actors shall all be 'His Majesty's Servants,' and, as such, shall only say what His Majesty's Ministers choose. We have actually heard it asserted that King William himself has urged on this prosecution, and has taken up the opening of the Strand Theatre without a Lord Chamberlain's license, as an open defiance to his, the King's, authority. We should have thought his majesty had other business to attend to. We look upon this attempt to interfere with the amusements of the people, as an arbitrary exercise of jurisdiction and power, which calls upon the people to patronise this theatre beyond all others, and support the actors against this outrageous endeavour to drag them back to their old station of 'vagrants.' A fine of *fifty pounds*, and three months at the Tread-Mill will be a sorry reward of Mr. Mitchell's excellent and judicious performance of 'Man-Fred,' which has at once raised him to a pinnacle, of comic reputation, inferior only to the ever-venerated Liston.—And Forrester, too, the lively, dashing, light-hearted, gentlemanly Forrester! How grievous will he look in a gaol dress—revolving in sad meditation, with measured steps, and slow, on the Tread-Mill at Cold Bath Fields. The Ministry seem resolved to act in the spirit of Horace's line:—

Dicitur in plaustris vevissæ pomata Thespis.

The poet tells us, that in former days,
The ancients used in *carts* to act their plays.
Why should not we the self-same course pursue,
And *cart* the gang of modern actors too?

This attempt to STAMP the drama, must be manfully and effectually resisted. The next time Lord Londonderry performs 'Magog,' we shall order Mr. Wood to have him up to Bow-street.

THEATRICALS.

'Death and the Doctor' has been withdrawn from Covent Garden at our suggestion, and the Italian mystery will for ever remain a mystery to all playgoers.

At Drury Lane, the 'Hazard of the Die,' by Jerrold, is decidedly good. And Wallack's 'David Duvigne' will be as great a hit as his 'Massaroni.' There is much to praise in this drama—much of Jerrold's wit, which sometimes labours for a point—much, rather too much, of his unnecessary sharpness of repartee, which makes all the personages of the scene appear at daggers drawn—and too many unnecessary sarcasms at the expense of liberty and patriotism—surely Mr. Jerrold, the author of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' is not turning Tory?

A Tragedy, at the Surrey, has a peculiar relish, and we enjoyed this great treat on Monday. As, at a Richardson show, each performer struggles with painful effort of voice to make his own part, however trifling, the pre-eminent hero, and prominent feature of the whole performance—so, at the Surrey, did Mr. C. Hill and Mr.

Wood, and Mr. Bland and Mr. Honner, and last, but not least, the glorious Rumball, each and every one exert their utmost vigour of lungs and legs, gesture and attitude, eyes and limbs, to create a sensation, and reign the great hero of 'The Avenger!' We thought they would leave no chance for Butler; but his good taste, calm propriety, the combined energy and pathos of his acting, achieved that praise which neither lungs nor legs could hope for, and carried the whole Tragedy triumphantly on the Atlantean shoulders of his talent, to a successful conclusion. We *must* have seen or read 'The Avenger' before. Some of the passages sound on our ear like old familiar melodies—and the story deeply affected us many years previous. It will be a great card for the Surrey; and as such, will do the Surrey actors good service. Let them, undeceived by the boisterous applause of an ill-judging gallery, re-study their parts, and attempt to subdue their action and voices to the rules of nature and the dramatic art. A man should not always stand as if his portrait was to be taken for one of 'West's Theatrical Portraits'—price 1d. plain, 2d. coloured, nor should he roar out a repartee, or bellow his admiration of some fine lady, like a Dover pilot hailing a brig in a nor-wester, or the cad of an omnibus politely enquiring whether you are willing to indulge him with your company to the 'City! City!'

We hate humbug of every kind, and at once declare our opinion that the Miss Byron, at the Strand Theatre, is no beauty. Her Don Giovanni is a performance of sheer unmitigated impudence, free from all restraint, of feminine modesty or delicacy; archness she has none,—nothing but pertness; her voice is loud and vigorously unmusical; and although her legs are good—Oh, ye Gods! she wears a wig! Her freedom of manner approached, in several parts of the performance, to looseness; and some portion of her conduct, not even the dramatic licentiousness of the Don could authorize. Why did not Miss P. Horton try the part? We remember Mrs. Fitzwilliam as its first representative, and charmingly she did it. Libertinism requires a gaiety, a liveliness, an absence of apparent viciousness, a careless freedom from restraint, a thoughtlessness, a youthfulness, a genuine frolicsomeness, to render it tolerable upon the stage;—and in these qualities, without meaning any personal offence to Miss Byron, we think Miss P. Horton much richer than the new *debutante*. However, as she proves an attraction, and play-goers choose to be persuaded into thinking her a beauty, so be it. We were glad to see poor Tom Dibdin's piece so well relished—surely the Dramatic Authors' Act should have a further retrospective power upon managers, so that the author of more than fifty successful dramas should not starve, while managers fattened on the fruit of his labours.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 169.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

SOMETHING CONSOLE-A-TORY.



Manners Sutton. (Blubbing.)—To be turned out after so many years.

Wellington. Never mind, my dear boy,—(with a sigh)—Its what we must all come to.

Manners Sutton. After my lady's gimcranks and furniture were all set to rights! Oh, that it had all been burnt, before we had saved it, to be bamboozled by a Scotchman.

Billy Black. Take these cakes, my child,—(handing out some Orders and a Peerage.)—you've got a snug pension; so make the best of it. These are sad times! shocking times! but I'll speak to them about it!

VOL. IV.

THE INTERPRETER.

The King's Speech.

This annual humbug has been just broached—and although something has been added to its length, it has lost nothing of that mysterious vagueness and indistinctness of meaning, by which compositions of this nature have been for some centuries distinguished. The *prose version* we gave in a report of *The Cabinet Council*, in our last FIGARO—an evident proof, were any necessary, of the earliness and accuracy of our information. We shall now endeavour to give a common sense interpretation of

The Royal Rigmarole.

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'I appealed to the sense of my people, and a pretty specimen of their sense they've sent me.

'Fire! Fire! Fire!

'I've made it all right with the old gentlemen abroad; we are all determined to stick by one another.

'If the people are not quiet, we will make them so; and if they are quiet, we will keep them so; *that's* our policy.

'There's rather an uncomfortable disturbance in Spain, and I am awkwardly situated about it. I want to help Carlos, but can't. Be so good, as to say nothing about it, and all will go right.

'I've made a treaty with France and Spain; but its all humbug to gull the public for the present.

'Holland and Belgium still continue as before;—butter and splutter!"

'Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

'I have directed save-alls to be used in all the public offices, which, as the short nights are coming on, will materially diminish the demands for the public service. The Taxes which you took off last session, will still be kept off, and I am glad to tell you that the state of the Revenue is so satisfactory—that—that—that—
We shall be enabled to get on another year!

G. COWIE, Printer, 13, Newcastle Street, Strand.

'You had better take off the Malt Tax, so that will get my ministry the votes of the Leather Breeches interest.'

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'It's all right with the niggers, and the planters have ceased to look upon the *twenty millions* as a niggardly allowance.

'There are some measures which will require your undivided and earnest attention. In fact, you must not, any of you, go to dinner until you have settled the Irish Tithe Question—so as to get all the money you can from the Irish, for the parsons; and *the rest* for the nobility and gentry.

'You must also make a juggle of the Tithes in England and Wales, and divide them between yourselves and the clergy.

'I must have some alterations made in the management of the Doctors Commons business, as I am not quite certain whether I shall not have some occasion to employ the officers of that court myself.

'All the Dissenters must be married this session—and you must make the necessary arrangement.

'I have not heard any thing about Corporation Reform, and I don't want to have any thing to do with it.

'I have set the Bishops to reform the Church. Their knowledge of its abuses will strengthen their zeal to this pious work.—Set a thief to catch a thief!

'The Church of Scotland is so poor, and so well conducted, that it is an eye-sore to the Church of England. I have directed my bishops to reform it.

'I know you all of old—you are ready to do any dirty work, and support any job. Stick to me now, and I'll give you all pensions.

'In reference to any alteration in the laws, my people have been so used to fines and imprisonment, that you must be very careful in any changes which affect extensive and complicated interests, and are interwoven with ancient usages, to which the habits and feelings of my people have conformed.

'I feel assured, that it will be our common object to do the best for ourselves. For myself I shall stand by the throne and the bishops, the pension list, and sinecures, as the inheritance and birthright of my people,—the surest guarantee of their liberties, their rights, and their religion.'

'His Majesty,' as the papers truly say, 'spoke the last sentence with great emotion, and a great sensation was thereby excited in the House.' No doubt of it—the mention of pensions and sinecures, and the obscure insinuation of some mysterious danger, which is supposed to await these happy privileges, would assuredly create a most awful sensation in the House of Lords. The lying papers go on to state, that his Majesty on his return, was received with *hussars*;—we saw nothing but Life Guards.

A Joke.

The High Tories are ready to rush into extremes. They talk of nailing their colours to the mast, and going down with the constitution. Which only means, when interpreted—That they will drag the King through the mire at the tail of their aristocratical privileges and tyranny. Peel has the greatest difficulty to keep them from appealing to the people, so thorough is their madness, so gross their infatuation, that they venture to talk of *arming themselves* and appealing to the people; to save what they are pleased to call the sinking vessel of the Constitution. When the famous George Barrington, that celebrated pickpocket, and prototype of all future Chancellors of the Exchequer, was on his way, at his country's expense, to New South Wales, it happened that in a raging storm some of the convicts, in the extremity of their terror, invoked the assistance of the Deity, to save them from the perils of the deep. 'Be silent,' said the knowing Barrington, 'be silent, it will be the worse for us, if God finds out we are here.' So does Peel pacify these outrageous supporters of his administration—lest the nation should find out, that they were with him, and destroy the whole administration at once.

Humbug.

'Sir C. M. Sutton congratulated the Speaker on his election.—*Times*.'

This is a piece of true humbug. The *aside*, as they say in the play-books, must have been richly humorous:—

S. Allow me to congratulate you on your election. The House of Commons will be honoured by such a head.—(*Aside*.—A Scotch vagabond.)

A. Sir Charles, you do me honour! would that we could have changed places.—(*Aside*.—So we did, and you know it.)—And that I was now congratulating you.—(*Aside*.—You old spy.)

Confidence.

'Lord Sandon—I say that the House should implicitly rely on the present government.'—*Debates*.

The implicit confidence which these parties wish the House of Commons to place in ministers, is a monster which the Opposition must not cease to grapple with. If these doctrines get ground, the House will soon be reduced to the condition in which Parliament was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when they were just allowed to vote the supplies, and then informed by her majesty's secretary, that they were not allowed to meddle in matters of state.'

The Rival Chancellors; or, Ex and double Ex.

Specimen of the Debate in the Lords on the Address.

Lord Brougham.—The noble Lord on the woolsack is a rogue.

Lord Lyndhurst.—The noble Lord is a liar.

Lord Brougham.—So are you.

Lord Lyndhurst.—(*Explained*.)—When he said that the noble Lord was a liar, he only meant to say, that, if he might be allowed the expression, the noble Lord told an untruth.

Lord Brougham.—When he called the noble Lord on the woolsack, an unruly clown, he by no means meant to say, that the noble Baron was not a fool.

Lord Lyndhurst.—Under these circumstances, the noble Lord having retracted—

Lord Brougham.—No, I do not retract.

Such is the decency and decorum of the House of Lords! Such are our hereditary Legislators!

The Polite Coachman.

'One of the most respectable inhabitants declared, that the defendant was the most grievous nuisance in the whole neighbourhood, and whenever a stoppage took place, he was sure to be seen at the head of it, bowing and scraping, while waggon-drivers and carriers, and other people of business, were cursing and swearing at the delay.'—*Times*.

Surely this police report must have been got up by some political penny-a-liner as a sly satire on the ex-Speaker. The gentlemanly conduct, the dignified bearing of Sir Charles M. Sutton, were the constant theme of the Tory partisans, as if the qualifications of a dancing-master were the necessary attributes of a Speaker for the House of Commons; and drawing-room elegance the grand desideratum for a Chairman of Debaters, whose uncouth noises, braying, coughing, and cock-crowing, would disgrace the worst and loudest brawlers of a bear-garden. 'Whenever a stoppage took place, he was sure to be seen bowing and scraping,'—no one more so than Sir Charles; look at his conduct subsequent to the late dissolution, when the fate of the whole country hung upon the wheel of Sir Robert Peel's travelling chariot: there was Manners Sutton bowing and scraping in Downing-street; there was this pink of politeness, posting from Windsor to Brighton, and from Brighton to London—now at Apsley House—now at St. James's—and after all this, like the polite coachman of the police reports—he vainly plumed himself upon his power to 'bow and smile them out of the penalties.' But the House of Commons were not to be taken in, and with most unusual honesty, did their duty for once. The complaisant jarvey of a Tory Administration, who had ridden on the box so many years, having aspired to drive the state-coach, has been jerked off, never to handle the ribbons more!

LADY MARY'S ALBUM.

In my opinion, Manners Sutton has lost the chair in spite of his manners, and Abercrombie has taken it because he thinks it will be in his power to *have-a-crumb-by-it*.

I asked my husband, Lord Winchester, the other day, why his old hat was like Thompson's '*Lovely young Lavinia*?' After consulting Hobler for six hours, he called a Court of Aldermen on the subject; but finally, after a meeting at the Egyptian Hall—gave it up. I then replied, 'Because in the words of the poet, it is

'*A-Casto* (r)'s dear remains.'

Present HOBLER.

Witness WINCHESTER.

Sir John Key and family have intruded so little on the public notice lately, that I have proposed in the City to insert an advertisement in the papers, '*for a bunch of Lost KEYS*.'

BREVITIES.

Miraculous Cure.

A Gentleman who had not slept for many nights past, and was nearly worn down for want of rest, found his situation uncommonly relieved while Lord Sandon was speaking on Tuesday.

Prerogative.

In reference to the state of her Majesty, it may be said that *the power* of the crown has increased, is increasing, and will be diminished.

The Movement.

The Tories call the Opposition the *Movement* Party. The change in Sir C. M. Sutton's lodgings was a *move* the Tory party did not expect.

A Hard Hitter.

Praed, the lick-spittle tool and sonnet writer of Toryism, was laughing in the lobby at Gully, who is in opposition, while writing his name in the majority for Abercrombie. 'You can't write your name,' sneered the half-bred penny-a-liner of the *Post*. 'No,' said the gallant member for Pontefract, 'but I can *make my mark*,' and forthwith complimented the unhappy witling with a black eye.

A Wager.

Lyndhurst and the Duke were talking about the election for Speaker, a few days since, when his Grace remarked, 'I'll wager my head to a nut-shell, that Sutton gets it.' '*Lay odds*, your Grace,' said Lyndhurst, 'and I'll take you.'

An Answer.

'What do you think of the Reform in the King's Speech?' whispered Burdett to Cobbett, as they were trying to pair off, for the second time on Tuesday night. 'Why,' replied the veteran vender of gridirons, 'I think the Reforms in the King's Speech are neither more nor less than very *Speech-ous* (*specious*) reforms.'

A Winchester.

'What do you think of the Speaker of the House of Commons?' said Hobler to Winchester. 'I always use *Entlick's*,' was the sagacious reply of the City Sancho.

Comparisons are Odious.

The Tories betted odds on the election of Manners Sutton—but it is *odd* that the *bettors* had not the *best* of it.

Our Speech.

The large professions and the plentiful scarcity of real reforms in the much vaunted promises of the King's Speech, remind us of the provisions in a besieged town;—a mouthful for every body, and a belly-fall for nobody.

Thieves! Thieves!

The attention to our finances by the Ministers as mentioned in the speech, is like the cunning of the thief, who carefully examines with sensitive fingers the fulness of a pocket,—previous to abstracting its contents.

The Reported Dissolution.

The Tories have always been reckoned thieves; but if they dissolve the house again, they will prove themselves to be *House-breakers*.

A Lee-nient Lie-bel.

Mr. A. Lee grounds his action against the FIGARO on the truth of our assertions. He says the truth is a libel. It was not ill said by an American lawyer about thirty years since, '*That the greatest libel ever published, was that of the Bible upon the devil, there was no denying the truth of it.*'

An Appropriate Accident.

'Lord Stanley,' say the papers, 'is suffering from the fall of a kettle of boiling water on his leg.' We hope his Lordship will take this as a timely warning. He has already put his foot in it, by voting for Manners Sutton; and, he will assuredly get again into hot water, should he join the Tories.

A Discovery.

Manners Sutton has found out that the House of Commons is not a fit place for him. Why did he not discover this before? The secret is—OUT!

Never too Late.

Burke said that the age of chivalry was past; but the Lord Chancellor is about to marry a second time.

Another Winchester.

The Lord Mayor wishes to know whether the French king's palace at *St. Cloud*, which he sees so frequently mentioned in the newspapers, is one of those *castles in the air*, of which he hears so much talk at home.

Again!

Lord Winchester on being asked the other day what recompense a gentleman should make, who had driven over an old woman, and killed her, said that he had no doubt she would be satisfied if he settled on her an annuity *for life*.

Sinecures.

In consequence of the proposed abolition of *Sinecures*, Lord Lyndhurst has offered to give up his situation as Keeper of the King's *Conscience*. His Lordship's *Purse-bearer* has also been heard to make *light* of his office.

GENERAL ORDERS.

(CIRCULAR FROM THE CARLTON CLUB.)

Assert,—That the Duke of Wellington is the greatest *Reformer*, as well as the greatest General of the day.

Declare,—That Lord Lyndhurst is a man of first-rate integrity, private and political.

Insist,—That the best method to reform the Church is to set a thief to catch a thief, and that the Bishops are the only persons likely to do away with pluralities.

Swear,—That Sir Robert Peel is a consistent Statesman, and that the Duke of Cumberland is a man of honour, virtue, and unsullied reputation.

Argue,—That the King can do no wrong; that he has a right to do as he pleases with his Ministers; that he can shift his councillors as often as his shirt—and throw away a Premier, like a squeezed orange, just as it may suit his convenience or pleasure.

Talk—largely about prerogative—hint a dissolution.

Vote—any way it may please Sir Robert Peel to direct you.

Carlton Club, Monday, Feb. 23, 1834.

THEATRICALS.

We have within these few days received a complaint that FIGARO has for sometime past been less severe, than was formerly his wont in Theatrical Criticism. If we have been less severe upon 'Shegog and Mears,' less hard upon supernumeraries, and more merciful to those, who from the very slightness of their parts and the meagre tenuity of their pay, appear to us to claim some consideration from our feeling and good-heartedness, it has not been without a previous thoughtfulness and settled resolution on the subject. No poor man shall lose his fourteen shillings a week on our account; nor shall the mourning mother and her starving children—nor the rising young actor, compelled by sheer necessity to act in trifling parts—vent their curses upon us for cutting off in a joke their comforts, or dashing the cup of fair ambition from their lips in the heartless merriment of satiric mirth. No,—in accordance with the noble sentiment of the Roman bard,—our object is to spare the humble and pull down the proud:—

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Mrs. Waylett, if mortified by our criticism, can loll in her carriage and enjoy the comforts of a ten-pound engagement. So can the boastful Farren. Why then should we attack poor A'Becket or any other of the Victoria supernumeraries, and such small deer, when Macready, Wallack, and those others, the eagles of their profession, in the careless confidence of continued public favour and admiration, suffer the plumage of their talent to remain unpruned, and forget the study of their art in the merely base employment of pocketing the filthy lucre of the treasury?

We would not 'wring *their* withers' whose sad curse
It is, in barns, to bellow forth blank verse,
Where hungry Richard deals forth death and grief,
And stakes his kingdom for a steak of beef,
Where crook-backed Gloster plays the bloody glutton,
And cuts up kings—but never cuts up mutton!
Where Romeo too, that billing turtle dove,
Feeds with his Juliet upon airy love;
While Hamlet vainly sighs for boiled and roast,
'Till Hamlet's self appears like Hamlet's Ghost.

Politics compel us to be brief. *Lestocq* is magnificent in scenery, and brilliant in music. Jerrold's *School-fellows* is a delightful petite comedy, beautifully written, and abounding in poetic passages. Miss Romer has acted foolishly for herself, and very unhandsomely, as regards Bunn, in throwing up her engagement. Our advice to all actors and actresses is, *keep yourselves before the public*. Once *shelved*, farewell all future fame and profit.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An *Imp of Darkness* will see that we have made good use of his communications. One suggestion we feel bound to make to our well beloved '*Imp*,' for his most special benefit—let him avoid grossness and indelicacy. There are some subjects which although they may admit of a joke, require to be touched with a very light hand.

A *Constant Reader of Figaro*, who recommends us to notice Mr. Almar's assumption to himself of the authorship of certain dramas, which the said Almar merely translates from the French of M. Dumas, is informed that we have not failed to take the subject into consideration; but that the continued press of political affairs of greater importance, has hitherto compelled us to abridge our Theatricals. We dropped in recently at Sadler's Wells, and rushed out horror-struck at the meagre lengthiness of Almar's attitudes and the outrageous mouthings of Campbell.

A *Radical*—is an ass.

J. J. will find his answer above; but J. J. should not forget that FIGARO, is a political barber, and not merely theatrical. If J. J. likes Theatricals, O. O. and the rest of the alphabet, who compose the nation, may like politics. J. J.'s wish to devote FIGARO entirely to theatricals, reminds us of Voltaire's Mahomet who declared his intention of giving up one hour to the cares of the empire, and the rest of the day to the beautiful Zaira.

Authors and such people, are informed that if they wish us to attend the first performance of their productions, they must send the usual admissions in seasonable time.

IN OUR NEXT NUMBER BUT ONE,

The Fourteenth of March.

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DEVIL'S WALK,

BY

FIGARO IN LONDON.

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PUBLISHED (for the Proprietor) by W. STRANGE, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 170.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]



A VERY NASTY DISH.

BILL—Take it away, take it away! I don't like it—I won't have it; take it away, I say. I'll discharge you, if you don't. It's more than your place is worth to bring it to me.

MAN-COOK (BOB)—I can't help it, sir, upon my word, I can't. There's a parcel of insolent fellows, shuffling about in the kitchen, who want to get me out of my place. Do what I can, they won't let things alone. They keep stuffing their own ingredients into all my Conservative hashes. They've basted that fine *Church*

VOL. IV.

Turkey with their Radical gravy; and this, my first course—my first dish—the "Royal Address soup," they have actually soured by squeezing into it an Amendment Lemon. Curse their amendments, say I. But here comes *Hume*-rous Joe, one of the principal cooks of their gang. He is a fellow with a soul made up of save-alls, dish-scrappings, and candle-ends; and has no notion of a snug salary and nothing to do for it. May he come in, sir?

BILL.—Turn him out—push him out—he'll ruin us; he'll shorten my salary; turn him out of the house, I say. I'll give it him, with my energy and decision of manner. I'll teach him to come here with his paltry amendments. Stand by me, Bob; see how I'll give it him. Egad! he has spoilt my appetite.

THE INTERPRETER.

The Apostate.

"Sir F. Burdett did not vote either on the Amendment or for Speaker."—*Morning Paper*.

Tied by the leg, his mouth locked up, and handcuffed, by his hope of a peerage, behold "Westminster's Pride and England's Glory!"—the never-to-be-forgotten Hero of the Tower—the chosen representative of Westminster for so many years! Shame on him! The mere hope of a peerage has smothered the fire of patriotism; and he, the once-admired of millions, now sneaks from even the exercise of his paltry privilege of voting against the minions of corrupt Toryism. We saw him in the little back room, while the division was going on, and watched him,—anxious to vote against the people—yet fearful that the Tory *might* not be the winning side.

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.

But Sir Francis will soon find the electors of Westminster too much for him.

G. Cowie, Printer, 13, Newcastle Street, Strand

The Tory Cripples.

The *Morning Chronicle*, in its account of the division on the Amended Address says, that so hard run were the Tories, that two of their cripples were brought up in *litters* to vote. The only *literary* men associated with the Tory party, are Lords Mahon and Porchester. The one, the author of a Poem called "The Moor," which lived for a week, and then was heard of no more; the other, the getter up of a History of Portugal, from the papers of his great uncle or grandfather, Secretary Mahon. These are the two illustrious personages to whom the Tuft-hunters, at the Scottish Literary Festival, did the honour of drinking—"Lord Porchester and the Poets of England," and "Lord Mahon and the Historians of England," just as if a man should at a dramatic dinner, give as a toast—"Ayliffe and the other great Tragedians." We are requested, however, to state, that it is not Lord Porchester, but his verses, that are crippled and go halting.

Advantages of Respectability.

"We hear that the judges, who presided at the sessions at which the notorious Joseph Ady was convicted and sentenced to transportation, have recommended that his punishment should be commuted to a term of imprisonment."—*Observer*.

Cobbett very appropriately observed that when a lord was put in the pillory, the punishment was quickly abolished—and just so we find that when a "respectable" man gets found out, and sentenced to transportation, judges and magistrates join in recommending the commutation of his punishment. Ady was one of those sleek, straight haired, smooth-faced, sanctified, broad-brimmed, square-coated old villains, who may be seen like rats, poking their noses wherever corn, sugar, tallow, flour, or other necessities of life are to be sold. A true Aminadab—an Obadiah of the genuine cut—was our "friend" Joseph Ady. Only to think of his being transported! What a *rara avis* would Joseph have appeared to the natives of New South Wales! and how the kangaroos would have stood on their hind-legs, and jumped with their jointed tails, on seeing Joseph, "moved by the spirit!" But such things must not be. If Joseph had been a poor little boy, who picked a pocket half unconscious of the crime, Joseph would have been, in the due course of justice—'lagged.' Had Joseph been a Dorchester labourer, and dared to 'meet tumultuously' to get his wages raised above starving-pitch, although thousands upon thousands of his fellow subjects had gone down to pray for his release, yet would Joseph have been torn from his home and family, and transported. But sly Joseph is none of these; Joseph is a 'respectable man': so down go Mr. Buxton and Mr. Fry, and a few more 'respectable' people, to the Home Office. The judges are gammoned—the magistrates palavered—the jury brow-beaten—and the Secretary for Home Affairs humbugged; and Joseph will undergo for his wholesale swindling trade carried on for fourteen years, about as long a punishment as a poor man suffers for selling an unstamped newspaper! "Some time since" the newspapers say, "Mr. Ady was a Quaker, but he has left the society for the last seven years." Just so in Edinburgh, no sooner does a man commit a crime than they find out that he is not a *Scotchman*—but an *Irishman*.

A PRIVY COUNCIL.

Bob. Arthur, it will not do—I have carried it on thus far with a bold face and smooth tongue; but farther than this I cannot go.

Arthur. Nonsense—Take another glass.

Bob. Who is to pay for it? They'll stop the supplies. Oh, Arthur, I am heartily tired of it—night after night am I worried with questions, like a stray pig in a kennel of hounds, each little dog velping and snapping at me; there am I compelled to remain bowing and scraping to them, like Cochrane on the Westminster

hustings, thanking every fellow who threw a rotten cabbage in his face. I can't stand it, and I won't stand it.

Lyndhurst. Why, Bob, you'll soon out-manœuvre them; threaten them with a dissolution—some of the Irish members have not got enough money to pay their passage back to their constituents.

Bob. Ah! and for that very reason they will hold the Speaker down in the chair and not suffer the house to be dissolved. Alas! Alas! it's all up with us. Oh, our glorious constitution! oh, our venerable church! oh, our colleges and halls! oh, our places and pensions! all, all, are going, going—gone.—(*Faints.*)

Arthur. Give him some brandy, Lyndhurst, and see what he has got in his pocket.—(*Lyndhurst picks Peel's pocket, and brings out a paper.*)—*Reads.* "Plan for the formation of a new Ministry."

Arthur. There's a rascal for you—but let us see his plan.

Lyndhurst. (*Reads.*)—"First Lord of the Treasury—myself; Chancellor of the Exchequer—my brother; Lord Chancellor—Mr. Horace Twiss; President of the Board of Trade—Mr. Praed."

Arthur. No more, no more. Take a cab and fetch Stanley and Graham, and tell the butler to put Peel in a coach, order the King to be here in half-an-hour, and we shall soon settle Sir Robert.—(*Lyndhurst vanishes.*)—What a country this is—the people will not be quiet—they actually dare to think of choosing their own governors. Be it so; they may get rid of Billy, but not of me. Let me see, the horse guards, the foot guards, and the artillery, will make a very good administration, and we can take the sense of the country by putting a pistol to John Bull's head—and now for the King.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ABDUCTION.

A middle-aged female, named STANLEY, has been recently carried away from her friends by an elderly man, named Jem-Graham. Great threats and intimidation have been used to this amiable and exemplary female, for some time; and one day last week, Big-whiskered Jem, attended by Fascinating Bob—Hughes Hughes, otherwise known as *No-use*—Phil Denham, alias Pill-Garlic—and a number of other well-known dissolute characters, rushed into the lady's house, alarmed her with a cry that the neighbouring CHURCH was in danger, and carried her off to Fascinating Bob's hut, where the marriage was consummated; and the lady, whether she will or not, is now totally in the power of this gang of ruffians.

ANSWER TO THE AMENDED SPEECH

The scene, we understand, was richly ludicrous. Billy and the court were all in their best trim, surrounded by all the pompous nothings who constitute royal state, with the intention of making a due impression on Hume, O'Connell, and Lord John Russell; and desirous to shake them with awe at the sight of the Majesty which they had ventured to insult, by daring to differ with it in opinion. A shuffling and scraping of feet was heard at the door, and voices, supposed to proceed from the Scotch members, recommending their great coats to the care of the servants, who stood aghast at the dirty boots, bad hats, and Irish-cut coats, about to enter the presence of royalty. As soon as the address had been read to the King, his Majesty, after a preliminary hem! spat out his quid, and addressed his faithful Commons:—

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I suppose you have intruded here to insult me, and tell the naked truth, by coming without your breeches, shoes, and stockings. I am not the man tamely to endure this affront.

"You ought to be content with the Reform I promised you, and thank God I give you so much. Hungry dogs should eat dirty pudding.

"I shall change my Ministry when I choose, where I choose, and how I choose, without asking your permission. Every cock is king of his own dunghill."

This was the gracious speech which his Majesty delivered, with much emphasis and little discretion. O'Connell had some difficulty in keeping his tail quiet—who were ripe for a row with the gentlemen-pensioners, while the Scotch Members were rather disappointed, at not being asked to "tak a cup of kindness," as the morning was rather wet and cold.

Parliamentary Openings.

Lord Stanley regretted he was not in a situation—
Sir J. Graham said he was not satisfied—
Mr. Gully said that the Honourable Gentleman struck him.
Sir R. Peel was not prepared, at the present moment, to submit to the House—
Mr. Praed had yet to learn—
Sir H. Hardinge said he had the fullest assurance—
Mr. Wakley observed he was very much indebted—

BREVITIES.

The admirable House.

Much has been said of the Members of the House of Commons waiting on his Majesty in dirty boots, on a late occasion. We are not much surprised at it, considering the dirty ways some of them have lately travelled, and the dirty house they belong to.

The late Hurricane.

The late tempestuous weather has been attributed to an effort on the part of the new Administration to *raise the wind*, in case the supplies should be stopped.

The Bottomless Pit.

The Tories profess their intention of following Pitt's example—and sticking to place in spite of the majority against them. But they will assuredly find it a *Pit-fall*—spread for their ruin.

The Fine Arts.

Sir Robert Peel professes to spend much money on the Arts. The Tories get their money by *his Arts*.

For-bearing.

Commercial men declare that Baring's management of business, as President of the Board of Trade, is past-bearing—and too over-bearing.

Signifying nothing.

"A sound speech was that of Sir Robert's, the other night," said Stanley to Lord Brougham. "*Sound*—and nothing more—replied the caustic speech-maker.

A new Name.

The numerous elections since the passing of the Reform Bill would induce us, in speaking of it, to drop the title of Russell's *Purge*, and call it Russell's *dect-uary*.

The Beer Bill.

The Ministry are about to amend the Beer Bill, a measure which is exactly suited to their *half-and-half* policy.

The Ex Speaker.

His Majesty has not forgotten his *Manners*, but has turned him to *a-count*, by making him a Vis-count.
Io Baccche!

Mr. Hume's repeated motions for *Returns*, are only a *Short Cut* to the destruction of the Tories.

A good Memory.

If the Tories dissolve the House of Commons, the country will *re-member* it, as they did before.

THEATRICALS.

The Queen made her first appearance, this season, at Covent Garden, on Saturday last, but as her visit was not thoroughly *incog*, the lessee did not get much by it. Her performance on Monday, at Drury Lane, was therefore advertised and placarded, and a due number of royal and curious subjects, as well as a jury of matrons, who were sworn for the occasion, attended. We were exceedingly amused by the sad mishap which befel a party of high-capped, cock-nosed, sour-faced old maidens who had given special directions to the box-keeper, to place them *as near as possible* to her Majesty—a direction which the waggish functionary followed to the letter, by settling them right *underneath* the royal party.

The Queen was all simper and curtsy, and was exceedingly well received. Some brutes in the gallery, however, with a silly forgetfulness of decency and manhood, hissed and hooted her. Now, whatever part the Queen may foolishly have taken in politics, it should never be forgotten that she is a woman, and as such, entitled to respect and consideration when she appears in public.—Poor Prince George, who was with her, is a puny scion of a worn-out stock—pale-faced, meagre, silly-looking, and childishly idiotic in appearance. The old maids, and ladies of the Court looked very badly, and the party altogether cut a poor figure. We wish the Royal Family would pay for their large pensions by shewing themselves more in public—it would cause more money to be spent—besides, we should see what are the things and toys for which our pockets are so heavily taxed.

There was one sentence in the play selected, *Kenilworth*, which told heavily against poor Adelaide. Queen Elizabeth says in anger, 'I will have but one *mistress* in this kingdom—and *no master*.' The audience tittered, then chuckled, and then broke out into a roar of laughter, which compelled poor Adelaide to sneak behind the curtain of the box. Mrs. Sloman's 'Queen Elizabeth' was horrible—a scolding, screaming, storming Billingsgate fish-fag could not have been more vulgar and disgusting.

Bennet, in *Varney*, outshored Herod, and treated us, first to a bit of Kean, then to a slice of Macready, next to a recollection of Kemble, making his performance a sort of hash of reminiscences, such as Mathews, Mitchell, or Yates, could give us. We wish to know what authority Mr. Bennet and other actors at the great houses, have for their peculiar pronunciation of *thy* and *thine* as *thee* and *then*, thus, 'Put up thy sword,' is always given by them as, 'Put up the sword.' We hold it to be an indefensible affectation, and we are anxious to know by what ingenuity it can be excused. The ups and downs of Bennet's voice are very painful to the ear, and give the auditor an indefinite sensation of listening to a half-drunken, loud-prating, methodist preacher.

We seriously advise Mr. Wilson to brush up his courage in *Lestocq*. His Dimitri is a dreadfully unhappy performance; and however inclined we may be to give ourselves up to the illusion of the stage, it is a very difficult task to fancy that any two women could be in love at the same time, with such a stupid looking fellow.

At the Adelphi, Yates has lost a glorious opportunity of distinguishing himself as an actor, by comparison of his performance of *Robert Macaire*, with that of Lemaitre. But he has suffered this opportunity to slip, of rescuing himself from the carpenter and machinist kind of fame, which he has recently acquired. His Robert Macaire is a blackguard and brutal performance; without genius or refinement; all bustle and no repose. He *must* have seen Lemaitre—can he have forgotten the finish, the tranquillity, the pseudo gentility, and dirty elegance of the real Robert

Macaire. He has preserved, or rather caricatured the famous speaking snuff-box, but lost the graceful impudence, and vagabond nonchalance of the character. Yates' performance is bursting with effort and trick—every thing that is gross is filthily dwelt upon; every part that can disgust is forcibly exaggerated. We have so often had occasion to praise Mr. Yates, that we hope he will take our rebuke in good part, and cast a careful and revising eye on the whole of this performance; otherwise it will lose him many friends. Buckstone is very droll as Gribby, but Buckstone should see the Gribby at the English Opera House. He looks all through the piece like a startled rabbit, with his ears turned back, expecting to hear the cry 'police.' Reeve as a swindling Baron, is rich, and of fine flavour. We know not of a better scene on the stage than the game at *ecarte*, played by Macaire and the Baron, each in the persuasion that he is about to trick the other. In spite of our critical bile, we ourselves like the rest of the audience, were in a roar of laughter the whole time, and squeezed ourselves at the termination of the performance, out of the close packed box, with aching sides.

The shutting up of the Strand Theatre has deprived no less than eighty-six families of a comfortable subsistence, and all this to gratify, as we have heard, a private pique of the King's against Rayner. It appears that Rayner, having been told that the King would not allow any theatre to be licensed so near to the large houses, replied in that low, vulgar manner which is natural to him, that the King—might do something which the King would not like to do. Adolphus Fitz, who, inheriting his reputed father's taste, is always haunting side-scenes, and besetting green-rooms, to pick up petty scandal and flirt with second-rate actresses, carried this delicate morsel direct to the King's ear: whereupon the dignity of the House of Hanover was so insulted, that King William swore 'By G—d,' Rayner never should have a licence. However, the Whig Lord Chamberlain could not be got to do the dirty work effectually, but no sooner had the lick-spittle Lord Jersey got the place—than he professed himself ready to do any dirty work to please the King, and so the spy-system was put into action on the old Tory plan—the actors summoned to Bow Street and fined, and the theatre finally closed. We were glad, however, to see Mitchell on Wednesday in his old character, 'Man-Fred,' at the Victoria, where, rather to our surprise, we find it as much relished as within the more courtly and polite precincts of a Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction.

Not having to attend to our Parliamentary duties this week, for be it known we invariably give a silent vote, we attended little Pelzer, the pretty guitarist's first concert, and were much pleased with her performance.

Another masquerade has been given at the English Opera House. It surprises us that a pious Lord Chamberlain, who considers the opening of the Strand Theatre an encouragement to immorality, can permit such an assemblage of all that is loose and disorderly in town, as these Brome's masquerades. The impudent mockery of entertainment, the dear and dirty supper, the filthy wines that are forced down the parched throats of the visitors, the riotous men, the tipsy women, the gross sensuality and profligacy of these masquerades render them a complete nuisance. We cannot imagine what class of persons are induced to pay a guinea for the sake of walking about in a theatre, when the usual admission is five shillings—and parading in company with depraved and abandoned wretches, who may be met in the thoroughfares of the metropolis, from night till morn. If it be only to check these exhibitions of licentiousness and immorality, we are glad to hear that the English Opera season is about to commence with a strong company.

NOTICES.

We have not heard that 'The Avenger' is published. We think it appeared in print some years ago, under the name of 'The Outlaw,' or 'The Outcast,' or some such out-of-the-way title.

A note is left at our publisher's for our well-beloved 'Imp of Darkness.'

An *Englishman* is informed that arrangements are now in progress to reprint the whole of 'Figaro in London;' in the mean time, our publisher has on hand a few volumes of each year.

Where is *Argus*?

Spurred on by the fervour of the public, we have already raised heaven and earth to gratify them, and now proceed to cater for their amusement in the region below.

OUR NEXT NUMBER WILL CONTAIN,
**THE POLITICAL
DEVIL'S WALK,**
WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIVE CARICATURES,

BY
THE AWFUL SEYMOUR!

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It is particularly to be noticed, to prevent imposition, that the price will not be raised, but still continue ONE PENNY.

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The publication has been postponed, until the necessary arrangements might be perfected, to ensure an extended sale and deserve extensive patronage.

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No. 171.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

THE POLITICAL WALK BY HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.



The Devil at Court.

I believe, that no man will deny what I say,
That, of late, we have had here the Devil to pay;
Such ins and such outs, such pushing and scrambling,
Such rushing and crushing, place-hunting and rambling,
Such talking and voting, such changes and pothor,
And men who don't know they're on one side or t'other;
Such cabinet councils, and Orange addresses,
Resignations, minorities, speeches, and messes,

Such squabbling and worry, such rows and such trouble,
That all the whole nation has been in a bubble;
That 'tis plain, very plain, that for sometime of late,
The Devil himself has been ruling the State.

The papers were dull and the Devil was yawning,
As he sat o'er his bachelor breakfast one morning,
(I hope that the critics will spare me this time,
For yawning and morning's a cockneyfied rhyme.)
Lord Brougham was in Scotland, and Peel was at Rome,
And the Devil felt lonely and sulky at home;
So he called for his boots, and his cane, and his hat,
His cloak, his cigar case, and every thing pat,
Jumped into an Omnibus, squeezed in a berth,
And off in a moment was rattling to earth.
(Now don't run away with the silly conceit,
That the devil an Omnibus there could be meet;
For look at the distance they go,—rank on rank,
You'll see them from Edmonton up to the Bank,
And if Mr. Brookes* don't contrive to bamboozle 'em,
From the Bank, Shillibeer will start to New Jerusalem;
Thus with so many passengers, filling so well,
No doubt there's an Omnibus running to Hell.)
When he got to the Bank, he called first on Mee Raikes,†
Who never gives back whatsoever he takes;
And quietly hinted he wanted some cash,
And as he knew Raikes was just going to smash,

* Mr. Deputy Brookes has taken upon himself to reform the Omnibuses. There are some men who are exceedingly great in little things. Mr. Brookes, we suppose, is a wealthy man, and cannot see why people who cannot afford to ride in their carriages, should not walk—or why a poor clerk's daily sixpence should procure him as much comfort as the rich man's 500l. per annum spent on his more splendid, but not more convenient equipage.—'Think of that, Master Brooke.'

† The failure of the Governor of the Bank, and his enormous dividend of three shillings and sixpence in the pound, must be still fresh in the memory of our readers.

He told him the bill neither profit nor loss meant,
But only just wanted Mee Raikes's endorsement.
The Governor wrote without noting th' amount
And quietly sent it the Bank to discount.
'Ah! ah!' said the Devil, 'this, this, is the plan,
There's nothing like being a 'respectable' man,
Your mean little bankrupts they clap into limbo,
When a Governor fails, they are sure to let him go.'
And the Devil he swore, as his tail round he curled,
That, with humbug alone, he could govern the world;
So smiling and whistling, his tail as he twisted,
He felt for his purse—and the Devil he missed it;
'Twas diamond cut diamond, and not very civil,
But there are some men in London would rob e'en the Devil.

Now with smooth lanky hair, and melodious nose,
With bible in hand and a suit of black clothes,
With groanings, and mouthings, and bellowing, and rant,
With whinings, and mumblings, and meeting-house cant,
See the pious enthusiast, the guide, and the teacher,
The Devil himself, as a Methodist preacher!

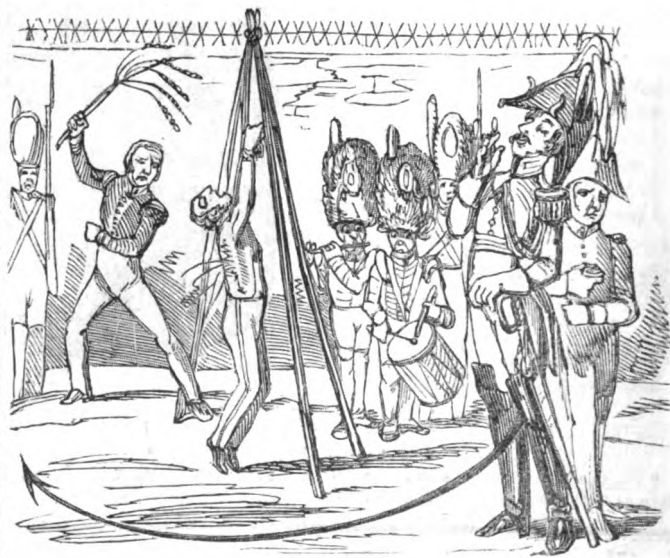


The Devil turned Methodist.

How the saints hung upon his miraculous tongue,
And his two-hours sermon was never too long!
How the old ladies fainted, the young ladies sighed,
And trembled, and grunted, and groaned, as they cried.
'What a saint! what a gift! oh, this dear Mr. Shuffle!
'And hasn't he got a most musical snuffle!'
So that preaching proved better to him than Eve's apple,
For they raised a subscription and built him a chapel;
Some left him their fortunes,—some offered him marriage,
One sent him her daughter, another her carriage;
'Till at last, getting tired of this methodist life,
The Devil ran away with the Deacon's young wife.

Next changing his game, and fresh shuffling the cards,
We find him commanding a regiment of guards.
Who so known in St. James's for strutting and staring,
What Colonel so gifted in vapouring and swearing?
Who so loved at the Horse-guards and feared on parade,
For be sure, *con amore*, he took to the trade.
He flogged, and he lashed, and he drilled, and he teased men,
And the Devil he felt most confoundedly pleased, when
Court-martials directed this flogging and drilling,
Till at last e'en the drummers were found too unwilling,

And the people cried 'shame,' and the papers all railed,
And M. P's. asked questions, and ministers quailed;
But Baring and others, who knew him full well,
(For Baring and Brothers do business in hell.)
All attested his kindness and merciful mind,
'That in fact, he was too much to pity inclined,'



The Devil a Colonel of the Guards.

And swore that the papers all damnably lied,
For the men with such floggings were well satisfied.
Then, as the whole house loudly cheered when they heard it,
'Twas resolved, on the motion of Hobhouse and Burdett,
That for excellent discipline kept in the ranks,
By the cat, they should vote Colonel Devil their thanks.
And the Devil he laughed, and he liked it so well,
That he swore he would give them the cat when in Hell.

Then leaving the Horse-guards and house in the lurch,
He piously resolved upon entering the Church;
And we meet him again, by some strange transmutation,
Much changed in demeanour, in dress, and in station,
A holder of livings and rectories nine,
A pluralist prelate, a well-fed divine,
Archbishop, and Primate, the terror of sinners,
And holding at Lambeth Episcopal dinners!
Full loud laughed the clergy, and great was their glory,
To see at the head of the church such a Tory!
The Devil he preached and he rode out in state,
And the Devil defended the tithes small and great.
He worried poor curates, non-resident vermin,
Who preached at three different churches one sermon;
But as for each rector, and vicar, and dean,
Each canon, and prebend, the Devil, I ween,
Wisely let them alone; gave them plenty of room,
As he knew he should have them all snugly at home.
Then fearing a change and the fast coming storm,
Which awaited the Church in these days of Reform;
And wishing to keep some small share of the pelf,
The Devil set up for Reformer himself.*

* The Archbishop of Canterbury about two years since brought in a bill ostensibly to reform the Church; but in reality to legalise pluralities, which was 'too bad' even for the Lords and was scouted by them. Since which time, his Grace has thought fit to take great credit to himself as a disappointed and unappreciated Church Reformer.

But, after much scraping and rubbing off dust,
The Devil gave up such a job in disgust;
For 'twas vain, that with white-wash he covered each flaw,
And proved e'en pluralities licensed by law,
So rotten was all, and so rooted each evil,
That defending the Church was too much for the Devil!
So he raised all the fines in his own diocese,
And left all the Bishops to do as they please:



The Devil Reforming the Church.

Cut each college connection, and threw every care up,
Resolving for once that he'd have a good-flare-up.
Thus grinning, and planning a labour of love,
He wormed himself into the flue of a stove,
Where blazing away to the world's consternation,
He raised in the Houses a great conflagration.
Oh! then, 'twas a glorious sight! on a spire
Sat merrily chuckling the Spirit of Fire!
While Commons and Lords in amazement were gazing,
To see their old crow's nest all burning and blazing;
While rang in each haughty Aristocrat's ear,
The joy of the people—the vigorous cheer.
Next day with four horses a chaise might be seen,
Fast flying by Ascot and Englefield Green;
Some said 'twas the King, posting home from a revel,
Some said 'twas the Duke, and some said 'twas the Devil,
The last were the right, for himself was within, sir,
Disguised as the Speaker, and posting to Windsor.
Be sure, it was funny and royal good sport,
To see them all welcome the Devil at court.
He flirted with Addy, and simpered with Howe,
Hobbed and nobbed with the King, and to Fitz made a bow;
He whispered with Gold-sticks, and laughed at the Whigs,
And Russell and Brougham called a couple of prigs;
And vowed that such men he ne'er valued a button,
And behaved so exactly like old Manners Sutton,*
That the court were delighted, and soon a plan sinister,
Was concocted between them to turn out the minister.

Then great was the joy of each mountebank elf
Of the Court, as he thought he'd be minister himself.
But the Devil was not in such way to be done,
And determined himself to be first in the fun:

* Sir C. Manners Sutton denies emphatically having intrigued against the late Ministry. If he did not do so, as some one in his shape did; it is not out of poetical probability to suppose, that it must have been the Devil, who had assumed the portly form and sonorous voice of the ci-devant Manners Sutton.

So he put in the Duke, just to frighten the nation,
And fight the first battle of administration.
In a dozen more days he soon rode his own hobby,
Assuming the features of candid Sir Bobby,
And pretending to come in a hurry from Rome,
Though snug all the time he'd been smoking at home;
He published a specious and candid oration,
Declaring the country's most critical station—
Talked of order, disorder, quiet change, slow reforms,
And preparing against revolutionary storms;
And finally threw the whole state in confusion,
By advising the king to a grand dissolution.



The Devil Prime Minister.

This done, thought the Devil, 'Tis time to be off,
'Though some people at Peel and at Arthur may scoff,
'Yet 'tis my way to speak of all men as I find 'em,
'They don't want a master always following behind 'em,
'For while I am lounging and laughing in hell,
'They manage my business, on earth, just as well;
'Besides, I expect a great emperor below,
'And must make something like a respectable show.
'For old Nick and Metternich, and Nicholas of Russia,
'With Holland, Bavaria, and Austria, and Prussia,
'Form the great social bond on which kings place reliance,
'The guardian of despots, the Holy Alliance.
'But first e'er I go, my dominions to fill,
'I'll set up for a doctor, and publish a PILL!
Then grinding and mixing some perilous stuff,
He started as Morrison, and wrote out a puff,
And searching the prisons to set it afloat,
Selected a notable pedant called Moat,
Who swore that the Devil all doctors surpasses,
That he was a lion, and they were all asses.
That by swallowing his pills, quite as easy as whistle he,
Could cure you a gout, a consumption, or fistula,
Broken legs, broken arms, nay, if crushed in a mill.
You had only to swallow the Vegetable Pill,
And you'd shortly rise up with fresh vigour and youth,
And he swore that he'd done it himself, and 'twas truth.
Now rushed the old ladies to freshen their blood,
And they swallowed the pills and they swore they were good;
They took them by boxes, in fifties and dozens,
And wrote to their nephews, their nieces, and cousins,
Who took them by bushels, till at last, sir, by G—
A family of ten bought at once a cart load!

Thus one fool makes many, and the Devil confessed
That of all trades a quack's was the easiest and best.



The Devil as Dr. Morrison.

Now seeing all things going jolly and well,
And forming a ripening harvest for Hell,
Much wishing to cease from this world and its strife,
For the Devil, like us all, was much vexed by a wife,
He took his own pills and thus ended his life. }

A whistling wind and a thundering storm,
Awakened the loud-roaring echoes of Hell,
'The Bishops! the Bishops! the Church will Reform!'
Came booming along like a funeral knell.
And the Devil arose from his fire-side chair,
And curled with anger his tail,
And down in a moment he flung his cigar,
And the loss of his business he smelt from afar,
If the Bishops should prevail.
'And was it for *this* that I put them in place,
My own strong-hold to attack?
For this did I help them through shame and disgrace?
For this did I bring them back?
Then the Devil he swore by himself a great oath,
For he sometimes swears, they say,

That Sir Robert and Arthur were rascals both,
The Devil himself to betray.
And forthwith he saddled his coal-black steed,
Who fretted and stamped in his stall,
With nostrils of fire he flashed off at speed,
Striking his heels 'gainst the brazen wall;
While at his first bound,
Aghast at the sound,
Hell rose in amaze,
And all in a gaze,
To see her great master,
Thus dashing and flashing,
And swearing and tearing,
And faster still riding, and faster, and faster,
Until like a meteor he rushed from the sky,
And angrily round upon earth cast his eye.
'Twas gentle spring, and smiling in its birth,
The yellow crocus gemmed the teeming earth,
Glittered around the snow-drop's modest whiteness,
The primrose peeped, tipped with a rosy brightness,
The fresh young wheat sprang joyous from the ground,
The softening showers fell genial all around;
All nature smiled in universal gladness,
A Devil alone could see such sight with sadness.
The balmy air, the fresh spring flowers.
The holy gladness spread around,
Brought back lost hopes, and happy hours,
The Heaven he'd lost, the Hell he'd found.
But he saw in a hovel a babe and its mother,
The wailing child looked up in his face,
And his curse upon man not the Devil could smother,
When he saw that wretched place.
'Twas dank and 'twas darksome, foul straw was the bed,
And the babe was sucking a shrivelled breast,
With boneless gums like a fiend of Hell's brood,
Still tugging, and pulling, and sucking in blood,
For the child was starved, and the mother was dead,
Gone to the poor one's only rest.
And the Devil he grinned a smile of scorn,
And bitterly laughed his eye,
As he thought how they taxed the light and the corn.
While the poor did starving die.
Then assuming the form and appearance of man,
The Devil set out on his walk once again.

NOTICE.

Fortunately for our readers, the political and theatrical occurrences of the past week have been of little importance. The Radicals continue to be humbugged by the Whigs, and the Whigs to be humbugged by the Tories; but O'Connell and Wakley will shortly repeal the unnatural union, and leave the Whigs to fight their own battle, and carry on their own dirty intrigues.

The *Valentine* number, containing six caricatures, has been reprinted, and the whole of this year's *Figaro* is now on sale.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 172.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

EFFECT OF STOPPING THE SUPPLIES.



The pensive pencil of the pathetic Seymour has painfully and prophetically painted the effect of a Stoppage in the Supplies, which the 'cruel and calculating' Hume so impolitely threatens to inflict on the flinching Tory Administration; this is the true schoolmaster's rod used to keep Tory school-boys in order, and tickle 'em up to the true task—to them a very hard one—of reform. If the Supplies were stopped, half the dashing young bloods in town would be down on their marrowbones, craving for charity. The gold-laced foot-guards, the swaggering horse-guards, would sink into their own jack boots, shrivelled up with starvation and dismay. Then would Treasury Clerks peep from their office windows with unshaved chins, dirty shirts, and woe-belonged faces—

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then would the much-bewhiskered Ernest, with tattered garb, sweep the St. James' crossing, while the pensive voice of the pretty Victoria would elicit eleemosynary contributions from the admirers of youthful beauty and street music—and Billy and his rib,

A vagabonding husband, and a rantipoling wife,
Would fiddle it and scrape it through the ups and downs of life.

Or like 'Poor frozen-out gardeners,' with the Crown 'upon a pole, the King and Court would parade the purlieus of Pall-Mall, soliciting the charity of the passengers for a King out of work, and Courtiers, whose business is very bad. This is the true way to work the Tories, say we. Away with your speeches on their policy—speak at once to their pockets—that's the sore place.

THE INTERPRETER.

Newspaper People.

Of all the serious farces which exhibit themselves to the man, who, like the philosopher of antiquity, can look upon his fellow men as puppets pulled by the strings of their follies, their passions, and their vanity, and can think upon human life, as but the great dramatic scene of action, on which they are compelled to exhibit—of all absurdities the greatest is the moral effect of newspapers in the formation of public opinion, and the immense power wielded by an engine of such faulty construction as the Public Press. Can we in private life and domestic circumstances, separate the man from his connections and their consequent prejudices? from his personal antipathies and unreasonable partialities? Can we render him invulnerable to those minute sympathies, those trifling causes, which by the accumulation of aggregate force, like the axe strokes on the mighty oak, produce such great effects on the mind? How then, can we prevent the newspapers from reflecting the personal and peculiar feelings of the writer, the editor, and the proprietor. Years ago, the *Times* advocated the people's cause; Mr. Walters

was not then High Sheriff of Berkshire, or Member for the County; neither did Mr. Barnes dine with Lords, or feast at the table of Prime Ministers. Newspaper people and newspaper scribes, were despised, looked down upon, and scorned by an aristocracy, strong in its hold upon the prejudices, and yet unawakened minds, of the middling classes and the gentry. But times are changed, and a wholesome fear of public opinion has fallen upon politicians, who as they cannot controul the election of the representatives of public opinion, go to the fountain head at once, and poison the main spring; not by bribery; not by open direct sovereigns; but by the little arts and attentions, which flatter the pride and bewilder the heads of men, who have no fixed hold, no acknowledged rank, no positive station in society. Times are changed. Mr. Walters mixes with the noblesse; Mr. Walters is a magistrate, and imbibes the opinion and prejudices of his 'order,' and throwing aside all recollection of the original foundation of his wealth, unites himself with the magistrates and aristocracy. The Poor Law Bill curtails the privileges, and is repugnant to the prejudices, mark, reader, not the *feelings*, of the magistrates. The power of administration of funds, of giving orders on overseers, of petty tyranny, is taken away from them and given to others—all this annoys the new magistrate, Mr. Walters. Not for the poor man's sake, but for Mr. Walters' sake, the *Times* takes up the cudgels against the New Poor Laws; Lord Brougham, on the contrary, advocates the new system, and ridicules Mr. Walters and his brother magistrates. The *Times* attacks Lord Brougham, covers him 'with cursing as with a garment,' and throws mud at him, some of which will be sure to stick. Constant droppings will wear out a stone, and continual abuse in the newspapers will render any man an object of public suspicion, contempt and hatred. The Ministry are expelled, and Lord Brougham falls, 'never to rise again,' as some people foolishly expected. Not so—like a star, he still keeps on the even tenor of his way, still rising through all the clouds and political storms which seem to darken round his shining path. But who, in all this, can deny the personal feeling of a newspaper? Look at the debates in the *Chronicle*, reported to the advantage of the Whigs; in the *Times*, in favour of the Tories; and these are the great formers of public opinion, and furnish data for calculation to devouring politicians! A man who takes but one newspaper, is like a man who has but one ear. But we ourselves most suspect a newspaper-writer, when he pretends to feel for his ruined country a false commiseration, equalled only by the pretended pity of a country surgeon who condoles with you on your broken leg, and curses the carelessness of the stage-coachman who has upset you at his door, thus giving him the chance of a good patient, and the unexpected apparition of a fee. Just as insincere is the pretended patriotic feeling of newspapers, which thrive, flourish, and sell better in times of discord and tumult—so that, as Nero is said to have fiddled while Rome was burning, we may imagine a newspaper Editor on the eve of a revolution, writing his leader in a snug parlour, and cracking his joke, while half the homesteads of Essex are in a blaze, and the red demon of war is uncoupling his dogs for their bloody sport. Well and truly does a French Novelist say of these gentry—

"A *journalist*! my dear friend! a *journalist*! a miserable wretch of the broadsheet—a pamphleteer! Do you know, my friend, what a *journalist* is? He is a fellow who lives upon misfortunes, calamities, and caricatures. A man to whom nothing is sacred; who makes a joke of your wife, of your nose, of your wig, of your discourse, of your actions, of your infirmities; who sees nothing in an event but a *bon-mot*; who points a sentence with disaster; puns upon your diseases; cuts quirks over your death, and sports epigrams at your funeral. A monster, in short, who should be put out of the pale of society."

Magisterial Marriages.

Sir Robert Peel introduced his measure for the relief of persons dissenting from the Established Church, in regard to the celebration of marriage. It seemed, on the whole, to give satisfaction, and has, at least, the merit of simplicity. The members of the Church of England are unaffected by the Bill. Persons who do not belong to the Established Church, and who object to the celebration of marriage according to its ritual, may, after a residence of seven days in a certain hundred, go before a magistrate, after giving previous notice, who will preside at the performance of a civil ceremony of marriage, or rather the acknowledgment of the contract. The parties must declare, on oath, that they are above the age of 21, that the contract is with the consent of parents or guardians, and that they are not aware of any legal impediment. The magistrate will transmit a copy of the certificate to the clergyman of the parish, who, as registrar, will enter the marriage among the others, receiving for his trouble a fee of five shillings. A fee of two shillings is to be paid to the magistrate, so that the whole expense is to be seven shillings. Dissenters may still, if they choose, be married according to the present mode in the Established Church; or they may, in addition to the civil contract, superadd a religious ceremony in their own way.—*Morning Chronicle*.

A Dissenter's marriage, according to the new bill, will be a charge of assault brought before a magistrate, by a young man against a young woman, "for that by various ogles, leerings, glances, &c., together with sharp instruments, tongues, eyes, &c. she did feloniously cut, wound, bruise, &c., the heart of the said Charles," whereupon the magistrate will inflict the summary punishment of imprisonment for life, commonly called 'Marriage,' together with two shillings expences, on the said *Jemima*. How highly exciting and amusing will the Bow Street reports now be. "Atrocious Assault.—Love at first sight," will, with the interesting particulars, delight every breakfast table in London. Fleet-Marriages were formerly abused—what will our fair friends think of Bow Street Marriages? And when the ardent lover sighs forth his soul at Caroline's feet, how singular it will sound to hear the young lady, instead of insinuating the *Gretna Green* blacksmith, sob forth, 'Oh! my beloved Adolphus, run for a Constable!'

Modern Inspiration.

"I felt a sort of inspiration, I have felt it before."—Sir R. Gresley.

Old Oliver's "seeking the Lord" was nothing to this well-timed inspiration of Sir Roger's, in which we see the true principles of the present administration—and discover, for the first time, the reasons for certain late events otherwise unaccountable. Thus when the King turned out Lord Melbourne, it was not a court intrigue, or back-stairs bamboozlement,—no—it was *inspiration*. Sir R. Peel was *inspired* at Rome to take the government, and nothing but *inspiration* could have supported the Duke under the weight of six places at once. What but *inspiration* has changed the Tories to Reformers. What but *inspiration* could have induced them to appoint Lord Londonderry? and nothing short of *inspiration* could have induced him to resign. And what but inspiration, of no small size, could have changed the minds of 400 members who pledged themselves to vote for the repeal of the Malt Tax, and who could only muster a minority of 115 in favour of such repeal. All hail, then, the inspired administration! But such events should not remain unsung, and the ballad of 'Margaret's Ghost' will supply us with a fit idea to celebrate,

THE VISION OF SIR ROGER

OR,

THE GRISLY GHOST!

Shewing how a vision of place and pension appeared to a young Baronet, and what followed therefrom.—

'Twas at that sad and solemn place,
Where Whig and Tory meet,
In glided Roger's Grisly ghost,
And stood by Bobby's feet.

His face was like an April storm,
Clad in a well cocked beaver;
And rings bedecked the lily hand,
That show'd the gay deceiver.

And round about, and through the House,
His face with rapture fired,
He rolled his eyes, till all cried out
Sir Roger was inspired.

'Why did I pledge my honour bright,
I ne'er would turn my coat?
Why did I win electors hearts,
And then against them vote?

'I saw a vision in the night,
It spoke to me of Malt;
It said, 'Young man, you soon will have
No porridge to your salt!'

I turned and tumbled in my bed,
And thought that I should die:
It spoke of pensions and of place,
It whispered, 'Treasury.'

It talked of Radicals and Whigs,
Of Tories, cunning elves!
And then it asked me, if I thought,
Such men would tax themselves?

It spoke of tax on property,
Which shook my resolution,
It spoke of taxing gentlemen!
And threatened Dissolution.

And last of all it did to me
A secret dire reveal,
That, if I voted as I said,
My vote would turn out Peel.

A voice from Heaven, a Holy voice,
Has bid me turn my coat,
And this I think's a reason good
To give Bob Peel my vote.'

Then rose the whispering of Whigs,
And Thomas Baring's crew,
Then great Sir Knatchbull changed his vote,
And Chandos then looked blue.

'Twas then Sir Jemmy Graham rose,
Sir Jemmy, best of men—
He swore he oft had turned his coat,
He'd turn it then again.

Then followed all the general rout,
Who promised in December
To vote against the Tax, but none
Could then such pledge remember.

So have I seen the silly sheep
Jump in a ditch together.
If first has ventured on the leap,
Some sillier old Bell Wether.

Diamond cut Diamond; or, Thief v. Lawyer.

"Mr. Munns complained to the Vice Chancellor that two of his clients had been robbed in court."—*Morning Chronicle*.

This confession is extremely candid on the part of the learned gentleman. But can he say that his clients are the *only* two gentlemen who have been *robbed in a Court of Law*, although no one of the long-speeched gentlemen in the long robe has hitherto had the candour to acknowledge it? The anger of the Vice Chancellor, and the general excitement of the Court at Mr. Munns's declaration, is highly ludicrous. That any one should be robbed in that court! that any one should dare to pick 'my two clients' pockets! Mr. Munns, it appears, had brought down his game, but another sportsman bagged them; so that Mr. Munns's anger at this robbery, is, not that his client *was* robbed, but that he was not robbed by Mr. Munns.

THE LATE BLOW-UP IN REGENT-STREET.

Half of Regent-street was blown up the other day by the force of a compest sigh which had escaped from the bosom of Lord Londonderry on his late *dis*-appointment. It was two in the morning of Saturday, when his Lordship gave vent to his sorrow by a vast suspiration of forced breath, which, escaping through the bay-window of Holderness House, meandered through the mazes of the main sewer, and finally burst emphatically forth through a baker's oven in Regent-street, smashing a shop window in its progress, and blowing up half the pavement. A dismal howl was likewise heard to proceed from Holderness House about twelve on Saturday, which was, after breaking open the doors, found to proceed from his Lordship, who was administering consolation to his wife, in the following elegant ditty:—

Tune.—From Great Londonderry, to London so merry.

The great Londonderry, to Russia, so merry,
King Arthur he sent me the Whigs to deride;
But young Stanley and Sheil have so bothered Bob Peel,
That the Tories now shelve me and set me aside.

Then away with vain glories, those devils of Tories
Have made me fast out of my Embassy hop,
Sing dilly oh daisy, my lady be aisy,
That Parliament-House is the devil's own shop.

His Lordship then swallowed a tumbler of noyau, and walked down to the House of Lords, where he appeared 'much affected'—according to the newspapers.

BREVITIES.

Of Great A-wall.

Q. Why is O'Connell like a whale?
A. Because his strength is in his tail.

A Warning.

It is said that Sir R. Peel has worn an air of *abstraction* for some time past. He is about to *abstract* the supplies from John Bull's pocket, and cannot help looking like a thief.

The New Dissenters Matter o' Money Bill.

In this New Bill the Church is not left in the lurch,
Men may wed as they please, but the church takes the fees,
So that Peel now insists Church Religion consists
Not in *cere-monies*, but merely in *moneys*.

A Free Press.

The Liberty of the Press has rendered it necessary for the ministry to do away with the Liberty of Impressment.

A Halteration in the Ministry.

So determined are the Tories to stick to place, that *we* shall not hear the *news* of their resignation, until the *noose* has reached them.

His Ex-Excellency.

"How does Londonderry bear his loss?" enquired Peel of Croker—"Oh!" replied the ex-secretary, "he looks the picture of resignation!"

PARLIAMENTARY OPENINGS.

Sir R. Peel thought it better to postpone—

The Duke of Wellington thought it better to avoid excitement—

Sir Roger Gresly said he changed his opinion according to circumstances—

THEATRICALS.

A comedy, by Peake, is promised at Drury Lane this week; but we shall be at press before it comes out. Laporte, we are happy to find, has conquered all the obstacles which the malice of lawyers, and the suicidal eagerness of over-anxious creditors, have thrown in his way, and opens the King's Theatre this evening. We shall attend in our accustomed box.

The Minors now supply us with the only novelties, and some egregious specimens of rich absurdity are nightly brought forward on their boards.

We have the kindest feeling towards the fair manageress of the Queen's Theatre; but is there not rather too much of the Mordaunts there? When Pompey the Great dined in Egypt, they gave him a dinner of pork, consisting of a thousand dishes, each dressed in a different manner, but as Pompey observed, after all, it was *all pork*. So we find the Mordaunts, and Mrs. Nisbett, in various pieces—but still it is all Mordaunt. Mrs. Nisbett herself, combines all the attractions of the family in herself, and eclipses even the dark-eyed and wicked looking Miss J. Mordaunt. Therefore one sister of a family is quite sufficient at the same theatre. We have heard certain things reported of this theatre and its reputed proprietors; certain arrangements and are said to be on foot, which we hope are not true.

The Victoria Theatre presents the phenomenon of a crowded stage, and an empty house. We saw a bill stuck up outside this theatre, offering a reward for 'a bag of sovereigns, stolen from the box office;' it would be better to offer a reward for any one that could find a bag of sovereigns in such a place. There is a Chinese joke, to the following purport, which we recommend to the attention of Mr. Glossop. 'There are thieves breaking into the house,' said a poor woman to her husband. 'Let them alone, my dear,' replied the needy man, 'perhaps they will find something to steal, and we may then rob them of it.'

The Pavilion and the Garrick are running a race to gain the favour of Petticoat Lane and Rosemary Lane, by the production of 'Esther' and 'Ahasuerus.' We cannot but anticipate a sublime treat in seeing 'the ould closh' in all their glory, and shall attend the spectacle.

'Tom and Jerry' have reissued with great vigour to beat up traditional Charlies and antique watch boxes at the Adelphi.—Buckstone's Jemmy Green is a study—the innocence, the simplicity, the confiding trustfulness, the genuine greenness of the character are admirably hit off. Yates's Tom is more mellowed than before. The whole thing goes off like a merry frolic.

NOTICES.**THE POLITICAL DEVIL'S WALK,**

BY

FIGARO IN LONDON.

WITH

SIX CARICATURES,

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Has been reprinted, and those of our subscribers who were disappointed last week, can now complete their sets. The whole of this year's number can now be had at our Publishers.

J. G's joke is taken from *The Satirist*; we never copy from other publications; he had better send it to the *John Bull*—if such a work be in existence, which we very much doubt.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



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No. 173.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1835.

(Price One Penny.)

THE IRISH TITHE BILL.



The glorious Seymour has here depicted the true state of the Irish question; and although the House of Commons may prate and debate for weeks about it, they will never lay the matter so plainly, truly, and simply, before the country, as the graphic Seymour has in this one masterly sketch. With great humour he portrays Ireland, as an ass overburthened with millstones of tithes, a donkey vot wouldn't go! while the ministers, her masters, pretend to relieve her by shifting the burthen from her tail to her neck, and calling it *RENT*. How happy the illustration! how felicitous the humour! Mark, likewise, how, with the true finish of a Hogarth,

VOL. IV.

Seymour smashes the humbug of Haddington's wearing a shamrock, which, as the papers tell us, elicited such thundering cheers on St. Patrick's Day. Wellington, too, with the strong hand of power, and the sceptre of prerogative, his favourite weapon, is laying on the poor beast which can hardly stand on its legs.

THE INTERPRETER.

Affectionate Humbug.

"Chantry, the sculptor, has just finished a whole length statue of the late unrivalled Mrs. Jordan, in an interesting and most graceful attitude; two of her lovely children are included in the group. It is said to be the *chef d'œuvre* of this delightful artist. One of the children is the present Earl of Munster, when an infant."—*Morning Paper*.

How disgusting to read this—one half of the money squandered in chiselling this stone would have saved the 'warm and living image,' which the King delighted to honour. Unprotected, deserted, and in misery, she died in a foreign country; unwept, unpitied, and unknown. And now 'Chantry, has just finished a statue to her memory!' Say rather a monument of the vanity of human affection; a posthumous tribute, not to the memory of the mother; but rather to the pride of the children:—

Can storied urn, or monumental bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

But mark the disgusting flattery of the courtly penny-a-liner:—
'The two lovely infants, one of which is the present Earl of Munster,'—an ugly, sallow, yellow livered, fat fellow; with a beard like a blacking brush, and a head like a dumpling!

Personalities.

Lord John Russell said—that an Honourable Member's conduct might be declared to be *politically* base, while his *personal* honour was unquestionable. —*House of Commons, Monday Night.*

This acute distinction of the tragedy-writing lord, partakes more of the poet's fancy than the honest feeling of a true reformer. Can a pickpocket be an honest man, or a woman of the town virtuous? Is it merely politically base to injure your country, and not personally dishonourable? Are the member and the man so decidedly dissimilar? But the apologies of those superfine, double-milled *Honourable* gentlemen are most ludicrous. They are just as if Jenkins was to address Tomkins, as follows:—

'My dear Tomkins, in what I am about to say, I do not address myself to you personally, I speak of you only as a tradesman! you are a cheating rogue, a swindling scoundrel, an unwhipped vagabond —'

Tomkins here rises in a rage, and bursts out with your—'Do you mean that as *personal*, Mr Jenkins? If you do —'

Jenkins—'If, Sirs, no *ifs*—If Mr. Tomkins chuses to take it in that way —'

Here an insinuating Simkins jumps up, and most pacificly distinguishes between the *man* and the *tradesman*. Jenkins puts his honour in Simkins's hands, and Tomkins forthwith expresses himself quite satisfied!

The Church at Home and Abroad.

"The Rev Jolinge Seymour, Rector of Radnage, Bucks, has been presented by the congregation of the British Chapel of Boulogne Sur Mer, in testimony of their high respect for his *personal* character, and of his able discharge of the duties of his ministry, in that town, during the period of eleven years." —*Times.*

This reads well—Boulogne is a highly respectable place; something like the rules of the King's Bench; peopled by swindling surgeons, ci-devant captains, brevet-rank widows, half-pay, or rather never pay Lieutenants, and all such creatures, the offscouring and top scum of would be gentility. Among these the Rev. Jolinge Seymotr, *Rector of Radnage, Bucks*, has resided eleven years—and we do not wonder at the respect they all feel for his *personal* character. But there is another party in this affair—the *People of Radnage, Bucks*, the unhappy flock wandering without a shepherd for eleven years; and who know nothing of their rector, but that he receives their tithes. Have *they* presented the rector with a piece of plate? Have *they* yet seen this impudent announcement of continued non-residence? Are *they* prepared to induce their member to vote a few millions to augment the stipend of their non-resident pastor?

The Clergyman in Debt!

Such is the title of a work which has just issued from the press, and which we do not hesitate to denounce as a scandalous fraud, and imposition on the public. Who do our readers think is the "*Clergyman in Debt*?"—no less a man than the notorious F. W. N. Bayley—the shadow of a shade, who has picked up a precarious subsistence for some time past among silly singers, and still sillier young musicians, by the swindling similarity of his name to that of Thomas Haynes Bayly, the song-writer! This impudent scamp assumes now the disguise of a "*Clergyman in Debt*," and forthwith trumps up a tissue of lies and ignorance—of mawkish sentimentality and mischievous delusions, under the title of "*Scenes and Stories, by a Clergyman in Debt*." To shew, by one instance, the baseness, the villainy, the anti-social turpitude of this low-minded fellow, we need but tell our readers, that while in the Fleet Prison, having given himself out as a literary man, a few of the inmates there, with that natural feeling of respect for literary talents, which should reign paramount in the bosom of every generous man—supplied him with food, clothes, necessities and pocket-money! one prisoner, on his firm promise to pay, procured him the means of release,

and others paid his fees to get him out of the prison walls. The money, we need not say, has never been repaid. "*The Clergyman*" is now in the rules of the King's Bench, and the return he has made for the kindness which fostered and cherished him in adversity, is by selling for base money to a bookseller, the secrets of the social board, the betraying for filthy lucre all the confidence which was placed in him by an unsuspecting and too generous youth, and the placarding and puffing all that his dirty mind could spy or rake up from the filthy channels of privatescandal, or his traitorous commiseration could worm from the wounded feelings of an agonised and broken-hearted prisoner. We put it to any one of our readers. Would you like any one to come to your house in some of those moments of unhappiness which come to all of us; would you like '*a clergyman*' to come to your house, and when you had *opened your heart* to him, would you like him to take it all down, and, merely altering one letter of your name, to send it forth fully depicted and exposed to the rude gaze and vulgar scorn of a scandalizing world? But there are other infamous circumstances connected with this book, which shall most assuredly be exposed. We make one extract from a letter we have received, (our correspondence, let it be known to our readers, is exceedingly numerous and valuable,) and then let our readers judge for themselves. Are men to be locked up in prison for debt, to be kept like beasts for a show, and every now and then stirred up '*with the long pole*' of some speculating publisher?

Dear FIGARO,

The Book called the *Clergyman in Debt*, is published at £1 11s. 6d: I have, by great favour, sent he 3d vol. and what relates to imprisonment for debt in that volume and in the others, which although I have not read, I have been told the particulars of, and the major part are all falsehoods; and the escape of Lord Cochrane, correct in only one particular.

The circulation of this work, of which Bayly, the author, is now in the Bench, and as an *arrant a little Mace* Cove as this day walks the streets of London, depends upon a circular which has been sent to the Members of both Houses, containing a copy of a petition signed by the debtors of all the prisons, and which petition is made to praise this work, and in which it says, that it will have more effect than any thing that has ever been written to abolish this law; and tagged on as a fly sheet is the—*Shocking, cruel, heart-rending* case of the *Dentist and Bears Grease Man*; and this is quoted as an appeal to the feelings of the Members of both Houses; it describes the great misery he endured in White Cross Street, his removal to the Bench—wandering about to beg a few sticks to light his fire—arrival of his daughter from abroad, who advanced 400l. that he might go to trial—acquitted by 12 Englishmen, who discovered he never owed one shilling, and that he was locked up on an affidavit founded on perjury. I must get one of these for you to read.

Now mark, the whole of this appeal to feelings, is as impudent a lie as ever was palmed upon the public; a more debauched, drunken, vile old blackguard, never existed than old—a rank impostor. The most extraordinary pains have been taken by the publishers to keep myself and Captain Johnson from a sight of this work, and the party that had it, had strict injunctions not to let either of us see it.

We are happy to say, that the writer of this letter is preparing an exposé, not only of this book, but of the whole system of Imprisonment for Debt, which, comprising as it will do, some valuable information on the subject, and some corrections and alterations of the proposed measure for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, will be an exceedingly valuable work, and will shortly be published by our publisher. In the mean time, we can only say of this F. W. N. Bayley, "*The Clergyman*," in the words of the Roman Poet—

— Vetabo, qui Cereris sacra,
Solvarit arcana, sub iisdem,
Sit trabibus fragilem que mecum
Solvat phaselum.

Let him be avoided by his fellow-men, as that most dangerous of spies,—a traitor to the social board—and may he for the rest of his paltry and pettifogging existence, suffer all the miseries of a poor pseudo-literary man, and pretended authorling, hunted day and night, from garret to garret, by dirty printer's devils.

The Chatham Colonel—Mr. Law Hodges.

"This was a petition from 300 electors and other inhabitants of Chatham, complaining that in consequence of the votes which many of them gave at the last election, the commanding officer of the Marine Barracks there had thought proper to interfere, in a most unprecedented, most unjust, and most unconstitutional manner, with the freedom of trade in the borough [hear!]. The petitioners stated that certain tradesmen of that town had, from time immemorial, been allowed access to the barrack-yard for the purpose of selling their commodities; that no interruption had occurred in this privilege till the 19th January last, when an order was affixed to the barrack-yard, signed by Adjutant James, stating that for the future no pawnbroker or slopseller should be admitted to the yard, without the special permission of the Commandant. The petitioners proceeded to explain that the classes of tradesmen in question were those that had hitherto enjoyed the advantage above described, and that the sole reason for this most unjust and injurious exclusion was that at the last election, the whole body of them, with three exceptions, voted for Captain Byng, in opposition to the Government candidate, Sir John Beresford [hear, hear, hear!]. This, the petitioners added, was proved beyond a doubt by the fact that the three persons who had voted for Sir John Beresford, had each of them received that special permission from the Commandant which enabled them to engross the whole business of the barrack-yard [hear, hear.] This proceeding the petitioners protested against as a most gross and unconstitutional exercise of power for the purposes of intimidation, and the destruction of freedom of election."

Of all the insolent interferences that ever disgraced a Tory Boroughmonger, this is the most fragrant and disgraceful. Col. Tremeneere might as well have marched his marines to the hustings and prevented all Reformers from coming to the poll, as close the barracks against the tradesmen who voted for the Reform Candidates, and admit only the degraded wretches who allowed themselves to be bribed to vote against their country for a Military Government and a Tory Parliament. On this question, the Tory serpent has shown its fangs, which, so long, but so vainly it has endeavoured to conceal. Fighting Bob said that the words spoken by the *gallant* Colonel, ought not to be taken into consideration. But are not words spoken by a criminal admitted as evidence in a criminal court to prove the *animus*, the malice of the offender? Why then should the Colonel escape, when privates suffer? Oh that a court-martial could be held on this Tremeneere, and that Col. Bowater could give him that *cat* which he so justly deserves. The glorious majority of *thirty-one* has taught the Tories a lesson they will not forget—however they may pass it by at present. But we are much amused by the high-flown compliments paid to any Tory who gets into a scrape. No sooner was the charge brought against the Colonel, than up jumps Sir John Beresford, and puffs off the Colonel:—

"He could assure the House, that in his conscious opinion, Colonel Tremeneere would never lend himself to any underhanded or dishonourable action. It appeared to him that neither the electors nor the non-electors of Chatham had any thing to do with the orders which the Commandant might think proper to issue for the effective regulation of the barracks: they might as well assume a right to interfere with the regulations of his Majesty's ships in the river. As to Colonel Tremeneere, he could safely say, that a better officer, or more honourable man never existed [hear, hear, from the Ministerial benches.]"

To be sure there is nothing like being a *respectable* man—Fauntleroy was a respectable man—Ady was a respectable man—Peel is an *honourable* man, *politically*, and so on to the end of the chapter.

City Humbug.

"The Chamberlain's book detailing the result of one campaign against the unfortunate residents within the City, who had been guilty of the enormous crime of endeavouring to maintain their families by the pursuits of trade he would read to them—it contained a list of the killed and wounded [laughter.] John Hoskins, grocer, action brought—declaration—judgment, execution—ran away. Thomas Jones, tailor, declaration, judgment, execution, discharged from prison on account of poverty. Richard Tomkins found guilty in the Lord Mayor's Court of the sin of shoemaking within the City; execution issued, but defendant excused upon payment of the attorney's costs, and promising to quit the City [hear, hear.] There were upwards of two hundred honest tradesmen annually prosecuted for having carried on business within the City, that they might be driven from its confines, while other towns and cities considered that an increasing wealth waited upon the increase of the number of their indus-

trious inhabitants. The way to induce persons to become free of the City would be to make it a privilege, and not a burden."

How long will the housekeepers of London and Westminster put up with that worst of all nuisances, the City Corporation and their assumed rights? Of what use is the whole Corporation? What one earthly good thing do they do individually or collectively?—Westminster goes on well enough without a Corporation; nor does St. Pancras feel the want of a Common Council; neither does Southwark languish for the want of an Alderman; nor can Marylebone be said to be sickening for the want of the constant care of Sheriffs and Deputies. Did our readers ever watch the end of Chancery Lane? there sits a fellow, who actually stops all carts not belonging to Freemen, and takes a toll in the very centre of London for this most impudent of Corporations. The only real duties of consequence, which the Aldermen have to perform, is that of attending as Magistrates at the Guildhall, and this they shamefully neglect, inasmuch as that when a friend of ours went there at two o'clock with a distinguished foreigner, who was anxious to see the practice of our English police officers; he found the place crowded with plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, and policemen; and, on enquiring, found that—"We have not got an Alderman yet." This was at two o'clock in the afternoon. On his return, the Alderman was there, but he not being a Citizen of London, was actually refused admittance by the insolent official at the door. There is another toll taken at Farringdon Street, and nuisances of all kinds arise from the City privileges in all directions. The notion of fining a man fifty pounds for taking a shop in the City, he not being a freeman, may account for the many shops shut up in Fleet Street.

BREVITIES.**Scan-Mag.**

The *fracas* concerning Lady Sugden's admission to Court, is only a proof that Sir E. Sugden, with true Tory instinct, could not help *robbing the public*, even in his marriage.

Rather Uxorious.

It was reported of the English Chancellor that he was too fond of another man's wife. It is complained of the Irish Chancellor that he is too fond of his own.

A Disorderly House.

The recent squabbles in the House of Commons which divert the attention of members from the Supplies, are like the sham-fights of the swell mob, who fall out with one another that they may pick John Bull's pocket in the confusion.

Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt.

Lord Edward Thynne expresses himself greatly pleased with the proposed measure, as it will render a *running account* no longer an *account for running*.

THEATRICALS.

Poole's new comedy is a thing of mere pretence, and little performance. It is a farce in five acts—light and whimsical—deficient in character, and wretchedly acted in the principal character, Sir Nicholas Stilton, by Farren. This farce is a downright piracy on Lord Duberley in the Heir at Law; neither does any character in the piece possess any novelty, but that of *Sally Saunders*, in which Mrs. Glover was most excellent. There was a rich, saucy vulgarity about it, a pert chandler-shop gentility, a Mar-

gate-ball politeness—a pettish toss of the head, and a scornful glance of the eye over the cocked-up chin that bespoke this beauty of Aldgate, and the beloved of St. Mary-Axe. So well did Mrs. Glover give it, that we looked about in the hope of seeing Downton to support her, or Liston to raise our spirits in *The Retired Cheesemonger*; but there was no one but Farren, who is never more than the abstract idea of a character! the mere dry-bones, the skeleton of a part—wanting in the warmth, the luxuriance, the flesh and blood with which a good actor invests an original sketch of the author. Harley's Dick Moonshine is another mistake—it wanted strength, the swagger, the bounce, which support the pretension of a pseudo captain. He looked all through the Comedy like a dog who had a good horsewhipping in the morning, and testifies his remembrance of it by carrying his tail between his legs, and stooping his head down for the rest of the day. Wrench should have played the part.

The Victoria has closed—we could have foretold it, but did not wish to make use of our private information in any manner, which might injure a concern, which to our knowledge, was in itself successful—and which only wanted to heave the pilot overboard, and then the vessel would have safely steered into the harbour of prosperity. We trust it will open under better auspices.

Almar is doing well at the Wells; he has taken great pains, and spent much money on the Shadow—and his Masquerade proves a nightly attraction. It is not true that Vestris has taken this Theatre.

We disgraced ourselves by a visit to the Pavilion the other evening. Such trash as Ahasuerus, and such actors and actresses are below notice, and actually degrade the profession. Richardson would not allow such men to parade his show front in Bartholomew Fair, in Smithfield.

An unhappy wretch is about to waste his substance on the City Theatre; but if it be true that he has engaged little Hughes, late of the Strand Theatre, he may have some chance of success.

The King's Theatre has opened at last, in spite of the measles and the attornies. There is much in Madame Brambilla to admire. She has a depth of tone, and an easy transition of voice, which enable her to give the light and shadow of feeling to her singing; but she is still, in spite of the lapse of time since we first saw her, rough and unfinished in her style and execution. The rest of the singers are for the present dreadful, torturing to the recollection, and excruciating to the ears. Better times will come; and certainly better dancers. Better voices and better toes are the great desiderata at present.

Vandenhoff, the dull and stupid Vandenhoff, an actor, whose forte solely consists in the proper acting of common places, has attempted Werner—his failure was signal. It is the fashion to cry down King's Ulric in this tragedy; we beg leave to differ with the newspaper critics, and consider, that although not a piece of finished acting, yet that it shows great mind and correct perception of the poet's meaning.

'Tom and Jerry,' continue to run their riotous course much to our surprise, with great success and applause. There is an innate blackguardism in the frequenters of the Adelphi, which clings to its kindred vulgarity with freshened gusto and affection.

Morris, like a fool, has refused to let Vestris his theatre. Is the old gentleman in his dotage?

NOTICE.

The Holywell Street nuisance, and the gang of Jew barkers, who insult all passengers through that nest of filth, which they have made so particularly their own, shall appear at full length in our next.

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No. 174.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

THE POLITICAL COCK-SHY.



Mrs. Arthur, a knowing old woman of the varmint breed, having no other means of getting a living, and having herself been pelted for a long while by a number of young mischievous chaps, with which the neighbourhood swarms, determined to make a little money from their mischievous propensities, and turn their attention from herself by setting up her old dunghill cock, named Bob, for them all to shy at, at a penny a throw. It was laughable enough to see the old cock before he knew what was about to happen to him, crowing and strutting, and spreading his tail, as if he was the true cock of the walk and thorough game. But when little Jacky Russel, the great builder's son, let fly the first shy at him, he shook his feathers and stared about as if he wanted to ask

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him what he meant by it. Mrs. Finsbury's lad, young Tom, a good-looking boy, but a thorough devil, then tried his hand, and hit the poor cock a douse on the left wing. Joey Hume, the Scotch doctor's boy, and Evans, the guardsman's nephew, now took their turn. The cock then began to show the dunghill, turning about and twisting himself to get away from the pegs which fastened him down. At one time he seemed to think he could bully the boys by fluttering his wings, raising his crest, and crowing loudly;—but Joey and Evans hit him again, and finally Dan O'Connell, the Irish beggar boy, floored the poor dunghill with a shivering shy from a stick which he had picked up in the Church hard by, and the poor devil fell to rise no more. Mother Arthur set to abusing the lads, but they plainly told her they had paid their money, and would have their whack for it—so that it was of no use talking to them. The old lady talked of taking them to the Sessions, or, in Parliamentary phrase, of appealing to the country, and she threatened them also that she would retire from business, at which they laughed and declared, if she did, they would then set up a Shy Cock of their own. Little Jacky Russell immediately set off to purchase a good game cock for that purpose.

THE INTERPRETER.

The Clergyman in Debt!

"That to lie, is to tell a thing that we know in our conscience to be utterly false and untrue; and it is of this last sort of liars only that I now speak."—Montaigne's *Essays on Liars*.

Our *expose* of this worthy, this walking man-trap, and prison penny-a-liner, has had its due effect. The stamp act still remains in force; else could we tell how some of his contemporaneous copper captains chastised him on first his appearance among them, and how he fled, his mustachios fluttering in the wind, to the sheltering shade of the strong-room in the King's Bench Prison. But this

G. Cowie, Printer, 13, Newcastle Street, Strand

we leave to future historians. A correspondent belabours him pretty soundly:—

My Dear Figaro;—Accept the best thanks of a constant reader for your just exposure of Don Munchausen Moustachio Moscati Baily's three vols. of lies.

In vol. 3, page 23, speaking of the receiving ward in Whitecross Street Prison, he states—

"The dinner service is of the coarsest, the bread stale, and the beer thin and all but sour; there is a bit of the heel of cheese, little calculated to assist the digestion, which follows the meat, and then a general remove; for this the prisoner pays one shilling, or one and sixpence, *w.e.* forget which."

The thousands who will read this, and who have been in the Receiving Ward, must at once perceive this statement to be utterly false; and as black hearted a falsehood as ever emanated from this *Prince of Liars*. A more warm hearted, or better man, or one that keeps a better table, does not exist than the Steward of the Receiving Ward: but, Mr. Editor, I will let you and the public at once into the secret of this *gratuitous malignity*. Munchausen Baily happened to be brought a prisoner into the Receiving Ward, and with his usual success at imposition, persuaded the Governor, Mr. Barratt, to let him remain till he got a *Habeas* to remove him to the Bench, well knowing, if he went down into the body of the gaol he would be flung on his own resources (which would have been the gaol allowance, and what he always ought to subsist on), but single-handed he could impose on the kindness of the Steward. After remaining a considerable time before he could *Mace* for the *Habeas*, he at length succeeded, and took his departure, forgetting to settle his account for the *coarse bread, stale beer, and heel of cheese to assist digestion*, besides a penny bundle of wood, not charged in his account, of which he daily used the whole to ornament and blacken his mustachios by burning the wood. TWENTY-SEVEN times did the Steward send over to the Bench for his account, and at length succeeded in obtaining about one-half; the balance still remains to the account of the *Clergyman in Debt*!

VINDEX.

Our correspondent's conjunctive notion of "a better man and one who keeps a better table," is rather rich. The Amphitryon of the receiving ward, whom so many try-on to dine upon, must be infinitely obliged. What a picture of Omnibus Baily 'blackening his mustachios' with burnt wood! The ruling passion strong in 'debt!' And here perhaps we get at the true secret of this unhappy young man's folly and vice. His personal vanity, his notion of ornamenting his carcass at any expense of honour and tailors! He is now, we hear, detained in the Rules by a tailor's bill, and belongs to that species of debtor known and classified by the title of A Tailor's Goose.

The King of Hanover v. the King of England.

"Mr. Carruthers said he considered it still more extraordinary that it should be exacted by the King of Hanover only from ships bearing the British flag."—*Parliamentary Debate*.

Who is this King of Hanover? This impertinent, petty Sovereign? This German potentate of seven acres—whose standing army never exceeds three, and whose coinage is only farthings?—A King of Lilliput! The least of little absurdities! Can it be possible, that in this trivial personage we find the King of England? And is this the reward of the millions spent in protecting the hereditary dominions of this fat family? Of the King of England it is treasonable and seditious to speak too plainly. Of the King of Hanover, an Englishman may say what he pleases.—This fat, slobber-faced, thick-lipped, and half-silly family of Hanover rats have forgotten all their gratitude to England, and now presume to tax British ships *only*! on entering their muddy ports.

Honourable Gentlemen.

"The honour of a newspaper editor has never been questioned."—*Morning Advertiser*.

This is one of those fallacies, on which Editors feed themselves. Imagine the dignity, the swelling pride of 'Mr. Editor,' on writing this. He raises his head, buttons up his coat, expands his chest, dips his pen in the ink, and then writes "The honour of a newspaper editor has never been questioned." Alack, Mr. Editor, who was it betrayed that the letter to the *Times*, on the moment of the kick out of the Melbourne Whigs—ending "The Queen has done it all?"—who was it, we say, betrayed, through private malignity, that *that* letter was written by Lord Brougham? Who was it in the

Morning Chronicle office that exhibited to some spy from the *Times* certain articles written by Lord Brougham, which first raised the wordy war between those two potentates? Who was the person at the *Courier* office that first let out the secret of certain short articles having been written by the Duke of Wellington? Who at the *Globe Office* betrayed Lord Palmerston? Answer these questions, Mr. Editor, before you prate about the honour of Newspaper Editors.

The Tithe Question.

Lord Castlereagh said, that he should not have troubled the House, had he not wished to set himself straight with it and his constituents, as to a statement he was alleged to have made on a previous evening. He had been reported to have said that the Protestants and Presbyterians in the North of Ireland were anxious to pay tithes. He never had stated, and never could state, so manifest an absurdity.—*Parliamentary Debate*.

Lord Castlereagh is a hunchback in intellect—born and brought up in the crooked paths of tory corruption, how can he venture to talk of setting himself *straight* with the House or the Country? We are glad to see, however, that the tories begin to recognise the manifest absurdity of paying tithes—that great premium for idleness, both to the payer and to the receiver. For who would cultivate and improve his property, when he knows that a tithe of that improvement must go to a person who has contributed nothing towards it? And what parson will conduct himself properly, unless his pocket be made to suffer for his misconduct, and unless his good behaviour and the pious discharge of his duties be his only road to the purses of his parishioners? The discussion on the Irish Tithe Question has brought out some fine points, some convincing proofs of the advantages of that happy connection of Church and State, under which, according to the tories, the people of England have flourished and prospered. The number of Protestants in Ireland is 600,000, being one-fifteenth part of the population of that country. Yet is the whole of Ireland tithed to the amount of £700,000 per annum for the support of an Established Church for the religious benefit of these few Protestants—making the cost of each Protestant about five and twenty shillings a year to the State, and putting the United Kingdom to a further expense of one million per annum, in supporting twenty thousand soldiers to keep down the people, who are compelled to pay this money. There are some things, which are so absurd in themselves, that merely require stating plainly, to be hooted off at once. Such is this Irish Church—as filthy a nest of abominable vermin, as ever disgraced the corners of any country. In vain did St. Patrick charm away all poisonous reptiles from his favourite land, if the English invaders of Ireland brought in the more dangerous vermin of their Established Church. An adder is nothing to a parson—you may destroy the whole nest of them at once—but the brood of the blood-sucking black wratches, is never to be extirpated but by a general rat-hunt, as effectual as the wolve-destroying edict of Edward the Confessor.

THE NEW COURT CIRCULAR.

The Lord Mayor got up at half-past 10 this morning—His Lordship is in very good health.

Mrs. Muggins came to town yesterday from her residence in the Old Kent Road, and entertained a large party of fashionables at her house in Tooley Street. Among the company present we noticed:—

Messieurs.—Stubbs, Bubbs, Jenkins, Atkins, Tomkins, Pipkins, Simkins. *Mesdames* Stubbs, Bubbs, Jenkins, Atkins, Tomkins, Pipkins, Simkins. *Misses* Stubbs, Bubbs, Jenkins, Atkins, Tomkins, Pipkins, Simkins.

On Sunday.—The New Police were mustered in the Guildhall, and reviewed by Lord Winchester. The officers afterwards sat down to a sumptuous dinner of bread and cheese, at the Mansion House.

ENGLISH POPULAR SONGS.

Walking down by Downing-street the other night, we were attracted by a mellifluous voice, which we suspected to be Sir Robert Peels, which gave vent to the following delicious popular melody:—

ALL AROUND MY HAT!

As sung by Sir R. Peel.

All around my hat, I wears a green willow!
All around my hat, for a twelvemonth and a day!
And, if any Member axes me the reason vy I wears it,
I tells him 'coz the Irish Church is gone far away.
Speaks.—Do you vant any Bishops, ma'am!
Sings.—All around my hat, &c.

Old Mother Church vas a rich-un and a good-un,
And old Mother Church had a jolly store of pelf,
The people of ould Ireland, they ver'nt so wery religious,
But she didn't care a mag, for she took care of herself.
Speaks.—Do you vant any nice sinecures, ma'am?
Sings.—All around my hat, &c.

There's thousands of the Clergymen, their wives, sons, and darters,
There's dozens of the Bishops, and fat old Rectors, too,
Will be starving in the streets or a barning of their livings,
And arn't that a hard thing for a gentleman to do!
Speaks.—There's a fine rosy wicar for you, ma'am.
Sings.—All around my hat, &c.

Oh, it's not for the people, vot was shot there at Rathcormac,
That I wears this green willow, that I weep, and that I vail,
But I doesn't like to see Mother Church robb'd of her property.
By these Vhigs, and that willain O'Connell, and his tail!
Speaks.—Do you vant a nice young Irishman, ma'am.
Sings.—All around my hat, &c.

The mob which collected round the door was so large that we were glad to make our escape as soon as possible without hearing any more of it. On our return, however, through the street after a short walk, we heard Sir Henry Hardinge expressing his regret at loss of office to the beautiful tune of "Lochaber no more." The Tory chorus reminded us of Sir Walter's lines—

A manly voice with mellow swell,
Bore burthen to the music well.

The following were the melancholy words of this mournful lament:—

MY PENSION NO MORE!

Tune.—Lochaber no more.

Farewell to my pension, and farewell my place,
Which I've clung to through every change and disgrace.
For my pension no more! for my pension no more!
May be to return to my pension no more.

Ah, that snug little office I ne'er can forget,
My memory clings to that snug office yet,
For 'twas there that I learned to bamboozle the mob,
And 'twas there I concocted full many a job.
For my pension no more! for my pension no more,
May be to return to my pension no more.

The whole party now joined in chorus, and such a lugubrious howl was the consequence, that the police broke in, and took them all off to the Station House.

BREVITIES.

A Tory Truth.

The Tories asserted that their Ministry would turn out well; it would perhaps be *well* if their Ministry were to *turn out*.

A Non-suit.

Sir R. Peel declares on the Irish Question that he feels himself quite *out of place*, in putting Lord J. Russell's Resolution into action.

Know Thyself.

It is said that Sir James Graham scarcely 'knows his own mind' under the present changes. He never was suspected of *knowing much*.

Pious Sheep-Shearers.

The Reform in the Irish Church will teach the people to pray for themselves, and no longer be *preyed upon* by the bishops.

On a late Motion regarding the Irish Church.

Russell's purge, I have a notion,
Is the cause of Russell's motion.

Returns.

We are glad to see a motion for a *return* of the cost of the four royal yachts, as a proof that the nation is about to get back some of the money so foolishly wasted on these royal toys.

A Prospect.

Some time ago Lord Grey advised the Bishops to look at home; but so close are the Reformers to their doors, that it is high time for them to *look out*.

An Old Story.

The Irish Church, with its small number of wealthy professors, puts us in mind of an old joke. A good old lady who was treating with a maid servant about work and wages, asked her among other questions what religion she was? 'Alack-a-day, madam,' said the poor innocent girl, 'I never trouble my head about that: for religion I thought was *only* for gentlefolks.'

THE DINNER TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

The vanity of the little lordlings of the Whig species is excessively ridiculous. We attended this dinner, and were much amused. The didactic preciseness, and school-book eloquence of Lord Morpeth—the mumbling delivery, and self-laudatory boasting of Lord John—the emphatic droning of Charles Grant, and the frothy declamation of Lord Dalmeny, were all in full play, like a fire-engine with a tremendous *spout*. Every now and then a little Whig went off with a fizz. We were much amused by the toasts. 'The people, for whose benefit all government should be carried on;' and we suggested to a Member near us, that the *present company*, we supposed, were 'The People, for *whose* benefit all Government *was to be* carried on,'—a suggestion which much amazed the Whig. The constant cackle of these Whiglings was about themselves and their party—how clever they were,—what good they had done, &c. O'Connell, sly in a corner, watched them as a sagacious old cat watches the playful mouse, whose leaps and gyrations, it takes good care shall not exceed its own reach. The Whigs seem to think that they are patronising O'Connell, while, in fact, they are only doing his dirty (to them) and difficult work, by clearing away all obstacles, which the prejudices of our English aristocracy might throw in his path. We need not warn our countrymen, that no true Radical should never trust a Whig. Vote with them,—dine with them,—do any thing with them to answer your own purpose,—but never *trust* a Whig. Tyrannical in office—obsequious when out of it—proud in place, imperious in Parliament, specious at an election, and deceitful every where, your real Whig is to be used, but not relied upon. Diamond cut diamond is now the parliamentary policy—and FIGARO says to his friends, Turn out the Tories, but do not admit the Whigs into power.

THEATRICALS.

The City Theatre opened under its new auspices on Monday.—Have any of our readers ever visited this place? There is a street not unknown to fame, 'yelept Grub Street, rich in classic associations and powerful in odoriferous smells—nearly at the end stands this modern Temple of the Muses. The box office for tickets, for alas! this Theatre is as unlicensed as a Dissenter's Marriage, is situated at an old clothesman's opposite. On entering the house you are saluted by the gallery, with such remarks as a close investigation of your dress and appearance by about two hundred people can furnish subjects for. The Theatre is well constructed both for seeing and hearing, and the company appears to be well selected. Oxberry and Hughes are well known—the one as light and fantastical in his style, a fidgetty actor, rather than a good one; and wanting time, study, confidence, and practice, to enable him to take any decided rank in his profession. We have seen him act many parts extremely well; in one character, the Boots at an Inn, in the Siamese Twins, he cannot be surpassed by any actor now on the stage. Hughes is one of those quaint little creatures, who from a 'sort of something' about them, as Liston says, contrive to be favourites every where. Gifted as he is by nature with a countenance of the most extraordinary length, and the most comical ugliness, he carries his letter of introduction to the good humour of an audience in his face, and wins a laugh before he has spoken a word. Such an actor is a treasure to an author; added to which this Hughes possesses the rare ability, on the English stage, of rendering a slight part effective. Who can forget his Mr. Crinkum in the Wandering Minstrel? or his representation of the silly curiosity-hunting mania, in Old Forceps. Hughes is a young actor, and we take this opportunity of warning him of the danger of playing to a vulgar audience. There is a temptation to over-acting, and occasional grossness in the applause which follows too surely any thing of the kind from an injudicious audience. Actors are not clowns; they should not seek to raise a roar of laughter by clumsy gestures or outrageous attitudes. A look, or word, properly delivered, if the attention of the audience be once caught by an actor, will do more for him than if he tumbled over head and heels, or threw a somerset six feet from the ground. Miss Byron, we see, is engaged at this theatre. Nature has gifted her with a good voice; but in executing the strains of others, she must be careful not to strain her own pretty pipe. We think this young lady will be a star in no short time. The first piece was a translation of the celebrated *L'Auberge des Adrets*, by Mr. Selby, which he has chosen to call, with true Coburg feeling, 'The Two Murderers.' Now murder is not the staple of this drama; robbery, roguery, and dashing impudence, with a subtlety of refinement in character never before attempted, and which, we believe, owes its origin to the genius of the original *Robert Macaire*, are the grand characteristics of the piece. Mr. Selby is one of those gentlemen who think, that to enable a French piece to be acted on an English stage, nothing is required but a literal translation;—he never dresses up the dialogue, or in any way improves on the original, by inserting in the text some of the points made by the actor, but lays it bald and disjointed before an audience, who have no sympathy with many of the situations or knowledge of the allusions,—thus doubling the task of the actor, who labours as it were almost under the difficulty of acting in a language foreign to his audience. The part of *Robert Macaire* was acted by Oxberry, who wants *stamina* for the part. Macaire is the Rob Roy of pickpockets and swindlers. Is Oxberry like a Rob Roy? He looks like one of the lithe-limbed, thin, slim, genteel young gentlemen who form that corps well-

known in Cheapside, at the Bank, and all crowded chapels, young gentlemen who hand old ladies down the steps and pick their pockets by way of paying themselves for their politeness—the swell-mob;—now, Macaire is not of this genus. He is more manly. There is a chivalry, an enthusiasm, an artistical feeling in his robberies; a half laugh of enjoyment in each roguery, that if you detected him in picking your pocket you would only think it was in joke. So gentlemanly in manners, so easy his assurance, that were you to meet him in the pit of the Opera, his nonchalance would beguile you from noticing his ragged clothes, and you would take a pinch from his elegantly offered snuff-box, while, in pure admiration of the workmanship of your watch, and from a disinterested love of the arts, he would ease you of your new *Brequier*, and drive away with your cab by way of facilitating his escape. In such a character Oxberry must fail; but when Yates himself was obliged to hide his inferiority to *Lemaitre* by buffoonery and caricature, Oxberry may be excused if he was too light and whimsical in the character. Hughes took *Vizentini's* part of *Bertrand*, and excited great laughter; but he also overstrained the quiet timidity of the sly, yet silly, rascal, by being too active and bustling—(a pardonable fault in a young manager.) *Bertrand* is a grand contrast to *Macaire*. The one is all swagger, dash, boldness, and animation. The other, a creeping, sneaking, cowardly dastard, the personification of fear—who trembles at the fall of a plate, 'sees in every bush an officer,' and sleeps with his ears cocked up, ever in a tremble and flutter of fright—his knees in a perpetual shake, and ever bending under him. He is proud, however, of his associate, and his ludicrous endeavours to imitate the boldness of *Macaire's* bearing, and his impracticable nonchalance, are highly rich and absurd. The *Marie* of Mrs. Sefton, was a highly judicious performance—neither overallowed nor over acted for effect. We were much pleased with the performances on the whole, and the laughable farces which followed, contributed highly to the amusement of the audience. If the manager but goes on as he has commenced, the Lessee will not have so much cause to repent his venturous rashness as we at first anticipated.

THE BARBER'S JOURNAL.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

“Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits, often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere.”—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 175.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

THE DEATH OF THE CUNNING FOX.



After a long chase, the cheerful whoop of the well-known huntsman, Russell, proclaims the death of that cunning fox, notorious about the country, by the name of Bob the ratter. His twisting and doubling are now all over—he has been hunted through wood and across meadows, nay, into the very church itself. But the knowing old dogs kept close to his brush, giving sweet music as they spun along, while the huntsman and whipper-in cheered them heartily on to their sport. Bob had not got the reputation for nothing, and took his line of march through a most difficult country. The first fence was a teaser, but most of the riders went

over it manfully, though a few got purled into a rotten ditch on the other side. Bob bored off towards the church through a rasping country, the rattling pack close to his heels—but first tried his old home, the Candour Hope, thinking his relentless pursuers would not be rude enough to invade him there, but in this he was disappointed, and once more launched into the open country, until this became too hot for him, when he resolved to try the Dissenters thicket, which had proved a deliverance to many a good one before. Here the pace was tremendous, and many were stalled off; but on leaving this he turned towards Chandos farm, made direct for the malt house, where he left the dogs at fault for a short time by a singular double. An Irish dog, O'Con, was the first to give tongue on this occasion, and reassure the pack, which was shortly again at fault by a fresh fox crossing the line near Stanley meadows. This was a critical moment, but all uncertainty was laid aside by a view halloo from Jack Russell, which was echoed by a sharp little bow-wow of the grey breed, and soon our old friend was recognised stealing away down again and round to the church. ‘Stole away!’ was the cry, and finally they drove him into the very Church porch, where the gallant varmint met his death. Long and loud was the cheer that did honour to the death of a ‘good ‘un,’ and the brush was awarded to Jack Russell, for Jack is to be married next week.

THE INTERPRETER.

Signs of the Times.

“His Majesty and the Court intended to leave town on Saturday morning, for Windsor Castle; but in consequence of the present state of the Ministry, that plan was obliged to be relinquished, and an express was sent to Windsor, where the dinner had actually been ordered.”

“The Duke of Cumberland visited their Majesties on Saturday.”

“Her Majesty was in her private box at the Italian Opera, on Saturday evening.”

G. Cowie, Printer, 13, Newcastle Street, Strand

"The King passed the Sunday evening with the Duchess of Gloucester."—*Court Circular*.

These are the portentous signs of the times, which that mysterious FRANCIS MOORE of the *Court Circular*, furnishes us with at the present moment. Talk of a distressed country! What are the sufferings of millions, in comparison with the distress of the Court at being compelled to stop in town by the rude opposition of the low fellows who represent the people? How each Gold-stick must have sighed, and each Maid of Honour vapoured at the annoyance of 'the present state of the Ministry.' And only to think that our Gracious Sovereign, and his august consort should have lost their dinner! What a sacrifice for the country's good! With such a small Civil List, the extra expense must have been a serious inconvenience. Let us picture to our fancy Lord Howe running out with two hot plates to fetch a half-a-pound of ready-roasted mutton from the cook's-shop for the royal dinner, while the Lords in Waiting, and the other hungry Courtiers, were obliged to put up with bread and cheese. These are, indeed, shocking bad times for Royalty. If 'wretches hung that jurymen might dine,' surely it is not too much to expect that Honourable Members would allow their country to be ruined, that King William might enjoy at Windsor that dinner—which had actually been ordered.' His Majesty having lost his dinner, and feeling peevish and fretful as too many of his subjects (the Dorchester labourers to wit) feel, who 'are used' to going without any dinner—by way of making things comfortable, in steps the Prince of Darkness, in the shape of the Duke of Cumberland.—Then began again the mutual growling and grumbling of the royal squad, until the Duke, going too far, and talking of shooting the people, Billy, who has some little sense, rebuked him, where-upon her Majesty flared-up, and a row was the result. The beautiful Adelaide betook herself off in the sulks to 'her private box, at the Italian Theatre'—while our beloved Sovereign called for his cab and a cigar, and drove off to the Coal-Hole.

Things thus went off well on Sunday morning—for the King stayed out all night—but in the evening, her Majesty commenced talking to his Majesty on the impropriety of staying out all night, smoking and drinking, and singing—at which, Billy swore, once for all, he would not be ruled by a woman, and walked off in high dudgeon to his sister's—where he spent the evening in gossiping about the old Court, and Queen Charlotte, and the girls. A change in the Ministry may now be anticipated, as a matter of course.

New Taxes.

"Mr. Call recommended a tax upon heirs at law, as a substitute for the Window Tax."—*Vestry Meeting at St. Martin's in the Fields*.

The wise men of St. Martin in the Fields have built themselves a kind of petty Parliament house, where they meet to talk about their country and their parish. Many wise things are said, but, we think, this valuable suggestion of Mr. Call is unequalled in originality and utility, *A tax upon heirs at law!* What next? A tax upon pickled pork, or gravy spoons, mayhap, or dog's tails, or moustachios, or a tax upon whiskers!—happy thought! surely Mr. Call must have had a call to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we recommend Lord John Russell to look to St. Martin's in the Fields, in the formation of his new administration.

Buckingham v. Beer.

There has always been in shallow pated men a mischievous passion for meddling in legislation, which induces them to conceive it impossible for a man to be a member, without bringing in a bill—never mind what for, providing that a bill has been brought in by that member to the House of Commons. A parcel of these silly fellows get together and agree to vote for each other's bills—until a nest of vexatious enactments are created to the injury of business and the annoyance of the community, serving but to flatter the vanity of the M. P. and further the advantage of a host of rascally

informers. A few years ago a wheel-barrow ran over the gouty toe of a county member, who forthwith introduced a measure, prohibiting wheel-barrow from encroaching on the footpath, under a penalty of forty shillings. Another M. P. who had just retired to rest after a ball, was startled by the shrill voice of a sweep at seven in the morning. The cry of 'Sweep,' was instantly a crime, and thus they went on, one after another, until a man can hardly hold his arm out, or put his head out of window, without violating an act of parliament! Having exhausted all possible subjects, some repose was granted to John Bull, as the surgeon ceases to bleed the patient who has fainted. But soon Mr. Shillibeer introduced those large and leathern conveniences—the Omnibuses. The public liked them, the old ladies patronized them, the young ladies voyaged in them, and the thoroughfares of London were crowded with their cumbrous bodies. Here was a rich field! here a thick grown harvest, ripe for the sickle of the sucking legislator. At it they went tooth and nail—one upon the other—and bill upon bill was passed—each and every one of them so confusing and confounding the others, that the magistrates declared it was impossible to put them all into practice. It was reserved for the sagacious Buckingham to seize upon a new subject—Beer and Brandy. This Buckingham is a prating, talking, spouting, lecturing, twaddling, water-drinking, weak-headed fool! A man, who from the peculiar position of Indian affairs, has been elevated into a situation of accidental importance, which he uses only to do mischief and publish magazines. Finding himself fast sinking into insignificance, he has gone about "among widows and weak women," talking of temperance, and pushing himself with petty ambition, as a sort of supernumerary saint. This proposed measure is a sly and concealed endeavour to do away the right which every Englishman has, by the constitution of his country, and the great Magna Charta of common sense, to drink his glass of brandy and water, wherever he can get it, and whenever he can pay for it. It is not the province of FIGARO to discuss Acts of Parliament, or any news, otherwise we could expose the egregious absurdity and folly of this proposed measure, which has come before us in the regular course of our business as M. P. There is to be a regiment of Superintendants to watch Inspectors, and an army of Inspectors to watch public-houses. Then there is to be a *classification*, forsooth, into taverns, hotels, &c. &c. &c. 'A tavern,' says the Bill, 'is to have ready *all kinds of provisions*,' and this under a penalty. But best of all, as a rider, we suppose, to the Bill for abolishing Imprisonment for Debt, this precious Bill enacts, that 'no debt for wine and spirits is to be [recoverable]!' This will be a nice enactment for the wine-merchants. This mischievous and foolish interference with every thing that's comfortable, is of a piece, and emanates from the same party, as the one troubling and vexing the State with their Sunday Bills.

Parliamentary Eloquence.

"Colonel Sibthorp then rose, together with another Honourable Member, and after a short pause (during which the cries of 'Divide!' were very general,) proceeded to address the House. We deeply regret that, owing to the impressive solemnity of the Honourable and Gallant Member's manner, a few of the first sentences of his speech were delivered in a hollow and apparently awestricken voice, which was quite inaudible in the gallery. The Hon. and Gallant Member, after remarking that he had no doubt the Honourable Member for Derbyshire (Mr. Gisbourne) entertained the expectation of inducing the Right Honourable Baronet to resign, and of placing himself in, some very important situation, made some allusions to ham and beef warehouses, and pastry-cooks' shops in the immediate vicinity of Westminster-bridge, which we were unable to comprehend. We rather think that the effect of the allusion was that placards, calling upon the people to sign the addresses to Lord John Russell, were exposed in windows which bore inviting placards of another description, intimating that hot sausages, small Germans, and saveloys, were to be had within.

The question has already undergone considerable discussion; I have heard many arguments from this side of the House, but I have heard little more than *vox et preterea nihil* on the other [cheers and laughter]. Sir, what said the Honourable Member for Derbyshire? Why he told you that this was the

last attempt of the Noble Lord to keep up the Protestant Church in Ireland. But he also told you that this would not pacify Ireland? Why what will the Honourable Member—the great man—the prince of Dublin—say to this (laughter)? What has he said (cheers)? He said that this was but an instalment. He well knew (continued the Honourable and Gallant Member, sinking his voice from its highest pitch to a stage whisper)—he well knew that the only way of attaining his point was to bring all your heads together (cheers)—and when your heads have been together a little time, they will become more divided than ever (cheers). Of the body opposite, I know not what the head may be, but I believe the tail will leave the other part. What will be the result? Unprecedented confusion; an unheard of breaking up of the whole system, the head will be at one end and the tail will be—at the other (tremendous cheers and laughter). Sir, I say that on the Right Honourable Baronet's continuance in office depends the safety of the Crown and preservation of the honour, the character, and I will venture to say, the dignity of the country (loud and prolonged cheering.)

A speech like this defies even 'our Interpreter;' the mazy and mysterious eloquence of the Gallant Colonel surpasses Charles Phillips' famed seduction harangue, and leaves Lingo in the lurch. Sure such an oration must have warmed the walls of the new House, until, fired with enthusiastic Toryism, they blazed again from the rapturous incendiarism of the inspired Sibthorp. How the Opposition must have melted away as the valorous and whiskered militia hero threw forth his glorious words, in measured yet mellifluous method; and he was followed too by a no less illustrious member, a no less inspired orator, Mr. Hogg—who went the whole hog, and made a beast of himself in a thorough fashion. He vowed that he would not follow in the vulgar herd, or curry favour with the swinish multitude—if the stream of popular opinion was against the Irish Church, he would swim against the stream—and so he did, and like all his brethren who do so, he cut his own throat.

Imprisonment for Debt.

"Mr. Wire strongly objected to the proposed measure."—*City Meeting.*

Mr. Wire is a lawyer. This in itself would sufficiently account for his opposition to a measure which strikes at the very root of a lawyer's profits, which mainly depend, like the doctor's, upon the sufferings and misery of his fellow creatures. But Mr. Wire is likewise a liberal in politics, and therefore we are in some degree surprised, we confess, at his opposition. The great outcry amongst lawyers against Sir John Campbell's bill is, that swindlers will escape; did it ever enter into the calculation of these lawyers, how many innocent men suffer the loss of their liberty, the degradation of imprisonment, the ruin of their business, the desertion of their friends and connections, by this imprisonment? Let any man of common feeling stand at the gate of Whitecross Street Prison, and see the women go in there to visit their imprisoned husbands and fathers; exposed to the rude gaze of the turnkeys, the jokes and jeers of fellow prisoners, and the insults of those who are cowardly enough to calculate on their being deprived of their natural protectors. Let the opponents of this merciful measure, consider that in many instances the debtor pays to the last farthing, and struggles to the last, to keep himself out of prison; that then a merciless and hard-hearted attorney, for costs, may seize on his person and drag him to gaol without a penny. The Rules of Whitecross Street originated by the sapient, 'absolute wisdom,' of Alderman Wood, (on whom the curse of many a broken heart falls heavy night and day,) drives the wife, houseless though she may be, from the side of her husband, and if on a Sunday she brings her children to visit their afflicted parent, the pittance of time allowed, the only glimpse of the cheerful light of domestic comfort, which the scanty charity of Whitecross-street Prison allows, is THREE HOURS, from one until four. These are the votes and regulations of the Aldermen and Magistrates of the City of London, one-half of whom are, or have been, or are about to be, bankrupts. This—is this is the system that requires alteration. This is the grievance of the law. Attorneys are the great pests of the community, and are fostered and nurtured by law-costs. If the expenses of an arrest were only

a shilling, and a premium was held out to attorneys for settling actions, the gaols would soon be empty. But as long as an attorney gets his costs, whether from debtor or creditor, so long will the misery, unhappiness, degradation, wretchedness, vice, and profligacy of a debtor's prison continue to exist and flourish for the benefit of such gentlemen—by law.

THE HOLYWELL STREET GANG.

There is a nasty place, infested by vermin, and half stopped up with filth, where the rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate, which a set of low, dirty, blackguard scoundrels of old clothesmen have adopted as the bazaar for their stinking wares, and a kind of nursery for the dirty Jew fellows, who wander through the streets of London, pilfering and plundering the needy and distressed, and carrying with them into respectable houses, where they can sneak in, the various plagues, diseases, and vermin, which harbour and nestle their malign influences in the dirty vestments, unshaven beards, unwashed bodies, uncombed heads, and unwholesome totalities, which constitute, when combined, the *Jew* proper. The whole race of Jews are our detestation and abomination; a set of scurvy knaves, idle, lazy, and unprofitable to the community, they sedulously employ themselves in all the dirty work of the country. Jew bail, Jew bailiffs, and Jew attorneys, fill our prisons, and concoct swindling schemes and robberies innumerable. Jew gamblers stink under our nostrils with their splendid equipages and palace-like houses, the haunts of our profligate aristocracy, and the means of ruin and disgrace to thousands. The Jews are and have been a nuisance from time immemorial—our only regret is that Haman's edict was not carried into full execution, and the whole nation got rid of at a blow—nay more, we have a perfect conviction, that if Adam had not been a Jew, mankind would not now have to pay the penalty of his transgressions. But to go back to the Holywell-street. The low set of fellows in this street are in the habit of insulting all females who may be unprotected, no matter of what age or station. The Commissioners of the police should look to it, and we hereby caution all respectable women against this nuisance. Is it to be tolerated, that these dirty, mangy scoundrels, should be allowed to pollute any Christian woman with their unhallowed touch—let them keep to their own dark and dingy drabs, who in the week are bundles of disgusting filth, and on the Saturday are masses of tawdry finery and brass ornaments. A correspondent joins in our opinion, and we gladly publish his spirited verses on the occasion:

ON THE HOLYWELL STREET BARKERS.

May the cockroach and moth,
Eat such holes in their cloth,
That the prime cost they may ne'er return 'em,
But all be laid by,
For a black rusty dye
Fit for deadmonger's coachmen to mourn in.

May their second-hand stocks,
Of coats, breeches, and cloaks,
Hang up till they're quite out of fashion.
And like usurer's bags,
May they rot into rags,
And provoke the d—d knaves to a passion.

May their tailors ne'er trust,
Nor their servants prove just,
And their wives and their families vex 'em.
May their foreheads all ache,
And their debtors all break,
And their consciences daily perplex 'em.

In their loves may they sport,
 'Till their noses fall short,
 And have none but a quack to come nigh 'em,
 And with sickness become,
 Lame, deaf, blind, and dumb,
 That a man may walk quietly by 'em.

PARLIAMENTARY OPENINGS.

Mr. Hogg said, his voice was too feeble——

Colonel SIBTHORP declared that ham and beef, and sausages had no right to a voice——

Lord STANLEY took upon himself to say that there was no argument which could be used in defence of the Irish Church——

THEATRICALS.

How much longer the disgusting humbug of Farren's acting, his shrugs, and hoppings, and mumblings, and face-makings, are to be forced down the throat of the play-going public as clever, and extraordinary, we can hardly judge at present. He continues to perform Sir Nicholas Stilton in the 'Patrician and the Parvenu,' with the same ludicrous self-sufficiency and apparent unconsciousness of failure, as if it was a great hit, and he himself was a really humorous actor. He is sadly mistaken—he has no humour—nothing but dryness and a kind of quaintness; but for all purposes of fine acting—of real character—of Munden's richness of comedy, or Dowton's breadth of humour, he is palpably and lamentably deficient; yet does he persist in acting all the parts for which these veteran favourites were so celebrated, and acts them too with a chuckle and a vanity, as if he alone were the great 'cock-salmon' of the dramatic art. Lestocq is now a shabby set out—Guibelet has been succeeded by Bedford, whose roystering walk, lounging manner, and boisterous vulgarity of stile, render the character of a Prime Minister excruciatingly ridiculous, and mar the effect of the music. Miss H. Cawse, too, for some cause unknown, has been succeeded by Mrs. Newcome, who we wish had never come. It is like a penny trumpet after a rich toned and mellow flute. But Easter is approaching, and will produce as great a change in the theatres as a new ministry in the country.

Glossop's failure has caused a wide scattering of the pomp and pageantry of the Victoria Theatre. The singular villainy of this man deserves exposure. The various petty frauds, the mean unnecessary trickery—the shuffling—the base ingratitude to all who served and befriended him; the inane pomposity—the humbug—the downright robbery of poor people committed by this double bankrupt are unparalleled. There are a set of scoundrels about town who take theatres, either for the sake of getting into credit and then swindling every body, or of creating for themselves an apparent reason for a convenient insolvency. These fellows speculate with the blood and bones of actors, whom they wheedle to trust them—to work for them at half salaries—nay, in one instance, which has come under our own knowledge, to bed and board them, and then kicking down the ladder which has raised them, they turn, with all the pride of successful villainy upon their victims, and sneer and laugh at the credulity and misplaced confidence which trusted in their honour. Let actors beware, we say, of such men as these. There are too many of the profession who have suffered from these gentry.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 176.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

THE WILY OPOSSUM AND THE RADICAL RACCOON.



Opossum up a gum tree,
Up he go! up he go!
Raccoon in a hollow,
Down a low, down a low,
Catch him by him long tail,
&c. &c. &c.

What Mathews alone could sing, Seymour alone could illustrate.
Thrice happy Seymour, who from the bitter cup of his country's
Vol. IV.

woe, can extract pleasant thoughts, to console and amuse the weeping patriot. High up and safely posted on the first bough, a strong and sure foundation for his future steps—The Irish Church, our political Opossum is mounting up to the grand object of his affections—the Treasury Bough, from which appear pending the sweet fruits of office; but see the sly Raccoon, cunning varmint! taking advantage of Opossum's tail is hauling himself 'hand over hand,' up the tree, and if the Opossum is not very cunning, will be on the Treasury bough before him. In this Seymour felicitously points out the present situation of the two parties now struggling for office. The Whigs will get the plunder, and throw down the ladder which has raised them. Now will all their patriotic promises evaporate into empty nothings. It will not be *convenient* or *discreet*, 'at the present juncture,' and such other excuses as readily offer themselves to the Whig in office. Truly was it said by a satiric statesman, that a Whig in office was a Tory. Plunder, plunder, is the grand cry of these gentry; and the strict fast from the good things, which they have been compelled to suffer, will but make them more ravenously eager to gorge themselves with a second feast.

A NEWSPAPER DIALOGUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Times—A short, middle-aged, red-faced gent.

The Herald—An old gent. with powder, pig-tail, and peculiar gaiters.

The Morning Chronicle—A tall, thin, sharp-looking, sour-visaged, lanky, spare-legged personage in black coat, tights, and grey worsted stockings.

Scene—*Short's Tavern*—*Time*, Half-past Eleven.

Printed by G. Cowie, 13, Newcastle-street, Strand.

Herald—Oh, lawk! I can't make a speech! what can I say?

Times—Any thing, except about Criminal Punishment—a subject in which nobody is interested, but those who are about to wake too early on a winter's morning, and find themselves outside the Old Bailey in a fog, and on a gallows.

Herald—Oh, you cruel, you sanguinary wretch! How can you laugh? It is what we must all come to—I mean, death.

Chronicle—Did you ever read my friend Mac-Nish's 'Philosophy of Death'?

Times—Get out, you proser; here's his health! He wrote 'The Philosophy of Drunkenness,' and proved his own wisdom and true philosophy. But touching the business about which we met—in the name of consistency, what is to be done? Let each of us take a side, and stick to it.

Chronicle (whistles)—Come, none of your blarney and botheration, my friend—'faith you may well talk of sticking to one side, when you have lost fifty thousand pounds by changing over to it.

Times—Fifty thousand pounds! how do you prove it, you ranti-poling, you bleth'rum-skait, old cow-driver, how do you make that out?

Chronicle—Will you have it in figures?

Times—Not in figures of speech.

Chronicle—Loss in advertisements—decline of three thousand in daily sale, and loss of three thousand per diem, which you would have gained had you been 'in Opposition,' equal to six thousand loss per diem. Is not that pretty close to the mark?

Times—Well, I own it was an untoward event. But if your Black had been asked to dinner by the Duke, as my Barnes was, would not he have felt the compliment, and written accordingly? The Tories cajoled us.

Herald—I think a newspaper, as the representative of public opinion, ought to be of neither party, and, as I said in my article the other day—"different people will think differently." For myself, I leave political matters and Ministries to shift for themselves. I advocate the glorious cause of over-driven oxen, and cruelly-used jack-asses—

Times—A fellow-feeling.

Herald—Of ornamental slaughter-houses and dillettanti drovers. Oh! if you could but think how I am worried by those atrocious Omnibuses, and ferocious cab-drivers—drive—drive—drive—over old ladies every afternoon—and cursing, and swearing, and insulting the passengers, and calling City! City! in that tumultuous manner. It is time, my compatriots, that every man who values his own, his aunt's, or his old mother's life, should band together and petition the legislature for the suppression of all vehicles, and the confiscation of all horses that can or will go at the rate of more than four miles an hour.

Chronicle (To the Times.)—Poor old lady, how she feels it.

Herald—Then there are the watermen's wherries, and the sanguinary steam boats, that paddle up the river, scalding the fish and turning over all the boats, oh my!—(weeps.)

Chronicle—What a thing it is to be mad upon any one subject. For me—my glorious object is achieved. The poor are now managed on the Scotch system.

Times—You be d—d. The Scotch poor could sneak into England, scratching their backs against the mile stones erected for their accommodation. But where are the English poor to go?

Chronicle—Sir, you insult my country—you are an abusive scoundrel!

Times—You are a squirt!

Herald—Oh gentlemen, good gentlemen, don't quarrel.—It is not decent. Oh, dear! Oh! oh! oh!—(faints.)

The Times and Chronicle fall upon each other; the Standard, Globe, Courier, Advertiser, and other persons rise from their tables and join in the fray. The Waiters are knocked down; the Police are called in and a glorious confusion ensues.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

To our great pleasure we have received the following letter from Mr. Wire, to whom allusion was made in our last. We suspected some mistake in the matter.

Dear Figaro,

I do not wonder at the mistake you have fallen into when you represent me as an enemy to the abolition of imprisonment for debt. I am not so. I am friendly to the abolition, and so I have been ever since I possessed or had a knowledge of its demoralizing effects. I strongly objected to Sir John Campbell's Bill, because it did not carry out the principle so as to afford security to the creditor, and at the same time protect the honest debtor.

You will find my opinion on this subject quoted as a motto to a letter, published by Wright, to demonstrate the evils of imprisonment.

Do me the favor, therefore, to mention this in any way you think proper.

I am not chivalrous enough to defend "the lawyers" as a body—but beg leave to say for myself, I am not one of those "who mainly depend, like the doctors, upon the suffering and misery of their fellow creatures."

I have the honor to be

9 St. Swithins Lane.

April 14, 1835.

Your Obedient Servant,

DAVID WIRE.

We have had some acquaintance with Mr. Wire, and have always found him the consistent advocate of civil and religious liberty, sincere as a man, and too honest for a lawyer. And we can only express our regret that our friend Wire should be an attorney.

BILLY AND BOBBY.

Billy. Do not leave me, Bobby! What shall I do without you? Oh, Bobby, they will stop my salary, and put all my cats upon half pay.

Bobby. I cannot stop with you—that palavering club, that house of call for Rats and Radicals will hear me no more. It is 'a donkey vot vont go' any farther. Oh, my august Billy, I must leave you.

Billy. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I am a poor old gentleman. Why should I be obliged to send away my old favourite? What are the people to me? I will keep you with me.

Bobby. They say you must take in Irish Dan, as your butler.

Billy. The vagabond! Why he was only a beggar the other day. What do you say I ought to do, Bobby?

Bobby. Let him alone—do nothing—leave them to themselves and they must let me come back again.

Billy. I will, I will! Oh, Bobby! you nice genteel young man—to give you up for these vulgar scoundrels! Oh, Bobby!

Exit, with a sigh, to receive his new servants.

SUNDAY SAINTS.

The sneaking, sleek, powder-headed, sly old sinners, who think to hide their own iniquity in the weak disguise of a perpetual interference with the sanctification of others, have swindled another Sabbath Bill into the House of Commons, and obtained a large majority for a second reading. A prosy, Poulter-headed fool is the main mover of this pious handle of the legislative pump, whence are to flow in never-failing streams upon this happy country, the blessings of perpetual preachings and stupid Sundays. The abomination of roast joints and baked potatoes 'stink in the nostrils' of these Saints, and under each boiling pot glows the living fire of everlasting damnation to the poor sinner, who hungers for any thing but the nasal admonitions of the chapel-spouting enthusiast. There is one part of the world, where these sort of gentry have it all their own way,—we allude to Owbyee—and a recent foreign voyager thus describes the happy and comfortable state of the people:—

On the following morning we started to continue our excursion, but a heavy rain set in, which drenched us so thoroughly that we were obliged to return to our dwelling: We expressed a wish to have a warm breakfast, for the temperature (16.8° R.) was very chilly; but we were not a little surprised when the people told us, that this being Sunday, the use of all hot food was tabooed, a regulation on which the missionaries strenuously insisted. This was the most ludicrous thing that could have happened to us in this romantic spot of nature. I immediately took some wood, lighted a fire, and made coffee. As soon as the Indians saw the fire blazing they set up a loud shout, fetched more wood and forgot all about the taboo; they even kept blaming the missionaries, especially because they should get nothing for their dinner that day but dry tarro, which they did not like as well as the *poe*. The observance of Sunday, as established by the missionaries, is very rigid; till sunset every sort of amusement is prohibited, and the people are compelled to repair twice a day to church; even a walk or a ride is interdicted; and this prohibition has lately been enforced with the utmost rigour against strangers; their horses have been taken away from them, and they have been condemned to a fine of 100 piastres. Our friend, Captain Wendt, intended to have ridden up to-day to accompany us in our excursion; but, on repairing to the governor, and asking permission to ride up to join us, which as a stranger he might very easily have granted him, this request was refused. The use of warm food, and, in fact, even the lighting of a fire is entirely prohibited on a Sunday; and this law affects especially the *poor* Indian, who has but a small choice of food; the *rich* can do better with cold meats, as these are in that case prepared with the greater delicacy.

And to such a ludicrous state will England shortly be reduced by these Sabbath Bills.

DEATH.

After a protracted illness of five months, the two last of which period of agonized suffering, THE TORY ADMINISTRATION. The old lady has requested that the following epitaph be placed on her tombstone:—

Divisions sore,
Long time I bore,
Long speeches were in vain;
Till Russell did please,
To give me ease,
And rid me of my pain.

On the 12th ultimo the reputation of Sir Robert Peel.

THEATRICALS.

This Passion week has proved a true week of suffering to that particular class of silly foplings and foolish old men, who have a passion for lolling against side scenes, and doing the agreeable to actresses and ballet girls. We cannot account for this propensity. It is like sitting beside a poet and watching him bite his nails, mending his pen, and scratching his head ere he pour forth that flood of song which delights and astounds us—

To him that looks behind the scene.
Statira's but some frowy quean.

Why then should we seek to destroy all the illusion of fine acting, all the charm with which fancy and imagination invest the scene, by seeking to participate in the petty factions, the vanity, the indecorous trifling, the indecency? But there are a set of old

beaux who, with whiskered wigs and gold headed canes, dangle about theatres, smirking at the young actresses—

Still hovering round the fair, at sixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er,
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,
The teasing ghost of the departed man,
A flesh-fly that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to sting.

These poor imbecile creatures, deprived of their usual lounge, have been wandering up and down the streets, demented, in the fine clear sunshine. Surely his majesty should take pity on them and give them seats in the cabinet.

Rayner, with that peculiar impudence by which apparently he subsists, contrived to keep the Surrey theatre open on Monday night in spite of the Magistrates. All the actors of smaller and lesser notoriety performed for his benefit gratuitously, and a bumper house filled him with flowing cash. Who is Rayner, and what are his pretensions? As an actor, he is vulgar, boisterous and vulgar—nor is his connection with the Strand theatre, or his conduct through the affairs of that unwholesome speculation entirely strait forward—yet about twice in the year he tricks up a benefit, and by encroaching upon a number of popular actors to appear for him gratuitously, he lives easily through the year, drinking and smoking with guards and coachmen, and pocketing about £500 per annum for doing nothing. Again we ask, who is Rayner, and what are his claims to public patronage? There is an evident importance in his announcement of performances—a low disagreeable ‘gagging’ in altering the titles of well-known pieces, so as to deceive the deluded public with a specious appearance of novelty.

Fitzball is in an ecstasy of delight—he fancies himself a second Shakspeare—both the large houses are to be supported by his talents, this Easter; and scenes of horror hitherto unparalleled are to be enacted nightly, for the benefit of the holiday folks. We are credibly informed that in the Note-Forger, Jack Ketch himself is engaged to act a principal part, and that Mr. Charles Phillips, of the Theatre Royal, Old Bailey, has kindly consented to assume his original character for one evening only.

The Victoria Theatre rejoices in the administration of H. Wallack, and the judicious management of Mitchell. This actor has made large strides recently in public favour, and he seems to be making great exertions to secure himself in the enjoyment of those advantages to which his long experience in the profession, and his manly, consistent, and honourable conduct, under certain circumstances of a most trying nature, during Mr. Glossop's management, render him most justly entitled.

The New English Opera season opens with three new pieces; the first, Sadak and Kalasrade, is an opera by an English composer. The story of Sadak and Kalasrade is interesting, and will give scope for some fine scenic effects! The second novelty ‘My Fellow Clerk,’ will, it is said, be very humorous and effective—but depending entirely upon Wrench, who performs the principal part. This is of a piece with all modern productions—one idea, one character—no harmonious assemblage, and contrast of characters and humours—but all one thing, and one person.

Buckstone and the Adelphi Company emigrate to the Surrey, the legal absurdity of their license compelling them to cease acting at their own theatre in the most profitable part of the season. What difference there can be in the effect of the same performance at the Surrey and the Adelphi, it is not in our power to discover; nor do we see the justice, or the advantage of this measurement of morality by miles. Yates, we regret to say, is seriously ill, and it is said will be compelled to give up all hope of again appearing on the stage. We regret this so much the more, because he is to be succeeded in his parts by Mr. James Vining, an actor totally inefficient to the purpose—whose foppish affectation never deviates

into humour, and whose want of genius is made up by a vast fund of pretension.

The City Theatre, under the administration of Hughes, bids fair for success. He has collected around him a company of useful, yet unpretending actors, who are remarkably efficient, to the amusement of the audience—that great wonder at this theatre, a crowded house, has been the result. Miss Byron is a clever girl, and from the stile in which she sang, 'If a secret you'd keep,' bids fair with proper attention to take a high rank in that peculiar branch of the profession, of which Madame Vestris is at present the acknowledged leader.

On the Queen's Theatre, unless some improvement take place after the holidays, we shall have to make some severe remarks.—Young Morton's clever farce, "My First Fit of the Gout" must give his father a twinge of his old complaint of comedy-writing. The opera season will be splendid. The acting, setting aside the singing of Grisi, Tamburini, and Lablache, is superb. Taglioni will be here next week, and Laporte will, once more, lucky dog, triumph o'er his difficulties—Laporte is an eminent instance, not of the effect of good fortune, but of the ultimate success of a persevering struggle against embarrassments. Other men would have yielded long before—he goes on to the end, and finally conquers.

All theatrical speculations appear to be thriving at present. We hear no complaints. The truth is, that they are managed by men of business, and not by needy and dashing speculators. We blame no man for speculating in a theatre—our proposition is simply this, If the actor is to share in the risk—tell him so—and let him toil, as he will do willingly, for the common profit.

Burford's new panorama of 'Jerusalem,' is an object of great attraction, and is equal to any former work of that clever artist. The effect of the sudden change from the bustle and glare, the noise of Leicester Square, to the holy calm, the dome-roofed houses, and sacred ruins of the Holy City, excites a strong contrast, almost approaching to religious awe, on the first entrance. The Missionary and Bible Societies muster strong on the occasion.

We have received a sprightly French Publication, 'LA PANDORE,' something in the style of FIGARO IN LONDON, and have felt much pleasure in its perusal.

NOTICE.

Many persons have expressed a great anxiety to support this work by Advertisements, &c. an offer which we have hitherto declined—from a disinclination to rob our subscribers of any portion of their fair quantity of amusement. The recent success of FIGARO IN LONDON, and the rapid augmentation of our sale enables us to promise our readers in a short time,

ANOTHER DOUBLE NUMBER,

without any increase in the price. On this occasion—we shall be enabled to insert miscellaneous Advertisements at the following rate:

Five lines	- - -	Five Shillings.
Every succeeding line	- - -	Sixpence.

All persons wishing to have their Advertisements inserted, must send them as soon as possible to our publisher—as the number will be limited.

Veri-tas, who writes to us about the Holywell Street Gang of infamous Jews, is informed that the *very-taste* of our article has been sufficient for them; all the shops in that street having been closed during the past week. At the

same time we cannot agree with our friend *Veri-tas*, as to his rapping a Jew's knuckles with a stick, and then refusing to fight him. By provoking a man to strike you, you place yourself *ipso facto*, on a level with him, and should be prepared to take the consequences—any *excuse* is cowardly.

Certain persons who may, or who may not, have had former connections with FIGARO IN LONDON, have been sending applications to certain Whig and Tory Lords, offering their assistance by writing, &c. to further the views of either party. It is needless to say that such communications, if purporting to come from us, are impudent fabrications.

Wiggins may go to Gravesend, or to the ——— as may suit his fancy; but why should he trouble us with his "Sonnets to Laura."

Leontius, (silly dog,) troubles us with his criticisms on Theatricals. *Leontius*, and the rest of the young gentlemen who have learnt to read, but not to think, should take it into their consideration, that it is requisite to do more than merely see a play, or an actor, before the written opinion of the auditor, or spectator, can be considered a criticism. Knowledge, the power of comparison, an absence of prejudice, a cultivated taste, and a solid foundation of judgement, are the grand desiderata of Theatrical criticism at present. Not the smile-bought and ticket-hunting, flimsy, flash-in-the-pan, twaddle of the *Sunday Times*; or the gossiping and bewildered, Garrick, after-dinner, scrapings of the *Observer*; or the half-thrashed humbug of *Westmacott*, in the *Age*; can give the reader a true notion of Theatrical matters. In politics it is usual to hint at 'Backstairs Influence,' but in Stage affairs, who can allude to the 'asides' of 'behind the scenes?' FIGARO alone is an impartial critic.

Blue-Fire has no right to complain of the Surrey Theatre. The blood and murder business has been particularly strong there of late. A ghost in every act, and a dagger in every scene, with an explosion and a song by Miss Somerville as a finale, ought to satisfy any reasonable lover of the horrors.

Furens, who wishes us to insert a portion of *Cobbett's Register*, every week, is informed that it does not come within the province of our paper. *Jacobus* wishes us to insert all the *Lady of the Lake*, the copyright of which has just expired. If *Jacobus* will forward us a copy of that useful work the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, we will endeavour to find room for it in our future numbers.

Sunday Newspapers have no right to insert articles from FIGARO IN LONDON, without acknowledgement. A glaring instance has been brought under our notice—where our article on Imprisonment for Debt, has been copied as a Leader! into a Sunday Journal of last week.—This is not fair.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—**LADY MONTAGUE.**

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—**CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.**

No. 177.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

BILLY THE BAKER



AND HIS CRUSTY BATCH.

Billy the Baker has tried his hand at a new batch, but by using a bad *peel* he has made them all crusty. Unlucky Billy! The new bread looks very ill-bred at its maker, and we think Billy's customers, themselves, will find it rather hard of digestion. When things are at the worst it is said they must mend, and so a Tory Government has been mended with a Whig Cabinet. God help the poor people of this country—born to be ruled and ridden over time after time by men of genteel connexions! Will the day never come when plain men shall manage the business of the country, and when that which concerns all will be carried on for the good of

Vol. IV.

all! Little dabblers in great matters, petty triflers in politics, such as your Russells and Melbourne, whipsters like Lord Howick, whom no sensible tradesman would trust to serve behind his counter; are these the men to wield the energies and augment the resources of this great empire? What will the Whigs do; is the question asked every where? They will shuffle off every thing and the session will be consumed in snarling.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

House of Lords.

Lord Albanley. Have you any thing to do with that rascal O'Connell?

Lord Melbourne.—(Bothered.)—I don't know him—I never heard of him—never had any thing to do with him—don't wish to see him—we can do without him.

Lord Londonderry. I am glad to hear it—the villain, the Irish bully, the Papist blackguard.

House of Commons.

Mr. O'Connell. The bloated buffoon—the unmarketable Lord Albanley—the degraded, the too-bad-stamped bully, Londonderry.

Such is the present state of the Legislative market. What a fortunate thing it is for these gentlemen and noblemen, that the reporters are ever on the watch to write down their polite speeches, so that nothing is lost.

THE INTERPRETER

The Unstamped.

"The defendant was then fined in the full penalty of 20l. and in default of payment ordered to be committed for six months to the House of Correction."—*Bow Street Report.*

These Stamp Office people are incorrigible.—Prosecute, persecute,

Printed by G. Cowie, 13, Newcastle-street, Strand.

imprison, spy, fine, and confine, are their relentless orders, and the magistrates are willing instruments of their tyranny. Will it be believed that there have been FIVE HUNDRED PERSONS actually in prison for selling these unstamped papers—and this too under an administration professing liberality, and a wish to disseminate political knowledge. The working classes cannot afford sevenpence, and like hungry men, will buy the cheapest food (for the mind,) without enquiring into its wholesomeness or good quality. It is then the duty of the legislature to take off the stamp tax and give them a good material at the same price. You cannot now-a-days enforce the six acts—While there is a fount of type and a printing press in the land, so long will there be a cheap newspaper for the people in defiance of all the Stamp Office informations and prosecutions. The following may be relied on as about the statistics of the present unstamped press:

Cleave's Weekly Police Gazette	-	-	32,000
Hetherington's Twopenny Dispatch	-	-	27,000
Vendors' Weekly Police Gazette	-	-	10,000
Do. Twopenny Dispatch	-	-	8,000
Police Register	-	-	6,000
Miscellaneous	-	-	15,000

Making nearly ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND weekly unstamped newspapers sold. Who can put a stop to this? not the Stamp Office, certainly. Wherever there is a large demand, there will, of necessity, be a supply—particularly if the profit is great and continuing. But let us see what duty these papers pay to the revenue—there is a duty on paper of threepence per pound; 200 reams of about 28 pounds each are consumed of these works—so that they pay about SEVENTY POUNDS every week to the Excise for paper duties! Now the loss they have caused this year to the Stamp Office is upwards of 21,000l. But let us look at the question of the Stamp Laws in another point of view, where alone a Minister can feel it:—

Each newspaper pays - about - threepence.

Each pound-weight of paper pays - - threepence.

The average weight of a newspaper is $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.

Eleven newspapers, weighing one pound, pay - threepence.

Now, can there be a question to a reasonable mind, understanding the *data* of publications, but that at least *twenty* times as many newspapers would be sold, were the stamp but taken off? and thus the *Excise* would gain what the *Stamps* would lose. We must add to this, the advantage likely to accrue to the revenue from the increased size of the newspapers, whose columns would be crowded and thronged by advertisers (as in America) anxious to participate in the advantages of an immense circulation. A postage duty on newspapers of *one halfpenny*, as in 1790, would ensure a large increase of revenue, and give facilities for transmission. We have now papers lying before us—the *Times*, the *World*, &c. of that date, with this halfpenny stamp. If the publications were legal—the *one hundred thousand* sold now in secret, would be upwards of a million. These are not idle *data*, and we are ready to go into the business details of the question with any Member of Parliament who may chuse to take up the question. So much for the matter of revenue; as a matter of right—the Stamp Laws now in force, prevent us from discussing this question in our present publication.

BIRTHS.

On Saturday last, at the Court of St. James's, his MAJESTY was safely delivered of a NEW ADMINISTRATION.

MARRIAGES.

On Saturday, the CONSCIENCE of LORD LONDONDERRY to the HONOUR of LORD TREYNHAM.

On Monday, at the House of Lords, the WIT of LORD ALVANLEY to the CANDOUR of LORD MELBOURNE.

On Tuesday, LORD PALMERSTON to HIMSELF.

DEATHS.

The POMPOSITY of SIR EDWARD KNATCHBULL.

The INSPIRATION of SIR ROGER GRESLEY.

The WIG of SIR EDWARD SUGDEN.

The PRIDE of LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

The SPEECH of MR. WAKLEY.

A NEW CABINET COUNCIL.

Scene—Downing Street.

Lord John. (*Settling himself in his chair.*)—These are comfortable seats, Melbourne, eh?

Lord Melbourne. Yes, and the prospect from these windows is pleasant. How are the *Home Affairs*? Your Lordship's matrimonial felicity has been but of short duration.

Lord John. Why, my lady is a leetle dissatisfied!

Lord M. (*Drily.*)—I have no doubt of it!

Lord John. (*Trying to laugh.*)—Your Lordship is facetious this morning; pretty d—d particularly pleasant, ha! ha! ha! Have you read Brougham's epithalamium on my nuptials, as leader of the opposition?

Lord M. Here it is—

The Modern Leda.

Great Jove, of old the story ran,
Woo'd and won Leda as a swan,
But, to the opposition's glory,
Our modern Jove's reversed the story,
Our Leader proves himself a man,
And Ribblesdale must play the swan.

Lord John. There, I think that is rather a good-natured thing for Brougham.

Lord M. It is indeed; but he said the other night, that you were 'the swan with two tails,'—your own and O'Connell's.

Lord John. What must we make of him? Lord Keeper?

Lord M. Lord Keeper of his place he would like to be; he is an unlucky friend, and a dangerous enemy. If we have him in, we shall have to take off 'the taxes on knowledge;' if we leave him out he will sneer us out of our places. Brougham is not to be humbugged; the lords and ladies courted him at first, and all the palace people sought him and flattered him—they thought they had bamboozled and bewildered him as they had done many before. In vain; the sly sour dog was sketching their portraits all the while; and see, how he has shown them up in his two pamphlets.

Lord John. Yes, in such colours, that the meanest tailor would scoff them from his shopboard. The power of high names, and sounding titles has past—oh, that Faustus had never invented printing.

Lord M. (*Aside.*)—I wish he hadn't, we should not have had 'Don Carlos.'

Lord John. We shall be obliged to do something. What tax can we take off?

Lord M. Tiles and dog's tails Lord Spencer has already appropriated. Let us take off the tax on hair powder.

Lord John. Excellent—what a relief it will be. Do you know it costs me five pounds a year for my servants; besides, it will make us so popular—every body must feel the powder tax. An excellent thought—send for Spring Rice—capital, famous.

Lord M. How is the king?

Lord John. Tired of worry and bustle.

Lord M. And the queen?

Lord J. Spiteful and scornful. The Tories are in a rage; but O'Connell will prove a thorn in our side. He is not to be done—wait till the house meets—that kangaroo tail of his will ruin us.

Lord M. We are in—let us make the best of it. Leave the Radicals to find us out—we have our families and estates to look to—I hate retrenchment, and will have none of it. There's that puppy Howick, and that thick-skulled, hard-headed, Grote, and that botheration Scotch Fox Maule; they will soon be at us, each with a new plan.

Lord John. Let them ride their hobbies against one another.

Lord M. But Wakley will open on us now.

Lord John. Let him—make him president of a commission for enquiring into hospitals, and he will be quiet for a year or two.

Lord M. Is Hume to have any thing?

Lord John. On no account—what! cut our salaries down to farthings—never let Hume into office—from the day of his first visit to Downing-street you may date the starvation of the aristocracy. No more pensions—work, work, will be the order of the day—and is not that pretty employment for a gentleman? Get one's own living! horrid thought! No, Melbourne, speechifying and spouting are very good in their way, they answer our purpose; but how wretched would it be to have to do it for hire.

Lord M. We are all hired to do it—Is not place the price, the object, of all our speeches and actions?

Lord John. Fame! Patriotism!

Lord M. Fame! Patriotism!

(Both burst into laughter, and go off to Greenwich Fair.)

BREVITIES

Knowledge is Power.

The Tories refused to take off the Taxes on Knowledge, because the people, as they said, were too *knowing* already. The Whigs refuse to take them off because they are taxes which do not *press* upon themselves.

Looking Forward,

The King wishes the Whigs not to look back, and Brougham says, that his Majesty's court is not a court of *Review*, but of a *Peel*. (appeal.)

A Vacuum.

The Tories expect that the *heads* of their party will shortly return to power, as the *Times* says, that the new administration are filling up the *empty places*.

THEATRICALS.

The managers of amateur theatricals, who, like quacks and lawyers, live by the folly of mankind, have an excellent plan of making the degree of vanity, with which the stage-stricken apprentices are infected, the means of a proportionate profit to themselves. Thus, Hamlet is murdered for one guinea and a half, and Othello never smothers under two guineas; Roderigo and Cassio are seven shillings each, and Hotspur may storm and rage for half a guinea. This is the plan which Arnold should pursue with the young fidlers and fools, who come with 'An Opera by an English composer,' requesting its performance; and thus, and thus only, could he get paid for the trouble and expense of producing these melancholy abortions; for let him be certain that the public will never patronise such trash. Sadak and Kalasrade is a dreadfully dull affair, the mingled production of vanity and stupidity. Its author, Mr. Packer, is a pupil we believe, of the English Academy of Music—a meritorious institution, originally destined for the *education* of musicians—

and an opera by a *pupil* of this Academy is about as absurd as 'the Iliad, an Epic Poem, by a Westminster Boy,' would appear if announced in the newspapers of the day. We do not blame Mr. Packer for composing this opera. We blame him for producing it—and we are seriously annoyed with Arnold for being instrumental in boring the public to his own loss with this, the mere *raw* material of an opera. Every composer has his own particular style—the royal sublimity of Handel, the graceful simplicity, and harmonious elegance of Haydn, the melodious richness and feeling expression of Mozart, the mysterious and picturesque harmony of Weber, the sparkling gaiety of Rossini, the military brilliancy of Auber, are known and marked as features on the face of music. Mr. Packer likewise has *his* style, the distinctive characteristics of which are *squeaking and hooting*; the fiddles and the females had a struggle which could squeak the loudest and the longest, while the bassoon, the serpent, the trombone, the big drum and the chorus of devils contested the palm in the deep, deep, bathos of bombastic bass. The laughing chorus in the last Act, had a double accompaniment from the pit and orchestra—and the 'Waters of Oblivion' must roll over the music of 'Sadak and Kalasrade' before Mr. Packer's merits as a composer can again be put forward to punish the afflicted ears of the public.

A few words regarding the faults of this opera may be productive of advantage to juvenile composers—there was a want of contrast, a deficiency of vigour, an absence of effect, and of light and shade. All the music was of a melancholy tinge, as if it had been written in low spirits, and when the Author, like his Opera, was out of tune;—one of the characters, at least, should have been lively—but, *jam satis!* if the opera be withdrawn, we will say no more of it—Poor Miss Mitford!

'My Fellow Clerk' is a pleasant sketchy farce, in which Nittie Oxberry's queer quaintness, and Wrench's roguish bustle, appear to advantage in the characters of two lawyers' clerks. Mr. Romer's idea of dressing an attorney's fag, is a preposterous caricature of the ordinary apparelling of those sucking rascals. Your lawyers' clerk always wishes to look *like* a gentleman—a *military* man, if possible. His trowers are generally braided, and his coat buttoned up, and were it not for the pen, unconsciously sticking behind the ear, he might succeed so far in his imposition as to be mistaken for a police-inspector off duty. The dirty, not the shabby genteel, is the characteristic of the lawyer's clerk. Wise are they over their gin and water, sharp and snappish at their desks, prating, over-forward, penny-reading elves—born to botheration—educated for roguery—trained to deceit, coxcombical, conceited, legalised pick-pockets, artied swindlers, traitors on sufferance, victimisers by profession, rogues by reputation, and sucking gentlemen by Act of Parliament. Can Mr. Romer personify this idea on the stage? He has but a slight part—let him try and bring it out into notice. Miss P. Horton looked and sang very well in this farce. She is a sprightly actress—let her beware of being an impudent one.

'The Shadow on the Wall' is a clever and interesting melodrama. Mr. Serle acts the lover and hero. When Serle gets hold of a part of this kind, he reminds us of a young fellow who pays half-a-guinea for the hire of some miserable horse, and keeps galloping the wretch about all day by way of having his 'pennyworth' out of him. Serle worked away at the part, and tore it to rags—making it, to be sure, extremely effective, but preposterously outrageous. Serle, from personal acquaintance, we know to be sensible and judicious, as well as talented. We suppose he forgets the man of genius in the Manager, and having courted the muse to some purpose of praise, although with little pocket-profit, he now intends to court the ready-money and more propitious applause of the gallery gods. So be it. Why does Mrs. Keeley gasp for breath so much, and why always run about the stage with her nose cocked up in the air, like a pig sniffing for the wind? Hysterical sobs are not the language of passion or affliction—nor is tragedy the forte of Mrs. Keeley. It is a foolish am-

bition to act the serious, and do the pathetic, which, instead of causing the audience to weep, does but make the judicious grieve. We have run to some length in our remarks on the performances at this theatre, but we consider that it deserves patronage and claims attention, as almost the only really English theatre at present.—To Mr. Arnold, the musical world look up as the first introducer of the rich stores of German harmony to the notice of playgoers—and to Mr. Arnold the public must always feel grateful as the fosterer of native talent; a judicious manager, and excellent judge of acting, he has brought before the public almost all the first-rate talent now on the stage.

We omitted to mention, that in the last act of 'Sadak and Kalarade,' when the Nymph of the Fountain offered Sadak the Waters of Oblivion, Philips, with his fine sonorous voice, and in a most pompous recitative, thus sang:

'Man is born to remember, not to forget!

An ingenious discovery, which can only be paralleled by the well-known poetical lines in *Gustavus* :—

'I can scarcely believe the intelligence you bring,
Tho' I hold in my hand the letter from the King!'

A *contretemps* in this Opera was very ludicrous. At one time a most inharmonious and noisy seraphine was accompanying a squeaking chorus of squalling girls; the audience were in doubt whether or not to hiss—when Miss Romer unhappily asked, with the most innocent and unconscious look—'Whence comes this ravishing music?' A roar of laughter followed. The serpent's head and shoulders in the cave, and the ludicrous effect of its motions, can never be forgotten.

At Covent Garden, Templeton, who is tall and thin, has been put into the clothes of Wilson, who is short and fat, and Seguin has jumped into Philips' skin. In the last act, there is a scene where Templeton represents an ardent impatient lover, and Seguin, a wily artful politician. Scope is here given for the well-known fine acting of both parties; let our readers judge of the absurd consequence. 'Carmilhan,' by the great Fitzball, is a kind of ultra-marine melodrama, with an amphibious hero, whom the play-bill calls super-human, because he lives under the water. The scenery is sweetly imagined, the action foolish, the dialogue insipid, and silly to the highest degree.—The witty portion of it is as follows :—

'We will be married—what have you got to say to that?'

'I forbid the banns.

'You!'

'Yes, I; father is a householder, and that is all the same.'

Such is the vapid stuff of which 'Carmilhan' is composed, and for writing which men now-a-days call themselves authors and literary men. We have not yet seen Fitzball's 'Note Forger,' which we are told is rather better. It is a translation from the French, and professes to tell an English story. There was a piece founded on an English story brought out within the last few weeks at the Parisian Theatre, the interest of which turns upon the ingenious plan of a robber chief, who saved his comrades from hanging, by marrying the daughter of the Attorney General! Such are the notions of English manners of the French Fitzballs.

Sadler's Wells Theatre has been newly decorated and has a very smart appearance. The awfully sublime and horribly grand here reign paramount. Combats, cataracts, and catastrophes, groans,

moans, murder and moonshine, combine their grim attractions to charm the Islingtonians. 'All round my Hat!' is sung with a nightly chorus of three hundred gallery folks, and the audience rush off to bed frantic with affright and astonishment, at the splendid terrors of the *Shadow's Masquerade*.

The holiday folks have been well entertained at Astley's. The horses and the men do their best, and Ducrow is really terrifically clever in the Circus.

We have not visited the Surrey, having failed to receive the requisite admission.

Glossop refuses to give up his licence for the Victoria to H. Wallack, and there is a manoeuvre on foot to keep this theatre in his hands. Let the profession beware.

The Queen's theatre engrosses the charms of Mrs. Honey and Mrs. Nisbett, and thus fires off a double-barrelled gun against the hearts of its fashionable frequenters. We have heard it hinted that there is some very good champagne at this theatre—most of the wines however are in *Bond*.

NOTICE.

WITHOUT INCREASE OF PRICE,

A DOUBLE NUMBER

WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Advertisements must be sent to the Publisher on or before Tuesday next.

The continued demand for our back Numbers has compelled us to reprint several. They are now ready, and can be ordered of any Bookseller or Newsmen in the Empire.

NOTICE.

The anxiety of the public to procure copies of FIGARO'S SHORT ACCOUNT OF A SHORT ADMINISTRATION, Illustrated, as it is, by the immortal SKYMOUR, with Fifteen inimitable Engravings, has induced the patriotic Publisher to re-print it. It is again ready, and at the same low price—Sixpence.

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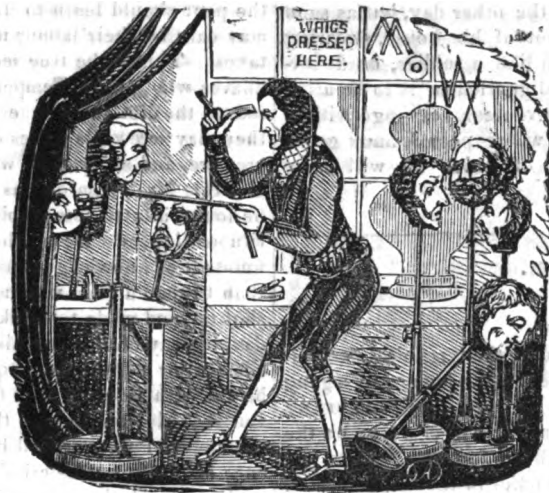
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G. COWIE, Printer, 13, Newcastle Street, Strand.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 178.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1835.

[Price One Penny]

BILLY THE SHOWMAN.



Tune—"The Rogues March."

Billy the Showman has got a new set of puppets to tickle John Bull's fancy. The old story of 'Church and King,' had lost its relish from frequent acting, and Billy could not get another penny by it—so he has dressed up some dolls that he had thrown away before, and palms them off as new upon the gullible public. Billy
Vol. IV.

is now as bold as brass, and walks about playing the drum and pandean-pipes in all the public thoroughfares, proud of his new show, and pretending to despise his beggarly old crew of Punch and Judies. He has, however, been compelled to leave the principal management of his puppets to an Irishman, named Dan; who has cut him out of all his business on the Irish Circuit. This Dan is a knowing old file, and sooner or later will get hold of all Billy's property. The best part of the fun in the new piece, is to hear the two little puppets palaver John Bull, who stands open-mouthed, with his hands rummaging his pockets to find his last farthing to give them, gaping and swallowing all they choose to tell him. In vain do two knowing ones, Arthur the guardman, and Peel the cotton-spinner, tell Johnny that these are puppets pulled by Dan—and they are only trying to fill their own pockets with his money. Johnny swears they are d—d honest little fellows, and says he likes them; they tell him he is clever—and he says he knows how to manage his own business, and that he would sooner listen to these little-uns than go to church. It would be as well to say, that it is strongly suspected that these two show-friends of Johnny belong to the well-known swell-mob that infest Westminster and St. James's, and that they wish to get Johnny away from listening to the show, that they may inveigle him into some public house and hocus him. Poor John Bull is a quiet country gentleman, who once possessed a large estate and a good round sum of money; but being of an easy disposition, he has let his stewards cheat him in all quarters, so that the property is encumbered in all directions, and eaten away with the interest of various mortgages. His ready money, likewise, was all spent in defending actions of assault brought by his neighbours against his servants, who went about the country kicking up rows, and getting up fights, for which they left Johnny to pay the piper.—Johnny, however, has now taken it in his head to look after his own affairs himself, and says that it does him good, and does not cost him half as much. But these low fellows persist in following

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him about, in the hope of catching him half drunk or asleep, and then getting him to put them into his service. They contrived to get the blind side of the old gentleman the other day, but as soon as he came to himself, he kicked them out of his house, swearing there was nothing in the world he hated like a soldier, or a soldier's friend. This concession of the old gentleman is to be attributed to a little turn-up he had about seventeen years ago with a yeomanry cavalry soldier at Manchester, where poor Johnny got a sabre-cut on the head, the remembrance of which he will carry with him to his grave.

INTERPRETER.

Infant Kean.

The Strand Theatre, which was closed by the tyrannical persecution of the Tory Lord Chamberlain, has been again opened by a gang of blackguards, with a juvenile company of actors, and an INFANT Kean. These juvenile actors are managed, we suppose, on the same plan as the Italian beggar-boys who infest the streets, all working for the benefit of some low scoundrel in the back-ground. If what we have heard be true of the dirty wretch, whose property this gang of future pickpockets is, it is time, indeed, that the Magistrates interfere. It is disgusting and degrading that such performances should continue. Some father, armed with a strong horse-whip, should enter and flog all the actors, while the police handed over the manager to the custody of the Governor of Newgate. Is it to be tolerated that a theatre, from whose stage Fennell and Mitchell were dragged like felons to a police office, is it, we say, to be endured, that when legitimate acting is punished, this theatre should be allowed to be kept open by such a hell-brood as the present, and to be polluted by such performances?

Aldermen Judges.

"By the return which we published some days ago, it will be seen that of 187 cases then tried, no less than 142 were tried before the Recorder and the Deputy Recorder; that of the remainder the Recorder tried only 24, and the three Judges in the rota only 21."—*Morning Herald*.

The New Criminal Court was intended to give the prisoners the advantage of being tried by a Judge. How has it worked? It has thrown new fees into the pockets of the City Officers and Clerks, who have taken good care to increase their fees—and it has placed the jurisdiction, the life and death judgment in the hands of Judges elected by the Corporation of London. What virtue is there in the Alderman's gown to endow a man at once with the power of patient investigation, the experienced acuteness, the dignity, the unsuspected integrity of a Judge? Should the life and death of any man be entrusted to an Alderman or his elected Deputy? or can Mr. Dowds, the linen-draper, be changed, at once, into a second Bailey or Coke, immediately on entering the Criminal Court? Judge Parke said, the other day, in answer to an observation from one of the Counsel, that he hoped the day would never come, when the Prisoners' Counsel would be allowed to plead their cause, and address the Jury, 'for' said he, 'the Judge is now the Counsel of the Prisoner, which he would not be then.' All this may be very well, but how would Mr. Justice Parke like to have Alderman Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter for his Counsel?

Temperance Tabbies,

AND

A Temperance Free and Easy.

"Mr. Thompson, of Halifax, felt convinced that if people would adopt the total abstinence principle and act on it, they would find it of incalculable benefit, both for the promotion of their bodily health and the enhancing of their mental pleasures."—*Temperance Meeting, Wilsden, Yorkshire*.

We remember an old story of the horse who died of starvation, just as he had learnt to live without eating—and something of the same fable we may anticipate as the finale of this pathetic and por-

ter-hating carpenter. The total abstinence system is certainly a new discovery; but we suppose, in these times, it is necessary that the poor should learn to live upon nothing! that the little they may earn by their labour may be wrung from them in tithes and taxes. This is the true secret of the cunning and water-drinking knaves who get up Temperance Societies;—their real wish is to reduce the diet and manner of living of the English labourer, that they may screw his wages down to the lowest point of starvation-pressure, and enjoy their wine with the extra profit on his labour. But this Mr. Thomson has made a new discovery; he declares that he found himself less stupid when he left off drinking beer and spirituous liquors. Here, then, is the grand secret—water is the fountain of knowledge; and it is better to drink a glass of water than to read a folio volume. A Cabinet Minister, then, should be shut up, and made to drink two gallons of New River water every day, by way of clearing his head, while the muddy brains of the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be advantageously washed bright with an extra dose from "The Royal Chelsea Fire Main." But it is glorious to read the speeches of these hypocritical fools—the conversions produced by drinking water!—the powerful influence of porter on the criminal annals of the country! One fellow made a speech, imputing all the crimes in a long career of guilt on the single fact of a burglar's drinking a pint of beer! So that, in the opinion of these saints, there is original sin in a bottle of gin, and Eve was tempted by the crafty serpent, not with a luscious apple, but with a pot of Barclay and Perkins! A rich account of the Temperance Tea Feast is given in the paper from which we have taken our extract, which is so grand in itself, so splendidly absurd, that we insert it almost without comment:

"In a field, a short distance from the church, a splendid booth or tent had been erected, 135 feet in length, by 54 feet in width, supported by three rows of pillars, eight in a row, adorned with branches, evergreens, natural and artificial flowers, arranged so tastefully as to cheat the beholder into a belief that they were real. Along the whole length of the booth, or nearly so, were seven large tables parallel to each other, for the accommodation of the members of the different societies; an aisle was left across the middle, intersecting the long straight aisles between the tables.—On each side of this aisle stood a row of pillars, decorated as before described; and between every two pillars an immense bouquet of artificial flowers. At the upper end of the booth an elevated table was placed transversely, at which sat the Reverend Chairman, the Speaker, and other invited guests. The chair was covered with pink, and overhung by a profusion of artificial flowers, shrubs and trees, arranged with so much elegance, and yet apparent carelessness, as to form a delightful alcove, having all the appearance of a natural bower, the illusion being assisted by the artifice of placing a number of stuffed birds among the branches. To the right of the chair was an hieroglyphic painting of Fame, sounding forth the praises of Temperance, and pouring out upon the earth a supply of delicious fruits, in which grapes were indiscriminately mingled with apples, oranges, wheat, and other nutritious productions. On the left was a painting of the Royal Arms, three large vases of artificial flowers, tastefully arranged, were distributed on the guest table. Over the head of the chairman, and extending across the guest table, was a superb orange-coloured canopy hanging in careless folds, and the whole entire of the roof was hung with festoons, and curtain-work of a variety of colours. The sides of the tent were covered, as was also the roof, with new canvas. The interior of the sides was hung with blue and crimson, decorated with garlands of artificial flowers, imitating nature in every variety of form and hue; amongst which were hung a great number of white and coloured papers, bearing appropriate mottoes and inscriptions—Loyalty, Philanthropy, Morality and Christianity; on each side of which hung hieroglyphic paintings, representing, tending to exhibit the baneful consequences of intemperance. On

thousand four hundred cups and saucers, with all other necessary appendages of tea-drinking, were distributed upon the tables for the accommodation of the votaries of temperance. Here, too, as in the church, the greatest possible order and regularity prevailed. Seats and tables were especially marked out beforehand for each separate division of the allied armies of temperance, who, as the procession arrived at the door of the tent, were conducted immediately to their places. About five o'clock each seat had found a ready occupant, every cup was in request—mirth, cheerfulness and hilarity pervaded the vast assemblage, and 1400 persons might be seen at once revelling in the sweets of temperate pleasure, and enjoying, without admixture, or alloy, “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.” No sooner had this goodly company received a sufficiency of the good things of this life for their present satisfaction, than with an orderly and simultaneous movement, they made way for 1100 others, who had been patiently waiting without. After the departure of whom, the conductors, waiters, servants, stragglers and others, to the amount of some 200, regaled themselves after the fatigues of the day at the principal table.—Any attempt at describing the full magnificence of this truly delightful scene must necessarily fail. The whole was described by one of the speakers, as “Paradise in miniature.” We are told that all the young ladies in Willsden, and its neighbourhood, together with all the leaders of the society, and many other friends, have laboured night and day for some time previously, in preparing and arranging this fascinating scene.”

Yes, these young ladies dearly like a love-feast, and the old ladies long for the unction of the pious Mr. Treagle-em, the dear canon of Willsden; and then the pick chair! and the stuffed birds! and the vases of flowers! and the festoons! and the meretricious productions! and Fame sounding the trumpet of Temperance! We wonder old Sir John Barleycorn did not enter with his honourable white frothy wig, and kick out the silly tea-drinking fools. Let not the people forget that these ladies and gentlemen go home, and drink their wine, and eat hot dinners, and talk of temperance! But what is all this fillagree tea-work, to the ploughman or the hedger and ditcher—nay, more, to the hard-working washerwoman? The object of all this is to make the English a set of apple-munching, cabbage-eating, soup-maigre, sour-visaged, cold-blooded serfs and pariahs. When Admiral Drake was entering the Tagus, at Lisbon, he thus addressed his jolly English crew, pointing to the Spanish and Portuguese ships:—“Never let it be said, my lads, that you Englishmen, who live upon good beef and bread, could not lick these chaps, who never eat any thing but oranges and lemons.”—but Admiral Drake never heard of a Temperance Society!

Greedy Lawyers.

“The persons who appear to lament the expulsion of the late Ministry most sincerely, are the Revising Barristers, whose day of payment is in consequence likely to be postponed some month or six weeks longer.”—*Morning Paper.*

Of late years nothing has been done in this country without providing some snug little jobs for young briefless Barristers. The Reform Act, which cut up the corrupt boroughs, worked in about a hundred half-starved lawyers at about a hundred a-year each, who have amongst them given about three hundred different opinions on the same points. The Local Court Bill, if passed, will snugly ensconce about forty old useless, unworked, broken-limbs of the law, in comfortable country houses, with about a thousand per annum each. Then what a delightful country will it be when each village has its own court, and each parish its judge, where an action at law can be settled in a day, and people may amuse themselves with a pettifogging prosecution every morning after breakfast, by way of a little excitement!

The Royal Ducrow.

“The Duke of Orleans appeared with two new carriages and four.”—*Court Journal.*

Those who have seen Ducrow ride on three horses can only con-

ceive the effect of a Duke riding in two carriages and four, at the same time. It is a fortunate thing for this son of pseudo royalty, that he will be able to earn his living as a mountebank, when his stockjobbing father is kicked off that throne, which he mounted on the shoulders of the people, on whose necks he is now treading.

The Puff Oblique.

“St. Leonards, near Hastings, has been extremely gay during the recess, most of the first class houses having been occupied. Mr. Burton, the founder of this ‘Marine Watering’ Place, and its principal proprietor, resides at St. Leonards, entirely, with all the female branches of his family.”—*Court Journal.*

This is the double-barrelled puff. Mr. Burton and this sly and insinuating paragraph, advertising not only his lodgings, but his daughters. St. Leonards is a kind of Regent’s Park, by the sea-side—a nest of plaster and bugs—large houses fit only for swindling merchants, or persons of large fortune—and sufficiently capacious to hold half London. Mr. Burton has over-built himself, and therefore he takes this medium of advertising ‘Lodgings to Let.’ What a delightful place must it be, of which the only inhabitants are Mr. Burton and family.

Dr. Moore and his Pancras Parishioners.

“Permission has been given by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Vicar of St. Pancras, for the performance of evening service in one of the chapels of that extensive parish. The Rev. Mr. Judkin, yesterday, informed the congregation of St. Mary’s Town Chapel, that in answer to their repeated applications, the Vicar had at length consented to the chapel being opened for evening service, which request he had abstained from complying with before from conscientious motives. Yet it appears singular that although evening service is so generally performed in the different metropolitan churches and chapels, a parish containing five parochial chapels, three of which were erected under the act for building additional churches, should not have such a privilege. It may be worthy of remark that an additional rent will be charged for the evening service.”—*Morning Paper.*

This Dr. Moore is a parson of the true Beresford breed, a tithing, taxing, supercilious parson—the very man, who although he receives about 1200*l.* per annum (we are speaking under the mark) from his parish, refuses to attend the sick poor, or preach to the paupers without being paid an extra sum—not wishing that the zeal and religious labour of other more pious clergymen should shame his own laziness and inattention, he has prohibited evening service in all the chapels in his parish! It has been our ill-fortune to hear Dr. Moore preach three times at different intervals, and, we solemnly assert, that each time, by some remarkable chance, we heard him preach the same sermon. He has a pompous delivery, and a pretension of voice and manner, which deceives at first, but on listening attentively you find his words fall, like chaff, in empty nothingness upon the ear, and that his sermon is as inflated and no-meaning as are the dialogue in one of Fitzball’s dramas. But why should Dr. Moore thus insolently dictate as to the quantum of religious instruction to be supplied to his parishioners? Who is Dr. Moore that he should thus mete out salvation to the multitude? Well may the Dissenting interest thrive in this parish, when the House of God is closed by the very hand that should wide its portals, and anxiously desire and beg the passers-by to enter. But Dr. Moore is a parish squabbler, a parish Tory; and wrangles in the vestry when he should be preaching in the church.

Humours of the Elections.

Pullett Thompson has dropped an egg, and was compelled to suffer a severe cross-examination on the nomination for his re-election at Manchester. This Pullett Thompson is a quack of the first water, one of those ‘clever young men,’ those mischievous quacks, for whose pranks and theoretical crudities, the trade of the country is now suffering. Pullett makes a point of being in the House,—for what would Parliament be without Pullett? Pullett likes to be in place, and therefore Pullett knowingly started on the Radical side—from thence by virtue of office, he degenerated into a Whig, and we know it for a fact that he had very nearly dwindled into a Tory last session.—We say, that it is a fact, and we defy Pullett

to deny it—that he offered, that he *said* in (Pullett knows what we mean,) *his adhesion to Sir R. Peel's Ministry*. We believe it was refused—Is this the MAN FOR MANCHESTER? But now to the questions, Pullett's answers to which, are from beginning to end in the true Whig style—shuffling and humbug. He will think what is to be done about 'The Vestry Act,' an act which gives the whole command of parish money to the rich—would it not be as well that the nation's money should be managed and spent only by the rich, Mr. Thompson? He will think about peers voting by proxy—He is favourable to the Poor Laws, of which more anon. He will think about Flogging—He will think about the Factory Bill—Circumstances will guide him as to the Ballot. He will keep on the Malt Tax, and all other Taxes, until some one will tell him how to do without them! Clever Pullett, but the people should choose ministers who do this for themselves—without being told. He will think about the Army and Navy Reductions—He will support the Irish Coercion Bill—He will not vote for the separation of Church and State—and so on, in a shuffling and sneaking way of getting out of all questions. This then is one of our New Whig Ministers, and this is what we are to expect from them.

The Pride of the Peels.

"The numerous addresses presented to Sir R. Peel are to be splendidly bound in volumes, and deposited in the muniment room, among the archives of the Honourable Baronet's family at Drayton Manor."—*Morning Paper*.

This is the secret of Sir Robert's torism. Muniment room, forsooth, and his 'ancestors!' To the honest industry and perseverance of his father, which raised him from poverty to opulence, does Sir Robert Peel owe the advantages of his present situation. His father was one of the people, and it was but natural to expect that his son would have been the people's companion. But Sir Robert regrets that he was not born of a lordly race, who for centuries had preyed upon the country. He has linked himself with a scornful and thankless aristocracy, and now apes their follies, and seeks to cherish and preserve their moth-eaten privileges. We could almost fancy him singing a song of 'De Beranger's,' which we find thus translated in that clever publication, *The Original*—

LES PROJETS D'UN BON VIEUX SEIGNEUR.

(THE PLANS OF A JOLLY OLD TORY.)

When breathing from their knightly sports,
Uncurbed by legal thrall,
My fathers held their feudal Courts
In this baronial hall.
The services they there laid on,
Ere vassal spurned control,
Are they not all writ down upon
An ancient parchment scroll?
And this is law, I will maintain,
Unto my dying day—
Then landlords, they were born to reign,
And tenants to obey.

Shall I not then on this my land,
Like my forefathers live!
Shall wretched serfs dare to withstand
My just prerogative?
Near my seigniorial residence,
I'll rear a gallows-tree,
To bring the ruffians to a sense
Of their delinquency.

And this is law, &c.

On ignorance, the shallow 'Whig'
With indignation looks—
As if my fellows could not dig,
Without the aid of books.

But here, at least, they shall be kept
Profoundly in the dark,
For none shall read, or write, except
The parson and his clerk.

And this is law, &c.

The knaves will sit and read the news
Or congregate with glee,
To hear some unwashed rogue abuse
The Aristocracy.

The dogs! can sense or wit reside
In brogues and dowlas frocks!
The first I catch thus occupied,
Shall mouth it in the stocks.

And this is law, &c.

Though waving now my feudal right,
My vassal's bride to kiss,
I mean not to relinquish, quite,
So choice a gift as this.
My son now grown to man's estate,
Their Suzerain may be,
'Tis just he should participate
In their felicity.

And this is law, &c.

The Gamblers.

"Last week, at Birmingham, Mr. Hounslow of the High Street Bazaar, appeared before the Magistrates to answer an information charging him with violating the Statute of the 12th George II. cap. 29. by which, on conviction, he was liable to a penalty of 100l. There was a second count, in which he was charged with raffling with dice, by which, under the same act, he had incurred a further penalty of 100l. The information being fully proved, the Justices convicted the defendant in the full penalty of 200l.; and he not being able to pay that sum, and having no goods to levy upon, was sentenced to six months imprisonment."—*Morning Paper*.

This is the right way to punish these gentry—the vice of gambling is now carried to much too great excess, and it is time that some strong measures should be used to repress it. A great majority of our legislative bodies are gamblers to a ruinous extent, and in staking their fortunes on the chance of a card, they are hazarding their own independence, and consequently the liberties and rights of their constituents. Poverty in itself, honest poverty, is honourable, and incites to virtue and industry—but the necessity, the neediness, of a gambling M. P. leads to the temptation of a place, and a bartering of honour and consistency for ministerial patronage. But then we are told that it is impossible to put down these Hells, and that a new Act of Parliament will be requisite—an act, to which the legislative body, composed of gamblers, will not give their assent. The answer to this is plain, here is an act empowering the magistrates to proceed summarily against the offenders.—Let it be done at once—no more let the poor but honest labourer see rising around him the golden palaces, the haunts of profligacy, the abode of vice, and the favoured dwellings of those who live by his toils. No more let our British youths waste their substance in supporting Jew Gamblers in their prodigality and wickedness. Let us pull down their houses of infamy and imprison their owners.

Liberal Donation.

"The Earl of Winchelsea has made a donation of £25 to the Lincoln Lunatic Asylum."—*Lincoln Mercury*, April 17.

The provident disposition of the noble donor must be admired in thus providing for *future contingencies*; and we would recommend the other branches of the aristocracy to follow the example; as no doubt, from the aspect of affairs, they will derive great advantages from such institutions during their *declining* years.

THE SHE SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

Much curiosity and wonder was excited by a FEMALE SAILOR and her *liaison* with the Lord Mayor, for the love of whom (we believe this is the story) she sailed all round the world. But what will our readers think of a FEMALE BAILIFF? When a woman is bad, it is generally agreed she is very bad. And when a woman is bailiff, what kind of bailiff must she be? Every body knows, (or will know some day or other) the illustrious Mr. Franks, (not the batter) the Sheriff's Officer, blest with all the catching and attractive qualities of his class—he enjoys the supreme felicity of having secured a helpmate, who, has a kind of amateur propensity to assist him in his catch-poling. Is there a wretch, who, weasle-like, sleeps with one eye open, ever watchful lest the insinuating Franks should grab him—and who has dodged the unsuccessful bailiff many days? The artful bailiff retires to his rest and concocts his plot. Let us fancy a scene of the kind:—

Scene—Poppin's Court.

Fine Morning, half-past eight.

A breakfast table, hot rolls, comfortable coffee, clean cloth, smoking sausages, etcetera.

Mr. and Mrs. DODGER.

Mrs. D. Dodger, my dear, you seem fidgetty this morning—have another cup?

Dodger. Yes, my dear, if you had a couple of writs, two warrants of attorney, an execution, and an overdue cognovit hanging over your head, you would feel fidgetty, my love.

Mrs. D. Well, but, my dear, nobody knows where we live, and I have told every body you are out of town—in two days more you will have your certificate as a bankrupt, and then you may defy all the sheriff's officers in England.

Dodger. Yes, love, and then we will enjoy ourselves—how that Franks will be bothered! He has been after me this three weeks—I stopped out late last night on purpose to avoid him.

Mrs. D. Did you indeed, Mr. Dodger; I dare say you were flaunting about with your fine madams—Mrs —, at Chelsea, I suppose, and I suffer for it all—oh, you wretch!

Dodger. (With a groan of despair, aside.)—There is no pleasing these women—they must scold. I believe if a ship was going down in a storm, half the women on board would be found scolding their husbands (aloud.) Ah, my dear Laura, how can you say so, and you so kind to me—(kisses her.)

Mrs. D. Go along, do.

Dodger. (Brushing up his hair, and pulling on his boots.)—I will just step over the bridge and see whether your new shoes are finished, and then we will take a stroll.

Mrs. D. Where?

Dodger. Surrey, to be sure—all my writs are in Middlesex.—(Goes out laughing.)

Mrs. D. Well, I don't know—he looks very strange when I hint at Chelsea. Well, I don't know.—(Begins to clear away the breakfast equipage.)—How anxious I feel when he is out—poor fellow! he is in sad trouble. Oh dear, I wish he would come back.—(Looking out of window.)—Ah, what a fine lady! I wonder who she is going to see.—(A loud double knock is heard at the door.)—Bless me, she visits here. Who can she be?

Voice. (Down stairs.)—Is Mr. Dodger at home?

Servant. Mr. Dodger is out of town M'em.

Voice. Is Mrs. Dodger at home—(languishingly)—must see some one.

Mrs. D. Who can it be—wants Dodger too! Will you walk up stairs, Ma'am.

Enter Mrs. FRANKS disguised as a lady—large shawl, large petticoats, large bonnet, large bustle, large nose, large ringlets, &c., in short, what is commonly called 'a fine woman.'

Mrs. D. Mr. Dodger is not at home, ma'am, he is out of town.

Mrs. F. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how unfortunate!—(pretends to cry.)

Mrs. D. But I can attend to any business, ma'am, I am Mrs. Dodger.

Mrs. F. Mrs. Dodger, oh, my!—(seems to faint.)—Oh! cruel, cruel, Dodger!

Mrs. D. Why, ma'am, what's the matter, ma'am, are you fatigued? Have you come from any distance?

Mrs. F. From Chelsea!

Mrs. D. From Chelsea! I thought so—and pray ma'am what is your business with my—(emphatically)—husband, ma'am?

Mrs. F. It is of too delicate a nature, ma'am—since Mr. Dodger is not at home, I will retire.—(rises.)

Mrs. D. (Infuriated.)—No, Ma'am, I will confront him. He is in town, ma'am, and will be in directly.

Mrs. F. (Going to the window.)—Indeed!—(Mrs. FRANKS drops her handkerchief out of the window, Mr. FRANKS comes up, picks it up and knocks at the door.)

Mrs. F. (Pretends not to know him.)—It that Mr. Dodger, ma'am?

Mrs. D. No, ma'am, but here he comes—(DODGER steps up stairs)—oh, you wretch!—(Here Mr. FRANKS insinuates a writ into Mr. DODGER's hand, and the scene closes.)

Such is the conduct of this she-bailiff—this tigress in human form—this harpy, who gloats upon the misery of families—this volunteer Jack Ketch of human wretchedness. As a matter of business, and by habit, men can do such things,—the dirty work of the law; they can look with unblushed cheek on the wife maddened with despair; they can survey, unmoved, the tear struggling in the eye of the broken-spirited father. All this a man can see; can cause; can perpetrate. But no woman, except a Jew woman, could act the part of a Female Bailiff! We are causing to be prepared a few sketchy portraits of sheriff's officers and their myrmidons, which may create a little merriment at the expense of those who have caused so much misery to their fellow men, and amongst them we shall not forget the she sheriff's officer, Mrs. Franks.

CITY COURT CIRCULAR,

Lord Farebrother left town this morning in a hackney-coach and two, for his country residence in Bermoudsey-lane.

Mr. Thomas Wilson had an interview with the Lord Mayor.

His Highness continues well; he was seen lolling out of his attic windows talking to his maids, who were buying greens and onions at the door of 'a sentimental costermonger.'

Don Key has been confined to the house with a severe fit of the hic-cups.

BREVITIES.

The Virtuous Ministry.

If the Ministry had no other virtue, it had certainly one—The virtue of Resignation.

Brought to Book.

The noble author of 'Matilda,' having said yes and no to some purpose, is about to publish a new edition of 'The Contrast' in Ireland.

The Cambridge Spring.

Spring Rice has been returned for Cambridge, no one being able to rise up against him.

Under The Rosa.

The silence system is found to work so well with the rogues in the House of Correction, that it is proposed to introduce it in the House of Commons.

An Author Lord.

Lord Mulgrave, from his lordship's peculiar literary labours, is called not the *new* but the *novel* Lord-Lieutenant.

A Sign of the Times.

Since the banishment of the Tories, the *Times* is no longer a Morning, but a mourning paper.

THEATRICALS.

The pit of the King's Theatre is a dangerous place, much infested by Sheriffs' Officers. These low Jew-fellows, with their hooked-noses, dingy whiskers, and sallow faces, hover about the Opera, like vultures seeking their prey. Things have come to a pretty pass when Jews affect gentility and fashion, rolling their filthy eyes upon the clean Christian beauties in the boxes. The wealth which these wretches have sucked from the vitals of the necessitous, is now-a-days flaunted publicly in the face of all that is brilliant, elegant, and refined; and half Holywell-street may be seen nightly in 'Fops-alley.' As these vagabonds all get in with free admissions, we should suggest to Laporte, that his crowded houses do not want them now. Lablache's 'Henry the Eighth,' is not so good as Tamburini's—it is coarse and unintellectual—too obstreperous—and, as it were, bullying. No man, even Henry the Eighth, when making love, would rave and bellow so strenuously and sonorously as Lablache. Tamburini is a better actor in serious parts; he was equally bluff and historically correct in his portraiture of the character; but in the love-scenes with Jane Seymour he subdued the polished roughness of the boisterous tyrant to the softness and tenderness of natural feeling and sentiment.—Lablache is a fine *buffo* actor. His 'Padester,' in 'La Gazza Ladra,' is superb, and equal to any performance of Munden.

We missed the announcement of Madame Flinckohr's first appearance in 'Semiramide,' and the prodigious and unprecedented orders received for our Double-number, compelling us to anticipate the usual time of our publication, of course precludes us from criticising her performance. We have heard however, that she is a better singer than an actress, that her voice is sweet and melodious, that the fine energy, passion, and soul, which predominate in Grisi, are deficient in her rival. There was a time when mere singing would have done well at the King's Theatre; but Pasta changed the style, and touched the feelings even of 'the kidling's blithe and merry' who sport their silliness in the boxes of the Opera.

Fitzball, the innocent Fitzball, has had the impudence to deny that his 'Note Forger,' is translated from the French. On the same principle we suppose, as the unlucky author, who declared that his tragedy of 'Young Norval,' could not be an imitation of Home's 'Douglas,' because he had kept Home's tragedy on his desk, before him, all the while he was writing his own, to prevent imitation. But the internal evidence in the 'Note Forger' convicts poor Fitzball. The dialogue is closer and more to the point—and has very little of the Fitzballian flimsiness and trash about it. It acts very well and is really very effective—Denvil who acts the villain of the piece swaggers about and acts with an air of non-chalance, as if he thought it not worth his while to play such a part. In this, Denvil is mistaken, and this is the rock upon which young and injudicious actors split. Once on the stage let

the actor do his best. Reputation is not always founded, like love, upon first impressions, or at first sight. An actor must wear himself into the public favour by constant and unremitting exertion to please. Who is now more popular than Yates—yet do we remember him unnoticed and unknown. And that rogue, Jack Reeve, too—how long was his humour, not undiscovered, certainly, but not duly appreciated. We say this in friendship to Denvil, because we think there is some good stuff in him.

'Sadak and Kalasrade' is being withdrawn, by degrees, from the bill of performance at the English Opera House, and the manager will find his advantage. By-the-bye, what has become of an opera composed by a daughter of Gossop of the Victoria theatre, and which was to have been produced there. It was said at the time to have exhibited genius of the highest order. At any rate it must be better than 'Sadak and Kalasrade.' Serle's 'Shadow on the Wall,' gains nightly on public favour; and Wrench's Tactic, in 'My Fellow Clerk,' is a genuine character.

At the Queen's Theatre they still persist in enacting little farcettas, in which women only appear. There is something exceedingly indelicate in this constant pushing forward of actresses; something too much of pandering to the depraved appetites of lobby loungers and vicious foplings—the stage is degraded by such meretricious attractions. Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Murray, and Mrs. Chapman, are excellent actresses; but even the charms of their acting lose half their force by constant repetition and sameness.

The City Theatre, having got rid of its proprietor, is doing well. His Majesty the Mayor, attended by all his glory, attended this theatre last week, and appeared much pleased. The company is really very good. Forrester and Miss Wrighten distinguished themselves greatly in 'A Roland for an Oliver.' The lady sang hersongs very prettily, and acted in a really elegant and lady-like manner. Miss Byron has made a daring effort in Tom Tug—and though rather *petite* for a Thames Waterman, warbled about her 'Trim Built Wherry' very sweetly, and looked like a 'Jolly Young Waterman.'

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No. 179.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1835.

[Price One Penny]

CHOOSING A HORSE IN DEVONSHIRE.



The Tories have gained a petty triumph, and that nest of vermin, the County of Devonshire, has succeeded in ousting the man who turned out the candid Sir Bobby. It is glorious sport to see the black parsons running about congratulating each other on this occasion, like rabbits in a warren, who keep popping up their heads out of their holes after a stranger has passed. The Devonshire Farmer is indeed a bad judge of horse-flesh, and has been persuaded to choose a spavined and broken-winded Tory hack, in place of a gallant steed of good

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bone and blood. Yet do the Tories consider this a triumph; and a triumph it is—just such a triumph as they always get—a victory leading to defeat, and which, like the French victory at Quatre-Bras, will only lead them to the Waterloo of the Ballot. But the week is fertile in ludicrous incidents—the English club has been tried against the Irish shillelah, and the Hibernian champion has gained the day.



The English Club and the Irish Shillelah.

There are a parcel of old fellows who fancy themselves libe-

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rals, and are called the *Old Whigs*, but are true Tories in heart. This particular gang, consisting of Leather-breeches Byng, Twist-about Burdett, and other grey-headed old fools equally incapable and imbecile, fomented a small and factious feeling against O'Connell in Brookes' Club, and signed a requisition calling upon the managers of the Club to turn him out. All this was done while O'Connell was in Dublin. Mr. O'Connell is a dangerous subject to be handled even by old Whigs, and gets rather restive, and fidgets, and kicks, when put into harness by any set of men, as the Whigs will soon find out. Of all men and all politicians, O'Connell is the only one who throughout all his life, from first to last of his country's emancipation, through all changes and phases of politics, in calm and in troubled times, he is, we say, the only man, who has been true to the people. Every curvet, every trick, every intrigue of the Agitator, has had its result in some advantage to his country. What Talleyrand is to France, O'Connell is to Ireland; only the one works in the dark, while the other one is compelled to do all his dirty work openly. Thus, in this instance, he caught the cunning old chaps in their own snare, for he quietly hinted that if the ministry did not clap a stopper on these proceedings, he would *expose them*. Seymour has chosen this moment for illustration, and achieved a triumph in caricature, which will make the ghost of Gillray die again with envy. He depicts the great Agitator as bundling up the whole ministry and holding them up to ward off the blows of Brookes' Club, and here the sly and satiric rogue insinuates the Tory propensity, which has caused this attack, by causing that club to be wielded by a mysterious being whose nose is typically shadowed forth with the true Wellington hook. But O'Connell threatened to *expose the Ministry*. Here is royal sport in preparation. The Whigs have escaped for the present; but they are sure to have it at last. What a story of shuffling and humbugging, will O'Connell have to tell! What trickery, what treachery, what falsehood, will he lay bare to the public gaze, and the nation's wonder and disgust! Let us imagine the next meeting of Parliament!—what faces of fear, what milky, sallow, yellow, Whig physiognomies, will then adorn the ministerial benches, while the Tories will be chuckling at the expected sport.

INTERPRETER.

Satisfaction

The more ridiculous the aristocracy render themselves, the sooner will the people get the management of their own affairs into their own hands. What a combination of ludicrous imbecility, of 'unvalorous' twaddling, of asinine folly, has been presented to our view by the events of the past week. The bloated buffoon's tender honour, which waited for a week before it sent a challenge, and then, aghast at its own ferocious and bloody-minded thoughts, ran away into the country, while the awful *epistolary* correspondence was running between London and Dublin, is a fine specimen of true aristocratical humbug. But Morgan O'Connell brought the bloated hero to his bearing, and gave him a specimen of *Hodge's*

cordial, which we think his Lordship will not forget for some time. Upon this, Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli thinks proper to flash his cheap courage by writing a Brummagem challenge which he well knew would not be accepted; and when Morgan O'Connell had brushed him off as one does a buzzing fly, then Brummagem Ben, *knowing* himself to be safe, sets to work and abuses the great O himself. Who is this Benjamin D'Israeli? the writer of a trashy, splashy, flashy novel called 'Vivian Grey,' and the author of 'the Revolutionary Epick,' works written in the true Israelite style of literature, all show outside, all shabbiness within; all glare, glitter, and gilt in style, all filth, folly, and vice in matter. Who can forget, or rather who has read his 'Young Duke?' a book about the aristocracy, adultery, dinners, and velvet shoes. But this D'Israeli comes out and publishes himself as the 'young chap wot is to put us to rights,' a kind of small Lord Brougham, a second-hand 'feelosofer,' and the founder of a dandy republic! *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, let him stick to his novels and his puff-writing for Colburn, and earn his living—let him eschew politics, and write 'Young Dukes,' but as sure as he bothers O'Connell, so sure will he get, not a pistol-bullet, but a good, honest, sincere, well-meant, and sensible whack with a thorough-good and right-hearted Irish shillelah!

Jew Emancipation.

Some foolish people, or rather some sly fellows who owe money, are raising up again this question. Jew Emancipation, indeed! as if the Jews were not already free enough to make free with every thing belonging to us. But the Jews want to creep into Parliament. What would be the consequence? The Ben Israel's, and the Levies, would be worse than the lawyers, and Downing-street would be Holywell-street on a larger scale:—

Chancellor of the Exchequer.....Mr. Sloman.
Secretary for Foreign Affairs.....Mr. Levy—B. U. M.
President of the Board of Control.....Mr. Maurice Levy.
Home Department.....Mr. Franks.
Lady of the Bedchamber.....Mrs. Franks.
Attorney-General.....Mr. Charles Lewis.

And so on—such would be the kind of names that would fill the list of a new and Jew Administration. His Majesty would get a bill discounted by the Attorney-General, and be arrested by his own Chancellor of the Exchequer, and locked up in the Home Office, until his Lord Chancellor, the Right Hon. Viscount Jerusalem, chose to give an undertaking for him. The National Debt would be paid in quarterly instalments on a cognovit—and the Parliamentary business would be conducted by Warrants of Attorney. Jew Emancipation, indeed! Let the dirty vagabonds keep to their old clothes shops. If for one cause more than another, we look with anxious eyes for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, it is because the whole gang of Jew Bailiffs will be driven to another kind of robbery to get their living, which, by the blessing of Providence, may, in time, bring them to the gallows.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

At half-past seven yesterday morning, Mr. Maurice Levy put on a clean front and wristbands.

Mrs. Franks entertained a distinguished party of fashionables at her residence in Cursitor-street, on Tuesday evening last.—The parties invited were admitted with parchment tickets of a novel construction, and each visitor was ushered into the presence by two servants.

His Royal Highness, Master Edward Winchester, has so far recovered from the unusual exertion which he made at dinner

on Tuesday, as to have succeeded in eating two puffs and an almond-cake, at the corner by the Mansion-House, immediately after his breakfast this morning.

The *sporting* season has commenced with great spirit. Lord Alvanley and Mr. Morgan O'Connell left town on Monday on a shooting excursion on the Hampstead road. The bets were three to two in favour of Mr. Morgan O'Connell.

SPECIMENS OF NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Keeley, of the Theatre Royal, Olympic, has authorised us to contradict the rumour of his appointment to the Governor Generalship of India.—*The Courier*.

We believe that after the lapse of time which has occurred since the demise of the eminent individual whose name we are about to mention, we shall not be considered guilty of any breach of private confidence, in declaring as we heard from his own lips in the awful moment of his departure, from this life, that the late Mr. Hewitzer was not the author of 'Junius.'—*Morning Herald*.

We understand that Miss Romer has kindly condescended to succeed Mamselle Grisi, at the King's Theatre—the delightful melody and science of this young lady will now be duly appreciated.—*New Bell's Messenger*.

Epigram on a Recent Marriage, by the lady.

The black-eyed parson bid me say,
That ever-binding word, obey!
But what do you think I said? O fie!
Instead of obey, I said O my!

Sunday Times.

Water-Workings.

Dr. Epps has analysed for us, the water of the Chelsea Company, and finds it to contain the following component parts:—

Gin	-	-	-	One-eighth
Tom cats	-	-	-	Three-fourteenths
Dead dogs	-	-	-	Eight-ninths
Miscellaneous	-	-	-	Seven-fifths
Water	-	-	-	Two-twentieths,

and will our readers, after *this*, not use every exertion to cause every parish to make its own water?—*Weekly Dispatch*.

Curious Case.

We are perfectly *disinterested* parties, but the other morning having lost the use of our front teeth in kicking our washerwoman down stairs—we flew to our dentist, who, to our surprise, recommended *Morrison's Pills*,—we had not taken more than sixteen five-shilling boxes, in less than half-an-hour, before we had cut three double teeth, in all the ivory whiteness and fresh purity of a sucking donkey.—*British and American Intelligencer*.

It is a remarkable fact that this curious circumstance appears likewise in the *Greenwich Gazette*, and a Gravesend paper, in the same words.

REVIVITIES.

A Curiosity.

'Who is this D'Israeli?' said Feargus O'Connor to Morgan O'Connell. 'Oh,' said the gallant hero of the mustachioes,— 'He is the son of the Author of the Curiosities of Literature, and one of his father's Greatest Curiosities.'

Vice-Versa.

In France, the Ministry are about to put the Radicals upon their trial; in England, the Radicals are just about to try the Ministry.

Hit or Miss.

Mr. Morgan O'Connell's slight mistake in having a shot too much, is said to have been occasioned by loading with an *Irish Bull-et*.

A Rumour

In consequence of the lucky termination of the fracas between Lord Alvanley and Mr. Morgan O'Connell, we are authorised to say, that there was no duel, only the *report* of one.

The Ball-et.

The recent squabble among the M. P.'s may be considered to be introductory to the Vote by *Ball-et*.

Not at all Fair.

The Clubs consider the late duel not at all fair.—His Lordship though not a *great* man, being a *big* man, whereas Morgan O'Connell has nothing large about him *but his mustachioes*.

A Hint to Tax-Vermin

It is suggested that Mr. M. O'Connell and Lord Alvanley have rendered themselves liable to the *powder* tax.

The Bullets in Question

The proprietor of the battle-field has applied for a search-warrant *as to the bullets*.

A Doubt

It is a matter of doubt in the clubs, whether the belligerent parties in the late duel, can be said to have *exchanged* shots.

A Proper Place

The locality of the recent fierce contest was wrongly chosen; such bad shots should have gone to *Shooters (H)ill*.

In the Right

The proprietor of the battle-field has put up a notice— '*Rubbish* may not be shot here.'

A Nominal Pun

Lord Alvanley's name denominates his nature—*All-Vain-Lie*.

A Pinguist Pun

Looking at the result of the duel, the thickness of young O'Connell, and the bloated circumference of the '*buffoon*,' the little event may be said to have been not a *fatal* but a *fat-all* duel.

Candour

Lord Alvanley declares his belief that Mr. Morgan O'Connell's challenge to fight a duel, was not an invitation to a *ball*.

Rather Hard

The Tories declare that it is very hard, very cruel, and very Irish, that the Irish members should first kick them *out*, and then *call them out*.

A Stretcher.

Lord Alvanley declares that he has had a *narrow* escape. This is rather surprising, considering his Lordship's *size*.

A Vulgarity.

His Lordship's escape may be attributed to the bullets having been *all round his hat*!

A Mistake

The *Times* says that Lord Winchester committed himself the other day in the Common Council; his Lordship appears to have chosen a singular place for *committing a nuisance*.

A Wit.

Mr. B. D'Israeli has by his late conduct procured himself the nick-name of the *Jew d'esprit*.

Scripture Truth

Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli has got himself into such a mess in this O'Connell affair, as to illustrate the text in scripture, which says that, 'Benjamin's mess was greater than the rest.'

Self-Appropriation.

Lord Alvanley has written a letter to say, that *he* is 'the bloated buffoon,' alluded to by Mr. O'Connell.

Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli, to prevent mistakes, has written to Mr. Morgan O'Connell to say that *he* is the heir-at-law of the impenitent thief upon the cross, mentioned by Mr. O'Connell in a recent speech at Dublin.

Intercepted Letter.

The Comet of Halley, presents its compliments to the Editor of the *Athenæum*, and begs to inform him, that it is not *all-lie*, as the *Athenæum* has asserted. At the same time, the Comet begs to assure the Editor that it has no connexion with a celebrated luminary in the political world, whose *tail* has been rather frisky of late. The Comet of Halley requests the Editor to make known the fact, that when the Comet comes, it will *come it strong*.

THEATRICALS.

The large houses are about to close for the winter season, by a sagacious plan, we presume to get rid of some heavy, troublesome, and expensive engagements. This proceeding may *appear* all very fair on Mr. Bunn's part, but for all that, it carries with it a taste of the trickery and magnificent meanness which have distinguished the whole course of his management. He sees a young actor, and thinks him likely to hit the public taste. He engages him at a weekly salary *for the season*—now the actor considers *the season* to mean the usual duration of performances at the patent houses; but Mr. Bunn *knows* that it only means as long as he may think it convenient to keep the houses open. The parties thus are not on an equality—and the actor is placed in that uncertain situation which defies the calculations of a prudent and certain judgment of his resources, and his means of living. We do not hesitate to assert that such proceedings are unfair to the profession; however, if Mr. Bunn has nothing better to give us than Vandenhoff's *Macbeth*, and Fitzball's melodramas, he may as well shut up his houses, as far as the public is concerned. The want of judgment, the ignorance, displayed in the management of the large houses since Mr. Bunn laid his hands upon them, is gross and unparalleled. Scarcely any original production has appeared, and the *fiat* of a French audience has appeared necessary for the appearance of a play upon the English stage. One by one, our best actors and actresses have dropped away from the scene of their former glories, and shine like suns, each in a little sphere of their own; while vast sums have been fritted away on meretricious speculations of ballets and operas of questionable morality.

NOTICE.

We understand from some of our tailor friends that the House under the Piazza, COVENT GARDEN, does the cloth trade in fine style; whoever the Proprietor be, he is at all events a close shaver.

WHIGGIES AND WAGGIES have been reprinted for the Sixth time, and the liberal Publisher is still publishing them at 1s. 6d. per 13. Unsold copies exchanged at the end of the year.

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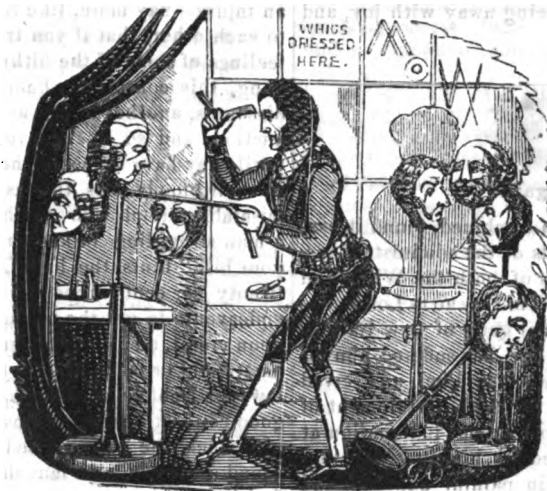
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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 180.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

THE LION OF IRELAND.



It has, until the present period, been the fashion to represent Hibernia as a female leaning on a harp, but our artist, with a generous sympathy, has here painted Ireland as a noble lion with a most magnificent head, and a no less illustrious tail. All noble animals have their annoyances, and this lion, royal as he is, cannot prevent a parcel of little rats, called *Tories* in Ireland, from nibbling at his tail. In general he disdains to meddle with such small deer; but now and then he shakes himself, erects his mane, lashes his tail, and gives one roar, at which the affrighted vermin, who were getting too saucy before, vanish at once, and evaporate into annihilation. The fertile Seymour, raging with enthusiasm, and overboiling with fervid radicalism, has compelled us again

Vol. IV.

this week, although at an enormous expense, to present the enraptured public with another and an additional sketch from his felicitous pencil.

PANTOMIME SCENE.



He here ludicrously represents the great statesmen of the day in the merry guise of pantomime mummies. Wellington, the silly old Pantaloon, has closed the door (which that rogue Seymour, who will eventually be the death of us, has marked *Devonshire*) upon Harlequin Russell; Peel, the Clown, is making a great fuss

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and parade about it, through his speaking trumpet, the *Times*; meanwhile, however, the sly and tricky Harlequin has made good his entry through the window, and is dancing away with joy, and deriding their folly and self conceit.

INTERPRETER.

The Jew Bailiffs Again.

That which all the powers of corruption combined, found it useless to attempt—that which the united efforts of the administrations, with all the ready engines and dirty tools of both the Whig and Tory parties failed to effect,—the suppression of FIGARO IN LONDON—is now aimed at by a spiteful but ineffectual gang of Jew Bailiffs. We regret very much that Mr. Alexander Lee has suffered himself to be dragged through the mire of an action for libel, and served up as a new dish of scandal in open court for the entertainment of the world; but our regret at his folly, is lost in our indignation at the means which these villains have afforded to him in proceeding to a trial which must inevitably terminate in painful exposure and disgrace. During the week, various knots of dirty fellows have been observed congregated about Chancery Lane, and the general belief was, from the constant buzzing among the Jews, that Levy had got a writ against Sir Robert Peel;—but the mystery was soon resolved by the following exquisite morsel being served on our Printer and Publisher.

In the Exchequer of Pleas,

On the Eleventh day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty five.

Middlesex, (to wit) Alexander Lee by Charles Lewis, his Attorney, complains of William Strange, and George Cowie, who have been summoned to answer the said Alexander Lee, in an action on the case. For that whereas the Plaintiff now is a good, true, honest, just, and faithful, subject of this realm, and as such hath always behaved and conducted himself. And the Defendants well knowing premises, but greatly envying the happy state of the Plaintiff, and contriving, and wickedly, and maliciously, intending to injure the Plaintiff in his good name, fame, and credit, and to bring him into public scandal, ridicule, and disgrace, and to vex, harass, and oppress, impoverish and ruin the Plaintiff, heretofore, to wit, on the seventh day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred, and thirty-five, in a certain publication, called "FIGARO IN LONDON," falsely, wickedly, and maliciously, did publish, and cause, and procure to be published, of and concerning the Plaintiff, a certain false, scandalous, malicious, defamatory libel, containing the false, scandalous, malicious, defamatory, and libellous matter, following of and concerning the Plaintiff, that is to say, Mr. Alexander Lee, (meaning the Plaintiff) and FIGARO. "We caught this fellow (meaning the Plaintiff) at one of his (meaning the Plaintiff,) sneaking and paltry tricks the other day. We happened in our wish to patronise a meritorious Publisher, to stroll into the shop of the sagacious Sparrow, where we saw a shabby, short, wire-headed, snivelling, swell-mob man, (meaning the Plaintiff,) who looked like an attorney's fag, and who (meaning the Plaintiff,) from his askant look, would be suspected of picking pockets, did not a rheumatic twinge of the shoulder palpably demonstrate the fear of a bailiff. The vagabond (meaning the Plaintiff) stepped up to the counter, and purchased a FIGARO, then with a mysterious look he (meaning the Plaintiff) summoned the cock-Sparrow of a Publisher into his private nest and informed him, with a most important air, that it was his (meaning the Plaintiff's) intention to prosecute FIGARO; and then marched out full of pomposity, with all the mischievous intelligence of a Richmond, or any other state spy. The noble Sparrow having adjusted his plumage, spread his tail, put his hat on, and followed the hero (meaning the Plaintiff) thinking to get him (meaning the Plaintiff) ducked at the adjoining pump of St. Clement Danes, and fully impressed with the notion that he (meaning the Plaintiff) was at least a Cabinet Minister in disguise, when behold, little Levy, a Jew barker, who lives in Holywell-street, and of whom Lee, (meaning the Plaintiff) in his wish to appear respectable had just purchased a seedy surcoat, double polished, recognised the musical swindler, (meaning the Plaintiff) and developed the mystery by acquainting Sparrow. Such are the shabby tricks which this Lee (meaning the Plaintiff) performs, as some return to Mrs. Waylett for supporting him, (meaning the Plaintiff.) Such are the low offices he (meaning the Plaintiff) takes upon himself, (meaning the Plaintiff) a hunter up of prosecutions, an amateur informer, and profitless spy. Mr. Lee (meaning the Plaintiff) enquired of Mr. Sparrow whether he could give him (meaning the Plaintiff) any information regarding the ERROR or FIGARO IN LONDON. Perhaps Mr. Lee (meaning the Plaintiff) can tell us what has become of a man (meaning the Plaintiff) by birth the son of a prize fighter, and by avocation a kind of musical penny-a-liner, a paltry piffler of piddling music, whose harmony is nothing but twiddle, who finding no vent for his noises, took a mistress at second-hand, and uses her as a whistle for his petty trills—a man who lives upon a woman's earnings—a flatterer of fools; to the weak a bully—to the bold a coward, and to the unsuspecting and unprotected a spy! Can Mr. Alexander Lee (meaning the Plaintiff) tell us of such a man? We shall conclude this mention of a very dirty character (meaning the character of the Plaintiff) the very writing of which has soiled our fingers—with a little anecdote, relative to Mrs. Waylett's intended visit to Edinburgh. "Ech! but, mon, has'n't Mrs. Waylett forgotten her wi bad company," said Hogg to Fraser. "No, no, mon," replied the child of Regina, "it's all—A. LEE." (meaning the Plaintiff.) By means of the committing of which several grievances by the Defendants as aforesaid, the Plaintiff hath been and is greatly injured in his good name, fame, and credit, and brought into public scandal, ridicule, and disgrace, with and amongst all his neighbours, and other good and worthy subjects of this Realm. To the damage of the Plaintiff of Five hundred Pounds, and therefore he brings his suit, &c.

The ludicrous self-appropriation by the worthy in question, 'meaning the said plaintiff,' need not be pointed out to our

readers. There is an inherent spitefulness, a contumacious hatred in the Jew, which makes him never forget or forgive an insult or an injury—nay more, like Scotchmen and bugs, they stick so close to each other, that if you tread upon one, you are sure to hurt the feelings of some of the filthy vermin. Long, too long, have this gang, this conspiracy, held together, to work out evil. One man discounts, another brings actions, another arrests, another sells by auction, and so on in a regular chain of events, cause and effect, until they have squeezed the last drop, and mouthed and mumbled in their bloody jaws, the last pound of Christian flesh, from any miserable wretch who may have fallen into their hands. Is there a man struggling to keep up his credit—"Oh! Charley will do your bill," hints the bailiff. Charley does the bill, at five-and-twenty per cent.—renews it for the same price—then arrests, and endeavours to get the property of others, which had been advanced upon credit, and in consideration of the supposed honour of the party, sold or made over to him. For such rogues as these are our laws for Debt Imprisonment kept up! Is there a young fellow, of good connections, of unsettled habits and lax morality?—round him flock the sallow-faced hook-nosed vagabonds, like vultures round a carcase, and launch him into the world of pleasure with fictitious advances—administering to his vices, pandering to his profligacy, and leading him into every extravagance and prodigality, until having sucked him dry, they throw him into prison, in the hope of wringing from the compassion of his parents and connections, a reward to those who have ruined their son and friend. Who are the leading gamblers of the day?—baseborn Jews, who flaunt their ill-gotten wealth in all our public streets, a shame to our legislators, and a sorrow to the wise. We knew very well when we first touched upon this subject, that we were putting our hand into a hornet's nest—but FIGARO is fearless, and with undaunted razor and vigorous tomahawk will smash and cut this vile association of Jew-wretches. We have sworn, like Hannibal to the Romans, an eternal hatred to the beastly Israelitish nuisance, and will hunt them to the death. In the mean time, great is the confusion among these hairy-faced humbugs—great is the sensation among the Shinahs,—and we have received information that funds have been subscribed to carry on this trial, in the hope that it will be an effectual stopper for us. Under these circumstances, we call upon the public, upon the friends of FIGARO, to stand by him and support him by forwarding subscriptions to defray the expenses consequent upon these proceedings. Let but every man who has had the comfort and happiness of his domestic hearth uprooted by one gang only of these miscreants, let each one who has cursed them in his heart, when the spirit of desolation and despair waved its black wings o'er his ruined prospects and despairing family;—let such persons only forward a shilling each to the Publisher or Printer of FIGARO—and secure, with upwards of a hundred thousand pounds in our pockets, we may then defy the confederated and hook-nosed conclave, even in the Court of Exchequer.

 Subscriptions will be received by the Printer and Publisher.

Freedom of the Press.

"The Tribune was seized on Sunday for the 112th time, and next day it announced, that being no longer able to sustain the fines imposed upon it, it would for the future cease to appear."

And this is Free France! For this did the French nation fight their glorious struggle, and win with their blood such freedom!—What a pity it is that we cannot have such freedom in this country! We wonder, when the cunning Castlereagh devised the Six Acts, which the Whigs have not yet taken off, he did not think of this right of seizure. It will be as well to inform our 'unstamped' friends, who have, as O'Connell says, 'driven a coach and six' through the Six Acts, and released the mind of the country from the fetters which galled it, that a suggestion has been made to his Majesty's Ministers of the necessity of some such enactment to protect the stamped newspapers, so that a Stamp-office informer may

be enabled to walk into a shop, and, like an exciseman, seize on the illicit goods. Now, will any Minister, any Whig Minister—have the hardihood to present any law to such effect to the Reformed House of Commons? It is not impossible that the audacity of the Whigs will carry them even thus far. Their tyranny and effrontery are notorious; with liberty on their lips, and aristocracy in their hearts, they humbug us with words, and leave us in the lurch by their actions.

Modern Greece.

"Great improvements are taking place at Athens."—*Morning Paper.*

Great improvements indeed! King Otho is building a kind of Regent's-park row of houses, from Athens to the Piræus; and, Shade of Pericles, has laid an iron rail-road on the long walls, thus cocknifying classic land into a sort of Athenian Greenwich, with steam-boat excursions, and playing at soldiers, and political economists, and poor laws, and all the foppish philosophy of the age.—Meantime, the men who fought and bled for their country, and who achieved its liberty, are pining in dungeons, while Greece is delivered over to a schoolboy king and a committee of pedants; and every post of honour and place of profit is in the hands of Bavarian broom-men and frowzy Germans.

Tory Plunder.

"Upon an average of three years during the war, Lord Eldon's net income was £19,233, and in the year 1818, it amounted to the enormous sum of £22,739."—*Times.*

This is a pretty specimen of the good old times lamented by the Tories, and of the state of things, to preserve which Conservative Clubs are being instituted all over the country. Here is an old and melancholy twaddler, decidedly good for nothing but indecision, who, for being a family friend of George the Fourth, and shedding a few tears, as occasion might serve, realizing twenty-two thousand per annum, and yet we hear of Conservatives!

CITY COURT CIRCULAR.

The Lord Mayor went in state to the dinner given to Sir Robert Peel on the 11th inst. The cavalcade was preceded by three bill-stickers, and the procession was terminated by Mr. John Ketch, Alderman Farebrother, and the other City functionaries.

The Rev. Dr. Cotton transacted business in the Condemned Cell on Tuesday evening last.

There is no truth in the report that the Lord Mayor will entertain his Holiness the Pope next week. We suppose the error originated in his Highness entertaining a Mr. Pope, the coal and potato warehouseman, on the 1st of May last.

The S division of the City Police are stationed at Wapping. The B division mount guard at the Mansion House.

A Council was called on Monday, to take into consideration the best mode of assassinating Sir Robert Peel. The Council had not broke up when we went to Press:—Present Mr. W. Pritchard—Mr. David Wire—Mr. Charles Pearson—Mr. Hicks, and other troublesome characters.

SECOND EDITION.

EXPRESS FROM THE CITY.

Charles Pearson has left in a cab for Bedford-street.

Lord Winchester has been pleased to present Sir Robert Peel with the appointment of Private Secretary to his Highness. The situation is very lucrative, as, in addition to the regular salary, the Private Secretary is entitled to all the candle ends and kitchen stuff.

In our Third Edition we shall publish further intelligence relating to the assassination of Sir Robert Peel.

THIRD EDITION.

We stop the Press to announce that there is no more news.

THE LORD MAYOR AND THE BILL-STICKERS.

Some people have an aversion to cats, others dislike lawyers, we, ourselves, confess hatred to Jews and Bailiffs, but his Lordship of London appears to entertain a most singular antipathy against Bill Stickers,—he shows it on the instant that one enters his august presence, and goes off with a fit of rabid Bill-stickiphobia as soon as his eye falls on the paste brush. The other day—he, treading in the shoes of Atkins, declared that one of these wretches, the bill-stickers, was about to set fire to the City—and murder the ministers. We recommend an extension of the Middlesex Lunatic Asylum, so that one wing at least may be appointed as the palace for the Lord Mayor. His Lordship's conduct of late has been most irreproachably comic and pompously ludicrous. He walks into the Guildhall and summons a Common Council, then shoulders the mace, kicks out the sword bearer, and dissolves the City Parliament, like a second and civic caricature of Charles the First. The King of England paid for his pranks in Parliament by the loss of his head; the King of Cockaigne has no head to lose, and therefore may play the buffoon without any danger, but the damage to his reputation, which, like his credit, has of late been strongly on the wane.

THE NEW MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Sir Robert Peel, after a life of political apostasy and tergiversation, and after as many doubles as a chased hare, has at last found out that *he* is 'The man of the People,' and that the interest of the ultra-Tories and the people are one and the same.—He has found out that the interests of the upholders of corruption, sinecures, and unmerited pensions, are indissolubly connected with the welfare of the poor and the needy, and that they, who have been ever forward in promoting oppression and tyranny, are the right persons to take a liberal-minded nation by the hand, and carry liberal measures into execution. So be it. This is the age of miraculous conversions.

BREVITIES.

Much Ado about Nothing.

The Queen's situation has turned out, after all, to be a lie—we do not, however, suspect her Majesty of being any party to the imposition, as she is very plainly not given to *lie-in* (*lying*.)

The Old Affair.

Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli has been bound to keep the King's peace.—He thinks this is rather hard, as he can scarcely keep himself.

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES.

Lord John Russell, from Devonshire to Stroud.

Sir Robert Peel, from Downing-street to Merchant Tailor's Hall.

Mr. Levy, from his house in Fetter-lane, to his house in Newman-street.

Mr. and Mrs. Franks on an excursion of pleasure.

THEATRICALS

The Opera is crowded every night, and the bailiffs and the aristocracy tread on each other's toes for want of room to move in pit, gallery, or boxes. Yet Laporte complains that the season is likely to prove unprofitable. How can this be? Is Grisi too extortionate, or Lablache as large in his salary as in person? or does Tamburini make Laporte too severely pay the piper? How can it be? Surely the swindling countesses and earls who take boxes, and subscribe for the season, and never pay their subscription, do not overcrowd their boxes and pass the overplus into the pit, thus creating a crowd without any advantage to the unlucky manager? Rubini is very great as Elvino in *La Sonnambula*, nor does the delightful Grisi in this character fall behind her former efforts; she has power somewhat too magnificent, too sublime, too grand for the character. We are glad to see that our hint to Laporte has had its effect, and that the hook-nosed reptiles have been more scarce than usual in the pit this week.

We saw one, however, turning up his cuffs, and throwing back his coat, displaying his waistcoat, and giving himself airs, in the impression that he was mistaken, as we heard him say, for Count D'Orsay! Mr. Maurice Levy, too, we have the satisfaction of saying, appears quite well; he was aping Ben D'Iraasi, and really looked very like that hero and hater, the family green velvet waistcoat having been well brushed up for the occasion. We are rather anxious to know whether another English Opera is to be produced at the *English Opera House*. We think the opposition *La Sonnambula* very silly—and any Manager who makes himself the tool of spiteful private feeling will deserve to repent it.

Can it be possible that Barnett, the composer of the 'Mountain Sylph,' has received no remuneration for the music of that opera, as inserted in a recent letter to the *Times*—or that Mr. Arnold has asserted that it is not worth his while to pay for the production of original composition, when he can purchase the music of a foreign opera, which has passed the ordeal of foreign critics, for the trifling sum of five pounds. If Mr. Arnold thinks and acts in this manner, the sooner he changes the name of his theatre the better.

Malibran, the Princess of Song, will appear on Monday. We hope Bunn's speculation may fail, for we look upon his conduct as unhandsome, and almost dishonest.

Our usual admissions have been refused at the Queen's Theatre. Let the gambling proprietors of this theatrical Pandemonium beware; we shall serve up next week a full exposé of their iniquities—our forbearance has been too great. One thing however is manifestly apparent at this theatre. In spite of all the money that is squandered in crowding upon one another useless and unprofitable engagements, no effect is produced, and no united strength brought forward to bear simultaneously upon one performance. They are constantly bringing out trifling pieces, like monologues, as it were, for single actors. This is the manager's fault, and were thousands placed at his command the man's incapacity would render them useless. This theatre is not supported as a concern of immediate profit, it is kept open for ulterior purposes of gambling, but we regret to see the sum squandered upon it, so foolishly and inefficiently wasted. In making these and other observations upon this theatre, we beg leave to disclaim any ill-natured or even unkind allusion to Mrs. Nisbett or her family. We have ever shown ourselves ready to speak in terms of the highest praise regarding her lady-like and clever acting, nor should we pass over her virtuous and truly respectable conduct throughout the difficult path she has been compelled to travel—but at the same time, we cannot but regret that Mrs. Nisbett, as well as many other respectable actors, should be made the lure to entrap the unwary, and draw them into the nets of a gang of gamblers. We now enter upon the pleasant task of praise, which is justly due to the clever acting of Mr. Barnett. His French Marquis in 'Capers and Coronets,' is an exceedingly chaste performance—gay and sparkling with natural wit and humour—it is quite a character of his own. Miss Murray's French danseuse is also very clever and in no respect exaggerated.

Ducrow continues to gallop away with the public favour at Astley's, and the only thing wanted to give a proper and a pleasant effect to the magnificent scenery and terrific combats of the 'Siege of Jerusalem,' is the hanging of a few Jews.

The City Theatre still rejoices in the good fortune of being without a proprietor, and the actors are doing very well on the 'mutual assurance' system. It is really worth the wading through the neighbourhood of Grub Street, to see how well this affair is managed; what pleasant pieces are brought out, and what agreeable effects are produced.

NOTICE.

We shall be happy to receive any authenticated information regarding Jew bailiffs, and Jew money-lenders. Secrecy may be relied upon. We have made up our minds to expose these people, who have too long been suffered to ride roughshod over their Christian superiors.

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Having heard that the tickets to Sir Robert Peel's Dinner at Merchant Tailors' Hall were at a premium of seventy guineas, we beg leave to inform any one who may feel disposed to purchase, that we have got one, which we did not use, and which may now be had at half price.

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Harrow on the Hill, 25 April, 1835.
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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information, as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 131.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

RESOLUTION AND DISSOLUTION.



The City Cromwell.

These are fine times for the caricaturist, and the ludicrous side of life thrusts itself into our face at every moment. Who would have thought that even a Mayor could be such an ass as Winchester has proved himself? Who could have thought that an empty headed stationer would have acted the Civic Cromwell, and insulted his fellow shopkeepers of the Common Council, by treating them as if they were all paupers and he the overseer. But we have illustrated this subject in another part of our paper, and may therefore at once go to the second absurd occurrence of the week, which with our usual infatuation has again tempted us into another extra caricature.

Vol. IV.

THE NEW PAUL PRY.



"If Lord Brougham's abrupt visit to Windsor one day last week, when, by the unaccountable remissness of the proper authorities, he obtained admission to the presence of his illustrious 'correspondent by the general post,' be true, the caution of his lordship's late friends is eminently praiseworthy."—*John Bull*.

Such is the account in the *John Bull*, our own reporter has it as follows:—

A few days since a snug little tea party at Windsor, consisting of the Duke, the King, and Adelaide, was broken in upon by the unexpected apparition of Lord Brougham, who having got rather fuddled at the Beef-steak Club, visited the Masquerade last Mon-

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day night, in the character of Paul Pry, and having been kicked out of the supper room as too riotous and noisy for the elegant assemblage, took a cab and set off for Windsor, by way of having what his Lordship was pleased to denominate a lark with old Billy. The sensible monarch of this happy country, at the moment of Brougham's arrival was studying the new edition of Tory Tactics, as recently promulgated by the specious and crafty Sir Robert at Merchant's Tailor's Hall. Wellington was explaining to his Majesty 'the artful dodge,' by which Sir Robert intended to jump down his own throat and swallow his principles and professions for the sixteenth time. Adelaide was lost in luxurious enjoyment of the happy prospect, and conservative hopes were lightly beaming upon old Arthur's long nose,—when like the evil genius in the melodramas, Brougham popped in, hoping he didn't intrude, just to see how things were going on. The snug little sly party were absolutely flabbergasted with terror. The King shuffled his plans into his royal pocket, and Adelaide called for hot water and sugar, and bamboozled Brougham with brandy until he was blindly and bewilderingly intoxicated. Wellington then picked his pocket of a Penny Magazine, and he was bundled up to bed by Lord Howe and the other sticks in waiting. Next morning Brougham apologized, was forgiven, on dishonorably writing an article for *The Times*, abusing himself. The matter thus ended satisfactorily for all parties.

INTERPRETER.

A Bill Broker.

We have received numerous letters from Correspondents who are ardent in their expressions of fervid gratitude for the manner in which we have applied the Tomahawk to the scalps of the unbelieving Jews. We have reason to know that the castigation we have inflicted has been very severely felt—Holywell Street is in a continual ferment, and we have now before us a letter from a notorious Jew money lender, beseeching us in the most abject terms, to withhold any farther disclosure of the nefarious transactions of himself and a gang of black-legs, swindlers, and bailiffs. This fellow is one of the most heartless ruffians we ever met with. The number of families whom the wretch has ruined is almost beyond belief. Enter any prison in London, you will find five out of almost every ten who have had some connection with the monster. To the tradesman in want of a small sum of money, and just commencing business, this miscreant lends money upon an exorbitant bonus, and discounts his acceptance at a very short date. When the bill becomes due, the tradesman is perhaps not prepared with the full amount and wishes the Bill renewed either in full or in part—being desirous of sacrificing a second bonus for a little additional time. This is what the usurious money lender calculates upon, and here he commences his play with his wretched victim. When the victim talks about extension of time, the miscreant professes to be extremely surprised, that it is not his way of doing business, boasts about honour and commercial integrity, and is astounded that any man should put his name to a Bill which he was not prepared to honour. In this situation the miserable tradesman having no choice left but of going to prison or giving some security for the amount, is easily induced to deposit his lease in the hands of the money lender, and from this moment his doom is sealed, he is a ruined man. A twelvemonth finds him without a home, and in all probability a prisoner at the suit of this very scamp, who having grasped his lease as security for the debt, professes friendship in the morning and 'sells him up' in the afternoon. This is 'no flight of Fancy; there is one such a villain in the world, and the indignant FIGARO will no longer see his fellow creatures outraged by these miscreants without redress or revenge.

THE CIVIC PARLIAMENT.

Horace, that Figaro of Rome, makes the observation that there were many fine fellows lived before the Trojan War, but that they might as well not have lived, for there were no poets to celebrate

their fame; may not something of this kind be said of our own glorious Winchester? There have been many asses filled the Civic chair before his time, but there was no FIGARO then in existence to call the public attention to his shining career of glory and stolidity. But there is one subject unsung by poets, uncelebrated by reporters, the important and never-to-be-too-much-thought-of Debates, which have lately taken place in that highly constitutional and cock-olorum assembly, the illustrious Common Council. Our reporter (sent down *by express* in one of Shillibeer's Omnibuses,) has furnished us with the result of the day's debate, which we rush to deliver to an agonised and anxious public.

SATURDAY, 16th May, 1835.

The Speaker took the Chair at 12 o'clock.

Mr. M. SCALES presented a petition numerous signed by the butchers of Whitechapel, praying that the Honourable House would take into consideration the great benefits accruing to them in selling 'putrid' meat. The Honourable Member said that never in his whole life did he behold so genteel a petition, 'twas signed by the influential men of the City, and he thought it was 'meat' that Parliament should take measures to insure the happiness of that class, if it was 'only to 'save their bacon.' (Cheers.)

Mr. WM. PRITCHARD presented a petition from the gentlemen confined in the King's Bench and the Fleet, praying for the Abolition of Imprisonment for debt.

Mr. CHARLES PEARSON supported the prayer of the petitioners, and in a way which did him high credit, explained to the House, that property was common to all classes, and that debt was a chimera of the Political Economists.

New writs were issued on the motion of Mr. C. PEARSON, for Newgate, vacant by Mr. John Ketch accepting the office of Principal Hangman.

Holywell Street, vacant by Mr. Solomon Levy's accepting the office of Bailiff to the Lord Mayor.

Mr. C. PEARSON rose amidst loud cheers.

"Sir, it having pleased his civic Majesty to desire me to form a cabinet, it is necessary for me to detail to you the policy, domestic and foreign, of the Government of which I am the head. In June, 1830, in the reign of our well beloved, and much to be regretted civic monarch, the Ministry, with a recklessness which characterizes ignorance, passed laws which, to say the least of them, were not consonant with liberty and humanity. (Hear.) The odious Baked Tatur Boys Act was an infringement of Civil Liberty—the railing off the left set of pews in St. Stephens Walbrook, was an infringement of Religious Liberty; and what could better show their want of respect to our foreign relations, than sending his Britannic Majesty, on the other side of the bar, a twopenny-post letter. (Loud cheers.) Sir, I come forward to release the people from their thralldom, (cheers) and I will stand and fall by the original charter of the 10th of May, 1834, (loud cheering) I will reclaim the people from the terrors they are approaching, I will at once make them

Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

(Loud and long protracted cheers.) I am aware my task is arduous, but I will persevere, I will repeal the obnoxious acts, I will once more plant the Standard of Liberty on the top of the Mansion House, (loud cheers) I will, for ever, send to obscurity the minions of unprofitable lice that infest the heads of this House. But, sir, we shall keep inviolable the amicable treaty of Nov. 1831, with his Britannic Majesty, for we have had the most friendly assurances from that quarter. We shall promote the trade of this city, and raise it again to that high pinnacle of grandeur by which it has gained the admiration of the neighbouring counties. (Hear, hear.) The unhappy state of Wapping has received, since our accession to office, our very best consideration. That wretched parish, agitated as it has been by a lawless band of watermen, whose sole aim is the destruction of the male inhabitants by the monopoly of the FAIR! shall no longer distract that place; we will *coerce* them; and once more we will behold the district prosperous. (Cheers, which were re-echoed by the opposition.) In fact, sir, we will promote harmony and justice, and, unlike statesmen, we will act according to our consciences." (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Potter was glad to see a Ministry formed upon the principles of his noble friend.

Mr. Bank Smith was sorry, and regretted much to see a Ministry foun-

ded upon nothing, for every body must admit that the noble gentleman (Pearson) had no principles whatever. (Loud cheers from the opposition.)

Mr. Stubbs gave notice that he should move that the petition of Mr. Catnach, of Seven Dials, be referred to a committee in the garret.

The House adjourned at 10 o'clock.

MONDAY, 18th May, 1835.

The Speaker took the Chair at 3 o'clock.

Petitions were presented in favour of the Imprisonment for Debt bill, by an Hon. Member who supported the prayer of the petitioners in a way which drew tears from the hon. and learned Member for White-chapel, (Scales.)

The Baked Tatur Boys' Act was read a third time and passed.

Mr. Charles Pearson seeing Alderman Farebrother in his seat, wished to put a question to him relative to his character. The Hon. Member had heard it said that the Noble and Learned Alderman was not a man of honour; he was anxious to hear if the Gallant Gentleman admitted the assertion. (Hear, Hear.)

Mr. Alderman Farebrother: Sir, I think the question put by the Noble and Learned Member opposite is irregular, and to say the least of it, unnecessary.—(Hear.)—I, in the most direct terms, must declare I am dispossessed of the least particle of honour.—(Loud cheers.)—Yes, sir, continued the Hon. Gentleman, a parcel of men, have been going about disseminating the most foul and calumnious lies about me, but until now I never heard in this house an attack made on myself.—(Cheers.)

Mr. Vincent Figgins moved that new writs be issued for Red Lion Square, in the place of Mr. Evett, who had accepted the office of *City Crier*. Tower Hill, in the place of Mr. Joseph Ady, who had accepted the office of *Solicitor General for the City*. Sweetings Alley, in the place of Mr. Effingham Wilson, who had accepted the office of *Principal Dustman*.

Mr. Hicks wished to know if it was the intention of Government to pension the superannuated Charity Boys of the Grey Coat School.

Mr. Charles Pearson was not prepared to give any answer, but the question would occupy the best attention of Government.

Mr. Leaf moved that the House do go into committee on the Red Lion Square regulation Bill.

On the question that clauses 35 to 37 do stand part of the Bill. Mr. Hicks rose and said he must give those clauses his most *disqualified* opposition, he said it was an infringement on the rights of the nursery-maids, and in these times when *rights* were considered *wrongs*, it was dangerous to give too great power to the officers of the Square, who, said the Gallant Member, prevent the most innocent part of the population partaking of the pleasures of walking on the *Grass Green turf*. What shall we do next? it is the same as taking away a woman's *innocency* as precluding her from keeping her own.—(Cheers.)—I shall oppose the clauses and move that they be read this day six months.—(Order, and loud Cheers.)

Mr. Leaf in reply, I think that *pro bono publico* the ground should be *xpx tidy*. For the *Public O* I think would find the 'vantage, and therefore I think that the original clauses had better stand part of the Bill.—(Cheers, and loud cries of Divide, Divide)

The Galleries were then cleared for a division, when the numbers appeared

For the Amendment	1
Against it	40
Majority for Ministers	39

Upon our re-admission into the Gallery we found

Mr. Leaf on his legs, moving that clauses 38 to 40 do stand part of the Bill. Their purport was to oblige the Square keys to be made of steel, and that the maid servants should not be allowed to enter with pattens.

After a few words from Mr. Wood, Mr. Pope, Mr. Farebrother, and Deputy Stubbs, the motion was agreed to without a division.

The House resumed, the Chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again the next day.

Mr. Pope wished to know of the Noble the Home Secretary, if the Ministers intended to do any thing respecting the Sadler's Well's game preserve!—(Hear, hear.)

The Home Secretary said, that property of all descriptions must be *property*, and it was with pleasure that he could inform the House that the

Attorney General was preparing a Bill for the protection of the Fishery, which would be laid before the House shortly.—(Cheers.)

Mr. Elphick said it would meet with his most *cordial* support.—(Hear.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had a communication to make to the House respecting an appointment lately made.—(Loud cries of Hear.)—He alluded to the office of principal Turnkey of Newgate having been given to an Hon. Member of that House.—Mr. Hicks. (Loud Cheers.)—It had been said that the appointment was improper, he,—(the Chancellor of the Exchequer)—thought very different. He must admit that the very peculiar knowledge that Learned Gentleman possessed upon the subject, and his knowledge of the localities of the building, derived from his long residence there, fitted him to hold that important situation.—(Loud and long continued cheers.)

Mr. Dayne gave notice that on Wednesday, the 31st December 1836, he would bring before the House certain letters written by Richard the First to a Lady of his Court.—(Hear, hear.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that on Monday next he would move that a grant of Three half-pence be made for the paying off of the National Debt.

The other orders of the day were then disposed of, and the House adjourned at 12 o'clock.

CITY COURT CIRCULAR.

Mrs. W. Anson took an airing in an open hackney coach round Red Lion Square.

Mr. Catnach has been appointed printer to the Lord Mayor.

Lady Augusta Farebrother went in state to the Pavilion on Thursday last, the performances consisted of the popular play of 'Tom and Jerry,' Mr. Almar sang the Melody of *All round my hat!* and the evening ended with 'The Spectre Bride; or, Blood and Blue Fire.' Her Ladyship was greeted with two distinct round of cheers,

Mr. Thomas Wilson leaves town on Sunday for the Hampstead Road. Owing to his ill-health he proposes to take it in easy stages.

THEATRICALS

Mr. Arnold has chosen to put himself forward as the Sir Oracle of the musical world; the manager on whose fiat the fate of the English school of music is to turn. Who is Mr. Arnold, that he should pretend to be the great pitch-pipe of the day? True, he has for some years been the part proprietor of a lean theatre—and under the pretence of English Operas, has catered a few lively farces, and agreeable performers, for the amusement of the few people who attended the shabby set out which was called the Lyceum. True, that he brought out *Der Freischutz*, and thus forced upon English notice the sublime beauties of Weber—but was it out of love for the music, or from a catch-penny appreciation of the outlandish effects and gibberish horrors of that most efficient of all musical melodramas? Inflated by the mischievously lucky hit, Mr. Arnold has ever since set himself up as a judge of music, and goes braying about among the cognoscenti (or knowing ones) as a most superior jackass, with very great ears for music. We often wonder that he never treated us to a grand *hianch!* of his own, and had set some of the family trash to his own music, but he has not yet reached the grand climax of mismanagement. At present he is satisfied with getting bad music for nothing (its real value) and producing it in the beguiled hope of persuading the bewildered and puzzled public that very uncommonly dull music must necessarily be very fine. We would write very largely about bringing the English composers before the public, and of the support which the English composers should give him, by giving him their operas *gratis*—as an encouragement, which reminds us of that peculiar friendly arrangement by which one man accepts a bill for which another gets the money. We are superior to the common-place twaddling humbug about Foreign music; we like the 'Somnambula,' and could hear it over and over again; but we quarrel with the judgment which antagonises Miss Romer directly against Malibran and Grisi. Miss Romer is not capable of the comparison which she forces upon our notice, nor does she do herself justice by such futile efforts at climbing a height, to reach the summit of which she is physically and intellectually incapable. Her study of the character is fine, but although we all know how Othello ought to be acted—yet there are very few Keans who are actually able to embody the conception. We might, perhaps, have passed over Mr. Arnold's letters, and set down his assumption to the usual bombast of managers, were it not for the sneering tone which pervades his correspondence, respecting 'the improvident bargain' and 'decent subsist-

ence' of literary men. Mr. Arnold has, forsooth, a most enviable contempt for dramatic authorship, and looks upon an author with the same eye as a fat carcass-butcher weighs and surveys the beast for which he is cheapening.—It never appears to enter into the calculation of Mr. Bartley that an author could, by any circumstance of talent or fortune, ever attain the level of—a manager's Faugh!

We do not think that Malibran will take much by her motion—the opportunity of comparison between her acting and that of Grisi, proves the decided superiority of the latter. We are glad of this, for we trust that the unfair advantage which Bunn has taken of the actors, will only precipitate that certain ruin which must inevitably, sooner or later, await the adventurous double-barrelled lessee of two large houses.

Donizetti's Marino Faliero has met with triumphant and deserved success—the music is essentially dramatic and imaginative. We may point out, to the notice of our readers, the duet between Tambarini and Lablache, in the first act, Ivanhoff's gondolier-song, and Rubini's last effort—as well as the noble strain sung by Israel Bertuoli, previous to his execution.

We have it in our power to expose the knavish intrigue by which the Victoria is to be again opened by some minion of Glossop's. The scarcity of capital which like an influenza, pervades the whole of the Glossop gang, has been made up by a subscription of the various flash-houses and pot-houses in which the too-well-known neighbourhood of the Coburg Road abound. The actors, likewise, are engaged to give up their first week's salary (coming events cast their shadows before) to form a fund for Mr. Glossop's creditors, and for Mr. Glossop's advantage.

We dropt in at the Surrey, the other evening, just in time to see little Buckstone's laughable personification of Hector Timid, in 'The Dead Shot.' Miss Vincent acted up to him, and displayed great comic power in going through the various disguises of temper and deportment which the heroine assumes in this clever farce. We are glad to see that Mr. Davidge meets with the success which his judicious management of this theatre entitles him to expect.

We cannot admire Mr. Jerrold's prudence in recovering one hundred pounds from Mr. Morris, by proving that his 'Beau Nash' was a loss to the treasury of the Haymarket Theatre. The less the public peep behind the scenes the better. Surely Mr. Jerrold's reputation of being a successful author was worth more than a hundred pounds to him. Mr. Farren's evidence is the acme of impudence and conceit. Who made Mr. Farren the grand comptroller of the stage? and what are Mr. Farren's qualifications for the part of Dramatic Reader? What character did Mr. Farren ever perform *humourously*? and is not his own acting always as dull as ditch-water?

Vauxhall has re-opened. We wonder whether the suppers have improved, and the charges have been diminished. We shall report progress next week.

NOTICES.

If Mr. Maurice Levy's washerwoman intends to repudiate her contract respecting the dozen collars, and one shirt, we advise her to engage Mr. C. Lewis, of No. 6, Bernard Street, the accuracy of whose wristbands, and un-muffled simplicity of whose shirt-fronts, render him perfectly competent, touching the point of law, as the delicate Charles wears primrose coloured kid gloves.

In answer to G. T. we beg to state, that as long as Nathan observes his present civil deportment, we shall not stir him up with our barber's pole.

We thank 'Scrutator' for his information respecting the rosy-nosed 'Doll-men' of the Marshalsea.

Who is Thompson, the Sheriff's Officer, and why does he discount bills?

If S. S. is particularly anxious to discount our acceptance, we have no objection to give our promissory note, payable 14 months after the passing of Sir John Campbell's Bill.

'Juvenis' should send his ode upon the importation of French lace to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

'Lucius' is a fool.

'Apollo' is an ass.

Parts 1 to 4 inclusive, price 6d. each, of this year's FIGARO, is now ready.

In answer to numerous inquiries, our Publisher begs us to state, that he is preparing for publication a neat edition of the ARABIAN TALES, being the Sequel to the popular ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS; the first number of which (price twopence) will appear on Saturday next, and be continued weekly until completed, uniform with the "LAYS AND LEGENDS," now publishing. No. I. (with an etching by Findlay) contains the popular tale of *Il Bondocani, or, the Caliph Robber*.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 182.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1835.

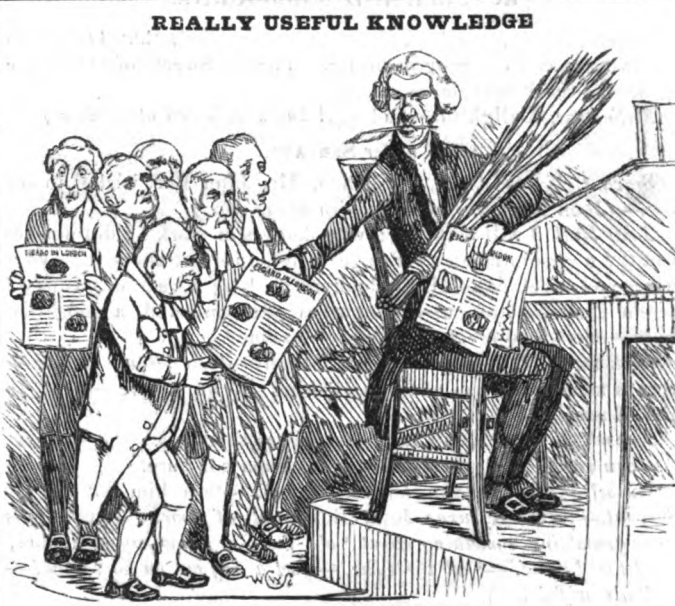
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TASTING THE SWEETS OF OFFICE.
(See our Second Page.)

Lord Brougham has, indeed, entitled himself to the appellation of the Great Schoolmaster of the age—and nobly does he pursue his avocations by tickling the toby of each refractory boy in that school-house which is now under his governance. Our old friend, in the present week, has been exceedingly busy in bringing forward resolutions, and their lordships have declared their own ignorance, and recorded their want of education, by adopting them *nem. con.* They little knew, when they did it, what is the course of education Brougham intends to follow, in their instance, but our own reporter has furnished us with an accurate account of a passage in his speech,

Vol. IV.



which the newspapers, with their usual carelessness and malice, had omitted.

'My Lords,' said the Brougham, bursting with eloquence,—'My Lords, I look upon FIGARO IN LONDON as the great political Horn Book, and I consider that the man who has not read FIGARO, had better not have learnt to read at all—inasmuch as he has wasted the most precious gift which can be given to man, and hid his talent under a bushel. Is it not to be bought every where? Have I not seen it in the remote regions of the Highlands? Have not the emancipated negroes of our West India possessions made the first use of their freedom by rushing to purchase FIGARO? I ask many noble lords, whom I now see, and whom the East has sent back to

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us, I ask these noble lords, whether in the farthest regions of our Eastern possessions, on the banks of the Indus, on the shore of the Persian Gulf, they have not seen the natives reading FIGARO with gusto and anxious relish. Is it not notorious that Rammohun Roy was engaged by the Great Mogul to translate FIGARO into Hindostanee, that his gorgeous highness might enjoy it at his breakfast? Does not our blessed Sovereign employ an express to bring up to the palace the first copy? Have I not seen the late lamented Duke of Gloucester in waiting at Strange's, on the day of publication, while Higgins, the ever attentive, and not too facetious Higgins, was watching at the corner of Cowie's (the Printer's) door, to anticipate the delight of his illustrious master. My first resolution, therefore is:—

"That every person in England above the age of six years, be furnished with a copy of FIGARO IN LONDON every week, at the National expence."

For the other resolutions see the newspapers.

His Lordship sat down amidst universal cheers, and Seymour, struck with the thought, has hit off in the above humorous sketch—his Lordship's notion of

A NEW NATIONAL SCHOOL.

TAKING IT EASY.

(See Engraving in front page.)

SCENE.—Downing Street.

RUSSELL AND MELBOURNE.

Russell. Melly, my boy, this is glorious stuff; that O'Connell shall always mix our grog in future. These 'Sweets of Office' are delicious—positively delicious.

Melbourne. Delightful—ha!—(A knock is heard at the door.)

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. If you please, gentlemen, Mr. John Bull wishes to see you.—(JOHN BULL pushes himself in at the door.)

John Bull. I will be heard; why don't you work? I did not get you these appointments to lounge about, and flirt about with your wives and sweethearts! Here, look at this long arrear of business! here's Church Reform—Corporation Reform—and a long list more—enough to break the heart of a stone.

Melbourne. Bid him be quiet, Johnny—troublesome fellow—always making a noise about something—quite a bore—speak to him, Russell.

Russell. My dear John, slow and sure is the word.

John Bull. Yes, you are slow—but I am not sure.

Russell. How dare you answer me, Sir—turn him out (to the Servant.—SERVANT turns JOHN BULL out of doors; JOHNNY goes away grumbling something about 'old fool,'—'know my own mind,'—'let well alone,'—'all the same,'—'set a beggar on horseback,'—'tell his wife,' &c.)

Russell. The fact is, Melly, if we do all this at once, should we be kicked out by any accident—we shall have no excuse for getting in again,

Melbourne. Do as you like, my dear Lord; do anything, but give me trouble; surely Mr. Bull can have no conception how highly he is honoured by gentlemen, and men of fashion and family, doing his work for him—otherwise, he would not annoy us with his impertinent thrusting and pushing.

Russell. The house once up—we shall get over the year prettily. But a truce with business—shall I set you down at the Opera? Grisi is very fine.

Melbourne. With pleasure.

They set off to the Opera.

INTERPRETER.

Mr. Child's Case.

"That the prosecutors in this present case, the said Samuel Scott and John Bobbit, avoiding the short, simple, and cheap, and therefore less oppressive process, by the act provided, have taken proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, by which the costs of an expensive suit, and the pain and suffering of being cast into gaol, at a distance of forty miles from his family, and a very extensive business, of which he is the head, are inflicted upon him and his family, as a punishment for his conscientious refusal to pay a demand which he believes is not warranted by the law of God."—*Mr. Child's Petition.*

It was said that the present administration was pregnant with reforms, but if this be their first *Child*, we trust to have no more of the family. A more infamous piece of tyrannous injustice never came under our notice; our laws have been too long used by the rich against the poor as the deadliest weapon of oppression, but this execrable case will, we trust, be severely punished—and Messrs. Scott and Bobbit have reason to curse their parson-courting cruelty.

A Too Much Administration.

"Therefore ready as I am to consider any of these questions, which are brought into this House by the late Government, yet I am not prepared to undertake any further question than these two, the Municipal Reform, and the Reform of the Irish Church."—*Lord John Russell.*

Every body knows how Lord Brougham was run down for saying that the Whig Ministry had done too much, and would do less; and how the people have patiently seen him sacrificed in the present ministerial arrangements in consequence of that very declaration. Yet no sooner do the Whigs get in and begin to feel their seats, than hey presto! they turn round and say they have done too much and that too quickly. How long will the people of England be gulled in this way?

Modern Merchants.

"Mr. Brotherton said, in his opinion, the committee ought to have power to inquire into the standing orders; for he saw in the share list the name of Thomas French, of Manchester, for 5000*l.* He had long been acquainted with Manchester, and did not know such a gentleman, but on looking at the *London Gazette* of last week, he saw the name of Thomas French, a bankrupt."—*House of Commons.*

Mr. Brotherton seems to suppose that his head is a Mercantile Directory, and that consequently whoever does not come within the small circle of his knowledge, must necessarily have no existence. Now we confess for ourselves, our ignorance of Mr. Brotherton's existence until reading the above. But this 'short speech affords matter for serious consideration.' We are not acquainted with Mr. French, and consequently our remarks have no unkind reference to him. How flimsy is the hold of our modern merchants upon the world! How uncertain the stability of our commercial aristocracy! They are, indeed, merchant *adventurers*, and as such, like gamblers, lose all sense of humanity, all common feelings of kindness and compassion. It is by such men as these that the cold-hearted and cruel Poor Law Bill was concocted and passed. These Croesuses of to-day, and bankrupts of to-morrow—these Midases of the minute, these respectable gamblers, hold with iron hand the government and overwhelm the industrious labourer with their machinery, while they raise large sums by playing for a small profit with a fictitious capital.

The Puff Oblique.

"A formal announcement of the delivery of Mrs. Butler, (late Miss Fanny Kemble,) of a son, has been going the round of the newspapers. We are enabled to state, on authority, that it is without foundation."—*Scotsman.*

Really the Editor of the *Scotsman* is very much in the secret, and Mrs. Butler's accouchement is an event of great public importance. The eyes of Europe are upon the Kemble family, and a distressed and agitated people look up to Charles Kemble for their regeneration. The Editor of the *Scotsman*, sly fellow! means to insinuate that Mrs. Butler, with a touch of her former acting propensities, has been playing a part in 'Much Ado about Nothing!' We are certain that Mrs. Butler, whom as Miss Kemble, we honoured and admired, will not be obliged to her injudicious friends, who are remoulding her nobly-acquired fame into a mere common place notoriety. But can it be possible that honest old John Murray is infected with the Colburn mania for puffing, and has sent

out the sly paragraph, as the 'puff preliminary' for Mrs. Butler's, (late Miss Fanny Kemble,) book on America? The newspaper people are very clever at their insinuations. We all know what has been lately said of the queen—the hopes which have been excited and depressed—let our readers then judge of our tumultuous delight at reading the following insinuating line in the *Times* of Wednesday.

"The Queen's box had been considerably *enlarged* previous to her Majesty's visit."

LONDON GAMING ESTABLISHMENTS.

The vast increase of gaming-houses, within these last four years, in the vicinity of St. James's, and that without the slightest legislative interference, is truly astounding. With the exception of now and then a slight interference by a parish officer on the rooting out of some new minor establishment, who are driven from their vocation before they know to whom they are to *tip*, not being *au fait* to the new plan, or rather safety plan, of plundering with impunity. But by the time they have undergone a couple of these ordeals, they are *right* as possible, and consider themselves as perfectly safe as if they carried on any other trade in preference. The materiel required, (as the French term it,) for a low modern Gaming-house, is about from £20 to £50, mostly in silver, a few flash notes, about half-a-dozen Jews, the proprietors, the same quantity of pickers-up, stationed at the different coffee-shops and public-houses in the neighbourhood, to inveigle any stranger to their dens of infamy—a low fighting blackguard as a door-keeper, and generally a couple of low sharpers, with clean collars and buttoned-up coats to (*ring*) the dice when any flat makes his appearance.

It is most curious and instructive to notice how crime and gaming have marched side by side for these last fifty years. Fifty years ago there were but five gaming-houses, the principal was under the Piazza, Covent Garden, where English hazard only was played, and at the door gentlemen left their swords before they were admitted into the gaming-room,—all the crack gentlemen highwaymen were regular frequenters; and when cleaned out, (that is, lost their money,) ordered their horses, and in a couple of hours would return with their pockets well lined; when police regulations got improved, and the horse patrol came into operation, the highwayman gave way to the accomplished cracksmen or housebreaker, who, with the produce of his depredations, took the highwayman's place at the gaming table. The Cracksmen then gave way to abstracting of bankers parcels, a more safe game, and called broken jugs. These gentlemen supplanted the cracksmen at these pest houses, but at last a new light has broken in upon these 'Chevalier de Industrie,' and instead of risking their liberty for life, on what they call getting a bellowser, (transportation for life,) the principal bank robbers and old cracksmen, are all now concerned, either directly or indirectly in gaming establishments, where they can, in complete security live an easy and independent life, rob with safety, and laugh at the laws—and blind justice with sovereign remedies. A new and most excellent system of plunder has, within these few months, come into operation. Valets and confidential servants that have been introduced to the gaming table, after being *cleaned out*, some old file of a cracksmen, over a glass of wine, has hinted how easy a fellow might get independent and retire on his fortune, by the abstraction of the ladies' jewels. This was enough, and like Othello, "on that hint I spoke," and on that hint have many acted, it being too notorious that two or three of the late extensive jewel robberies, the perpetrators of which it has been proved have lost the proceeds of their plunder at French hazard, while the very jewels themselves, have been purchased by a *fence* that has either an interest in the gaming room, or has a son, or relation a partner—it is but within the short space of these last seven years, that the keepers of one of the most splendid bells in St. James's, whose side-boards nightly groan with plate, where a bank is publicly announced to be put on the table each night, of ten thousand pounds—whose establishment of carriages, horses, and kept mistresses, vie with the most titled of the land, it is but within this brief short space of time, that these gentlemen were common Duffers in the street, imposing cotton on flats for French cambric, and one of the same firm that keeps an actress, cab, and tiger,—returned about the time above mentioned, from a County Felons Prison, after suffering *two years confinement*, for passing notes that had been stolen from a country bank.

PARLIAMENTARY OPENINGS.

The Members of St. Stephens seem to have been peculiarly happy in their ideas, during the past week; judging from the heads of the orations, contained in the annexed 'Parliamentary Report.'

Mr. Spring Rice, begged to state he would not *curry* favour—

Dr. Luskington, could not speak in *sober* moments—

Mr. Bish, had no *share* in—

Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, was so *embarrassed*—

Mr. O'Connell, could a *Tail* unfold—

Mr. Warburton, looking to the interests of the medical men, must say he was not satisfied with the *body* of the bill—

Mr. Walter, acknowledged the badness of the '*Times*'—

Mr. Cobbett would *never* give—

Mr. Grote, replied that such events were *chronicled*—

Mr. Alderman Wood, could *never* by any chance guess—

Mr. Gully, the *force* of the remark he must own had *never struck* him—

The Attorney General, would be *brief* in his remarks—

Mr. Silk Buckingham, when 'half seas over,' never could *clearly* understand—

Mr. Wakley, (with *great warmth*.)—said that such a *flaming*—

Mr. Poulter, prayed—

Sir Robert Peel, admitted his inability—

Mr. Kennedy, requested his acceptance might be received—

Mr. Gully, if permitted to engage—

Lord John Russell, could not conceive—

Mr. Praed, had no idea—

Sir John Cam Hobhouse, could not entertain—

Mr. Cobbett, could not understand—

CITY COURT CIRCULAR.

Mr. Pope arrived this morning, (Wednesday,) with despatches from New Cut.

A council was sitting while our paper was going to press. Embarrassments in the Ministry are rumoured in all quarters, owing to Mr. Porter's determination to press the Question of the distressed agriculturists at Cold Bath Fields, to a division in the house this evening.

FIGARO OFFICE, 30th May.

8 o'Clock.

RESIGNATION OF MINISTERS.

Our Correspondent in Cheapside, now informs us that Mr. Chas. Pearson, Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Stubbs, Mr. M. Scales, and other ministers, proceeded this morning to the Mansion House, to tender their resignations. His Civic Majesty had not yet risen, but the Ministers were shown into the housekeepers room, and gave over their Seals to a char-woman, who proceeded in state supported by a broom and a dust-pan to his Majesty, who wrote upon a small piece of linen an answer, which was read to the Ministers, who then left the house.

Half-past Eight.—Mr. Danvers, Mr. Pechel, and others, have seen his Majesty. The announcement will be made this evening in the house.

Quarter-past Nine.—There will be no house to night.

SECOND EDITION.

Mr. Pritchard has just been to the Mansion House! It is suspected a compromise will take place.

The present Lord Mayor is not likely to be *Stationary*, he seems so much annoyed about his *Paper of Business*.

THEATRICALS

The only novelty at the English Opera House, with the exception of a new silver watch presented to Miss Romer by that old exquisite Arnold, has been 'Cousin Joseph,' a new farce. There has been a great court of late to exhibit highwaymen and thieves on the stage, owing, we suppose, to the nation being ruled by pickpockets, and O. Smith is decidedly the most finished representative of a burglar, that the stage could furnish. The farce itself is lively and humorous, and well supported by Keeley and his wife. We rejoice to see Mrs. Keeley, once more, in comic parts—her serious acting is painfully absurd—and in spite of all the newspapers, it is not her forte. We can often get at a man's character by collaterals, when he would shuffle and wriggle himself out of a direct charge; and this 'Cousin Joseph' affords us an opportunity of laying bare the Arnold system, in a manner from which no letter written for him in *THE TIMES* can extricate him. The author of 'My Fellow Clerk' having sent 'Cousin Joseph' to Arnold, on the usual terms, hearing that it was accepted and in rehearsal, being young in the business, was so pleased that he forwarded another farce, 'My Fellow Clerk,' declaring that he should not require any remuneration for it. To the poor author's great surprise, 'Cousin Joseph,' the farce which was to have been paid for, was instantly laid on one side, and 'My Fellow Clerk' was acted GRATIS. This is the true 'not affairing' system, the shabby spirit with which Arnold intends to carry on his theatre, and advance the interest of the English school of music. If Mr. Arnold does not look to it, he will be enrolled on the list of humbugs with the renowned Bunn.

Morris has made up his mind to lose another hundred or two, and opens his house, about a month too late, for the season, with Mr. C. Kemble and 'Much Ado About Nothing.' The veteran Kemble, the hereditary 'lover' of the stage, and the dashing youngster of 70, acts the gay Benedict to Miss Taylor's Beatrice, which will be a very remarkable performance. Miss Taylor's acting is all 'aside,' her body is in perpetual motion like a pendulum, and she trips faultily on her toes, and shakes her head—and having said this, you have told all Miss Taylor's qualifications to act Beatrice or any other character. She is all vanity and vulgarity, without refinement of manner, or power of self restraint; without the comprehension of a character, which should be the chief characteristic of every actress. Mr. W. Farren, likewise, forms a strong feature in the dramatic corps of the Haymarket. This great 'cock salmon' is now but a stinking fish, and we should have thought that Mr. Morris would have known better than to value his acting at the high salary he usually extracts for his 'dull as ditch-water' performances. He has ruined as many theatres as he has held engagements. His acting is nothing but mannerism, without life or humour; a dry dinner without a generous glass of wine. Barnett, of the Queen's, is immeasurably his superior. Farren has been all along a mistake, and the managers begin to see it. He has walked about encircled with a halo of his own vanity and self-glory, of which the rays have been reflected round upon those who were much with him, so that they imagined him a shining light; now, however, the sharp wind of criticism has blown away his false glory, and scattered his pride, he is found to be only a twinkling rushlight. Mr. Vining, too, fat Vining, is another 'hit' of Mr. Morris. Vining acts the gentleman, the gay, dashing, lively SPARKS, the rattling blades of fashion, the men of wit and ton, with which our comedies are spiced. Poor Vining, did ever a gentleman dress like Vining? and then his shake of the head, and his figure, lean in the legs, and Falstaff in the paunch. If a total absence of life and spirit, and of all other requisites, be the qualifications for the parts he is called upon to perform, then is Mr. Vining, indeed, the best hero of genteel comedy on the stage. Following the list we come to Webster, an excellent actor with too much study—next on the roll, appears our old friend, little Buckstone, who whether as author or actor is equally droll, tiddy-dollish, and peculiar. The rest are a set of miserable incapables, with the exception of tragedy-Haines and footman-Brindal. The actresses muster strong, in the comely forms of Mrs. Glover, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Humby, and Mrs. Honey. We are amused with one name thus inserted in the bills, Mrs. Crawford (*late* Miss Eliza Paton,) which is as much as to say that Mr. Crawford has 'filched' from her, her 'good name!' When an actress marries, there should be a clause in the settlements, requiring her husband to take her name, or settling it upon herself; for if she re-appear upon the stage, it is a difficult thing to find out an old favourite, under the name of Mrs. Snooks, or Mrs. Brooks! If Vestris was to marry a Mr. Smith, who would go to the purlieu of Drury Lane to see Mrs. Smith?

Vauxhall Gardens appear to have opened for the winter season, and we were almost frozen to death on our first appearance there this season, on Monday night—we were almost alone in our glory, save the dirty unwashed gentry, who constitute what are called, by courtesy, the gentlemen of the press—who mustered strongly, we suppose in expectation of the initiatory and deprecatory supper, generally administered to them by the proprietors. These people are a nuisance in all places of public amusement—they talk loudly and affectedly, and attempt to appear *distingue*, but the pestiferous smell of their accustomed onions and cheese, at once destroys the illusion, to the great annoyance of the quiet and respectable people who are thrown into their company. The proprietor's son, it is said, has been travelling over the continent in search of novelty, and has failed. Did it ever strike the proprietors to calculate how much they would gain by giving Tagliioni

a hundred pounds per night to dance in their theatre? We say, *cent per cent*. The singers here are indeed wretched bunglers in their art, and with the exception of Bedford, would not be listened to at a threepenny free and easy, at Whitechapel. The fireworks are splendid and tasteful, more so than we ever remember to have seen them.

NOTICE.

The Stamp Office will not consider as news, if we say that "FIGARO" is to be tried for Libel at the Sheriff's Court, in Red Lion-square, on Tuesday next. An immense muster of Jews is expected; but Mr. A. Lee, although very intimate with the Sheriff, will not be able to attend in person. Much fun may be anticipated, and a very pretty exposé.

The contemptible miscreant who has the audacity to forge the signature of a highly respectable and excellent female to his wretched effusions, is informed that his malignant intentions are invariably defeated—as all unpaid letters are returned to the post office.

'A Friend to Figaro' received. Will he favour us with the full particulars of the infamous transaction to which he alludes? FIGARO will fearlessly expose the affair, for which he trusts to find opportunity before the appearance of his next Number.

The favours we have received within the last few days shall be individually acknowledged, if agreeable to the parties, in an early number.

As a guide to the unwary, FIGARO purposes giving a list of all the bill discounters in the metropolis, with authenticated accounts of the attorneys, &c. with whom they are connected, and every particular respecting their rise in life, &c. Information that may be relied upon, will be readily inserted, and every communication on the subject promptly attended to.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

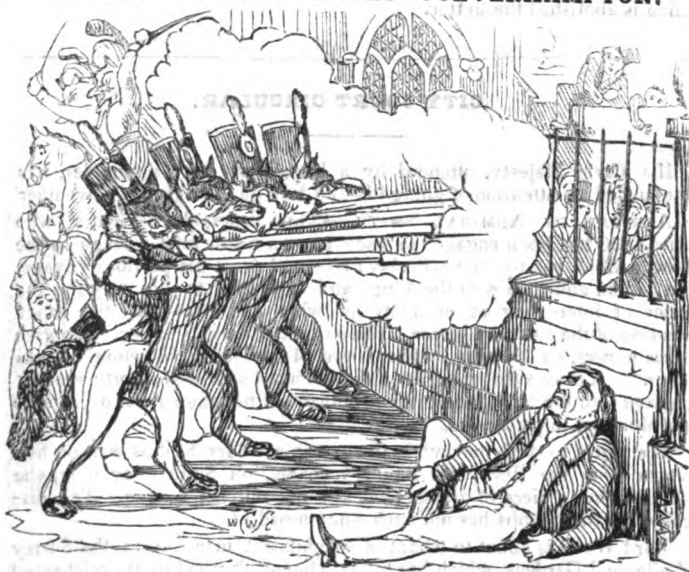
"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 183.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

THE WOLVES LET LOOSE AT WOLVERHAMPTON.



Such are the tender mercies of the Tories! Such are the sounds of joy and exultation that attend the march of a Tory triumph! The sharp ring of volleys of musketry, the sabre-flash, and the groans of the wounded! And who is Sir Francis Holyoake Goodricke, for whose sake this blood of innocent men has been shed? He is a sort of rough-riding Tory, one of the crew of roaring squires, who show their cleverness and their use to the country, by galloping over hedge and ditch at the tail of a fox, during the day, and wettening in drunkenness all the night. The accident of a friend's death placed him in the possession of a fortune, and has been forced on that account, and owing to the due value set upon his pigheaded silence and stupidity by the Carlton Club, he was set up for Staffordshire, and forced, as it were, down the throats of the electors.

Vol. IV.

THE STATE OF "THE TIMES."



(See our Second Page.)

But who is the author of this outrage? the man who gave the order to fire upon his fellow citizens, who in mere personal vengeful feeling for a slight contempt passed upon him, like Shylock, resolved to have his pound of flesh, because he was spat upon, and read the Riot Act to legalise his brutality? In what class of persons must we seek for such a man? Was it some old retired veteran Tory soldier? No; a man, who had dared the hazard of battle would have disdained such conduct. Was it some red-hot Tory magistrate? No; it was a real, true, genuine, proud, unfeeling *Whig*! Of what profession, and of what rank? Rathcormac rings in our ears, and the reply is—he was a Clergyman! A Minister of Peace sounded the signal for war; a Gospel Minister authorized the car-

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nage of his fellow citizens. The First Dragoon Guards have emulated the conduct and the fame of the Manchester Yeomanry, and have sullied the reputation and character of the British army. The conduct of the officers throughout appears to have been to the highest degree unwholesome, offensive, and turbulent. They rode about like King Charles' cavaliers marauding upon a Parliament town—firing up and down the streets, smashing in doors and windows, and insolently triumphing in their supposed defeat of the people. This is what the Tories have long been aiming at. A collision, a contest with the soldiers and the people—they hope to terrify us into Toryism. They know not the hearts of Englishmen. Never was a more disgraceful affair than this slaughtering charge upon unoffending people—but we cannot but express our surprise at the people's taking refuge in the Church! as if the Church was ever of any use to the people of this country.

State of the "Times."
(See Engraving in front page.)

Lord Brougham has evidently got the best of it, and we shall not regret the death-blow given to *The Times*, when we consider the manner in which that newspaper has been of late conducted. There will be glorious sport when the tax comes off, and many follies will be committed by those who think themselves competent to direct the public mind. Let us imagine the contents of "Catnach's Weekly Express," and the "Drury Lane Dispatch," while every tea-table coterie of tabbies will have its own 'Satirist,' and each street will be infested by Editors and Reporters. Such will be the evils of the measure, but the immense benefits resulting from the diffusion of Political Knowledge will far counterbalance all minor disadvantages. Public feeling, if unanimous, will at once be directed to the point where it can most easily triumph, and reason and thought will put down brutal force. Some fun, however, may be expected from the newspaper which those "wise men of Gotham," the Penny Magazine Society will publish; a paper, we undertake to prophecy, consisting of all articles, and no news; in which every argument will be clinched by algebra, and every fact resolved into an equation; a combination of solemn frivolity, and triple dullness, three times unredeemed.

INTERPRETER.

The Armed Soldiery.

"An order has been issued from the Horse Guards prohibiting the soldiery on home duty from wearing their side arms in the streets."—*Morning Paper*.

After one murder and two or three atrocious assaults committed by these bayonet blood-hounds, the powers that be, have found out that it would be as well to make the soldiers off duty walk about like other citizens. Sir H. Hardinge, about three weeks since, "trusted he should never live to see the day when the soldier was deprived of that honourable privilege." We hope Sir Henry Hardinge is still in good health.

Clerical Humbug.

"There will be no more public dinners at Lambeth Palace this year."—*Advertisement*.

What! no more dinners for the clergy? No more feasting and champagne for our good fat rectors and vicars. No more Sunday dinners by these pious observers of the sabbath. The church is indeed in danger!

A Visit to Royalty.

"On Saturday the Duke of Wellington, accompanied by Lady and Sir John Shelley, and a large party of distinguished fashionables, visited the Surrey Zoological Gardens, for the purpose of seeing a specimen of that ex-

remely rare and interesting animal, a living ourang outang, which has just arrived in this country from the island of Borneo, in the ship *Orontes*, and has been purchased for the collection at these gardens. It is the only survivor of four that were shipped by Mr. Hunter. It is of the chestnut coloured variety (*simia satyrus*), and its probable age is about four years. His Grace and party were much amused at this libel on human form and face divine, especially at the act of drinking from a glass, and the manner of disposing of blankets for the purpose of warmth and repose. The skull of a full grown specimen has also been obtained, which from its dimensions, must have belonged to an animal upwards of six feet in height."—*Herald*.

What a sly fellow is this newspaper editor. He wished to insinuate that the Duke had been on a visit to England's hope—his grace of Cumberland—who is, indeed, the great Ourang Outang of public life.

City Procession.

Yesterday at two o'clock the Lord Mayor and the members of the London-bridge Committee performed the ceremony of opening the new street, called King William Street, leading from London-bridge to the Mansion-house. His Lordship drove through the street in his carriage, preceded by the Marshal on horseback, the marshalmen and several of the policemen. The Committee walked two by two, headed by Richard Lambert Jones, Esq., the Chairman. Immediately after the Lord Mayor reached the end of the street, the Marshal gave the signal, and all manner of vehicles passed through. After performing this extraordinary feat, the members of the Committee embarked on board a steamer at the new wharf at the east side of London-bridge, and cut through the water to Lovegrove's tavern at Blackwall, where a splendid white bait dinner rewarded their exertions."—*Morning Paper*.

What a glorious sight it must have been to see this noble procession, marching about fifty yards up and down a street, which had been already traversed for the last three months by all the population of London. But after this extraordinary exertion, they had a dinner; another item, we suppose, in the *two million five hundred thousand pounds* which this New London Bridge has cost, and to pay which the City have enjoyed the privilege of taxing all the coals consumed in this great metropolis. If these are the duties of a Lord Mayor, the sooner his office is abolished the better.

CITY COURT CIRCULAR.

His Civic Majesty, attended by a large party of fashionables, has announced his attention of going to—the devil on the eighth of November

ARRIVAL OF ADMIRAL SMITH.—This venerable navigator, who since 1830 has been engaged in discovering a north west passage in the Tower Moat, has this day, (Friday) returned from his perilous voyage. He had an audience with the king, and explained to his majesty the series of interesting experiments by which he discovered the exact position of the common sewer. The gallant admiral is expected to give in his papers, on Monday, at the Tower Moat Society, by whom he was sent out. It is said that the gallant admiral has discovered a north western passage into the Fleet Ditch. Some notice will be taken of the occurrence on Monday, in parliament.

We regret to state that while the exemplary Mrs. Stubbs was on her return from the Rev. Mr. Shuffie's chapel, on Sunday evening, she slipped over a piece of orange peel, and put out her tongue. The disconsolate Mr. Stubbs has not been since heard of.

Lord Wood is about to tenant a magnificent mansion in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, which has hitherto been inhabited by the celebrated monkey, Jacopo.

Great excitement has prevailed in fashionable circles by the elopement of Miss Black de 'My Eye, the celebrated chimney sweep's daughter, with the dashing young Randy Dan, the flare-up costermonger of Chick Lane. The lady is intitled to a reversionary property in her father's hereditary cinder heap, and her mother's cats'-meat business was settled on her female heirs at her marriage. The young gentleman it is said, though very well known at the Old Bailey, and a great favourite at the West End of St. Giles's, has no other property than the copyright of the celebrated song 'All round my hat!' which rumour has ascribed to his pen. Several highly talented and fashionable ladies have been hinted at as parties to this clandestine marriage, and Mr. Black de 'My Eye, has done nothing but drink gin, write letters, and make up his accounts, since the event took place.

A SPEECH ON THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

Every now and then some wise-acre gets up and makes a speech, by way of proving that money ought no longer to be ready money, but a sort of unsubstantial prospect of a future shadow of a guinea—a kind of promise to pay when quite convenient; a witty correspondent has given us a paraphrase of Mr. Cayley's speech on this question, which is witty enough to deserve insertion.

Mr. Cayley rose, but from the noise made by members leaving the House, the hon. Gentleman was almost inaudible. But we understood he spoke as follows:—

"I am highly delighted to see my hon. friend again in his seat, as I did not this night intend, had he been absent, to have pressed my motion on the Currency to a division. But I think no time can be more appropriate than the present to discuss it, and try the sense of the House on a matter of such great importance. In the year 2862, B. C., Julius Cæsar presented his daughter-in-law with three farthings; we learn this from historians, and from the same source we discover that that right hon. member's daughter-in-law purchased with this token of her father-in-laws' love, a diamond necklace. On this important fact the whole of our monetary system is built; it is upon the relative value of money, because it must be relative, as a daughter-in-law's father-in-law *must be* her father-in-law. I say it is upon this great *historical* fact, that the whole of £. s. d. system is built. (Hear, hear, from Mr. Goldsmith.) The only thing now to be ascertained is, was money of greater value in those days than in these, or was the article purchased of less value in those days than in these? History, which you must always turn to on such occasions, does not guide you. And if you have no guide, it is natural to say the thing which most suits your purpose. (Loud cheers.) Money *was* therefore of greater value."

Sir R. Peel here rose, and moved the House be counted.

Strangers were then ordered to withdraw, and there not being forty members present, the House adjourned at quarter to four.

We understand that Mr. Cayley will bring on his motion on an early day next week.

FIGARO IN THE SHERIFFS COURT.

This journal has now been established for nearly four years, and has fearlessly held up to public scorn and ridicule, the follies and vices of the age—the tergiversations and twistings of public men, and the tricks and rogueries of rascals both in political and private life. During the whole of this period FIGARO has never been prosecuted for libel, until Mr. A. Lee was made the tool of a conspiracy of Jews, and allowed them to use his name as a shield, from under which they could strike at FIGARO IN LONDON. The blow has been struck and has recoiled upon themselves—as we told them. The damage supposed to have been done to Mr. A. Lee's character were laid by Mr. C. Lewis, his attorney, (than whom no one can better know the *value* of a character) at FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS. The Jury gave him FORTY SHILLINGS. By way of despoiling the lawyers of the costs they expected to *grab* on this occasion, and for which alone the action had been instituted, (an offer having been made to stop proceedings on payment of costs,) we suffered judgement to go by default, thus reducing the profits of the attorney to a few pounds, and giving him plenty of trouble. A writ of inquiry to assess the damages then came on in the Sheriffs Court, and thither did we bend our way on Tuesday—a narrow passage running through the 'Castle Dangerous' of the Sheriffs' Office conducted us to that 'slough of despond' the Sheriffs' Court;—where barristers without wigs, attorneys without manners, and a sort of under strapper judge, flanked by a bevy of bailiffs, form a sort of local court to judge of small cases. The jury receive *fourpence* for every case they adjudicate, and it is fine fun to see how impatiently they listen to a lengthy counsel's speech of an hour long, as if they knew all the while it was eightpence out of each of their pockets. The Jews mustered strongly on this occasion, and triumph twinkled in their greasy yellow eyes, and smiles played round the dirty fences of their filthy teeth, as they thought of a Hundred Pound verdict, and how FIGARO would be trounced that day. Mr. Humphries was the counsel against us, but being a man of liberal opinions and not liking his task, he did it without heart. Premising that he had never read FIGARO IN LONDON or seen it before, and having declared the libel to be a very stupid thing, written by some shop-sweeper, very malicious, but luckily very dull he read the libel—and to his great amazement found that this *very* dull

thing was received with shouts of laughter at poor A. Lee's expense. Being rather bamboozled at this, poor Humphries went floundering through it, until getting mystified, he began to abuse the writer, and call him ignorant, for styling Fraser "the child of Regina."

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," said the counsel, fluttering his shirt frill with conscious power, and looking as knowing, clever and superior as a dunghill-cock on a wall over his hen-roost. 'Now' said poor Humphries, unconscious of the puddle into which he was about to fall, 'now mark the ignorance of this scribbler! He had heard of Edinburgh being called *Edina*, and wishing to appear classical, has muddled on the word *Regina*. Yet this is the ignorant wit whom the public is called upon to admire, the man who does not know *Edina* from *Regina*."

He was working himself up into a pious rage about it, when Mr. Thomas (our counsel) slyly and dryly insinuated that *Regina* meant not Edinburgh, but "Fraser's Magazine," which was so called by, and known by all literary men, that the blunder therefore was in Mr. Humphries, and not in that 'shop-sweeper' FIGARO.

Poor Humphries fell back flabbergasted and floored, and muttering indistinctly a few words about Mr. A. Lee's honesty, respectability, and his being the father of a family (!) set himself down and sank into annihilation.

It was now our turn, and having handed our razor to Mr. Thomas, he used it with exquisite emphasis, and almost without discretion, cutting right and left and smashing in all quarters; the Jews trembled as he flashed it about their noses, and the jury laughed and chuckled at the powerful and fearless exposure of the modern state of theatricals. The counsel concluded an able and eloquent harangue by appealing to the jury not to annihilate FIGARO, and eclipse the gaiety of nations by their verdict. If Kings and Princes, Lords and Commons bore with the joke, and laughed with FIGARO at each other and themselves, surely an 'enraged musician' might endure it without putting himself to the expense of an action of libel. At the conclusion of this speech the gentlemen of the jury rose and gave three cheers, which so terrified the under-sheriff, that he crept under his desk, and pushing his head from under the green baize, summed up against FIGARO in that prostrate position. The jury rubbed their heads together for about twenty minutes, and then returned a verdict of FORTY SHILLINGS damages *only* for Mr. A. Lee.

For Mr. Lee's sake we regret that he pushed matters to this extent. Had he not interfered with us, we should not have touched upon him—he came not in our way, he had done nothing to bring himself under our notice, but when a dog rolls himself up in your path and you nearly tumble over him, is it unnatural to give him a kick, as a gentle hint to move out of your way?

For the benefit of those persons who are partial to getting juries to make an estimate of their value, we will relate to them a little incident which fell under our notice:—

Two gay young butchers of that old-maiden village Kensington, were in love with the same damsel, and she being rather a coquette, amused herself by purchasing the half-pound of steak, that dined herself, her mistress, and the cat, now at one shop, now at another. It happened, however, that at last she fixed her affections, and demonstrated it by going three days successively to the shop of the favoured swain. On the third day the neglected suitor rushed into his rival's shop, while the fair coquette was making her purchase, and gave vent to a few reproaches, in that delicate strain of sentiment which butchers use in telling their tender tales; whereupon his indignant rival kicked him out of his shop. An action for assault followed, and the jury gave A FARTHING damages. From that day to this, the unhappy butcher is followed by a gang of boys, who shout out the value of his honour, as follows:—"A Farthing a kick! A Farthing a kick!"

We have now done with Mr. A. Lee—until he meddles with us again.

GAMBLING HOUSES.

These nuisances are on the increase. As we were coming out from the Opera the other evening, we were invited by a shabby looking foreigner to enter the "Italian Club." After ridding ourselves of him, another scoundrel stepped up to us in Leicester Square, and pushed a card into our hands with these words: "You are requested to inspect the game of Rouge et Noir and Roulette at—," naming the street and number, which, for obvious reasons, we omit. Those who have the care of the public morals, the Home Secretary and the Police Magistrates,

should at once put down these nests of robbery and infamy. It would be better for them to do this than to be constantly interfering with the amusements and recreations of the lower orders, in fining fiddlers, and repressing harmless songs or jokes uttered in the streets against the powers that be. The principal object of our present observations is, however, to draw attention to the system of raffing at the two "Public Lounges" in Holborn and the Strand. In these places there are two species of gambling. The merchandise consists of toys and other trumpery. Music is always playing, and a great ceremony is made of "Admission Gratis!" as if every shop was not generally open. Here there are what are called 'Fairy Wheels,' with a flaunting red-faced, and black haired girl at the head, by which a person paying 'the trifling sum' of one shilling, has a chance of gaining ten (so they say, for our selves *we* always got sixpence). Up stairs there is a raffle of sixpence each. We fully agree with a correspondent as to the danger of these 'Lounges,' and the necessity of placing them under some control. In watering places, where amusement alone is sought, things of this sort may be winked at, but in London they lead the young into dangerous expences, and exposes them to a fearful temptation.

Notice

Lady Lord Mayor Winchester's comps. to the Editor of FIGARO, and begs his advice under the appalling circumstance which she is about to relate:—"Oh, my dear Mr. FIGARO, I am horrorstruck with the thoughts of what I am going to tell you. Mrs. Scroggins, the lady of Jack Scroggins, the fighting man, called this morning to inform me, that one Charly Pearson had engaged Scroggins to get my dear lord and master smuggled for a guy on the 5th of November next. Now only think of my dear Winchester being stuck all over squibs, and carried about by all the dirty little ragged boys round Tower Hill, and perhaps flung in the ditch: it will positively kill me, without you suggest some plan to prevent it.

P. S. Do see that Scroggins, and tell him I will make him an Alderman, if he will not take my dear lord for a guy.

BREVITIES.

A Change.

Mr. Wakley has been so exceedingly placid and quiet since his return to Parliament, that he is supposed to be on the Civil List.

A Title.

It is proposed to raise Sir Henry Meux to the peerage. We recommend that the Hon. Bart. be called either Lord *Potiphar*, or *Earl-y Purl*.

A Trust.

Lord Londonderry said in the Lords the other night, that he was confident the House would give him *credit*. If so, it is about the only house in London that would be sufficiently rash to do it.

THEATRICALS

Two new theatrical occurrences have happened this week; the one a new publication of Mrs. Butler's Book, the other "The Life of Kean." Of the *ci-devant* Miss Kemble's work on America, we cannot but speak in terms of the greatest disgust. It is unfeminine and unlady-like—foolish, frivolous, and silly. All the trifling thoughts which pass through the mind of other persons, and are swept from the memory like dust from furniture, Miss Kemble, unluckily for herself, noted in her journal, and unwisely has allowed them to be published. Mr. Butler indeed must be a bold man. It is a sad thing to look behind the scenes in this manner, nor can we compare the painful image presented to our minds by the perusal of this work, to any thing else than the disgust felt towards the sex, on immediately rising from the reading of Dean Swift's witty, though filthy description of a lady's dressing-room. Mrs. Butler has torn the jewelled diadem from her own form, she has cast off the royal robes of tragedy, and appears before us the slipshod and slattern actress bustling to rehearsal, or lounging over her breakfast in curl papers. The romance of Fanny Kemble has vanished, and to us she can be no more than Mrs. Butler, a feeble and foolish follower in the footsteps of Mrs. Trollope.

Who is the author of 'The Life of Kean.' We had understood that Leigh Hunt was to have written it. But we do not trace his hand; it is too well done—too simply and naturally, and clearly written for him; there is none of his 'easy writing' which, as has been well observed, is such d—d hard reading, none of his popinjay prettinesses, or 'queer bits,' or that phantasmogoria of fanciful beauties with which he invariably mystifies a plain matter. It is the best biography of an actor we ever read, and is valuable as a metaphysical work. We may here trace the gradual increase of that uncurbed energy which constituted the glory of Kean's acting, and the course of his actual life, and which finally blazed up into fury, and ended almost in insanity. The last chapter of this first volume, and the first of the second, are to the highest degree pathetic.

NOTICE.

Reprints of all the back Nos. of FIGARO IN LONDON will be ready in a few days, and may be procured of any Bookseller in the Kingdom.

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No. 184.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

THE GREAT COMET OF 1835, WITH ITS PORTENTOUS TAIL.



Much has been written and much prophesied of the great comet of Halley, which, in the course of the next two months, will show its shining face, and, turning its tail on the planets, will create a confusion in the celestial regions. Seymour, however, who rakes heaven and earth to furnish subjects for his vengeful pencil, has here hit upon a brilliant idea, and exhibits the great political comet of the year which has caused all the warm work of late in both Houses of Parliament. We have O'Connell grinning in exultation at the political constellations in whose orbits he has excited no little commotion and confusion: Old Billy is happily figured as Leo Major, while Adelaide as Leo Minor, looks as fierce as if she had caught a Windsor Castle servant

robbing her pincushion. Stanley, who for some time past has shown a disposition to go backwards, is the Cancer, or crab, and is turning off from the tail as fast as he can scratch along. Londonderry, as Orion, with his club burnt by contact with the comet's powerful tail, and Brougham as Canis Major will be recognized by all; while Peel and Wellington, those twins in Toryism, are a clever caricature of the Gemini. A better figure for the *Noctua*, or night bird, than Lord Eldon, could not have been found, and who can blame the artist who paints Lord Abinger as a serpent? The mysterious boot belonging to the Monster Duke, form a part of Bootes, the rest of which cannot be seen, because—it is out of sight. It is supposed by some that a comet is a vast body of fire, run-

Vol. IV.

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ning through the immensity of space, and purifying and cleansing it from all exhalations and noxious gases; so that the whole, as a well oiled machine, may act fitting and compactly together. Surely our grand political comet is of this species, and will rigorously purify our parliamentary hemisphere from the evil influences and noxious nuisances which crowd about the unwholesome regions of Westminster.

INTERPRETER.

Going to War.

"The Foreign Enlistment Bill will be repealed, and England will furnish arms and the necessities of war as agreed upon by the quadruple treaty."—*Morning Paper*.

And so we are going to war again.—A nation with six hundred million of debt and a gold currency is going to war—A nation of which nine-tenths are paupers, is about to put its hand into its pocket and subsidize a foreign nation to fight its own battles. Hudibras observes that

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Will often wipe a bloody nose.

And surely this country must have learned the lesson by its former experience. A war leads to nothing but taxes, and that victory is tantamount to a defeat which ends in pensions and places for all engaged in it. But it is not for the cause of civil or religious liberty that we are about to embroil ourselves in this Spanish contest; it is wholly and solely for the sake of ensuring the success of a certain set of stock-jobbing gamblers, who have got so deeply in the mire of Spanish Bonds that, in the words of Macbeth, to them

'To go back were worse than to go on.'

It is, then, to preserve to these fat and greasy citizens their snug boxes at Clapham, and their darling blood horses, their wines and their plate, to keep up their situation in life, that the country is to be plunged into a war having no other purpose but to impose upon the Spanish people institutions for which they have no desire, and a Queen who is a disgrace to her sex and station.

Corporation Reform:

Horror and alarm rage in all cities and boroughs. Mr. Mayor and Mr. Town Clerk walk about in ecstasies of astonishment at the close-coming annihilation of corporate abuses. 'What, no dinner,' says the sword-bearer! 'No rose water!' says the beadle. 'No pickings!' says the state footman. 'Nothing to get or give away!' says each fat alderman, and one universal long face presides over the collected burgeses. How the world is to go on without a Lord Mayor, time alone can shew; but we should as soon have thought of doing without an established church.

Sir Robert the Reformer

It has always been said that when things are at the worst they must mend; and after Sir Robert Peel's conduct, it was to be expected that some sudden change would take place; but who could have thought that he would have turned round on his old friends the boroughmen, and talked about corporation reform like a Radical of forty years' standing! But we place no faith in these sudden conversions, and can judge of Sir Robert Peel solely by the insidious notice contained in his speech at Merchant Tailors Hall. If John Bull is to be gulled in this way, with his eyes open, he is more of a fool than we thought him.

The Brutal Soldiery.

How long these fellows are to be allowed to riot and rule over peaceful citizens will depend on the duration of an aristocratical ministry. Let the Radicals once get in and away goes the standing army—feathers, frippery, drums, trumpets, sabres, and lances. The reduction of the stamp on newspapers would be alone equivalent to a reduction of 10,000 men—for those who read and reason never use brute force, and need no soldiers to watch and keep them down. Let us fight our battles on paper, and have an encounter of sharp wits, not sharp swords.

Newspaper Stamps

With that true folly which characterises all the actions of modern statesmen, it is said, that the ministry are going to reduce but half the stamp duties, and give the stamp officers a power of entering into all printing offices and seizing an unstamped newspaper. Will this be endured?

Sir F. Roe and the Secret Syst em.

Sir Frederick thought he should have all his own way at Wolverhampton, but unluckily for him the London newspaper reporters were on the watch, and Mr. Roaf was of that good sound old English stuff, which may be broken, but not bent. Sir Frederick, it appears, takes it in high dudgeon that the Home Office should interfere with him, as if he were anything but a servant of the state.

Helping a Quarrel.

"An illustrious female has expressed her disgust at the conduct of certain ladies in the late elopement, and has declared her intention to decline any communication with the parties."—*Morning Paper*.

As if there had not been enough ill feeling on this affair already, fostered and excited as it has been by the ferocity of a certain infamous newspaper, the unlucky Adelaide fastens herself on, like a tin kettle, at the tail of the quarrel, and perversely and shrewishly prevents the whole affair from quietly subsiding into reconciliation and tranquillity, like any other nine days wonder. Let her scold her husband, and snub her miserable maids of honour, and count candle ends, and measure the squares of Windsor soap to see how much is washed away—let her scrape and rave, and squabble about silk gowns with her housemaids; but let her not meddle with the private and domestic matters of an English family. Poor thing! with that weazy visage and red face she cannot endure a truly pretty woman about her, but furbishes up old frows and ugly young sourcrouns, lest poor old Billy should superannuate her on her hundred thousand per annum.

The New Police.

"The office of *Bell's Messenger* was broken into on Monday night."—*Morning Paper*.

And where were the new police? this is the second time that office has been robbed in six weeks, and about five other newspaper offices have been successively and successfully plundered in the same manner; in every instance the police have known nothing about it! Yet are parishes taxed to double the amount of the old watch, to keep a parcel of fillagree and sidgetty inspectors, who sit and smoke their cigars in the station house, while the anti-Malthusian policemen march about carefully before the area gate of every house where dwells a pretty servant girl. If the people are to be attacked, the police are never wanting—there they are always on the spot, glowing with military enthusiasm in the cause of despotism, and eager to rush with loaded staves upon an unarmed populace. The other day, a whole gang of these blue bottles, commanded by a *German!* who could not speak English, rushed into a tranquil village, in Kent, by way of keeping the rural population quiet! We are sorry that the spirit of opposition to this unnatural and unconstitutional force has died away, through the agitation of matters of more immediate moment. We trust, however, that the parish patriots will again take up the cudgels and drub these locusts from their snug berths.

Stock Exchange Freaks

"Another fall has taken place in the Spanish bonds this morning."—*Evening Paper*.

We have always hated the City aristocrats—with all that is offensive in a lordling, there is an additional disgust created by the pomposity and pretensions of these empty headed and full pursed scoundrels. These are the fellows who sign petitions, as men of property, to Sir R. Peel, begging him to retain his office. These 'British Merchants' who walk about at one moment worth a plum—and presto; as the post comes in, waddle away something worse than a minus quantity of five farthings. These are the gamblers who find funds out of other peoples' pockets, to carry on the war, who create national debts for every country, and cramp the industry of generations to come, that their interest may be punctually paid. The egregious folly, the asinine ignorance of Stock Exchange people, is surprising. They are continually speculating about the affairs of countries, with which they are totally unacquainted, and with the history, manners, habits, prejudices, and public feeling of whose people, (on which all must depend,) they never make a single effort to make themselves familiar. Any one knowing Spain and her resources, cannot but feel certain that whichever way the contest may be decided, Spain can no more pay the interest of her debt than our Billy could have written Childe Harold. Yet such is the infatuated folly of these people, that they go on blindly setting a value on that which is insubstantial as the shadow of smoke: yet are we told that the price of the funds is the pulse of public feeling. When will this humbug end?

THE GRAND CIVIC BALL.

On Monday last the whole of the world was in commotion, it being the day fixed on for the grand ball at the Mansion House.

The splendid suite of drawing rooms had been decorated with the usual taste and art bestowed on them by Monsieur Smith, (late of Clerkenwell Green.) The floor was pipe-clayed and the walls hung with ropes of onions, festooned by the luxuriant straw, and the small bundles of turnip radishes gave a brilliant effect to the room; a magnificent mat of straw was laid at the entrance of the ball room, for the use of those ladies and gentlemen who walked. A hoop was attached to the ceiling of the room by ropes, and an interesting row of 6½d. a pound 'dips' were placed on this *solid wood circle*! So striking was the effect that three distinct rounds of cheers were given on the room being thrown open, by the guests. In a recess, supposed to be caused by the absence of the grate, (seized the day before for church rates,) was raised a magnificent chair or throne, elevated above the rest of the floor by being placed on a desk! It is scarcely possible to give, on paper, a description of the magnificence of the appearance.

By seven o'clock the company began to assemble. The Lord Mayor, his most civic majesty, had taken his seat on the throne, when the right honourable Charles Pearson and his family (eleven in number) drove up in one of Shillibear's Omnibuses. The mob without gave a most glad-some cheer, as the right honourable gentleman alighted, and as the vehicle drove away from the portly entrance, the cad in a distinct tone said 'Bank! City!'

Mr. Franklin then arrived in an open hackney coach and two, and the beauty of the different vehicles which conveyed the company, gave a bright appearance to Mansion House Street and Charlotte Row.

By half-past eight the ball rooms were crowded, and dancing commenced. A reel, by some of the elite, was much applauded—a country dance and various other newly fashionable evolutions of the feet occupied the time till supper, when the company adjourned to a magnificent 'spread.'

The principal dishes were as follows:—A centre piece consisting of a pile or bundle of firewood, surmounted by a large English onion! two pinks decorated this elegant pile, which emitted odour enough to scent the whole of the room with a delicious perfume! A penny plain bun, with a small speck of treacle, was conspicuous on the table, a plain cake (price 4d. at *Saville's*) cut in four, was placed on a salvo of pure tin, japanned over with rich japan! A bundle of tenpenny nails (rusty) was the great dainty of the night, and were soon gobbled down by Mr. Franklin, who is celebrated for his *irony*. A pigeon pie which, by some mistake, was forgot, adorned one corner, while the others were left empty for the pots of heavy wet, which were constantly being supplied to the company. Wines and viands of the greatest rarity burdened the table; and it is quite impossible for the poor brains of a reporter to place on paper a description of the rich delicacies.

By one o'clock the next morning the company retired, leaving the Mansion House a remembrance of past glory. May healthful or profitable amusements like these often take place within this sacred edifice.

BREVITIES.

A Change.

The Court of Aldermen have taken lodgings at Islington, in consequence of the new bill to remove the *beasts* from Smithfield Market to that neighbourhood.

A Sharp Shot.

The Duke of Wellington, it has been once reported, is a friend to the *ballot*—the mistake arose from his grace's well-known military propensities and predilection for the *Ball-Lot*.

Oh Tempora!

The *Times* calls the disturbances at Wolverhampton the *late disturbances*—surely this is *bloody* of the old *Times*, to call those things *late*, which in other people's opinion have happened *too soon*.

Oh Crimini.

The newspapers complain bitterly of the law of libel, by which the *truth is a crime*—if that be their *only crime*, the newspapers have *very little* to answer for.

Railery

There is a contest going on between the two western railways—we presume they are both expert in the *way of railing* at each other.

A Winder.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, at a meeting with a deputation about the window tax, would not allow a condensed report to go forth of a conversation that might last some hours—from his anticipation of long speeches, we presume he thought that the *no window tax* gentlemen, themselves, dealt in *long winders*.

WINCHESTERIANA.

Lord Winchester has sent us the following pithy letter, which by the immense dirty thumb mark on the envelope, had evidently been brought by one of the young Winchesters.

Sir,

I am about to move Smithfield Market, not that I mean to say, I shall take up all the sheep-folds myself, as I have now taken up my *pen*, or that I shall carry all the enclosures for cattle with me, for I am not used, Sir, to have a *pound in my pocket*. But this I have to do with—namely, the removal of the beasts, for when *they go, I go*.

With the best respects of Lady Winchester—believe me, Sir,

Your sovereign,

WINCHESTER.

His Lordship is a fool, which we need not tell any one, because every body knows it. If the Mansion House should ever be moved, we pity the neighbours, for imagine the horror of a swarm of donkeys being let loose upon the city. By the bye, moving the Smithfield *pens* is salutary but *expensive*; that is to say, it is *pen-ny* wise and pound foolish.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

City, Saturday Morning.

We have received letters from Westminster up to the 5th of June. The treaty between the Tugg and Fagg, we are pretty certain in saying, is to be kept inviolate! Lord John Russell had arrived from Lord Brougham's residence, Great Stanhope Street, business was transacted by him at the Slums, Broadway. An insurrection had taken place in a house of very questionable character, which ended in some of the rioters being taken to the watch-house. A change of Ministers is expected in the Penitentiary, Mill Bank. Apples are steady at 24 to 1.

The Lambeth papers of the 7th have just arrived. A report is afloat that Mr. Fubbs has resigned his vestry seat. If such is the fact, we shall publish full particulars in a Second Edition.

We are requested by his Civic Majesty to contradict the report that he went to church last Sunday.

THEATRICALS

After all the parade and humbug in the newspapers touching the production of operas, by English composers, we were amazed at seeing the thin audience which collected to support Mr. Arnold on the first night of a new opera, by W. H. Rodwell. The 'Spirit of the Bell' is a miserable failure, a collection of crudities, and a concatenation of squalls, like a flute in hysterics, or a horn-boy run wild and groaning with a fit of the gout. Mr. Rodwell has written some pretty songs, and we should stop there; for beyond a song his genius will never support him. The poverty of accompaniment, the want of combination on the harmonies, showed a meagreness and deficiency in composition, which prove that Mr. Rodwell will never be the Weber of England. In one song—"Ah well a day," we were hoping better things, but the composer broke down in the middle of his theme, and not having, as it were, musical stamina to carry him through his task, one half of the song was finely done, both in sentiment, poetry, and instrumentation, while the other half run off into a mere twaddle and jiggling twaddle, with the general characteristic of a Vauxhall bravura.

Now then we think Mr. Arnold is justified in producing foreign operas; music, like painting, is universally appreciated, and speaks a language common to all. Surely no man in his senses would prefer a wood-cut by the illustrious Cagnach to an etching by Rembrandt, because that great collector of ballads is an Englishman! No, let us have the best article—it is a question of genius, and not of courtesy. Mrs. Keeley in this opera worked very hard, and sang not too well; ease and grace are as absolutely necessary for the voice, and to make a grateful impression on the hearer, as they are requisite in acting to please the spectator. It is unpleasant to hear an actress singing the joys of happy love, while all the while she is twisting her mouth and face into a variety of contortions, as if the happy lover was in a fit of convulsions, or disagreeably done up with the tooth ache. Poor little Keeley had to take a part in the quartettes and trios, and the only fun in the comic opera was to see the misery with which he sobbed out his song, half afraid of being laughed at, and looking like a modest donkey robbing a stable of some musty straw.

Would it not answer Mr. Arnold's purpose to get up a translation of "I Puritani"? Miss Romer would sing and act the heroine sweetly; Wilson could undertake Rubini's part, and Giubilie and Seguin, though not equal to Lablache and Tamburini, would come off very well in their parts.

DRURY LANE.—That admirable actress, Miss Kelly, took her leave of the public on Monday last. Our limits will not permit our insertion of her vaudeville address, which contained many truisms, and was delivered with that feeling which has invariably marked her performances. May every happiness attend her retirement.

The Victoria having just opened, we take this opportunity of saying that, whatever observations may have been heretofore made on the subject of who may be the manager, we think that now the house has opened, it is our duty to give fair play to him. The season commenced rather injudiciously with three old pieces. Mr. Denvil being put up as the attraction in Richard the Third, and whatever talent this gentleman may possess, we think the Victoria has quite as much right as Drury Lane to try and make the people mistake him for a genius. Whether they will do so or not is quite another question, the experiment was not bad, and shares merit. The management understand that the people is to be humbugged, an unpalatable truth to those who are concerned in the direction of a theatre. We are glad to see Mitchell in his old place, and that most of last season's favourites are still retained. Some of the additions are decidedly good, especially those of Mrs. Cramer and Green, who is the best melodramatic actor there is at present. Next week is to be full of novelty; a new Tragic Drama is to be produced on Monday, and a new burlesque is announced by the author of the "Revolt of the Workhouse." The *Sommambula* is likely to afford this author an egregiously ludicrous subject for grotesque caricature; it is to be called "THE ROOF-SCRAMBLER," another new version of Bellini's opera, and the part of Molly Brown, a Greasy-Roader over house-tops has been in Mitchell's hands for study during the last six weeks.

Having perused the tragic drama which is to be produced at this theatre, we can inform our readers that it possesses a powerful interest; and if properly acted, will work the audience up to an excitement of fear, terror and pity, which will be almost too much for them this warm weather.

Charles Kemble still goes on acting jauntily, and capering about like a four year old with the stagers on the Haymarket boards. There is a grace and dignity in retirement which Charles should study.

'Unwilling lags the veteran on the stage,' the name of Kemble possesses so many charms and associations, that we are sorry to see so respectable an old gentleman make such a fool of himself. As an extra caricature invariably compels us to go to press earlier than usual, we shall not be able to attend the first performance of Mr. Backstone's new comedy, 'Good Husbands make Good Wives,' but having had the pleasure of perusing the first act, we prophecy the author will not lose his reputation by it. It possesses the three great requisites of a comic drama—laughable situations, humorous delineations of character, and easy, pleasant, and generally witty dialogue.

Somebody has presumed to question our criticism on Mr. Farren's acting, and to declare that they look upon him as a man of genius, and a first rate comedian. When wisdom shall characterise a Winchester, and Adelaide shall cease to be a scold, then and then only will Farren be a good actor. Let him act what he may, he is always Farren—always dry and harsh—without flexibility of feature, or oiliness of humour. There are some characters which are hard, angular, and pointed, as if chopped out of a block of wood, these Farren has made particularly his own. But we still persist of our opinion, that Barnett of the Queen's would act Lord Ogleby better than Farren. People should seek for reasons in their admiration, and not follow the mere vulgar herd who applaud any thing egregious, from the face-making of Farren to the somersets of Paulo.

Astley's, under the management of the inimitable Ducrow, still continues progressing in public favour. Crowded houses, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, must convince the spirited Proprietors, of the estimation in which their exertions are held.

Almar, at the Wells, is flaring up tremendously. His *Flying Fish* is an admirable treat. The *Fat Gentleman*, with *Black Ned*, serve materially to add to the evening's amusement.

If Ld. R. S. will forward the particulars of his complaint against the Gambling Firm, it shall appear; secrecy may be relied upon.

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Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 185.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

BEGGAR BULL HELPING BEGGAR PAT.



The Irish Priest, the Irish Gentleman, and the Irish Agitator, are all together coming to John Bull to relieve their poor, instead of doing it themselves. What! shall an Irish landlord employ his own tenantry? No, let him seek for work in England. What! shall an Irish gentleman support an Irish peasant? No, let him go beg of Englishmen. Verily, the cruelty of the Aristocracy of Ireland is beyond that of the rich English. They suck the last drop of blood from the veins of their country, and leave her famishing, to be supported by the chance charity of those who hate her. Of the many thousands received in rental by Irishmen, there does not flow back in charity one single farthing to their starving countrymen. It is a disgrace to the name of Irishmen, and will, and must produce the enforced charity of Poor-Laws, which our

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political wisecraces are just trying to prove useless in this country, at the very moment that they will be compelled by necessity to introduce them into Ireland. To what a state, indeed, should we be reduced, if they succeeded in rendering nugatory the merciful enactments of our charitable forefathers. A Poor Law is a property tax, properly applied; and a well-regulated administration of the whole law is a sure guarantee for the peace, happiness, and prosperity of a country. But here is poor Beggar Bull giving up his last halfpenny to assist his poor friend Pat, to a set of fat rogues, greasy-mouthed varlets, who if they were to put their hands into their own pockets could pull out hundreds—but no; while Johnny has a farthing left, they will never cease to plague him; and when they have drained him of his last farthing, they will kick and smite him as if he was the veriest pauper that ever run up a score at a village alehouse, and then pulled out a House of Correction pass, trudged merrily on to the next parish, leaving the landlord looking as sour as his own imperial beer.

INTERPRETER.

The Blood-thirsty Tories.

"I said to one great stout fellow in the crowd—'For God's sake do go away. We have orders from the magistrates to clear the streets, and you must go.' He replied—'D—n you and the magistrates too, who is it that feeds and pays you?' The other troop arrived about half-past one o'clock. No orders had been given to the soldiers as to how they should fire. The soldiers had ten rounds of ball cartridge each. When the ammunition was examined afterwards, 35 ball cartridges had been returned as used, but I believe the soldiers bit the balls off from some of them; the soldiers asked for some refreshment, and Captain Jordan, the high constable, wished to give a pint of ale to each man, but I objected, and ordered that they should have only half a pint. I saw two stones fall near me. I took them up and had them weighed. One weighed a pound and a quarter, and the other eleven ounces. I gave directions, about eight o'clock, that the detached parties of soldiers should each be accompanied by a special constable. No notice was given to the people that ball cartridge would be fired. There is a recent order (from the Horse Guards) that when soldiers are ordered to fire in a riot, they must load with ball, and fire "at" the people."

Captain Manning's Evidence at Wolverhampton.

Printed by G. Cowie, 13, Newcastle-street, Strand.

There are some parts of this evidence which are exceedingly ludicrous. The astonishment of the captain that 'the great stout fellow' did not run away from a captain of dragoons, is very amusing. Did the captain ever inquire what sort of men were Old Nol's 'Iron-sides,' who at Marston Moor rode down King Charles' cavaliers?—or did Captain Manning ever cogitate whether 'the great stout fellows' of chaw-bacons would take more than a fortnight to become steady under arms? To go a little farther into the captain's evidence—who ever heard of a soldier refusing half a pint of beer? and is it not humbug to assert that these men did so? But this is not the portion of this story of blood, to which we would direct our reader's attention. It is to the order issued from the Horse Guards to fire at the people; an order so infamous, so atrocious, so blood-thirsty, that it is in evidence that many of the soldiers themselves would not put it into execution, but actually bit the balls from their cartridges with their teeth. In Ireland, where a mob too often commit murder, there may have been a *shadow*, a shadow only, of excuse—but in England, where the mob usually scamper, like crows at the smell of powder, and where a collision with the military is of rare occurrence, an order like this is tantamount to a cold blooded murder. Now, then, let us look at the clergyman, Mr. Clare, the author and upholder of this villainous outrage:

"I was sent for by Mr. Clare a little before 7 o'clock. I saw Mr. Clare, and he said, 'Captain Manning, I find I am compelled to order out the troops, and you will prepare.' I ordered out the troops, and again went to Mr. Clare for orders. He said, 'Clear the streets, and after that you will act in any way you think fit to preserve the peace of the town.' I said I could not act until he had read the Riot Act. He said he would go amongst the people and try to quiet them. As we were going down stairs I said to him, 'Mr. Clare, I am now going to mount, and I suppose your horse is ready, that you may accompany me.' He replied that he could not go, or that he could not ride."

And so because the magistrates could not ride, a ferocious and brutal soldiery were let loose at the mob to do just as they pleased. Surely every magistrate's qualification after this, should include a riding school's certificate, for to this very incapability of equitation on the part of the magistrates, were the Bristol riots mainly attributed.

Foreign Humbugs.

"Ten thousand troops are to be raised for the cause of the Queen of Spain."—*Morning Paper.*

We should have thought that the base ingratitude shewn to the British auxiliaries at Oporto, would have been a sufficient warning to all Englishmen, against engaging in the service of a foreign power. It is idle to say that, in fighting against Don Carlos, the auxiliaries will be advocating the great cause of liberty. If liberty be compulsion, then, indeed, is the cause of the Queen the cause of liberty. The Spanish people prefer Don Carlos, and we have no right to force a childish Queen on them.

A LECTURE ON TATURS.

Nobody can possibly doubt the utility of that veteran driveller the *Morning Herald*, and of course every word that falls from its oracular mouth is calculated to pour a flood of enlightenment upon the soul of the enraptured reader. It has lately been edifying its readers upon the growth, culture, and use of the *pine apple*, in a long strain of delicious twaddle which it positively makes one's mouth water to peruse. It devoted three columns the other day to the *rhind*, and published a double sheet on Wednesday last, to go as fully as possible into the *pipa*, which were very ably descanted upon. We understand the editor had a *pip* before him for nearly seven hours, before he wrote a single word, the composers all waiting anxiously for copy, and anon vehemently exclaiming, 'Go it, my *Pip-pin*!'

We have no doubt that the editor of the *Herald* knows no more of the *pine apple*, than that he has heard of, and drunk deeply too, a sort of filthy beverage called *pine apple rum*; but as to his ever tasting the *pine apple* itself, we doubt whether the private exchequer of the talented editor ever could, or ever can, stand such a luxury; at all events we are resolved not to let any portion of the press be before us in utility, and we have therefore resolved upon giving a series of articles upon the *baked tatur*, in the course of which we shall divide our disquisition into two classes—the *mealy* and the *waxy*. We shall show classically, and with a bit of *real latin*, that the first are

the *mealy* or (*melior*,) better potatoes, and that the *champion* is quite of a different *kidney* from the rest. We shall also in a most learned way prove that Dr. Johnson, Shakspeare, and other great writers, either preferred the very inferior *tatur* or else none at all, for we frequently meet with Dr. Johnson's *Common-tatur*, (*Commentators*,) or else *And-no-tatur*, (*Annotators*,) while Shakspeare and other geniuses we find spoken of in the same manner. Cromwell appears to have been a sort of *Dic-tatur* chap, though the sort of *tatur* alluded to seems to be now extinct, and as history says nothing of it, we can only presume that the *Dic-tatur* were a particular sort cultivated by one *Richard Murphy*. O'Connell seems rather fond of old *tatur*—at least if we are to believe the newspapers, which are constantly calling him an *Age-i-tatur*. There is [another class called the *Ampu-tatur*, but our researches have not enabled us to bring forward any information relating to it.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

Scene—The Zoological Gardens.

Day—Sunday.

Time—Half-past three.

Lords MELBOURNE, MULGRAVE, HOWICK, and RUSSELL, discovered without their coats, sitting round the pump.

Mulgrave. Worse than the West Indies, for there you see the negroes, and here you see black-legs and blue-monkeys.

Melbourne. How did you like Jamaica, my dear lord?

Mulgrave. Pretty well—I got through the day by lolling on a sofa, and firing at a mark through the window, while one of my servants poured out my claret and another loaded my pistols—and then I wrote a novel, and then you know I fingered the cash and came home to bleed John Bull in another vein.

Lord Howick. Papa says I shall be a governor some day—I hope I shall go to Ireland—one can do as one likes there, there is always some row going on to bewilder the people and turn their attention from the Castle doings. But how well we are getting on, how quiet everything is, and how comfortably the people seem to wait for what we please to give them. I think we are safe for another two years.

Lord John. To be sure we are; this Corporation Reform will wheedle them on until the dissolution, and the opposition is never very warm when the weather is hot. In another month all England will be gazing and gaping at the comet, and we shall shuffle along until the next session.

Lord Melbourne. But will Billy be true?

Mulgrave. Billy can't help himself—he burnt his fingers once with a Tory revolution—and Windsor Castle is too pleasant a place to be risked for the chance of a Peel ministry keeping their places.

Lord John. I believe Adelaide begins to be of the same opinion.—Will Rice take off the stamp duties?

Lord Howick. Not he—he is too knowing. Who can doubt that the strong hold both of Whigs and Tories, lies in the *ignorance* of the people? Give them newspapers, and you let the Radicals into power.

Melbourne. Let in the Radicals! filthy rogues. No opera boxes, no poetical ladies, no cabinet dinners, no pensions, no regiments of dragoons, no governorships, nothing but hard work and small pay! For Heaven's sake persuade him, Russell, to keep on the taxes.

Lord John. I can't bear the thought of taking off any taxes—I am sure we want all the money we can get. I hope to raise a good rattling war in the course of the year, and then we'll make the shiners fly.

Lord Howick. A new national debt!

Mulgrave. Glorious subsidies!

Melbourne. Rich contracts!

Lord John. Oh, happy days! when shall I again behold you? and when will it be given to me to finger the nation's cash, and jollily shower down pensions on my friends?

Lords HOWICK and MELBOURNE *Sing a Duet, in imitation of*
TAMBUKINI and LABLACHE!

Quando la Tromba.

When the trumpet of war wakes the warrior to arms,
The statesman feels nothing of battle's alarms
But claps on fresh taxes and laughs in his sleeve
At Johnny, who cash for his glory must give.

Then to arms, my brave fellows, in France and in Spain,
You have fought them before, you must fight them again.
Fire away, my brave boys, in Gazettes cut a dash,
While Russell and Rice silyly finger the cash.

Lord John. Bravo! bravo! a right good sentiment—and nobly sung. I will publish a Gazette to-morrow, that shall set half the world in arms—but here comes Lady Babble.

(To them, Lady BABBLE.)

Lady Babble. Oh, my dear lord, I am delighted to find you here—I have seen the sweetest blue monkey your lordship was ever acquainted with—such a tail, such eyes, such an expressive mouth, and whiskers so like your lordship.

Lord Melbourne. How kind of your ladyship to carry my portrait in your heart, and not even to see a blue monkey without thinking of the man who adores you.

Lady Babble. Delightful man! Has your lordship read my pamphlet on population?

Lord John. With great benefit to myself, my lady—Lady Russell and I read it every night at bed time. Your ladyship's theory is founded on phrenology, I believe.

Lady Babble. Yes; but my grand secret is to make child-bearing a transportable offence, and to punish with death every man who marries without a hundred per annum, certain, to support the necessary consequences of such a connexion. By the bye, if you could, in any way, my dear Lord Mulgrave, just contrive to sneak my seventh son, Augustus de Mowbray Mount Pleasant Montague Babble, into your office, I should take it as a favour—he is getting too old for school, and must be kept out of mischief; just put him in at a couple of hundred per annum, and you'll make me yours for ever.

Mulgrave. Enchanting creature! Who could resist you? We have not a vacancy at present, but we shall be sending out some man to Canada shortly, and we will hook on Augustus as an attaché. Will you allow me to see your ladyship to your carriage?

[*Exeunt in full chatter.*]

THE DORCHESTER VICTIMS.

Ministers wish to sneak out of this affair, by getting up some half-measure between pardon and punishment. To promise a free pardon after two years good behaviour in the colonies, proves nothing else but that the original punishment was too severe, and that having condemned the men to transportation, those in power did not know how to extricate themselves; but cruelly cut the knot by sending poor Lovelace and his associates out of the country. They talk now about vindicating *the majesty of the laws*—which we fear like other majesties is not good for much, and will not brook a close inspection. Now, however, that Mr. Wakley has awoke from his slumbers, and that the question will occupy the attention of the House of Commons, they are willing to commute with *the majesty of the law* for a sort of half-price punishment. If ever the people get the upper hand, we trust the transportation of the whole Carlton Club will evince the people's opinion and condemnation of the flagitious objects of that Tory Trades Union. But to what country could such a nest of vermin be sent—what shore could they be allowed to curse with their blasting influence. How would the wild beasts of the forest recoil at the hideous Ernest, while some weeping crocodile would fly with horror at the sight of Eldon;—and then the Barings and the Bankes, and the Dundases, what a merciless infliction on a barbarian coast would the wretches be!

MR. ROEBUCK AND THE PRESS.

Mr. Roebuck has put his hand into a hornet's nest by letting his tongue loose upon the stamped newspapers in the House of Commons, on Monday night. It is the fashion among M. P.'s to truckle to the 'gentlemen' of the Press—to compliment and court the inky-fingered aristocracy of the gallery, least in some moment of high dudgeon, Mr. Reporter should 'burke' the Hon. Member's speech, while his wondering constituency were admiring the silence of their representative. With a vengeance Mr. Roebuck has broken the political ice of the Stamp Laws with his bold pamphlet, published last week;—but we take leave to ask

Mr. Roebuck whether the Society for the Diffusion of Moral and Political Knowledge have not taken up a superfluous work? Did not Mr. Penny, the unfortunate publisher of Chancery Lane—did not Mr. Cleave (who still enjoys, and long may he do so, the good fortune of the attempt,) alone, unaided, and single-handed, do, dare, and venture, that which the Society for the Diffusion of Moral and Political Knowledge, have been hesitating, fidgetting, and fearing to do, for the last four years? Away with the humbug of *societies* to instruct the people—when a man, or a boy, can read or write, the best instruction he can find is at his own fire-side. Make information easy of access—give a man his tools by teaching him to read—show him how to use them by instruction when young, and by furnishing him with materials for thought, and he will not fail to till the field and reap the rich harvest which is sure to reward his earnest labours. It is absurd to suppose that a mere pamphlet, a discussion on what has past, not what is doing, can do the work effectually. An actual knowledge of events is the grand substratum of discussion and opinion. A man must *taste* the dish before he can give you a proper opinion of its flavour. A newspaper first, and a pamphlet afterwards—one is the dinner, the other but the salt. We look upon these pamphlets as very honest and very praiseworthy in their small way, but they are after all a beggarly abortion, and *the Society* reminds us of the story in the Arabian Nights—where the Sultana was brought to bed of a *stone* instead of a fine chubby boy! The UNSTAMPED have done their duty nobly, and let no *Society* attempt to pluck the laurel from their brow.

GRAND PARLIAMENTARY TRIUMPH.

Much has been said of the apathy of the present House of Commons, and the utter inutility of the House of Lords; but really we are surprised that so great a libel should have been spoken of them. At all events the report of their proceedings of last Tuesday will fully remove all previous impressions; for on that day both Houses did *their duty* in a manner that proves they have at last come to a knowledge of that which they are fit for. We will copy *verbatim* from the *Morning Herald* the report of what was done by the legislature on Tuesday, and we put it to any of our readers whether the members ever did a day's work better suited to their dispositions, or their intellects. "The Lords yesterday did *nothing*, and the Commons made *no House*." Could any thing be more convincing than this is, of the power of the Collective Wisdom and the right view they take of what it is good for."

THE HELLS.

To the disgrace of our magistracy, these places continue their career of unmitigated swindling, cheating, and rascality. By whom are they supported? By the titled and the pensioned—by the idle, who live upon the profits of the industry of others—by the profligate, who by turns victims and victimisers have the supplies for their abandoned pursuits—and by men reckless alike of fortune, character, credit, and station, who search here for that eager excitement with which the management of the affairs of a great nation, entrusted to their hands, fails to supply them. Our home secretary is too busily employed in fostering elopements, and flirting with pretty women, or sporting his elegant figure in opera boxes, and the ring in Hyde Park; he has too much petty business, too much fiddling of this kind, to attend to the morals of the country, or the police of this vast metropolis, which is placed under his controul, and of which he is, as it were, by virtue of his office, the grand superintendent.

A FEW FACTS.

To be added to Sir R. Phillips' 'Million of Facts.'

It is a fact—that the *Times* has never been bought, and that it is quite uninfluenced by any other *consideration* than patriotism in its present advocacy of the Tories.

It is a fact—that Lord Castlereagh is the son of Lord Londonderry—and that his lordship has a high regard for the Protestant religion, and all other genteel *decencies* of society, not forgetting the *select Vestris*.

It is a fact—that Mr. W. Ord wrote in favour of the ballot, and voted against it.

Ditto—Sir J. Hobhouse.

Ditto—Sir H. Parnell.

It is a fact—that Queen Adelaide is of a most delightful temper—that Lord Howe has no private key—and that King William has not had a black eye for the last fortnight.

It is a fact—that Lady Winchester has left off flannel during the past week.

It is a fact—that Sir J. Key is a man of honour and a gentleman.

It is a fact—that Sir R. Peel was never known to change his mind, except when it suited him.

It is a fact—that *Figaro in London* sells 64,000, weekly.

It is a fact—that Mr. Wakley has spoken—to the speaker—since his election.

GREEN ROOM BON MOT.

"I understand," said Jerrold to Buckstone, "that your new comedy, called 'Good Husbands Make Good Wives,' is a failure." Buckstone looked rather sheepish. "But" added the author of 'Beau Nash,' "how could you be foolish enough to imagine that *good wives* would make *good pieces*?" The author of 'Rural Felicity' disappeared through a grating of an adjacent coal-cellar.

THEATRICALS

Arnold has adopted a new plan; every person who pays for admission, is to receive a *fresh strawberry ice*! So that the bill of the performance runs as follows:

On Monday next,
THE SHE SLEEP WALKER,
After which,
THE FRESH STRAWBERRY ICE,
Followed by
COUSIN JOSEPH,
And to conclude with
A LEMON WATER ICE.

We are afraid, however, that having limited his generosity to those who pay for admission, Mr. Arnold will not melt much cash in the purchase of his ices.

Buckstone's "Good Husbands make Good Wives," was performed to a select audience on Thursday, June 11. It is not the most successful of the author's efforts, and reads better than it acts. There were two or three situations which bordered rather on *too broad farce*, and would have been more suitable to the dainty audiences of the Queen's Theatre, and the distinguished parties who fill the private boxes to view the combination of 'beauty and talent' at that theatre. Morris will lose by his theatre this year to a heavy tune—he is getting too old and quackish for a Manager. Why did he not accept Vestris' offer?

Mrs. Honey has been acting Tom Tug at the Queen's. There was very little of the *scull*, and a good deal of the oar in the performance. We dare say there is a heavy pull upon somebody for these fancies. It does one good to see Mrs. Honey driving a cab, with a tiger, along the streets. No one knows whose cab it is, and it looks so dashing, and—so *very respectable*.

Angelo, at the Victoria, is a splendid drama, and Mrs. Selby shews great merit and judgement in her acting of Thisbe (Madlle. Mars' character on the French stage). The whole drama abounds in original situations and interest of the highest order. It will tell well for the new management.

The 'Roof Scrambler, or Molly Brown a Greasy-Roader over the Tiles,' is a capital burlesque of 'La Somoambula,' and poor Malibran must yield the palm in excellence to Mitchell, whose maiden delicacy, unrivalled emphasis, and unparalleled excellence in the part, must inevitably insure him an engagement as Prima Donna for the next Opera season. Rogers' caricature of Rubini is an exquisite parody of that fine singer's personal appearance, and his scena, 'No, nor think that I will floor thee,' will, in all probability, occasion Templeton's retirement from the stage.

Fidelio, at Covent Garden, is a failure in every thing but Malibran's singing. The chorus was execrable; and Templeton where he should have filled out his voice in feeling tones, broke out into a most unmusical bellow. He should avoid this, for we think him the best English singer on the stage.

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The first pamphlet, "on the means of conveying information to the people," was published last Saturday.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

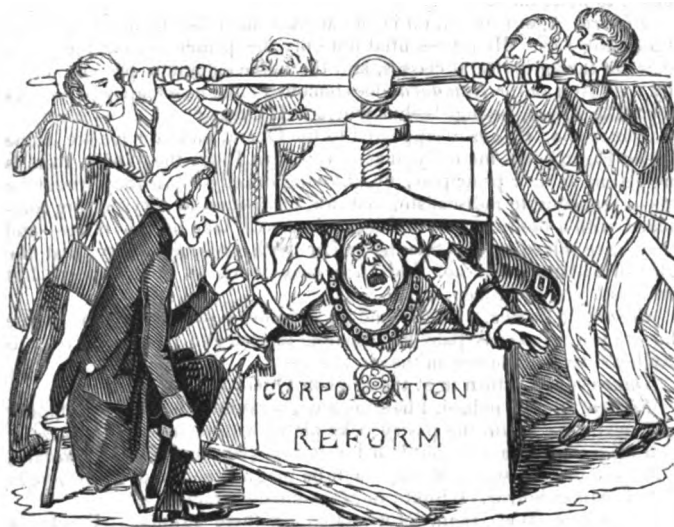
"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 186.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1835.

[Price One Penny.]

CRUELTY TO AN ALDERMAN.



It is our painful duty to announce that a gross and outrageous assault has been committed, during the past week, on that worthy and well-known civic dignitary, Mr. Alderman Gobble. As far as we can collect from the worthy alderman's own account of the transaction, it was as follows:—About a month ago he was called upon by three or four persons, calling themselves commissioners, to give an account of his property, both what was really his own, and what he considered almost as good as his own, from having had the sole controul over it so long. These fellows behaved in a very unhandsome manner to him, they found fault with his wines, his dinners, his servants, his houses, his gardens, and his whole establishment—nay, one of them went so far as to accuse him of

embezzling other people's money to keep himself in champagne, venison, and rose-water; however, they went away after a good deal of grumbling, and he thought he should hear no more of it. The other night, however, as he was walking down by Westminster Bridge, he was suddenly seized by half-a-dozen sallow fellows, dragged into a dark room, and actually put UNDER A PRESS, and squeezed almost into AN ANATOMY. (The worthy alderman, indeed, looked much thinner.) He said that the squeezing and compression was not so bad as the palavering speeches which they made to him all the while—telling him that it was for his good, and that they were his friends—that they thought him too stout to be healthy, and that a little thinning would make him more active and sprightly. The more he roared, the better they seemed to like it, and they scoffed and flouted him, asking him whether he liked turtle, and whether there was any hard work in swan-hopping—and all such insolent questions. At last they let him go, but one mischievous fellow, with a most moving nose, gently insinuated that in about a fortnight he should be happy to have another turn with the alderman. And then they kicked him out of the house, contemptuously, as if he had never been a magistrate, or worn the furred robe of a civic dignity. This affair has excited a great sensation in the city, and the funds have fallen three farthings in consequence.

INTERPRETER.

Cruelty to Animals.

"Several ladies having expressed a wish to reward humane drivers, a book is opened for subscriptions, &c."—*Morning Paper.*

These sort of things are the great follies of the age. Lambs with blue ribbons round their necks, and carriages to carry them to the butcher's, are daily to be seen in the streets—the contrivances of cunning rogues, who get hold of foolish women and finger the charitable cash, as Secretaries and Inspectors of Humanity Societies.

Printed by G. Cowie, 13, Newcastle-street, Strand.

ties. The fellow feeling for asses is not wonderful; but we sicken with disgust at the hypocrisy of a countess, who thinks nothing of keeping her coachman and footman out of their beds all night, while she is pursuing her pleasures—and then, in the morning, sentimentalises in a sickly tone, over the sufferings of some unlucky Tom Cat, who has lost his tail in his anxiety to reach the object of his affectionate moll-rowings. While men and women are starving, while there is a child crying for bread, how odious, how disgusting is it to read these puling speeches about false humanity. To live upon rump-steaks, and sigh for the sufferings of oxen is equally hypocritical with the conduct of the swell mob, who go to chapels for the sake of picking the pockets of pious old ladies. Butchers in white kid gloves, and drovers with velvet waistcoats, nosegays in their button-holes, and gold-headed canes, will soon be among the dainty monstrosities of this dandy period.

Margate Extortion!

"The 'Duke of Sussex' steamer, and 'The Princess Victoria' steamer, charge only two shillings for each person conveyed by them from London to Margate, and out of this the proprietors have to pay *one shilling and threepence pier duty*! for each person embarking and landing."—*Morning Advertiser*.

The greediness and extortion of the Margate Pier Company has nearly ruined the town. When they got the fifteen-penny tax allowed to them by Act of Parliament, the power of steam, and the reduction-influence of competition had not been fully developed. *Ninepence* to Margate! that is to say, *one penny* for each ten miles, and *fifteen pence* for the privilege of landing only; after which commences the usual lodging house robbery. We do not wonder that people prefer Herne Bay and Gravesend. Surely one of the M. P.'s for Kent should see to this. A mere allusion in the House of Commons to the subject, would have the effect of bringing the firm of shareholders to their senses; if not, an Act of Parliament to build a Steam Packet Pier, would be carried by acclamation, and would soon clear its expenses. Let us see the effect:

For five shillings a man and his wife might leave London on Sunday, sleep at Margate, and return on Monday, provided they carried with them their provisions: and how many a man squanders away twice as much without an equal share of rational enjoyment. When the steam boats are full, the gin shops are empty. Amusement and recreation can and should be made cheap, and England once more should be a happy, as well as a hard working country.

The Swell Mob.

"Robberies in Omnibusses. Persons riding in omnibusses cannot be too careful of their pockets. A gang of the swell mob thieves, both male and female, have lately adopted the system of getting into omnibusses, and when the vehicle becomes crowded, practicing their calling with much success."—*Morning Herald*.

What with mad dogs, atrocious cab-drivers, omnibusses, and the 'swell mob,' the editor of the 'Morning Herald' is almost driven out of his senses. We are sorry, however, that D'Orsay and Chesterfield cannot be quiet, but must ride about in omnibusses and rob poor old ladies of their sixpences. It is really too bad.

Whig Reformers.

"The Attorney General observed that if lodgers were permitted to vote, it would let in journeymen mechanics and servants, which would be highly objectionable."—*Debate on Corporation Reform*.

These Whig Reformers are ever on the fear lest they should do too much. Why should not journeymen and mechanics have a voice in the election of their representatives? Do they not pay the taxes? Who that has noticed the great improvement in the habits, manners, and morals of the working classes of the community can deny that they are qualified calmly and dispassionately to weigh the merits of a candidate, and choose a fit and proper person to represent them in parliament. But say the Tory-Whigs, we must draw the line somewhere! Granted—let their *IGNORANCE* be the disqualification. Every man who can read and write can judge of public events, and, therefore, is entitled to a vote.

FIGARO AT HOME.

Scene—A quiet corner at Bellamy's

FIGARO, DUNCOMBE, D'ORSAY.

Duncombe. Just put in a good word for her.

Figaro. I cannot write theatricals to-day, there is nothing to write about; shall we go to the Haymarket?

D'Orsay. God forbid—the women are all old, and the men all sticks.

Duncombe. Anderson singing Captain Macheath, and looking as if he had just stepped off a gibbet into a Monmouth Street suit of ready made second-hand, Epping Forest, cockney-looking coat and boots.

D'Orsay. I am for the Opera.

Figaro. Where you sit all night scratching your whiskers, opposite to the stout old lady with a red face, and looking like the sign of a coffee-shop.

Duncombe. Never mind him, D'Orsay, he gets his living by saying sharp things, and would quiz his grandmother for a guinea a week. Have you seen the caricature of Rubini at the Victoria?

D'Orsay. Very clever indeed—but you English are too broad, too exaggerated even in burlesque, there appears to me no repose, and consequently no fine contrast, no shades of feeling in your acting. It is all stamp, rave, and roar—now on our stage a whisper is made effective—a shrug sharpens a bon-mot—and a mere fidgeting of the fingers shows the testiness and fretfulness of the character, without that constant bustle which all your actors carry into every character.

Duncombe. And yet our actors excite the attention, and create more emotion than yours; there is too much monotony and mannerism to me in the French stage.

Figaro. The fact is, that our English actors are always in too much of a hurry. But do not talk of theatres, it puts me in mind of business, and I do most thoroughly hate work—Poor Cobbett.

Duncombe. Poor Cobbett, indeed; it is bad enough to die, but to have your 'life' published before the breath is out of your body is, indeed, deplorable. Why, sir, one would have supposed on seeing "THE LIFE OF COBBETT, written by himself, price twopence," that still in his ashes lived their wonted fire, and that his ghost had set down to write immediately on his liberation from this earthly world.

Figaro. Ages may roll on before another man like Cobbett shall rise up amongst us. He represented not only the principles, but the prejudices of the agricultural classes, and the noble eulogium passed on him by the editor of the *Standard*, does honour to the newspaper press. As for 'The Times,'—faugh!—but where is D'Orsay?

Duncombe. He has disappeared to the Opera, and now we are alone friend Figaro—let me tell you seriously, now I hate the Whigs, there is no getting at their principles, no knowing exactly what they would be at—a tendency to radicalism, and an inclination to toryism, are combined with a desire to do nothing—they will take off no taxes—and they have mixed up the Spanish affair with such a medley, that the British battalion will not find such easy work as they expect; but zounds! you are asleep.

Figaro. (Yawns.) I can't endure speeches; pray go down to the house, the Speaker is paid for listening to you, and I will drive over to Astley's, to see Ducrow in the circle.

Duncombe. Or turn in at the English Opera to take an ice.

Figaro. Not I, indeed, I hate such degradation; the actors I suppose will next carry about the pastrycooks plates with their painted faces; it is a disgrace to the art; but I shall certainly patronize *Der Freischütz*, got up in the old style; Philips will be magnificent, and then there is that facetious horror, O. Smith in his original character.

Duncombe. Well, then, let us march off there at once. Poulter is making a speech about locking up cocks and hens on Sundays, during divine service; and he always takes two hours; so we shall have time to hear a couple of songs. [Exeunt.]

SHOCKING ACCIDENTS.

As Lord Winchester was walking along Cheapside, on Tuesday, a contumacious cabman, who was not aware of his lordship's dignity, by some accident inserted the off-wheel of his vehicle into his lordship's waistcoat pocket.

We regret to say that as his majesty's carriage was coming out

of the gateway of Apsley-house, on Thursday last, one of the horses slipped out in making a sharp turn, and put his tongue out.

On Friday evening, as Lord Ellenborough and the Duke of Cumberland were returning from a visit to the cook and laundry-maid of a certain house in Connaught Terrace, they were stopped by a policeman. His serene Royal Highness escaped by jumping into a cab, but it is with extreme pain that we have to inform our readers that his lordship was locked up for the night, and that his hair has been considerably out of curl in consequence.

SUSPECTED SUICIDE.—On Thursday, about half-past six in the evening, a respectable looking man about forty years of age, walked into the coffee-room of the Golden-cross, Charing-cross, and after conversing cheerfully with the waiter, ordered a rump steak and a bottle of port, which he despatched with great gravity—a glass of brandy and water followed, and then the stranger, with great presence of mind, ordered a bed; on being conducted to his chamber, he ordered the waiter to bring him up a razor, on receiving which, he retired to the end of the apartment, and standing opposite to the looking glass, he deliberately cut his—corns.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—An inquest was held at the Cat and Fiddle, Smith-street, Addlehead-close, before Mr. Buggins and a jury, on the body of a joke, which was found lying dead in the neighbourhood of the Mansion-house. A number of witnesses attended to prove that it could not have been Lord Winchester's, he never having been guilty of a joke in his life. The jury were compelled, therefore, in the absence of proof, to return a verdict of 'Found Dead.' Strong suspicion attaches to young Hobler.

THE LORD MAYOR AND THE STEAM-BOATS.

Lord Winchester has declared his intention of going down the Thames, in person, on Monday, by way of checking the murderous 'velocity of the wessels.' It is expected that there will be a *very great swell* on the water on that day.

To prevent accidents, and in case the blaze of his lordship's glory should set the Thames on fire, the various fire engines are to be stationed on the banks in readiness to play upon the river.

PEOPLE'S POLICE REPORTS.

Queer Street.—Saturday.

LOSS OF HIS MAJESTY'S BREECHES

A shrewish looking, sharp-visaged, middle aged woman, was brought before Sir Benjamin Beak, charged with feloniously abstracting, 'and otherwise illusing the breeches of a wealthy and respectable old publican named William King, residing at Windsor, and keeping the Castle tavern at that place.

It appears that the old gentleman, who bears a strong resemblance to our beloved sovereign, and is therefore known by the nickname of "King William," was going out on Thursday last to the races at Ascot Heath, with a party of friends who had met at his house for the occasion. The defendant, however, with whom he had cohabited for many years, and who therefore considered herself entitled to rule the roast, objected to Mr. King's going out, and thought to ensure his stay by secretly abstracting from under the royal head the 'no-we-never-mention-ems' alluded to in the charge.

Well, woman, said the magistrate, what have you to say to the charge?

'Please your worship, I wanted to wear the breeches myself, said the lady, putting her arms a kimbo, and throwing herself into a scolding attitude, and 'who has a better right to do so, than a man's own true and lawful wife.'

Mr. King, however, denied the right to the honours of matrimony; he said she was a German-broom-girl, whom he regretted to say he picked up in his travels; that he took her out of a miserable shed from

her frowsy companions, and placed her in a comfortable house; from that time he had known no happiness or comfort—she kept up a perpetual worry in the family, and like a flash of lightning, was always fidgetting and flying about everywhere teasing and mischief-making, and interfering with every body's business. As for himself, she would not let him drink a bottle of wine, but served out sour swipes to him and his friends, and saved all the best cognac to give to a low fellow named How, who called himself a lord, but was generally thought to be an ex-policeman out of luck.

This unlucky observation so irritated the lady, that she took off one of her wooden shoes and flung at Billy King's head, when two of the officers forcibly removed her screaming and kicking from this office.

Mr. W. King said, that his object was to get rid of her; the fact was, he had an invitation to dine with Duke Humphrey on the Thursday, and not being able to get his breeches, he was obliged to ride up to London in his tax-cart, in Highland costume. He suggested to the magistrate that a mild punishment would answer the purpose, and be a caution to his old lady.

The magistrate sentenced the defendant to solitary confinement, and three perusals of Mr. Roebuck's last pamphlet; but at the request of Mr. King and his friends, he mitigated it to listening to one speech of Mr. Praed's.

MYSTERIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

(Dropped by the Editor of the MORNING POST.)

A certain lady of distinguished rank has rather a singular fancy to what is called 'duffing'—she carries about pretended cashmere shawls in the disguise of a female smuggler, and has succeeded in tricking several ladies of high rank out of dresses and trinkets. The lady of a distinguished legal functionary was a severe sufferer last week.

Lady P. . . . D. . . K. . . has, it is said, lost her heart to a certain distinguished foreigner.

Lady Barbara Billingsgate has lost a tooth.

EXTRAORDINARY OUTRAGE.

Great excitement was created at the Opera-house, a few nights since, by the unexpected appearance of a distinguished party of bum-bailiffs in one of the boxes. No sooner were they recognized than the whole house rose and called for the copy of a writ, which having been duly endorsed by the leader of the band, was handed over by M. Laporte, on a silver salver, to Signora Grisi, who came forward and sang the well-known favourite air of "Run, neighbours, run," which was loudly chorused by the whole audience.—Count Maurice Never Leave-ye, then came forward to the front of the box, dressed in a beautiful French brown coat, with elegantly out steel buttons, flame-coloured breeches, and crush hat—taking a glass of champagne in his left hand, and putting his little finger out to show his ring, the insinuating Count addressed the assembled fashionables, and said, pon his honour he varn't there on business, but only as a private gentleman. (Enthusiastic cheers.) However, as the house had done him the honour to recognize him in his official capacity, he would go through the 'double shuffle' and show off the regular 'touch and go' system, for which he was so distinguished. Then taking out of his waistcoat pocket a small parchment, he presented it to the Honourable Mr. Nowell, who immediately threw a somerset, after the manner of Signor Paulo, of whom he was a pupil, and then prostrating himself at the feet of Count Maurice, offered him a cognovit, which the Count graciously accepted, and the farce concluded amidst loud applause. The Count and the Honourable then threw themselves on three chairs, ordered three bottles of champagne, by way of being genteel, and retired into private life behind the curtain of the

box. The Honourable Mr. Nowell must be known to most of our professional readers as 'the gentleman in black,' in elegant tights and black velvet coat. We are requested to state that a repetition of the performance will take place on Saturday next.

Gentlemen's Fashions for the Month.

Dropped by the Editor of a Magazine.

Morning Dress—Striped shirt, ancle jacks, round hat, and cigar.

Evening Dress—Dickie and wristbands; high lows; velvet breeches; white stockings.

Several of our distinguished elegantes make use of a black eye at this period, which certainly gives a look of *finish* to the contour of the countenance.

A bathing costume of singular elegance has been invented by the celebrated and fashionable costermonger, Timothy Twist'em. It consists of a flesh coloured suit, elegantly garnished with a plaster of mud, and turned up with a couple of bladders. This is quite the rage at Brighton.

THEATRICALS.

Her Majesty's visit to see '*Fidelio*' will do very little towards the benefit of Bunn's pocket—he has evidently made a mistake, and had better have continued honestly to lose a small sum by his actors according to agreement, than to waste hundreds in hiring foreigners to sing to empty benches. In fact, we may take upon ourselves to say, that there is not at present any one theatre in London, which as a theatre, clears its expenses. At the Haymarket, poor Haines is the great star, and Morris has the laugh at Buckstone's jokes all to himself. At the English Opera, Miss Romer twists and twirls herself and her voice about in all directions, but there's nobody coming to woo! The real water at Sadler's Wells, is superseded by the gin and water of White-Conduit House. The Victoria and Surrey cut each other's throats, and even 'Angelo,' which is first-rate, and Mrs. Selby, whose *Thisbe* is really excellent, are not competent to attract a crowded audience. The Queen's Theatre, the coolest theatre in London, is not overburdened with audiences; and who ever heard of the Garrick having more than two orders and a check-taker in the pit. Such is the state of theatricals at present, such it will remain until the winter season.

Braham and Yates are getting up a Mummery at the Colosseum. It is to be a kind of Ranelagh, but from all we can hear it will be very dull. Braham is to sing. People do hint that Braham is the celebrated Wandering Jew, and we suspect something of the sort—he never appears to grow older, and is always singing away as well as ever.

Is the Strand Theatre to be licensed this year? If not, we think the favour shown to Braham and Yates will be an unfair preference. The Adelphi, we suppose, will fetch the 34,000*l.* asked for it, but Davidge if he succeeds in raising the money will not make it answer; trickery and clap-trap may tell for awhile, but Yates brought judgment and taste to bear upon it, and was thus enabled to support an extensive establishment and realise a splendid fortune. In our opinion, after Yates, Buckstone would be the manager best suited to the Adelphi.

NOTICE.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 187.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1835.

(Price One Penny.)

ASSISTING THE CHURCH



The pious Seymour will be immortalized as a second Luther—See how by a few strokes of his satiric pencil, he lays before the world the essence of the Irish Church Question, while our legislators have been beating about the bush on that very question during the last six months. Long, too long, have the heavenward aspirations of the Irish Bishops been tied and bound down to the grossness of earth and sensual desire, by the weight of worldly pelf, which they have been obliged to carry with them. But now they

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may rejoice at their liberation from the sin that doth so easily beset them, and set about seeking that godliness which 'is a great gain,' not in a worldly but a heavenly point of view. But how unwillingly do the venerable Bishops, and right reverend Deans, and very reverend Archdeacons, appear to separate themselves, from unhallowing lucre—still, still they cling to it, even through the blood and slaughter of a Rathcormac. The all-subduing Seymour, however, appears to us to have given the *coup-de-grace* to the system, by this his noblest effort in his country's cause. But what will Ireland do without her protestant parsons? to whom will she look for that melting charity, that constant placability, that unbiassed justice which Irish clerical magistrates were in the habit of distributing? We wonder how our holy religion will prosper and advance without the fat livings and gorgeous benefices of the Irish Episcopacy. How dolefully will the reverend Mr. Tithem groan at being compelled either to give up his living, or preach to his parishioners; and how must the fat old rectors of England tremble and shake in their arm-chairs, as they sit concocting a Sunday Sermon after the second bottle of port, at the near approach of their own fate. Already has the proud farmer learnt by the change of times, not to think too much of himself; already have the sons at college, and the daughters at boarding-school been recalled to the field and to the kitchen, and soon will the rector be forced to do his duty, and compelled to make himself respectable previous to requiring respect. The great day of the people is at hand—The Sun of Reform is already rising.

INTERPRETER.

The Dorsetshire Labourers.

"He had ordered that at the end of a very short time—namely, as soon as the men had been two years abroad—four of them should be at full liberty to return to England. If in addition to what he had already done in the case of these men, he should advise the Crown to grant a full and entire remission of the whole sentence, the effect would be that the original punishment would be considered illegal."—Lord J. Russell.

Printed by G. Cowie, 13, Newcastle-street, Strand.

Is not this commutation of the original sentence a virtual acknowledgment that they have been wrongfully condemned, and ought any false shame to prevent Lord J. Russell from granting that justice which is acknowledged to be the right of these injured individuals by men of all parties.—When punishments are awarded, not for the offence committed, but according to the circumstances of the time and the working of certain political ends, the purity of justice is poisoned at the fountain head, the province of a jury is invaded, and the judge becomes, not the instrument of justice, but the tool of the crown.—These men were found guilty of administering unlawful oaths; but would such a heavy sentence have been passed upon them for a breach “of an unknown law, enacted for another object,” had it not been for the fear entertained by the Whigs and Tories that the co-operation of the Working Classes in their Trades Unions, would teach the people the secret of their own strength, and then farewell to all monopolies of wealth and aristocracy.—Thus then, not for their own crimes, but for the fear of others, were the Dorsetshire labourers torn from their homes, and an injustice having been once committed, Lord J. Russell chooses to be consistent in doing wrong.—Had these poor fellows been gentlemen indeed—had they been members of Conservative Clubs, or Orange Lodges, then indeed some mercy would have been felt, some consideration would have been shewn to them. But who can expect that the wealthy Whigs or fat-pensioned Tories could feel any compassion for a labourer who only earns six shillings a week?

Without Foundation.

A statement having appeared to the effect, that in consequence of Mrs. De Lacy Evans's intended departure for the South of France, and Colonel Evans to the north of Spain, “their house in Bryanston-square is to be let,” we are requested to mention that there is no foundation whatever for this latter statement, or for the inference from it that their absence was intended to be of a prolonged duration.

The gallant Colonel expects it seems to make rather short work of it in Spain; feeling as if he has merely got to go over and thrash the Carlists, and toddle home again. We hope he will find it so, and at all events, his activity proves that he does not deserve the title of *the Lazy Evans* into which his name of De Lacy Evans has been corrupted by the envious. By the bye, the paragraph above savours rather of the illiberal, for after speaking of the Colonel's house, it declares there is *no foundation for it*. If so, the house of the Spanish Commander must be in a precious condition, and the sooner he sets out the better. We have heard of houses with rotten foundations (the Parliament to wit) but a house with no foundation at all is a novelty in the science of building, for which we were not prepared.

Humanity of Churchwardens.

A case of extraordinary inhumanity was the other day brought forward at the Thames Police Office, in which it was stated, that for the want of three shillings a poor woman was forced to keep in the room with her starving family, the putrid corpse of a child, of which she was unable to pay for the burial. We have long been tired of talking of the humanity of Churchwardens, the vile creatures who fill the office consisting generally of those heartless wretches, of whom so many abound in the class known as *comfortable shopkeepers*. Whether in the select or in the open vestries the barbarity of parochial officers in general seems to be equal, and it arises from the want of education and enlightenment, which keeps them in a state of degraded selfishness, feeling themselves perfectly satisfied so long as all their personal wants are satisfied. It is utterly ridiculous to talk for one moment of any hope of working on the feelings of those obtuse wretches, but we do insist that there should be some most severe punishment for the tyrannical and obstinate cruelty towards the poor of those who act in any official parochial capacity. The newspapers very injudiciously suppress the name of this barbarian, who is the Churchwarden of Ratcliff, and whom, if we knew by name, we would fearlessly brand as a stain upon the face of society.

Freaks of a Lunatic.

“The Broadway, Westminster, was on Sunday morning, during the hours of divine service, thrown into a complete state of uproar, in consequence of an eccentric individual, a man of considerable property, having taken it into his head to open a butcher's shop. Owing to his literally giving away the meat, the shop and the carriage-way in front were crowded with a dense multitude, anxious to obtain a Sunday dinner, and being only a door or two from a great gin palace, “confusion became worse confounded;” but it was at last put a stop to by the lunatic proprietor ordering a very handsome phaeton, into which he crammed the meat of which he had not disposed, and drove off to his country seat, in order to present it to the villagers.”—The above paragraph has excited no little curiosity in our minds, and a decided avidity to know who the rich individual could be that thought it *meet* to start butcher, and who claiming the merit of benevolence in giving away joints, seems resolved to *stand* upon his legs of mutton for his character as a philanthropist.—It is seldom we hear of a rich man finding food for the poor, though taking it away is an accomplishment in which they have long excelled. We have been at some pains to discover who this facetious dispenser of the fleshy food could possibly be, and we have in turns thought of various individuals, but as yet have fixed on none decidedly. When we heard he was a lunatic, we very reluctantly thought at once of the Marquis of Londonderry, but his butchering propensities made us rather turn our ideas to the Duke of Cumberland.—However, when we came to consider that *benevolence* was the great motive to the act, it was quite impossible that we could have for one moment entertained a feeling *personal* to either of those noblemen.

A REAL PENNY-A-LINE PARAGRAPH.

Remarkable instance of Virtue in Humble Life.

The other morning as Lord Ellenborough was crossing the road from St. Giles' (where his lordship had slept on the evening preceding) an omnibus driven by the celebrated Conky Arthur rushed furiously across his path, and his elegant lordship would have been infallibly crushed to death, had not a valorous crossing sweeper seized him by the hair, and dragged him from the dangerous vicinity of the enraged vehicle. His lordship, who well knows his own value, generously tendered a shilling to the preserver of his life, which the honest Jack Rag indignantly refused, saying that he knew his lordship, and how he got his living, and no one should ever say that Jem Cleav'em ever fingered a shilling of his country's money. The noble lord was so annoyed at this reproof, that he sneaked off to the nearest cab stand, and spent the shilling in a rattle homewards.

MR. ROEBUCK AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

As we foretold, Mr. Roebuck has brought all the hornets of the press buzzing about his ears. A martial blast resounds from Printing house Square to Kensington, and Captains and Colonels, and Knights in Arms came rushing to the Pamphleteer demanding satisfaction. The newspapers appeared inclined to take advantage of the Order in Council suspending the Foreign Enlistment Bill, and to raise subsidies to repress this foray on their privileged ground of abuse.—Only to think that any sacrilegious hand should dare to break the nose of ‘*the Times*,’ or accuse the immaculate purity of *the Post*, or laugh at *the Chronicle*, or quiz *the Advertiser*! Nay, even *the Public Ledger*, a poor little dull dirty thing, which stinks of tallow, and ‘sales by the candle,’ thought it neces-

easy to flare-up; and accordingly the gallant editor of that hitherto unheard-of diurnal, chivalrously wrote a letter to Mr. Roebuck, and valorously put his name at the foot of it! Mr. Roebuck commits many mistakes, and too often but reflects the prejudices of the class into which he has worked himself; but he goes vigorously and honestly on with his task, and deserves support. At the same time we beg leave to inform Mr. Roebuck, that his continuous succession of Weekly Pamphlets come under the denomination of a Newspaper, by one of the Six Acts; and that he is liable to the caprice of the Stamp Office as to being sued for the heavy penalties inflicted by those odious enactments. How long will the ruin or fortune of individuals be left dependent on the will of subordinates who owe their places originally to some dirty baseness done for the Tory party when in power. We have seen in our own experience, energy, talent, industry, all paralysed; and conduct, character and credit all rendered vain by the blasting influence of these petty tools of Tory tyranny, who were allowed to remain in their places by the foolish kindness of the Whigs. One word to Mr. Roebuck, the joke at the expence of the reciprocal newspaper abuse, which he seems to consider a serious fact, and the authorship of which he attributes to '*The Twopenny Dispatch*,' was originally published in FIGARO IN LONDON, and accidentally copied into that paper, without acknowledgement.

CITY POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

The gentleman who doctors up the Mansion-house reports for the daily newspapers, has contrived to infuse a portion of common sense and good English into the sapient *dicta* of the civic functionaries, so much that the magisterial wisdom has been supposed to be some way or other tied round with the chain of a Lord Mayor, and the justice-room is the Barataria where true judgment appears to be dispensed by each successive city Sancho. Unfortunately however, for the reputation of a Winchester, the truth will sometimes force its way out, and an indefatigable correspondent, to whom we are under many obligations, has furnished us with a verbatim report of what took place one morning last week.

Last Thursday, Mr. Ikey Solomon was charged before the Lord Mayor with defrauding Thomas Williams of a £5 note. The condescension of his lordship was particularly marked on this occasion, for as the prisoner was placed at the bar, his worship exclaimed in pure Billingsgate dialect—"Oh crikey, is that you, you'll get lagged some day or 'tother, old cove." The prisoner bowed at this compliment, which was much applauded by Mr. Hobler, (as a matter of course.)

Lord Mayor—"Well, old cock, what's this cove limboosed for."

Thomas Williams—"Please your vorship, this chap

Lord Mayor—"Stop there, complainant—This gentleman."

Thomas Williams—"Vell, this gemman asks of me if I should be a liking to have a pot of summat snug. You know your vorship that e met me yisterday in Cow Cross-street. So ve vent to the Lord Mayor's Head."

Lord Mayor—"I say, my old crony, we must gramp you for that disrespect of our court. I'll tell you if you come at me, I'll go at you; so beware old boy."

Thomas Williams—"Vell, your vorship, I never meant no wrong. So as we dropt our tin for the pot, I was a little fusticated. I shoves my morley into my gropus, and so help me tatur, as sure as wallnuts arnt prostitutes, my dibs and paper all started. Say's I to this here cove, now this is wery unansome. Says he blow me if I've as much as looked at the money. So I tells the land-lord, as to get an hoffer and presently in comes this gentleman, this G 28."

Lord Mayor—"Oh my old cove is that you—(to the officer)

Thomas Williams—"So I gives this gemman in charge, and the hoffer tells me he is one of the "reg'lars."

Lord Mayor—"Concise istory, well Hikey, what say you old covey."

Ikey Solomon—"May I never exist till I have pickt another gentleman's pocket, if I ever touched that young gentleman's money."

Lord Mayor—"Vell Mr. Williams, you sees how this charge of yours is met, there must be a lie somewhere, but I recommend that you withdraw, and settle the matter yourselves, by Mr. Williams paying the costs and treating Mr. Solomon with a drop of summat short, and £5 not to proceed further. His lordship shook hands with Mr. Solomon, and sent his compliments to his lady."

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday, 19th June, 1835.

The panic caused in the Money Market by a most extraordinary glut, and the necessary depreciation of Wapping Bonds, and Cheapside Securities, has in some degree subsided, and the market is growing gradually more healthy. We may quote Wapping Bonds at $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$. Hampstead Road newspapers of the 2nd January, to the eighth inclusive, have been received, but contain little intelligence of public interest. The new settlers in *Mornington*, are perfectly satisfied with the natives. It is expected that the Rev. Robert Taylor will be the new bishop, but the expected change in our government makes the matter very uncertain.

We were highly delighted with receiving the first newspaper printed in Clapham, called "*The Mercurie*." It supports the existing government, and mentions the arrival of Admiral Fireland.

The Lambeth papers are still due.

Prices of Shares &c., Friday, 19th June.

Tower Hill mining.	. . . $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	Hampstead Road Securities.	2½
Cheapside canal.	. . . $1\frac{1}{2}$	Somers Town.	do. 2½
America Square Bonds.	. . . 2½	Lambeth.	do. 2½
Cutlar's Street.	. . . 72		

BREVITIES.

Ever on the Watch.

We are requested to state that the gold watch stolen from the Atheneum in the course of last week, was not stolen from the office of the periodical of that name, as such a thing as a *gold watch* was never seen in the seedy pockets of any one connected with that hum-drum establishment.

Give the devil his due

It is extremely unjust to deny to Lord Londonderry, whatever may be his political conduct, the credit of valour in the field. To our personal knowledge he had a firm encounter the other day, with a blue bottle in one of his own fields, and with extraordinary bravery, looked a blind donkey in the face for upwards of five minutes.

Forlorn hope

When the King heard that Colonel Evans was very gallant in the field, and had led five forlorn hopes, the royal intellect was so thoroughly muddled that he could only exclaim "*Good Evans, (heavens)*" and fell into the open arms of an adjacent house-maid.

Another

His Majesty on being told that the gallant Colonel Evans had been successful in no less than *five forlorn hopes*, instantly expressed a desire to have an audience of the valiant Colonel, and on his being presented sheepishly expressed a wish that he (Evans,) would lead one more *forlorn hope*. "I want your gracious explanation," was the hero's reply, "Why, upon my soul," said the King, "the most forlorn hope I ever knew is to mend the temper of my wife Adelaide." The Colonel respectfully declared that such a *hope* was much *too forlorn*, and declared he would rather encounter a regiment of cossacks, than attempt to subdue a single white serjeant. The King was greatly affected by this, but Sir Herbert Taylor restored the royal confidence by allowing the royal jaws to have a lengthy suck of a delicious lollipop!

PEOPLE'S POLICE REPORTS.

Ernest Cumberland, a ferocious looking personage, between sixty and seventy, attended before Mr. Justice Beak to complain of the loss of his character. The complainant stated that his character was of no value to any one but himself, having been worn threadbare through constant use, but at the same time he did not see why he should be robbed without an attempt at reparation. The magistrate enquired how it happened that any one had thought it worth their trouble to steal any thing so apparently worthless. The complainant replied that he did not know, except it was a certain low fellow called Barnes, that drove the 'Times' omnibus, and who having lost his own character, thought a bad one was better than nothing. He said that he had been in Barnes' company, the other day, at the club, and that he had strong suspicions. The magistrate directed a search warrant to be issued.

THEATRICALS.

The past week has been dull enough in this way. Drury Lane is opened about once a month with 'Masaniello,' by way of novelty, and Covent Garden alternating between 'Fidelio' and 'La Sonnambola.' The English Opera has dropped the ices, and we understand, gives *sub rosa* goes of brandy, by way of substitute, for the weather has now become so provokingly cool, that as no one

"Can hold burning fire in his hand
By thinking of the frosty Caucasus."

So, on the other hand, nobody can keep himself warm by looking upon poor Wilson's nose, though it does appear like a red hot heater ready to pop into a tea urn. We wonder in the cold weather that Wilson (clever as he really is) does not find himself frequently greeted with an involuntary hiss, for anything red hot, like Wilson's nose, thrust suddenly into anything cold, (like a bad house) will create a hissing sound as every body who knows it must understand perfectly.

Poor Morris is giving a series of select evening parties, for which he issues invitations in the shape of orders for the Haymarket, but they seldom muster in greater numbers than about twenty in an evening.

There are many clever points in Buckstone's performance of Paul Pry. He has conquered the great disadvantage of putting on, as it were, the second-hand character and cast off clothes of another actor, and has made it an original character of his own. Every other performer since Liston, has made a failure in Paul Pry; the rich, overflowing humour of John Reeve was too unsubdued and riotous to represent a humourist; and the restless vivacity of Harley caused Mr. Pry to appear rather more fidgety than inquisitive. Buckstone's Paul Pry is an old maid in petticoats; of an enquiring and insinuating disposition, watching a secret as a cat watches a mouse, and seeking after knowledge of other people's business in holes and corners, and out-houses.

Mrs. Nisbett's theatre, is we believe, tolerably well, and there is a new piece called 'Cupid in London,' playing there, in which Mrs. Honey enacts the part of Psyche, or *Phyllis*, as we once heard an eminent gem of the *Tory party* render this classical appellation. Selby's 'Married Rake' is the best thing they have done at this house, but such productions have been a great deal kept back by the lucubrations of a set of small paragraphing cads to stupid journals, who attempt to thrust their pieces on the management by promising bribes in the shape of puffs, which, by the bye, not being sanctioned by the proprietors of the journals, is a right down swindle of their employers, and nothing short of it. There is a journal not far from our office which is considerably victimised in this way, and as its respectability is involved, we warn the proprietors, that they have hirelings who resort to these practices. We need not mention names, but we warn the party in question, that his name shall come out if he continues to resort to these unjustifiable means of folsting his trash upon the various theatres in the metropolis. This person, finding Selby's clever pieces stand in the way of the production of his own twaddle, has the vulgar and unmanly audacity to wreak his low vengeance, not on Mr. Selby, oh no! there might be a return *from that quarter*, but on Mrs. Selby's unrivalled and splendid performance of Thisbe in the celebrated piece of 'Angelo,' now playing at the Victoria; then again this person believing 'Angelo' to have been translated, as we also understand it is, by the author of the 'Roof Scrambler,' he dares to put forth his puny voice in opposition to the whole press, and squeak out with all the vulgar extacy

of a pig, over his wash trough, that 'Angelo' is not skilfully adapted to the English stage. But the best of all jokes, is the ignorant impertinence of his finding fault with the 'Roof Scrambler,' which it is unnecessary to say is certainly the most successful burlesque ever brought upon the stage. Envy we know will drive very little minds quite mad, and the cause of this person's insanity is the belief that the author of these bad pieces has used his influence to prevent the Victoria stage being polluted by the unwholesome 'rubbish' of the individual in question. As for the person himself, we should not have noticed the thing on his account, but we merely wish to warn his employers of those tricks, for it is bad policy to allow an *employee* at a few shillings per week, to hurt the character and credit of a journal professing devotion to the higher ranks of society.

Mathews the comedian is dead, and it is most probable Yates will continue the Adelphi, as the differences between him and his partner were the alleged reasons of his desire to withdraw from it. It has been hinted that the Adelphi will pass into Peake's hands, but Richard Brinsley denies that he is to be the lessee, declaring with a most recondite pun, that "the *less-he* has to do with management the better."

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 188.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1835.

(Price One Penny.)

THE LAST STRONG HOLD



TO CHURCH REFORM.

The last battery, the last strong hold of the bishops, the last struggle of Toryism against Irish Church Reform, will soon be brought to proof. No more will regiments of lancers attend the clergyman to collect his tithes, no longer will the Irish peasant pay his penny fee to a parson, whom, like a tax-gatherer, he never sets his eyes upon but at quarter day. But it is said that the Lords will throw out the bill, and so they may. Did they not throw out the Reform Bill? and have we not forced the Reform Bill down the throats of these obstinate and haughty Lords? Reject Church Reform, indeed! yes, when they feel inclined to give up their estates, their stately mansions, and their lordly parks, to be made

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into co-operative club-houses and national tea gardens; *then*, indeed, these Lords may presume to oppose the wishes of the people. What! shall Lords whose hereditary wisdom consists in a continuation of the profligacy and debauchery of their forefathers, from generation to generation, who live but to disgust and plunder the people—shall such men as these dare to oppose the wish of a sound and salutary reform in that which concerns the eternal salvation of a nation, expressed by the voice of that nation's united representatives? The utmost degree of insane folly can hardly reach so far.

INTERPRETER.

Grief a Crime.

"At Hatton Garden police-office yesterday a young girl, named Amelia Ransten, aged about nineteen, was charged with creating a disturbance in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell churchyard, on Sunday night, by moaning and crying over her father's grave. She had several times been seen crying over the grave since her father's death; and was indulging her grief in this manner on Sunday night when she was taken to the station-house by the police, where she continued crying during the whole night. The Magistrate censured her conduct and discharged her, with a caution not to do the like again."—*Courier*.

To be sure, grief is a crime in the poor—every action is a crime in the poor: to be hungry and want bread is a crime—to be thirsty and want drink is a crime—to stand in the streets and listen to a cheap fiddle is a crime—to sing is a crime—to dance is a crime—to go to a cheap theatre is a crime—to buy a cheap publication is a crime—to live is a crime—and, when tired of the worrying laws and tyrannical law-makers, a poor man chooses to die in his own fashion, if he happens to be caught by a policeman in the fact, it is a crime for the poor man even to die, and he is sent to the tread-mill; but, if actually dead, the law punishes him by giving his body to the surgeons. In truth, a happy country for the poor is this same England. If a man comes into it to earn his living (like the Irish) he is called a vagabond; if he quit it to earn his living (like the volunteers in the Spanish expedition) he is told by 'The Times' that the country has a good riddance of such tatterdemallions. But the climax of all has been attained by the Magistrates of Hatton Garden, in this punishment of a young woman for pouring forth the

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tribute of her pious tears on the grave of her lost parent. What right have the poor to their affections—they should suffer without a tear or a murmur? the rich and titled only in this country have the privilege of feeling. Was there no man, no father of a family in the office, at the moment that the cold-blooded scoundrel of a magistrate was thus harrowing up the feelings of an afflicted girl, to take the unfeeling villain by the nose, and first bringing the tears into his eyes by such forcible means, then give him in charge to his own officers for a breach of the King's peace, by thus *crying* at his own misfortune.

Decided Muddle.

"Major Beauclerk said he certainly had given the vote with much regret, but he had yet to learn that the vote was a wrong one; but he would not say that those who had acted in a contrary way were not perfectly right."—*Parliamentary Report*.

The above sentence is what we are under the painful necessity of calling a decided muddle. The worthy *Major*, who in intellect seems to be yet a *minor*, evidently has not known what the deuce to be up to. First, he says he voted with regret, but knows he has done perfectly right. Now regretting the right is not the point in the M.P.'s speech which seems to us the most unaccountable; for the accidental process of following the right path, is an occurrence so very rare with members of the House of Commons, that we are not at all astonished at one of them who has strayed out of the usual track, regretting it immediately afterwards. But the part in which Beauclerk makes the muddle is, where he says, "he is right, and those who acted the contrary way are right also." We always thought that the contrary to right must be decidedly wrong; but this gentleman has taught us, that in the parliamentary vocabulary such is not the case. In politics, however, we ought to be aware that in very many cases there is no distinction whatever between right and wrong; and that for the former to be swamped in the latter is a thing of by no means rare occurrence.

Objectionable Claws!

"Sir J. Wrottesley hoped the honourable member would persevere in the clause, which was the very best part of the bill."—*Parliamentary Report*.

That honourable members generally coincide with Sir J. Wrottesley is quite evident, for the whole house seems to persevere with its horrible *clause (claws)*, as the public pocket, so deficient of the public money, can most flamingly testify. Sir John knows the feeling of the house well; but he is rather ignorant of birds, however well he may be acquainted with beasts, for his calling *claws* the best part of the *bill* is a dreadful mark of ignorance! Surely he ought to know that the *claws* and the *bill* are quite separate, though they are often applied to precisely the same purposes.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

We are very sorry to observe that Sir John Campbell has been, for some months past, humbugging the community on the subject of this bill, which has been made the subject of one or two clap-trap speeches, and then thrust aside with the most thorough indifference. Sir John ought to be told that something more is expected of him than mere frothy declamation, and that action is a considerable deal better than all the sentiment he can gather from new novels, or all the fine words he can rake up out of Dr. Johnson's dictionary. A considerable parade has been made of petitions against the bill by all the money-lending, bond-snatching, blood-sucking, and interest taking gang of swindling capitalists, who coalesce with the lawyers, and share the profits of expensive law proceedings growing out of the infamous law of arrest; but it is the cause of the whole community that Sir John Campbell and the legislature ought to take promptly and summarily in hand at this juncture. After a variety of unnecessary postponements the bill is again to be brought under the consideration of the house on Thursday, and if we find Sir John Campbell flinching from his task, we shall certainly be at the pains of severely castigating him for his lukewarmness in the cause to which he owes what little popularity he possesses,

A GRAND FETE CHAMPETRE

will take place on the

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N. B. Vans will be in attendance for the accommodation of the visitants.

MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENT

A few days since as a respectable looking young gentleman of rather dashing appearance, was strolling unconsciously up Chancery Lane, he was suddenly accosted by two ill-looking persons—who seized him by the arm and carried him off to a house in the neighbourhood, where they kept him confined for upwards of five days—until they had extorted from him a large sum of money.

CITY COURT CIRCULAR.

It is now our painful duty to record the death of Mr. Jas. Dykes, Purveyor in General of Onions and Tripe to King Winchester. This benevolent person honestly paid his debt to nature on Friday morning. The following is the official announcement:—

"10th July, 1835.

"Mr. Jas. Dykes expired this morning at ten minutes to ten.

"JOHN EPPS, P. in Ord. to the King."

The Court goes into mourning on the 15th July, changes on the 3rd August, and goes out on the 16th.

Gentlemen—To wear black hats and stocks, black coats when they don't wear any other colour, black highlows, and black faces.

The Ladies—Black shoe ribbons, and black faces, black hands and white stay laces.

In consequence of the melancholy event, the Pavilion theatre was closed last night.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint Miss Ann Page, as his purveyor of onions. The contract, we understand, was made at about fourpence halfpenny a day. Of course this event will shake public securities. Mr. Grosschild's beard, it is said, has grown two inches in consequence.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

City, Saturday morning.

The death of Mr. Dykes has caused an alteration in our market this day, which we are fearful is likely to lead to a panic. The Charlotte row three and a half per cents. are now quoted at 71, while on Thursday, and to-day they had attained 85½ to 86.

It is rumoured in George Yard that Mr. Grosschild is likely to be greatly affected by these alterations in the funds, as he had bought considerably at 85½.

Since the above was written, we have received intelligence that Mrs. Brown, the Marine Store Dealer, has been obliged to stop payment; it is, however, certain, that the sum of three farthings in the pound will be paid immediately, and very probably a further sum of a penny in the pound will be declared in 1838. We are glad to hear that such a composition will be made, and congratulate the creditors on their good fortune.

The Kentish Town papers to 3rd December last, have been brought us by the Omnibus.

The erection of strong iron palings near Mr. Davies' grounds, have caused a great deal of sensation, but an appearance of satisfaction is depicted in the countenance of the settlers. A dog was killed on the 3rd.

The usual letters from Wapping have been received; we find it quite impossible from the crowded state of our columns, to give even an outline of the important intelligence they contain. In our next, we will bring up arrears.

BREVITIES.

Shocking Times.

Mr. Roebuck's Pamphlets may be said to have shown the *Stirling* value of the *Times* newspaper, and Mr. Fonblanque has looked very blank at the same member.

A Good Turn.

It is a common thing for M.P.'s to say they are easily *inclined*. This at least is generally true, for there is scarcely a member who may not safely say that he is very soon *turned*.

A Sharp Out.

The Coroner's Bill is expected to meet with strong opposition in the Lords. Among others, the Duke of Cumberland declares he thinks they ought to be done away with altogether, for they are an impertinent and *far too inquisitive* body.

A taking down.

We perceive the House of Commons is to be *taken down*. It certainly requires taking down a little, though it has *let itself down* wonderfully during the present session.

Stamping on the Press.

Though there can be no doubt of the expediency of taking the stamp off newspapers, we very much fear that certain journals, by their corrupt conduct, have put a *stamp upon themselves* that no power can remove.

A New Court.

There is to be a new tribunal established for juvenile offenders. We think there should be some court having a jurisdiction over offenders in their *second childhood*, at the bar of which tribunal old Eldon ought to make a speedy appearance.

Another.

The court for juvenile offenders is to be called, not the *Old Bailey*, but the *Young Bailey*. Perhaps *F. W. N. Bayley* would be more appropriate.

Smoking the M.P.'s

Smoking in Parliament used to be a common practice, and we should imagine it is about to be revived, for the members are continually moving for *returns*.

Temporary Measures

Lord Lansdowne moved an address to the Crown on Tuesday, recommending the temporary erection of a House of Peers. We think the whole concern—members and all—should be made temporary.

A Riddle

Sir M. Ridley said that the Coroner's Court was for the *ends of justice*. That is a mistake;—a coroner's inquest is always for the *beginnings*, and not for the *ends* of justice.

Several members lately have been declaring their wish to *stand upon principle*. We think the general disposition of the members is, if not to *stand upon principle*, at least to *trample it under their feet*.

Aid yourself! God will aid you

His Majesty, understanding that considerable assistance was about to be sent to Spain, and that, among other things, French aid was about to be given, made the following pithy remark: "Pooh! what's the use of *French aid*? why in this hot weather *Lemon-aid* (*ade*) would be much more refreshing."

Quite Figurative

One of the speeches in the House of Commons, the other night, was said to be *hypothetical*. His Majesty, hearing it, is said to have remarked, "They often get into the *high-pathetics*." (*hypothetics*.)

THEATRICALS

The refuse of London actors are now forcing themselves upon the country, to prey upon the unfortunate country managers, and impose themselves as 'stars' upon the staring boobies of a country audience. We should like to see a return by the country managers of the 'stars' who have brought into their theatres the clear amount of their engagements. It is a great mistake to suppose that because a Mr. Scraggs is great in a 'Charles' at Covent Garden, he should therefore be immense in a 'Richard the Third' at Coventry.

We always ourselves carefully avoid visiting a theatre in the country, lest in the Othello of the night we should recognize some scene-shifter or supernumary of a week before, and destroy the illusion of the scene by the vivid portraiture of our recollection of the hero in all his stiffness and shabby finery of a back-scene-o'-man. But, oh! what a dreadful place must America be, where all bad actors fly to seek that acknowledgement of their merits, which, as they flatter themselves, is denied to them by the envy and prejudice of English actors, managers, and audiences. What execrable atrocities are nightly perpetrated at the Park Theatre, and throughout these unhappy United States, in the name and under the pretence of legitimate English acting.

We have omitted for some time any notice of those amusing people, the French actors, at the Olympic. We will just whisper a whimsical secret into our readers' ears. Half the performers of this French company are Englishmen, and speak a *patois*; more particularly one of them, who being a native of the Emerald Isle, and happening to be short in his part the other night, set to and went on in Irish. The best of the joke is, that he was loudly applauded and laughed at by the ignorant people, who sit, and smirk, and smile, at this theatre, pretending to understand what is going on.

We have not been able to avail ourselves of M. Soudre's polite invitation to his Concert, in which he undertook to display the theory and practice of his Telephony, a musical universal language; but we have procured the reports of the various French scientific societies on the subject of his invention and agree with them in our admiration of the ingenuity and simplicity of his contrivance.

We shall take our leave in a stride over the Colosseum, and report progress next week.

Mr. Bunn finds Malibran's engagement so profitable that he has given the Neapolitan manager £300 to let her remain for six more nights, and has likewise, in the true spirit of humbug, been presenting her with a case of real glass, mounted in copper, which he calls a set of rubies set in gold;—but whether Malibran believes the humbug of the thing is a point on which we must be sceptical.

At the Opera Taglioni has taken her farewell, which she did most gracefully on Saturday last, in a *pirouette* ten minutes long, and there was an affectionate fervour in her standing on one leg which proved how difficult she found it to part from an English audience. The brilliance of the Opera still continues, though Pasta is still due; but we presume she does not mean to honour Laporte's bills, though in the first instance her name was undoubtedly upon them. However, Laporte has fulfilled everything to which he pledged himself, and ought to have reaped the fruits of his great spirit and activity.

At the Haymarket a new piece by Buckstone, has given something like life to the concern, though Farren's indisposition has thrown somewhat of a damp upon the success which it experienced. It is called 'The Scholar,' and if not in the happiest vein of that truly happy author, it is yet well worthy of the universal applause which attended it. In consequence of Farren's illness, there has been a little display of Mr. Morris's facetious notices of management, and with a true comic *gusto* worthy of an Astley's clown, he has been advertising old comedies ill-played, and places facetiously at the top of the bills the word *Entertainment*.

The English Opera has been rather more prosperous lately, principally on account of the weather having taken it rather *cooler* than it did a month ago, when it seemed probable that our globe was about to be turned into one magnificent *baked tatur*, which was to be offered up as an expiatory sacrifice for the thundering sins of degraded mankind. A new melo-drama from the pathetic and pithy pen of Mr. Serle, has been produced with that mild modicum of success which should only be awarded to works of far inferior merit to the one in question. It is, however, a translation; and consequently all the errors of the production must fall upon the French dramatist. When he can be so successful in the field of original composition, we are somewhat surprised he should have had recourse to adaptation. 'Der Freischütz' has been resuscitated, and the seventh bullet has made another hit, while 'The Bottle Imp' has been revived, with a success that is surprising, considering its antiquity.

Vestris has crossed the border, like Alexander, to spread her conquests further, and draw shoals of flat-fish and superannuated old beaux of the Bench to gaze upon that beauty, on the mere recollection of which they have

gloated for the last fifteen years. If any thing could teach women that it is not on mere beauty only, but on grace and manners that admiration depends—it is the continued success of this ever-flourishing actress. There is an old Greek epigram, with the original of which it would be unkind to puzzle our printers, but the sense runs something like what follows:—

Beauty alone of form or face,
Unless that beauty's joined to grace,
Delight, but not detains the rover,
And gains admirers, but no lover;
So that in truth mere beauteous look
Is but a bait without a hook.

We wish some of our young actresses would take this epigram to heart and study its moral as part of their business. It annoys us to see a girl come upon the stage down to the foot-lights, and look about with the insipid, unmeaning smile of a ballet-dancer, expecting to be admired, and thinking to make a hit by merely looking pretty. Who were the actresses about whom our fathers still sigh—the Jordans, the Duncans, the Mellons, the Farrens? all full of life, fire, and animation; spirited and lively, looking as if their merriment was their own and not the author's; and whose cheerful laugh illuminated their lovely faces, like the sun shining upon a pleasant landscape. Vestris will still be ever fair and young, as long as her charming ease and graceful vivacity of manner can endure. With regard to Mrs. Anderson, what we have said above is particularly appropriate; she looks like one of those lazy women against whom Cobbett in his 'Advice to Young Men,' so especially warns his pupils—too indolent to sing well, too idle almost to walk, much less act—she is pretty and insipid to the utmost degree. And what shall we say of Hooper? who being about six-foot two in height, and upwards of forty years in age, skips about like a kidnapping blithe and merry in the 'Charles's,' and frolicsome young gentlemen of the farces.

The Victoria has been exceedingly fortunate this week. The new melodrama, 'Minerali,' is the best thing of the kind brought out for many years. The language is of a higher order than the usual run of these 'blood and brimstone' productions; and the effect produced by the terrific combat and picturesque death of one of the Minerali is the most singular ever produced on the stage. The very idea of an unfortunate actor being thrown over a precipice, forty feet in height, is enough to make even a critic shudder. In the 'Roof-Scrambler,' there is a part of a Police Inspector, so exquisitely acted by a Mr. J. Parry, that it is worth a voyage over that solitary specimen of granite formation—Waterloo-bridge—to see it. It is a bit of quiet, yet absurd, burlesque; ludicrous, graphic in the imitation of police peculiarities, and almost a farce in itself. The actor who can play one such character well has good stuff in him for a better garment. 'The Echo of Westminster Bridge' is another lucky hit, and yields to no calendar of horrors in the exquisite horror of the bloody murders which are perpetrated in it. Mitchell has a good character, Matty Nicks, which loses nothing in Mitchell's hands. This actor has a happy knack of giving a *véritable* semblance to all his characters, which stamps them upon the mind as the representatives of their class: his disguise, in the second act, is perfect. The last scene in this melo-drama stands unrivalled on any stage. The spectator sees before him an immense model of Westminster Bridge, built upon and covering the whole stage; and from the farthest extremity the actors walk over down to the footlights, the famous echo effect taking place immediately in front of the stage. The success was absolutely unparalleled.

What a beautiful creature is Franconi's horse Blanche at Astley's. How gentle, how tractable, how graceful, and really clever. It is a pleasure to see this horse, because we know that no torture, no flogging, could have trained it to such exploits. It must have been a superior instinct and natural cleverness in the animal.

NOTICE.

No. 2, WHIGGERIES and WAGGERIES will be ready in a few days. No. 1, is still on sale.

A gentleman named JUSTUS, complains bitterly that *justice* has not been done to him and others who purchased tickets for Drury Lane. Our correspondent states his case as follows:—

"I, in conjunction with others, a few weeks since purchased admissions to Drury Lane, expecting that performances would occur every evening till the usual number of nights expired, understanding from Mr. Fenton they would admit to all representations till the commencement of the new season on the 1st of October; whereas, by a communication from the theatre on Monday, we are given to understand it was the closing night, and this day (Tuesday,) the commencement of another season; the usual period being, (as before said,) the 1st of October. Thus, sir, rendering the renter's admissions valueless, for who will purchase tickets on the CHANCE of Bunni's keeping the theatre open."

JUSTUS goes on to say that 'the *funs* of the little Captain and his coterie are low,'—now we never knew that the Captain and his crew ever had any fun in them.

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Avoid all crime, or you my doom may share;
By my example learn to shun my fate,
For wretched is the man that's wise too late."

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So the king is to put his veto on Church Reform. The king is
VOL. IV.

to take the weight of the parson's iniquity and extortion on his own shoulders. A broad back has king Billy, and a strong heart, or how could he endure the constant chastisement of his better-half? but hard as his back may be, and though his heart be as strong as a barrel of double stout, Billy must go to the wall, when ever John Bull thinks it time to give him a shove. Is it wise in these court people to push forward the royal puppet in this manner? Suppose, for instance, in these economical times, that the House of Commons were to take into consideration the expenses of the useless pageantry of a crown and court, and to ask what good was produced to the nation by the 800,000*l.* per annum, which 'fructifies' in the purlieus of Windsor, and St. James's?—The Court of Common Council proposes to do away with that obsolete bit of gilt gingerbread, and brass kettle the Lord Mayor's coach, and there are many persons, both in and out of the House of Commons, who think the state coach a piece of useless lumber and expensive ostentation. When the landlords found their rentals decreasing, and their farms tenantless, from the heavy oppression of tithes, they quietly fling the parsons overboard. The king has taken them up—what will become of the king? But then 'the king's name is a tower of strength.' Indeed! The day of names has gone by, musty antiquity is no longer revered, and the new abstract idea of a sovereign is not likely to be much honoured or regarded. There was no revolution in the country where those respectable old gentlemen, 'the Charlies,' were cashiered at one fell swoop and deprived of their "vested rights," The Tories talked big, to be sure, but no regiment of gallant horse or sturdy infantry appeared in the field to support the Boroughmongers against the consequences of the Reform Bill. People will speak and vote for humbug, but he must indeed be a double-refined ass of a most uncommon breed who would fight for humbug; and we question if the approaching comet was to sweep off all the court and its appurtenances, whether the people of England would think it worth their while to send abroad for another Dutchman and his guards to do them the honour of reigning over them, and filling

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his pockets, and fighting his battles at their expense. Poor Billy's advisers and his friends should keep him quiet, he is a good old gentleman in his way, and has been of some advantage to the people. It would be a pity, therefore, that his latter days should be disturbed. We would save him from mischief, but cannot protect him from ridicule, for Seymour has seized upon him with iron grasp, and winding round him like the terrific boa-constrictor, has crushed him in the folds of his satiric talent. Oh, Seymour! these are hours of happiness, which are due to thee alone, most glorious patriot—to thee we turn for the solace of our cares, in thee we find, in the hour of our deepest patriotic suffering, the luxury of a laugh. But look at Dame Parkington, the real Dame Partington. There is as it were a certain Hogarthian attention to minutiae in Seymours drawings, which furnish an episode and additional finish to his composition. In our present engraving we need only refer to the mop, and the sign of the public house, which the Royal Partington is endeavouring to preserve from the waves.

INTERPRETER.

Sons v. Fathers.

We are sorry to find from the police reports that filial affection is by no means in that flourishing condition we should be pleased to announce, and that the daily papers continually teem with police reports, in which sons are charged with breaking their fathers' heads, and that in fact the social system is so thoroughly decayed, that venerable sires are continually being floored by their undutiful offspring. The other day a publican was severely whopped by his son, a hopeful youth in a forest of black whiskers; and from six years old to sixty, obstreperous children are continually showing fight against the authors of their life and being. That there are many fathers who deserve to be thrashed within an inch of their lives, is a fact we by no means dispute; but there are some who certainly are not entitled to that cruel degree of *whackery* which is now the fashion for sons to inflict on their parents. These remarks are made without the hope of suggesting a remedy, but merely with the view of proving that the world is as *topsy turvey* as it can be: several fathers have applied for our advice with respect to a pugilistic son, but '*hit him again, old boy,*' is our respectful and only recommendation to the ill-used head of a family.

The Parish Reform Humbug.

There has been a vast deal of humbug spoken on the subject of Parochial Reform, and a nest of small tradesmen interlarded with a petti-foggery lawyer or two, have usurped the high sounding title of an Association for the purpose of seeing parish affairs properly administered. As far as we can see the benefit of these fellows and their proceedings, it is positively none. They meet together, drink filthy beer, smoke nasty tobacco, spit upon the ground, and having belched forth some worn out rubbish about the good of the parish, reel home half muzzy, are abused by their wives for stopping out late, and falling asleep in the middle of a certain lecture, dream that they are parochial patriots. These poor milk and water minded, pease pudding headed, hard hearted, and dirty shirted vagabonds, fancy they do a great deal of good, if they can reduce the rates which *they* have to pay, if the reduction be only one farthing in the pound, but they do not consider how much they rob the poor, and how many they add to the list of *starving*, by the hard-hearted meanness, which under the assumed name of parochial reform, is nothing better than cruelty, and in the end cold-blooded murder of many of the paupers who apply for relief to the parish officer.

Jurymen's Wisdom.

The wisdom of jurors has long been proverbial, but it is only now and then that they *flare up* with a bit of extra delicious wisdom. We cannot help giving the following little anecdote of a jury that sat upon a person who was killed by the wound of a bayonet. The coroner directed the jury to find as a verdict that, "the deceased came to his death under suspicious circumstances." Upon this, one of the enlightened jurymen, vociferated the following pithy dissent from the opinion of the coroner:—"Nonsense, he wasn't stabbed *under suspicious circumstances*, but, it was *under the ribs* he was stabbed."

Magisterial Sentiment.

Mr. Jeremy said he should not let an offender of this sort escape unpunished, he was one of those brutes, going about with the shape of man, who committed outrages of a most serious nature; and unless he paid £1. for the assault, he should be committed for two months to jail.—POLICE REPORT.

The police magistrates in general are such a deliberate set of unadulterated ruffians, and sentiment comes from them so very seldom, that a touch of it is really one of the most refreshing things that can possibly be imagined. We have, however, in the paragraph quoted above, a striking instance of a magistrate in the mood to be sentimental, and he has accordingly yelped forth as rare a cataract of pure milk and water, as was ever slobbered through the pages of a novel, for the tender sensibilities of nursery maids and milliners. We must, however, take leave to tell Jeremy, (the sensitive beak,) that his first attempt at sentiment, is marked by a decided sky blueishness, which is more fitted to the slop-basin than the bench of justice. There is a fresh stupidity about the thing that harmonises well with the locality that gave birth to it, in fact, there is a sort of Union Hellishness in the thing which deserves a quietus at the hands of FIGARO. He first begins with telling some paltry offender, "that he is one of *those* monsters who go about in the shape of men," now we should like to enquire of Jeremy who are *those* monsters that go about in the shape of men? We were not aware that there was any particular kind of monsters, who specially luxurate in the "shape of men," except, indeed, he means the police magistrates themselves, whom he has by accident described rather graphically. We however, regret that though this is all excessively fine, there is in the *denouement* a sort of tendency to *anti-climax* which is rather destructive to the previous force of the sentence. After the "monsters in the shape of men," we should have expected something very terrific. but the whole thing ends with a miserable observation that the offender must be *finéd* £5. What a dispicable sum to affix as the penalty for being "a monster in the shape of man." Good lord! we should have thought death at last would have been the penalty for any such wretch; but five pounds is the magisterial idea of visiting with retribution the crime of *man-monsterism*. Mr. Jeremy should give up sentiment in the most speedy way possible.

CITY NEWS.

Lady Farebrother the other day in swallowing some tripe, was seized with such a shivering fit, that she shook the Mansion House to its very foundations—and a dispatch was instantly hurried off to his majesty at Guildhall, who fainted into the arms of one of the petty constables.

Hobler had a cough last night. When our express left he was upon the heavy sneeze.

Alderman Scales was very muzzy on Tuesday night. His head slaughterman took advantage of his master's condition to rob him of his tobacco stopper.

CITY DOINGS.

King Farebrother took a saucer of snails at the fish stall opposite Newgate Street. His filthy majesty drained the juice with all the *gusto* of a six year old sweep, or a superannuated charity boy.

Hobler partook of a *haporth* of cherries on Monday. He first fixed on Kentish, but subsequently changed his mind in favour of *black-guard* (*black-heart*.)

Alderman Scales visited the Garrick Theatre on Wednesday. He conversed cheerfully with the box-keepers, and expressed himself highly delighted with the new melodrama, called *Blood, Bones and Bluster*, or the *Brawnney Butchers of Bavaria*.

Young Master Farebrother danced, capered, and played at marbles yesterday for some hours, at the back of the Bank, in Lothbury.

A gooseberry fool party was given by Hobler, last week. Every body was delighted with the *fool*, and declared unanimously that Hobler's house is the only place in the world where it can be met with in perfection.

Young Scales stood upon his head on Thursday, for an hour and a half. That dashing young fashionable bought a glass brooch on Friday.

CITY PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Hobler gave notice that on Monday next, he should move leave to bring in a bill to regulate the speed of the dirty water through the drains; and also to enquire into the amount of cinders sifted in the course of the year, within five miles of Parley Street.

Alderman Scales gave notice that he should move for an account of all the donkeys within the bills of mortality, and also of all the living ones, including the names of the common council-men and their families.

Mr. Alderman Venables has given notice that on Tuesday next he will move his bedstead into the kitchen for coolness; as those industrious little brutes—the bugs, have been busy in the worthy alderman's bed-room.

Mr. Hobler intends moving the supplies next Tuesday. The estimates are as follow:

Onions	(per quarter,)	-	-	-	0	0	0½
Swipes	(do.)	-	-	-	50	2	6
Tom Trot	(for the City Police,)	-	-	-	0	6	2
Secret Service	(gin, &c.)	-	-	-	0	5	6

It is expected there will be the very strongest opposition to the vote for tom-trot for the city police; as it is supposed that that dismal body do not want that salacious luxury.

An address is to be moved to the king of the city, praying him to stand upon his head in the middle of Tooley Street, for the benefit of the grand corn and bunion dispensary.

SMALL LEGISLATORS.

There are a number of good silly old gentlemen in the House of Commons, who seem to think that nothing can go right without an Act of Parliament to regulate it. Carts and coaches are numbered and ticketed by law, and it appears mysterious how our watches and hats have as yet escaped the excise and tax officers. We have often thought that it would be highly advisable for each person to have his name, number, and address, fastened by a tin plate to the back of his coat, so that he might always be recognised in any row or scrape. In the meanwhile, however, while concocting this great measure, we beg leave to offer to the attention of would be legislators the following:—

Hints for Acts of Parliament.

ACT 1st.—An act regulating the size and weight of penny plumb buns, and enacting that not less than six, nor exceeding eight green gooseberry, shall be put into a penny tart, under the pain of forfeiture, one half to our lord the king, and the other to the informer.

ALSO a clause for the better ordering of lollipops.

ACT 2.—An act to prevent persons eating green peas with two-progged forks.

ACT 2.—An act to prevent cruelty to visitors, prohibiting the galloping of young children, admitted after dinner, over the small-clothes of visitors, spilling their wine, eating their fruit, and wiping their hands on the waistcoats of the gentlemen, and the white dresses of the ladies.

ACT 4.—An act to oblige persons to blow their hot hasty-pudding in the spoon, for the space of fifteen seconds, before eating the same “for that many and divers persons have been grievously burned, scalded, and damaged in their mouths, tongues, gullets, windpipes, and stomachs, by greedily, voraciously, hastily, and gluttonously, eating and devouring, bolting and swallowing, hot hasty-pudding, &c. &c. It is, therefore, hereby enacted, that all grown persons and adults, of an estate to hold a spoon, shall blow and puff such hasty-pudding in a spoon, for a space not under fifteen seconds, under the penalty of, &c. &c.

ACT 5.—An act to oblige parents to blow their children's noses, or to cause them to be blown by the nurse, cook, housemaid, footman, coachman, or some other proper and fit person; three times a day in summer, and twenty in winter, under the penalty of &c. &c.

ACT 6.—An act to prevent adults from swallowing cherry-stones, and giving magistrates discretionary power respecting the same, to be exercised by right of search in private, &c. Under penalties, *quant. suf.*

BREVITIES.

Roasted Peas.

Poor Pease, the Quaker member, has been terribly quizzed by his brother Commoners. We have heard of *Peas* being *boiled* before, but this is the first instance we have met with of *Peas(e)* being *roasted*.

A dangerous Situation.

An Address to the King was moved the other day, recommending him to allow the removal of the walls of St. Stephens, as they were pronounced to be dangerous. This place, in our opinion, must always have been *dangerous*, when we consider the gang by whom it has been infested.

A Singular Place.

Sir Robert Peel has been praying to the Commons to allow *Tamworth* to be exempted from the effects of the Corporation Bill. It was said by Lord J. Russell that *Tamworth* was not sufficiently peculiar to be particularly exempted from a general bill; but we should say, the place that has sent Sir Robert Peel to Parliament, has shewn itself so *peculiar* and *singular*, as to warrant its exemption from any rule that is *general*.

THEATRICALS

The Opera is now going towards the end of the season, and the worthy Seguin, the hero of the grey head, and black cotton socks, is about to try the strength of a forty years claim on public favour in risking a benefit. The opera is to be ‘*Marino Faliero*,’ in which Grisi has refused to play very often this season, because the music is too high for her voice, and also because there are a number of other grand parts in the opera. The grey headed Seguin, and who would not have grey hairs that has been connected for several years with the management? intends making her play the part on this occasion, and a bumper is to be expected.

Our friend Dubourg, the curly-headed pastry-cook, took a benefit at the Opera the other night: but why this Adonis of a jaunay, should have thought himself entitled to one we have not been able to discover. Of music he knows nothing more than that a *flat* is not to *B-e sharp*, though we understand he plays the *Rogues March* on the triangle with a delicacy of touch only to be equalled by that of a blacksmith beating out a horse-shoe on his anvil. The house was crowded with flying pie-men, Chelsea bun venders, and all the numerous train of personal friends, and intimate acquaintances in the extensive suite (or *sweet*,) of the celebrated pastry-cook.

It is enough to make any man's heart ache to see the manner in which ‘*The Cure for the Heart Ache*,’ and other sterling comedies are performed at the Haymarket. With the exception of Farren, there is not a person in the caste deserving the title of an actor. The rapid bustle and slouching gate of Vining, was the very antipodes of Young Rapid; and Strickland's Vortex is absolutely intolerable. This wholesale murder of English comedy, this strangling of wit, and smothering of humour, at the instigation and under the patronage of Mr. Morris, should be forthwith stopped by special injunction of the Lord Chamberlain. The veriest barn-infesting, country-strolling company of actors, could muster a stronger caste for a comedy than the Haymarket Theatre.

The English Opera goes on with great eclat of drums and trumpets, and a second rate flourish of fiddles to the old tune of Miss Malibran Romer. Arnold is said to have gone out of his senses on hearing of Bunn's magnificent present, so far surpassing his own.

That coolest theatre the Queens, so called we suppose from some extremely cool things being done there, has brought out a new petite comedy of much talent, entitled 'Catching an Heiress.' Mrs. Nisbett's acting in this is quite charming—there is an elegant sprightliness and easy nonchalance about her style, which if it be not nature is something even more delightful.

'The Corsair's Revenge,' at the Victoria, we have not yet had an opportunity of seeing; but our second hearing of 'Minerali,' enables us to add to our former praise of that melo-drama. The author has shown great talent in the delineation of his characters, and the actors have done him justice by their performance. There is one gentleman of whose acting we entertain a very high opinion, and who appears to us likely to reach the pinnacle of his profession. We allude to Mr. Moss, who, in many parts of his performance, reminded us strongly of Kean. We look to hear of him, in a short time, at the large houses—certain we are that he is no pretender, nor unskilled in his art.

Vauxhall Gardens are this year particularly dull; and nothing seems to be going on until the company contrive to throw a little spirit into the night's proceedings, by getting drunk upon some of the *rummest punch* ever tasted, and some gooseberry, at a guinea *per bottle*, acting the apologist for champagne. The amusements are of a most mediocre kind, consisting of Mr. Mears as *primo tenore*, who warbles forth, with a most innocent phiz, playful little ballads about Lubin, Collin, and all the other country bumpkins who make such pretty figures in pastorals; and whose occupations being to tend sheep, are very naturally represented as sheepish as possible. There is a precious old file, called Buckingham, who essays to give imitations, which are of that sterling old kind that certainly brings to mind the originals; but it is a lucky thing for him that he *can* imitate, for if he could not do that, his own talent is of that dubious order that he might possibly be better employed at home shelling peas, or washing lettuces, than acting even at Vauxhall, where they are not over critical. The *fete of Versailles* is certainly a splendid exhibition; and the arrival of Neptune in a man-of-war, at an inland palace, is an idea worthy of the machinists of Vauxhall, who have souls, or rather hammers, nails, and glue-plots, far above mere vulgar probability. The diorama of Dover and Calais is well worthy a visit; and altogether, with the aid of hams, chickens, stout, punch, and gooseberry, one may spend an agreeable evening enough at the expense of about two sovereigns.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the extraordinary demand for **WHIGGERS AND WAGGERS** and the continually increasing sale of that highly popular work, the proprietor has been induced, at an immense expense, to prepare a second number. Orders should be immediately forwarded to the publisher, W. Strange, Paternoster Row.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam.

THE DAILY NATIONAL GAZETTE. Mr. Spring Rice having declared it to be his intention not to remit the Stamp Duties on Newspapers in the present Session, the parties most interested in the free expression of public feeling and the promulgation and support of Radical principles and opinions, have resolved not to expose their cause to another session, and the chance of a new administration. **THE DAILY NATIONAL GAZETTE** therefore appeared on **THURSDAY MORNING**. It is printed on a large sheet of double news, and the price is **TWOPENCE**. It is published at 12 every morning, and reaches Manchester, Liverpool, &c., by coach, at the same time as the stamped morning newspapers.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1835.

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ENLISTING RECRUITS.

Arthur.—Now, then, my fine fellow, now is your time. Glory, honour, religion, call for your assistance. Stand by the Church, the King, and the Taxes.

John Bull.—Softly, softly, not so fast. Too much pepper spoils porridge. Your glory, your honour, your religion, your church, and your king, are all very fine things, no doubt, but what will they cost? I think 'ee said taxes, too, didn't 'ee?

Arthur.—Yes, yes, taxes, my lad; that's the bounty money we give you; the more taxes taken the more fun. Plenty of taxes produce plenty of money.

Old Fill-the-Pot, a run away clergyman, then put in a word—
VOL. IV.

"Think of the horrid Papists, John. Would you have your flesh fried in a Smithfield fire, with big Dan and Father Mac Craghnaghan to stir the coals. Think of your body here, and your immortal soul hereafter, John! Would a Briton let a paltry matter of money blunt his patriotic ardour for his country and his church?"

Billy King, the silly fool of the village, who was usually led by the nose by whoever could get hold of his ear, now addressed honest John Bull as follows:

You see, Johnny, my fine fellow, my noble boy, I carry the flag for these gentlemen, and I and my father before me have stuck by it, and profited by it. Oh, John, a bundle of tithe receipts is worth fifty volumes of Den's Theology. Fight for the good cause; up with the parsons, and down with the Papists!

But John was not to be bamboozled in this manner. He laid his ear on his shoulder, and with a contemplative glance of his eye pushed his hand to the deepest recesses of his breeches pocket, where finding nothing but a solitary sixpence and the duplicate of his watch, which he had pawned to pay the registry of his vote, he said he had had enough of battles and bloody noses to last him for some years. "Taxes is taxes nevertheless," continued he; "and when there's no money to pay, what's to be done."

Arthur.—But if we pour the money back into your pocket as fast as it came out, isn't it the same thing? You should leave these matters to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the other crack hands who are paid to do the work.

John Bull.—Paid, indeed! work, forsooth! Haven't they robbed me of every shilling, and taken away from me my last solitary hope of the Poor House, which I used to consider an heirloom in my family, and a sort of sinecure annuity for my old age. Get out of my sight, you rascals, or I'll rouse the village, and crack your old drum on your thick skulls.

John was soon as good as his word, and the No Popery Press Gang were soon kicked and hurled out of the country back to their lodging in some dirty alley of Westminster.

Printed by G. Cowie, 13, Newcastle-street, Strand.

INTERPRETER.

A Frail Club.

"The curious and valuable collection of theatrical books, relics, and portraits, the property of the late Charles Mathews, is about to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Son. The Garrick Club have, we understand, manifested a strong inclination to become the purchasers of the oil paintings."—*Morning Post*.

It is extremely easy for the Garrick Club to "*manifest strong inclinations*" to get bold of property—but the first thing to be done in these cases of a desire to clutch, is to get the necessary money to make the purchases that may be considered desirable—that the Garrick Club would like some oil paintings, we thoroughly believe, but the vendors *must have cash, and to put the money down, or club it up*, are, we suspect, achievements that to the Club in question would be equally impracticable.

A singular instance of the clear-headedness and good manners of a most illustrious personage, has recently formed the subject of conversation in the higher circles. After the recent grand Review, a distinguished party sat down to dinner at the Royal table. Among the noble guests was a Neapolitan Prince, recently arrived in this country, who very unluckily took occasion to make a comparison between the appearance of British and Foreign troops under arms, and declared that a review of English troops was but a poor affair, as compared with the field days of the French, Austrians and Prussians. The patriotic breast of the illustrious personage fired at what he considered an insult to his countrymen. He d—d the astonished Neapolitan for a soup maigre Frenchman, treated the astonished noblesse to a few choice galley oaths, and rising from his seat at the table, walked up and down the room, raving, and storming, and swearing. At length the soothing speeches of the astounded courtiers mollified the illustrious personages wrath; he resumed his seat on the conviction that no insult had been intended. It will be as well to say, that this little scene took place before the cloth was removed, and in the absence of an extraneous cause. The fact is curious, and gives rise to some reflection.—*Daily National Gazette*.

We have always been among the first to do justice to the free hearted manner of our most illustrious Sovereign, who d—ns drink, dances horn-pipes, smokes pipes, and tumbles off rum punch with all the true appreciation of a Thames bargeman. We know that in general his Majesty finds it a precious bore to restrain his most blessed propensity for blustering, bouncing, and bullying the Court, but Adelaide has taught him to keep his *drusquerie* a little in the back ground, except in the easy retirement of social life, when he can swear like the most accomplished trooper. The above paragraph will glue the royal person yet tighter into the hearts of his loyal people, for it proves a national ardour and innate patriotism, that in his own strong language, "*wont stand no nonsense by any means whatsoever*." The Neapolitan nobleman must have been rather astonished by the bluntness of the Sailor King, and will carry home to his own country a delightful report of the polished manners and easy deportment of the illustrious Bill, the Sailor King and Wapping Monarch.

Rising to ORDER.

The Rising to Order has become a very common, and a particularly amusing part of the nightly performances in Parliament, and means nothing more in Parliamentary language, than several members rising at the same time to blackguard each other, and call each other liars, &c.; the *rising to order*, whenever a row begins, being merely a pretext for joining in such row, with always the effect, and generally the decided intention of increasing it. The other night Mr. Forrester rose *under*, as the reporters say, *strong excitement*, but when the papers say this, we know what is meant—for *strong excitement* is generally the parliamentary phrase for *excessive drunkenness*. However, we will give a little specimen of what *rising to order* generally signifies.

Mr. A.—"I rise to order." The conduct of Mr. B. is disgraceful.

Mr. B.—"I rise to order." Mr. A. is a great liar.

Mr. C.—"I rise to order." Mr. A. and Mr. B. are both wrong. In fact their language is unparliamentary; indeed, they are two blackguards.

Mr. D.—"I rise to order." You, (to Mr. C.) are a d—d liar.

Mr. C.—"I rise to order." You're another.

Mr. B.—(With great agitation, "and rising to order.") You're all a set of low vagabonds.

The Speaker.—"Really, gentlemen, this is beneath the dignity of the house, and I must call upon you to retract your offensive expressions."

Mr. C.—"Certainly, if Mr. A. did not mean what he said, I could not mean what I said; for, as what I said depends upon what he said,

though I called him a scoundrel, a liar, and a blackguard, yet I most willingly retract those expressions as far as any thing personal could be understood, as having reference to the *honourable members*."

Mr. B.—Then, I am perfectly satisfied.

Mr. A.—And I.

Mr. D.—And I.

Mr. E.—And I.

And thus ends the "*rising to order*." Twenty members having called each other every thing bad, and each, ten minutes afterwards, declaring himself perfectly satisfied. Parliamentary language however is quite different from any other, and means nothing a great deal oftener than it means any thing.

GRAND CITY REVIEW.

A grand review of the City Police took place in Smithfield amongst an immense concourse of bullocks. Among the divisions reviewed were A and B. King Winchester arrived at an early hour in a wheelbarrow, drawn by his celebrated pair of mongrels; he was accompanied by Hobler, who wore a clean collar of the order of the *wash tub*, (not *the Bath*). On the occasion, pop guns were fired at regular intervals, while the royal *cortege* were on the ground, and pea shooters were going all day, to the immense delight of the populace. Alderman Scales was much cheered as he left the Review, and a grand *feu de Waterloo crackers* was the signal for the whole party sitting down to a luncheon of black puddings, prepared by the munificence of King Winchester.

GRAND FETE.

On Saturday evening last, a splendid party was given by his Majesty of Winchester, to the Common Council, their wives, apprentices, and friends, in that magnificent hotel kept by Mr. Cope, and situated at the bottom of Newgate Street. All the royal omnibuses from his Majesty's different establishments, in *Bow Street, Marlborough Street, Marylebone, Hatton Garden, Worship Street, Queen Square, and Union Hall*, were put in requisition and kept arriving with the *gentry* from an early hour in the day till late in the evening. The entertainments were of the most varied description; the Beggar's Opera was performed by amateurs in a truly splendid manner; Macheath, Peachum, Lockitt, and Filch, by some gentlemen from the county, staying with Mr. Cope, at his hotel, previous to their making a tour. Polly Peachum was personated by her Majesty Lady Mayoress Winchester in a truly charming style, and her substituting *All round my hat*, with variations, for *cease your funning*, was universally approved of and met with tremendous applause. A hornpipe in fetters by Hobler, was encored, as was the duett of *Together let us range the fields*, by Winchester and Hobler. Young Scales recited Collins's Ode on the Passions, mounted on a donkey; his costume was generally admired, and we cannot omit noticing his new black velvet waistcoat lined with tripe and trimmed with velvet.

A Grand Concerto on Cobbett's Gridiron,

(Lent for that night only) by Sir ROBERT PEEL,

met with rapturous applause, particularly by the Members of the Goldsmith's Company that happened to be present.

The Forty Thieves wound up the entertainment, and was performed in character. We have not space this week to give the names of the performers, but we know they had been selected for their abilities, not only in town, but many from distant parts of the country. Long before twelve in the day not a cow heel or onion could be procured for love or money. The peace was preserved in an admirable manner by the Rosemary-lane Dragoons, assisted by the Fire-side Fencibles. Only one accident occurred, and that was to the wheelbarrow that brought Mrs. Scroggins, coming in contact with the character of the Lord Mayor, whereby it sustained serious injury. The company did not depart till a late hour, and many were so well pleased with the entertainment, that they have made up their minds to remain at Copes' Hotel for some time.

BREVITIES.

A Royal Side Slap.

His Majesty was the other day most respectfully advised, that it was unpolite to allow the private soldiers to wear their side arms. "Good

gracious!" cried the king, "where should a man have his arms except at the bottom of his shoulders, and they are at a man's side, as every body knows." Sir Herbert Taylor treated the king to an ice, on the strength of the royal acumen.

A Hill to get over.

It is complained by the liberal press, that Lord Hill, though a Tory, is continued in the office of Commander in Chief by a liberal ministry; the fact is, the ministry is not to blame, for it cannot help itself, the Commander in Chief being a *Hill* that they have never been able to get over.

Hill and Vale.

The Commander in Chief,
'Tis the general belief,
The popular cause doth assail;
But 'tis perfectly flat,
That a *Hill* such as that,
Can ne'er be of any avail. (a vale.)

A warm Friend.

A certain Tory underling was the other day defending the character of the Duke of Cumberland, saying, "You may talk as you will of his Royal Highness, but in him I have always found a warm friend."—"Yes," was the reply, "and he has a warm friend also, who makes a friend of the devil."

The Peers aground.

The other day a member of the House of Lords began a speech with the following words: "I really," said he, "can see no reasonable grounds." Now this is a most sensible opening to a speech, whatever the finish might be; for how could any man see any *reasonable ground*, when he was looking upon ground used for the debates of the Aristocracy.

A new Tax.

Though we are friendly inclined to the repeal of the House Tax, yet there is still one house that ought to be taxed most heavily, we allude to the House of Peers; and this should certainly be heavily taxed, on the principle that those things should bear an enormous duty which are not necessary.

A Royal Challenge.

His Majesty was present at the review the other day, and remarked, that as the troops have been *called out*, they could not as soldiers do less than *give satisfaction*.

A Poor Understanding.

The Times declares frequently that it will always stand by its duty. We presume it means by its *fourpenny duty*, for the continuance of the monopoly thus afforded to that journal, is the only thing it does *stand by*.

Out of Place.

It is very common for one Member to refer to another as "the Honourable Gentleman *now in his place*." This is in most instances so utterly erroneous, for the generality of the M.P.'s instead of being in *their places* are never so much *out of their places* as when sitting within the walls of Parliament.

Ready Wit.

Some persons wonder that the Stamp on a newspaper should be *red*, but the fact is, the colour shows that the very Stamp is *blushing* for its own imposition.

Ready Wit Redivivus.

No one ever looks at the *Times* newspaper. In fact, the fourpenny Stamp is the only part of it, that is ever *red*, (read.)

A haremshakem Joke.

"I wish there was no real *hair* to the throne" said the Simple Sussex to his friend the Ex or rather double X Chancellor Brougham. "And why?" inquisitively asked the late tenant of the Woolsack. "Why, because," responded the puny branch of the tree of royalty, "because if there was no *real hair* on the throne, there must be a *W'ig upon it*." (Wig upon it.)

Too Bad.

The Parliament, collectively, is said to be useful, though individually the House of Lords is of *no use*, and the House of Commons is of *no use*. But we presume the alleged utility of these two *non-useful* bodies is on the principle, that two decided *negatives* must make one affirmative.

Feergus O'Connor the other day after his unsuccessful trip to Manchester, in the course of conversation with a friend, (on the subject of the late election) was asked, how far he was disposed to go on "certain measures." "The *whole hog*, as a matter of course," answered the "Lover of Whiskey and Mrs. Nisbett." It is mighty curious replied his friend, that after your being so inclined, you were not able "to save your *bacon* at Old-ham." Feergus' face presented as *deep* a colour as his own *dear beautiful crop*.

"When is Lord Brougham at *home*?" asked Melbourne of Little John Russell, over a pot of "half-and-half." When he is "*half-seas-over*" quickly responded the author of "Don Carlos, the Reform Bill," &c. &c.

A Mellish-ous (malicious) Joke.

"Can you tell me," observed Duncombe to D'Orsay "what *insolvent* lord the "Haymarket Audiences" resemble? *Thynne*, (thin) "I should decidedly say," remarked the *facetious* Count.

Tight Lacing.

It is rumoured in the punning circles, that is to say, within one acre of the Mansion House, that the reason Colonel Evans was fixed upon to head the Spanish expedition is, that his name being *De Lacey*, he was thought just the person to *lace* the *enemy*.

Attacks on M.P.'s

It has been wondered at by some of our contemporaries, that the Parliament of the present day should continue the heavy taxes on knowledge. The thing is easily accounted for; our great rulers tax knowledge, because legislators generally tax heaviest that article which they *themselves never possess*.

The Royal Miller.

The King on hearing that 2,000 soldiers were about to be reviewed on Woolwich Common, exclaimed with all the shrewdness of a wit, added to about one hundredth part of the fraction of the dignity of a Sovereign, "2,000 soldiers on the *Common*. Egad then that will be something *out of the Common* at any rate."

Tapping the Butt.

Dolly Fitzjordan is generally called a son of a gun, but if he be a son of a *gun*, he is decidedly the *butt*.

"Why," enquired Praed of Tom Duncombe, "in 'the event of the Dorchester victims being remitted, would their punishment be greater than that which they had escaped?" "Why," answered the facetious Tom, "because, instead of being banished for seven years, they would then be *transported for life*."

The Church in Arms.

That old idiot Perceval, was congratulating himself a short time ago, that if any attempt were made against the Church of Ireland, there were sufficient numbers in readiness to fight for it. "In fact," said he to a Tory chum, "the Chancellor of the Exchequer said the other night in the house, that of 850,000 Protestants, 517,000 are in *armour*, (*Armagh*)."

THEATRICALS

The 'Vampire' has been resuscitated at the English Opera, but as moonshine is the light in which these gentlemen carry on their proceedings, so also, we suspect, in *moonshine* will end the success of the proceeding. The 'Bottle Imp,' though a *phial-ation* of all probability, is a grand piece, and has drawn money, but with this one exception nothing has been done at the English Opera to create any desire of a transfer from the public pocket to the manager's treasury. The melodrama called *A Father's Crime*, should have been called *A Manager's Blunder*, for, having been expected to do some good, it did none, and has been promoted to the shelf, where its *otium* will very likely never again be disturbed, and it will no more serve to promote the *otium* of an audience.

Bunn gave a supper to Malibran on Saturday last, which was attended by Polhill, Tom Duncombe, that decided booby Lord Allen, and other ornaments of the aristocracy. Healths were not the only things that were *drunk* on this glorious occasion. Real *Champagne* might have played *old Gooseberry* with the contents of Bunn's purse, and therefore he reversed the thing and got *old Gooseberry* (for this night only) to play *Real Champagne*. As the occasion was *musical*, or *muzzy-call* every one almost was what we should call *muzzy*. Speeches were made, but we can hardly say whether the *speeches* were a disgrace to the *men* or the *men* to the *species* (*speeches*).

That tried servant of the public, Mitchell, took his benefit at the Victoria

On Tuesday, on which occasion Mrs. Honey appeared for one night at the before-named theatre. She drew a numerous audience, and was warmly applauded in Apollo—a part she plays and sings far better than poor Mrs. Waylett, with all her age and experience, managed to do some months since at the same establishment. The 'Echo of Westminster Bridge' is quite another 'Jonathan Bradford,' in point of attraction, and Mitchell's acting, particularly in the last scene, is perhaps the finest thing the stage can at present boast of. In the last act, his personation of the old and wretched criminal is a piece of tragedy that could not be excelled by any living tragedian. Elton, who is a deserved favourite at this house, has re-appeared with great *clat*. The Victoria manager, anxious to hold the mirror up to nature, intends putting up the glass curtain in a week or two. The audience of a theatre has often been called a fine subject for reflection, and certainly this splendid invention, which forces men to reflect on themselves, is a design worthy of encouragement. Novelties pour so rapidly on the public at this house, that it is hardly possible for the journalist to keep pace with them. Popular authors are still at work for the establishment, and a nautical drama, by Jerrold, is spoken of as an early novelty. Sheridan Knowles is also in treaty with the enterprising management.

Mrs. Gore has translated a piece for the Haymarket which has been very successful, though she has had a hand in it, and it has been successful for one of the best reasons in the world, *because it is not original*. This is a most ambiguous compliment, but it is one that is well merited and the best that we can possibly pay, though the object of it being a lady, we would rather have said something more savouring of gallantry.

Theatrical Abuses.

The following letter has been sent us, but as there is no signature we do not take upon ourselves at all to vouch for the fact contained in it. The thing however is so very like Bunn, that we readily give insertion to the whole of it since this publication has from its first appearance been hailed as the guardian of the interests of the whole theatrical profession. The language is rather strong, but when the facts are such as they are stated, due allowance must be made for the feelings of the writer.

"Our old friend has been at his usual tricks again. On Monday last seven summonses were issued from the Court of Requests for payment of salaries to his regular chorus, when Bunn thought proper to close the houses, and discharge the company; he re-engaged as many as he wished for the period of Malibran's engagement, (and the chorus were included,) for six weeks; this period expired on the 1st July, and on enquiry to know if it was likely Malibran's engagement would be extended, the answer was no. Consequently most of the gentlemen of the chorus accepted the offer of an engagement for the Cambridge installation, which commenced on the 4th of July. They finished their time with Mr. Bunn, and on the 3rd of July, after eleven at night, Bunn thought proper to accede to the terms, and a re-engagement for six nights took place. This, the gentlemen could not be aware of at all. On their return from Cambridge, and going to the theatre to do their duty, they were refused admittance into the house, and told they were no longer wanted. On application at the treasury on Saturday for their salary for the nights they had been at the theatre, the great man in his usual polite way said, "they may be d—d, they should not have a halfpenny." For these nights the chorus sought to recover, and I will endeavour to send you the result of the event.

"Now, sir, I know that few editors will do the good you do in endeavouring to bring people to knowledge. You have repeatedly lashed Bunn deservedly; and for the public to hear the chorusses of "Sonnambula," "Gustavus," "Fidelio," and "Der Frischutz," sung by six or eight men, instead of twenty; how degrading it must be—is it not an insult to that public whose support he ought to endeavour to procure?"

"Sometime since, fourteen summonses were issued from the same Court, from an extra chorus engaged for the Pantomime, whom Bunn discharged the third night, but he was compelled to pay them for three weeks, thus convincing the great man that little ones are not to be played with.

"What makes this act the more cruel is, that this very chorus, who has been the chief support of his theatres in operas, has almost nightly been engaged at both houses, and when they had an opportunity of a little recreation in the country, he wishes to deprive them of that comfort.

"This mean paltry subterfuge to save a few pounds, cannot be too strongly reprobated, and the gentlemen of the chorus are anxious that you will in your useful publication do them justice in exposing so nefarious a trade."

NOTICES.

"Fair Play" has been cheated. The price at which the Gentleman's Dressing Room Guide is sold, as advertised, is sixpence! and if any Bookseller has charged him the sum he states, he ought to refund it without delay.

No. II. of WHIGGERIES and WAGGERIES is now ready. Country Booksellers are requested to send their Orders, with a remittance. They will be supplied on the same terms as No. I. viz. eighteenpence per dozen (15), and unsold copies exchanged at the close of the year. No. I. is still on sale.

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No. 191.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1835.

(Price One Penny.)



THE POLITICAL BURKERS!

and scarcely starting into life, lies at the mercy of those who are most anxious to terminate its brief hour of existence. At the head of these is the ever liberal-minded Wellington, who, having the good of the nation at heart, resolves to smother the poor thing, and thus terminate the life of his victim, and the fears of his Conservative friends, by one bold blow. In this act of charity he is most ably supported by Cumberland (a well-known burker), who, without one feeling of remorse, lays his iron hand upon the babe to hold it down and stifle its cries, whilst his friends complete the work of destruction. Eldon, though sometimes "given to the melting mood," eagerly looks on, and without one tear of compassion assists to smother the infant, which he fears, if suffered to reach its maturity, might prove a giant, whose strength would be applied to the overturning of Tory corruption and misrule. In the rear are sundry bishops, who, forgetting their sacred character, lend a willing hand in the destruction of a monster whom they almost fear to look upon.

Behind the group, and eagerly peering over the shoulders of this motley group, stands William *the Reformer*, who, dreading the results of this lawless act of violence, yet fearing to withhold the hands of the Burkers, stands looking on with a countenance expressive of the woeful predicament in which he finds himself. As to the unfortunate victim of these barbarous monsters, we may see how terrified it is at the dark and hideous feature of the assembled group. It perceives the evil designs of its destroyers, and with a piteous cry gives itself up for lost.

In an instant the instrument of death is upon it—its cries are lost in the wild shout of triumph raised by the inhuman butchers, and in a few minutes the unfortunate babe ceases to live. Wellington smiles with savage joy, Eldon lets drop a few of his ever-ready tears—Cumberland twirls his mustachios and attempts to conceal his unbounded satisfaction—the bishops offer up a prayer of thanksgiving for the happy deliverance they have assisted to achieve—and Billy runs off to hide himself from Adelaide, lest she should *hide* him for not having taken a more prominent part in this cruel act of butchery.

How admirably has the prophetic pencil of our friend Seymour depicted the ultimate fate of that fair bantling of our Whig Ministers—Corporation Reform. To his ever-watchful eye do all future events present themselves as vividly as though they were realities. His ever fertile mind grasps at and secures whatever objects are of most immediate interest to the nation; while FIGARO, with patriotic zeal, diffuses the inestimable treasures of his prolific mind to millions of anxious and grateful subscribers. The engraving which this week illustrates our work is on a subject which, at the present moment, engrosses the attention of the public: we allude, of course, to the Bill which has just passed the Commons for the Reform of Corporation Abuses. Arrived in the House of Lords, we here see the dreadful fate it is doomed to meet with from the hands of those political burkers. The infant, but just born,

VOL. IV.

Printed by G. Cowie, 13, Newcastle-street, Strand.

Such, we have fair reason to surmise, will be the fate of this important measure, upon the successful issue of which so much hope has been excited. That the (self-styled) Conservatives in the Upper House will succeed in Burking the Bill we cannot entertain much doubt. In that department of the legislature lies the chief strength of that party which has ever stood foremost in the support of every abuse that has of late years crept into and disfigured our once excellent constitution.

Born to affluence themselves, these lords look with jealous eyes on the progress of opinions, which, if once suffered to take root, would ultimately tend to diminish their own influence, and raise those whom they now regard as the mere slaves of the soil, to a station which they have long and successfully endeavoured to withhold from them.

That they have laboured to their own advantage is now too evident, but henceforth they must be content to remain within the sphere which Fortune has allotted to them. As peers, men will ever respect them, and protect their privileges as they would their own. But let them in return exhibit the same fellow feeling and kindness towards those whom chance has made inferior to themselves,—let them but show that they regard the multitude with something like kindness, and the multitude will not prove themselves ungrateful.

INTERPRETER.

Royal Trip to Greenwich.

"The King has signified his desire to the Lord Mayor that his Lordship should attend his Majesty, on Saturday next, to Greenwich. The Lord Mayor has accordingly directed that the most splendid preparations should be made on board the City yacht, in which his Lordship will be accompanied by the members of the Court of Aldermen, the high City officers, &c., and will immediately precede the royal yacht from Somerset House, where his Majesty will embark to Greenwich."—*Times*.

His Majesty, (Heaven bless him!) to show his natural predilection for nautical affairs, resolves to take the somewhat perilous trip all the way from Somerset House to Greenwich, by water. Now this, so far, is all very well; it amuses the royal mind, and where is the disloyal heart that could wish to deprive a monarch of such trifling pleasures? But why lug in the poor Lord Mayor? Why take him out of his element? Why subject him to the danger of a voyage that his timid nature shudders at? What! lug the Right Worshipful Lord Mayor, *volens volens*, from Cheapside to Greenwich, to look at a parcel of maimed sailors, who, though once the terror of our foes, are now, many of them, (h)armless. The idea is preposterous, and we only wonder that his Lordship does not assert his own dignity, (which he is so fond of talking about in common halls) and at once plumply refuse to grace the royal procession. To be sure there is plenty of good eating and drinking in perspective—and who ever heard of a Lord Mayor who could resist the tempting bait of a turtle feast, and a skin full of all the good things of this life? We have heard some grumblers talk of the expense it will put the citizens to—but let those grumblers recollect that it is all for the maintenance of their honour—and that the Municipal Corporation Reform will soon put an end to those glorious doings for ever!

More Seizures for Church Rates.

"On the 18th instant a second seizure of four more bundles of 24's twist, was made from Mr. John Buckley's Son, the same day a time piece was seized belonging to Philip Buckley; also under the same warrant, which authorized the previous seizure from him of a mahogany table, for an amount of 8s, church rate. Such was the indignation excited at these proceedings amongst the crowd of by-standers, that, but for the interference of some of the parties who have suffered by these seizures, the Sheriff's officer would have been roughly handled. It was not without some difficulty that the people could be persuaded not to molest the bailiff."—*Manchester Guardian*.

When will these greedy parsons learn the christian charity they so meekly preach? When will they open their eyes to the

fallacy, nay the utter injustice of their harsh proceedings against a people who conscientiously resist the payment of demands which they conceive they have no right to accede to? Do not these haughty ministers of a mild and beneficent creed foresee that such heartless barbarity will surely—and that ere long too—prove the utter destruction of that tottering fabric which they seem so anxious to preserve? The Dissenters, a large and most influential body, will not any longer contribute towards the support of a church with which they hold no communion. They are willing to pay their own ministers, and to stand separated—as far as religious matters go—from our established church and the hungry-wolves that watch around the flock. But to this our parsons themselves turn dissenters, and snarling like the discontented dog in the fable, drop the substance they have secured, to catch at that which, in the end, turns out to be a mere shadow! Having no conscience of their own, they seem to think that others have an equal want of that necessary ingredient in man's nature. They therefore seek the mediation of the broker, and in lieu of money seize upon money's worth—and that, too, in every instance, to the amount of ten times the sum which they demand. If there should be any doubt upon this subject, the above quotation will, we should imagine, satisfy the mind of even the most sceptical. For a paltry few pence they seize upon Mr. Buckley's twist. Of a verity these parsons are hungry fellows, and have an unaccountable share of twist of their own.

How to die for Love.

An extraordinary trial has lately occupied the attention of our volatile neighbours, the Parisians. It appears that a young couple fell over head and ears in love with each other; matters 'are arranged, and they live together as man and wife, without the legal fetters that some scrupulous people think it necessary to bind round the votaries of Hymen. At length they get weary of life—and perhaps of each other.—The lady proposes a short way of deciding the matter—that her guardian lover shall administer to herself a sufficient dose of poison, and kindly leaves it to his choice as to the manner of his own death. The proposition is acceded to, the lady dies like a heroine—and the gentleman does all he can to follow so worthy an example. He takes poison too; and, finding that it is not immediately attended with the result anticipated—stabs himself in various parts of the body with—what think you, reader? a poniard? a sword?—No—with a small penknife, the blade of which does not exceed two inches in length. However, while he is tickling himself in this manner, some of the neighbours kindly rush in to his assistance—the dreadful weapon is snatched from his grasp—his wounds are healed, and the malefactor is subsequently brought to trial for his misdemeanours. All Paris was on the tip toe of expectation. Of the culprit's fate not a doubt existed in the mind of any one. The guillotine or the galleys were in perspective; when lo! the jury find the prisoner—not guilty!—thus setting a most dreadful and dangerous example to other desperate men who may feel inclined to make attempts upon their own lives with that terrific implement of destruction—a penknife!

CIVIC COURT CIRCULAR.

Yesterday, being the anniversary of King Winchester's birthday, the morning was ushered in by a merry peal from Bow-bells, and a grand *feu de joie* of pop-guns from the various coal wharfs on the river. At 2 o'clock her civic majesty held a drawing room, at which all the *élites* of the city were present. The following are a few of the presentations:—

Mrs. John Ketch, on her marriage, by Mrs. Tomkins.
The Editor of the Times with a loyal address from Puddledock.
Mr. Arabella Amelia Farebrother, by Mrs. Alderman Farebrother.
Mrs. Ikey Solomons, on her return from abroad, by Mrs. Cope of Newgate.
Corporal Doublestripe, on his promotion in the City Fencibles, by Alderman Claudius Stephen Hunter

Mr. Deputy Dowdy, by Lady Laura Mundungus.

Mr. Hobler with addresses from Cripplegate and Crutched Friars.

After the drawing-room, his cockney majesty held a chapter of the most noble order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to confer the vacant blue ribbon on Mr. Charles Pearson. The preliminary forms having been arranged, the candidate was introduced by Messrs. Simpkins and Fubba, each decorated with their orders, and having a pewter pot in the right hand, and a short pipe in his mouth. The candidate, then kneeling, received from the hands of his Majesty, assisted by Aldermen Laurie and Farebrother, the insignia of that most illustrious order. At the conclusion of this imposing ceremony, King Winchester called for his sword and mace-bearers, and, having adjourned the Chapter, retired to the tap-room of the Pig and Tinderbox, to spend the remainder of the day with a few select friends from the neighbourhood of Billingsgate.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.—Mr. Snooks, from Battersea Fields; Mr. Henry Hopkins, from Botany Bay; Mr. Alderman Scales, from Bow; Mr. Deputy Figgins, from Quagmire Hall, Hackney Marsh; Mr. Higginbottom, from the Penitentiary, Mill Bank; Mrs. Stubbs, from Van Dieman's Land; Alderman Venables, from Brixton; Mr. Alderman Ansley, from Denman's Royal Spike Hotel, St. George-in-the-Fields.

The Lord Mayor gives a dinner party in a few days to the cads and omnibus-drivers of the Royal Exchange, Bank, &c. We understand the *gentlemen* are not expected to appear full dressed, as it is the intention of the Lady Mayoress to receive them quite in a *family* way.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

FIGARO OFFICE, 1/4 past 5.

We stop the press to announce the following truly alarming intelligence.

Miss D——h (daughter to a member of the honourable Common Council of the City of London), residing in the vicinity of Aldgate pump, has, we are informed, just escaped from DEATH by drowning. The young lady, who it appears was on a visit to some friends in Essex, near the river Roden, was about to step into a boat when the crazy vehicle capsized, and, melancholy to relate, the City's pride was plunged, most indecorously, head-foremost into the watery abyss. Fortunately, an intrepid pedagogue was at hand, who rushing forward, succeeded, after great exertion, in conveying her once more to *Terra firma*, affording an apt illustration that the *schoolmaster* is indeed *abroad*. It, however, affords us infinite pleasure to add that the young lady is fast recovering from the effects of this alarming accident.

Halderman Wenables fainted when the intelligence reached him, but by the last bulletin it appears that he is fast approaching what the city physicians call a state of *cornwall-estence*.

PARLIAMENTARY OPENINGS.

Mr. Wakley was about to propose a Bill—

Mr. Forrester began by stating that he knew nothing—

Mr. Hume declared that he had always calculated—

Lord John Russell hoped there were some honourable members in the house—

The Chancellor of the Exchequer would propose waiting—

Mr. Pease, though justly alarmed, was no Quaker—

Mr. O'Connell confessed his agitation—

Mr. T. Duncon. declared he had never pledged—

Mr. Maurice O'Connell was prepared to defend himself—

Colonel Sibthorpe, said his principles were too well known—

Mr. Roebuck was not easily to be convinced—

The Speaker said he should say nothing—

BREVITIES.

French Wagery.

The King of the French being sarcastically asked what he thought of the recent defeat of his troops near Algiers, answered rather testily, that though he could put up with a good many *jokes*, he didn't at all like *All-jeers*.

Municipal Wagery.

It has been suggested that the nobleman who was to introduce the Corporation Reform Bill in the House of Lords should decidedly have been the Duke of Marlborough (*Maul-borough*).

The Female Sailor and the Royal Tar.

The young female sailor who lately made so great a noise in the world, has applied to his Majesty for a pension. This has been granted, at the instigation, it is said, of the queen, who ardently patronizes all females who follow her own example in *wearing the breeches*.

Aerial Voyages

Fears seem to be entertained that the aerial ship will explode before it arrives at the place of its destination. Should such be the case, it will only, like many other foolish projects, *end in smoke*.

Newspaper Veracity.

Some of the papers have positively asserted that John Barnett, the composer, is gone to Germany; while others, with equal positiveness, have asserted *It-a-ly*.

Sink or Swim.

The Lord Mayor and Alderman Lucas were enquiring of Hobler, which would be in the greatest danger of drowning if they should both fall overboard, on their voyage to Greenwich. "Why," replied the sapient chief clerk, "Winchester having so much lead in his head, would be sure to sink, but Lucas would swim, he being a *lighter-man*."

A Sweet Actress.

"Which is the sweetest woman in Nisbett's female corps?" asked Ellenborough of Count D'Arsay. "Why, *Honey*, to be sure," responded the exquisite. Ellenborough's curls stood erect, in absolute astonishment.

THEATRICALS

Bunn seems determined to give the English a full dose of his "foreign talent." On Monday evening, Drury Lane Theatre was opened, and the entertainments consisted of a choice selection from the worn-out-pieces of the Italian Opera House. The audience, good humouredly enough, took it all in excellent part—applauded the pieces—encored the vocalists—and pronounced the performance excellent. The fact is, however, that not one out of five hundred understood a word of what was going on, but having paid their money to look at the foreigners, of whom they had heard so much, they were fully determined to be satisfied with whatever the munificence of the great lessee had provided for the occasion. This foolery may do for once, but the English are not to be caught a second time with such frippery and empty show.

At the Haymarket things are going on very prosperously. Buckstone's new piece of the Scholar has proved an immense hit. Farren's inimitable acting and the author-actor's drollery afford a rich treat to those who admire sterling British talent in preference to the foreign frippery that now degrades the national theatres. The result is, as it should be, good houses and the approbation of the public.

The manager of the English Opera has found it prudent to close his theatre for the present—and we only wonder that he has not thought it advisable to do so at an earlier period of the season. After all, what has he done to deserve that patronage which he lays claim to, and which has been withheld only because he would not bestir himself to cater judiciously for the amusement of those who would have encouraged any efforts that he might have made in their behalf. We have had but few novelties, with a large share of revivals, in which the public of course felt no interest, so that Mr. Arnold has only himself to blame if the receipts have not covered the expenditure so far as the season has already gone. We hear, however, that he sees his error, and intends to profit by experience. The house is to open again in a week with two new operas, one of which, adapted by Mr. Thackeray, from Sir Walter Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, has some effective music by Mr. Thompson, already favourably known as a cleve composer. With liberal management wonders may be done, and we do trust that Mr. Arnold will not allow any paltry considerations to interfere with his future management of his theatre.

The Victoria has been doing wretched business, and unless some change for the better takes place, must soon close its doors. Truly this is an unfortunate speculation. Poor Egerton, whose death we are sorry to announce, lost in it the hard earnings of a life of toil, and in all probability his death was accelerated by the misfortunes accumulated through his connection with this house.

Mrs. Nisbett continues her successful career at the Queen's. Novelty succeeds novelty with astonishing rapidity. Selby, who has proved himself to be one of the best farce writers of the present day, has just produced a new piece here under the title of "Catching an heiress." The plot is laughable, the dialogue smart and humorous, and the incidents well contrived. In the last scene, Mrs Nisbett assumes the disguise of a thorough paced intrepid exquisite — an admirable and not too highly drawn, picture of the celebrated Count D'Orsay. At the conclusion of the piece she delivers with great cleverness, a sort of prologue entitled the "Diary of a Man about town," which serves in no inconsiderable degree to increase the good humour of the audience. In concluding our notice of this theatre, we must not omit to notice Miss Murray who played the part of a waiting woman, and afterwards that of a tiger with a great deal of archness and vivacity.

On Monday evening we visited the Surrey Theatre to see Mrs. Fitzwilliam's return to the boards where we witnessed her first appearance about sixteen years since. Davidge has revived Buckstone's clever opera of the Pet of the Petticoats, in which Mrs. F. sustains the principal part, and most effectively has the piece been got up in every department. The Heart of Mid Lothian, as originally performed at this house, has also been revived, the part of Madge Wildfire being played by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who effected so much towards the success of the drama during its first run. The Theatre was filled on Monday evening in every part, a reward justly due to the exertions of Davidge, who, since taking the Surrey, has paid in full every creditor under his late bankruptcy.

NOTICES.

H. B. is informed that in consequence of the rapidly increasing sale of Figaro, the wish he, in common with many others, has expressed will shortly be gratified. It is the intention of the proprietor of this periodical to give

SIX SLASHING CARICATURES

in one number, as soon as they can be got out of the engraver's hands. Seymour has already executed *his* task in a style that far surpasses any thing that yet appeared from his unequalled pencil. Due notice will be given previous to the publication of the number, but we cannot too strenuously urge the public to lose no time in forwarding their orders through their agents, as those parties will be supplied according to their priority.

If *Amicus* had looked to the last page of the two or three preceding numbers of FIGARO, he would have seen that the 2nd Part of WHIGGRIES AND WAGGRIES is already published. In answer to his other query we have to assure him that it is not the intention of the proprietor to raise the price. Both series have been sold at two-pence each, and we certainly shall not increase the charge while our friends continue to patronize WHIGGRIES AND WAGGRIES with so much liberality.

R. W. S. is mistaken as to the piece he mentions. THE PET OF THE PETTICOATS is published in Strange's Edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and if his bookseller has asserted to the contrary we beg to assure him he is in error.

LEPORELLO will perceive that we have attended to his wish. May we request to hear from him again at his earliest convenience.

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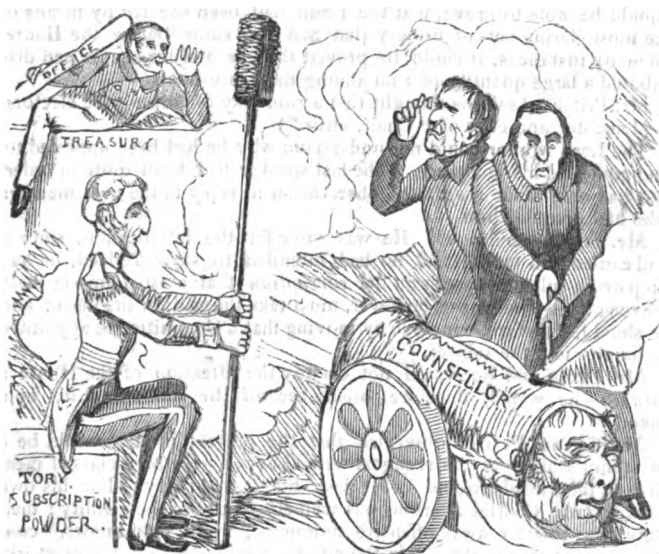
Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 192.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1835.

Price One Penny.



THE OLD WEATHER-ALL BOMB.

The Corporation Reform Bill has passed through the House of Commons, and the natural consequence is that the Tory Lords are in despair. They have seen corruption flourish so long that they wish it to remain in perpetuity, and every act of theirs is evidently intended to effect that object. The Earl of Winchelsea, with a laudable regard for plain dealing, declared a few days ago that he would cheerfully surrender his vast revenues could he but see matters brought back to their former standard of excellence.—That is, in plain terms, his lordship would become a voluntary sacrifice for the support of those abuses in the government which the people have so long smarted under. Nay, this lover of things as they were, would become a beggar so that he could see his fellow

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peers once more firmly seated with their feet upon the necks of a prostrate nation.

In the House of Lords we fear the Bill is doomed to meet with an untimely fate. Delay seems to be the great object in view, and an amendment which the Conservatives carried a few nights since, will afford them that delay to their heart's content. Witnesses from each borough are to be called to give evidence in favour of the old system of corporation abuses, and the time occupied in the examination it is calculated will exceed two years! Truly, this is a cheering prospect now that the commons have seen the expediency of passing the measure! The Lords, however, may yet see the absolute folly of such a proceeding—they cannot wish to be at issue with the House of Commons, nor can they desire to estrange themselves from the affection of the people.

Seymour, in one of his happiest moods, has seized upon this important subject for the customary illustration to FIGARO. He has represented Wellington, Winchelsea, and Lyndhurst, as leaders of the opposition, bringing their great Tory bomb—well known as the Old Weather-all—to pour a tremendous volley upon the ministers and the measure they have introduced. But the effect produced by the explosion—though it was expected to be very great—is, in reality, nothing. Lord Melbourne reclines securely, and quite at his ease, in spite of the powder that has been wasted to dislodge him. Poor Wellington sits in thoughtful amazement—Lyndhurst cannot believe his eyes, and Winchelsea stares around him in utter astonishment.

The fact is, the Old Weather-all Bomb is nearly worn out, and will no longer carry its charge with anything like a certain aim.—The bore is considered too great, and though the *mettle* (we beg pardon, *metal*) was once tolerable good, it is now worn thin with frequent explosions, so that though it still carries powder enough to make a great noise, it can no longer do that mischief which it was wont to do in former times. Lord Melbourne seems quite aware of this, and though the aim is taken directly at himself, he appears to be quite indifferent amidst the bellowing of the once mighty bomb.

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But it is feared that he cannot remain in this state of security for any length of time. The Tories, finding their artillery fail, will next storm him, sword in hand, in his strong hold. Their numbers must in the end overpower him: he will be driven from the post he in vain endeavours to defend, and must ultimately surrender the Treasury fortress into the hands of his headstrong conquerors.

INTERPRETER.

The Church Militant.

Marlborough Street.—“On Saturday the Rev. James Wood and Dr. George Wood, of Half-moon Street, Piccadilly, were brought up before Mr. Dyer, on a peace warrant obtained by Mr. Thomas Nelson Waterfield, who made oath that he believed it was the intention of the Rev. defendants to send his brother, Mr. Thomas Waterfield, a challenge to fight a duel, and thereby to cause him to commit a breach of the peace; &c.”—*Times*.

Why what an age of chivalry is this! Let slip but an intemperate expression, or perhaps a harmless joke, at the expense of some paltry knave, and presto! comes a challenge to settle the affair with swords or pistols! A few weeks ago we were amused at that concentration of insipidity and dullness, D'Israeli, Jun. asserting his *manhood* by sending a hostile message to Maurice O'Connell, but which said hostile message was—to our entire satisfaction—treated with the utter contempt it merited. Then came the noise and bluster between the gentlemen of the Press and Mr. Roebuck, which, after a few hours, evaporated into thin air, and all the parties expressed themselves perfectly well satisfied with each other. Yet these things, ridiculous as they may appear, sink into utter insignificance when compared with the case now under notice:—Mr. Charles Waterfield in some way or other, offends a brace of parsons, who, forgetting their sacred and peaceful characters, bully and abuse him in such round terms, that another party thinks it prudent to apply to a magistrate to prevent a duel taking place. This, to any thinking man must appear the most reasonable course to be adopted; but, from some unaccountable cause, Mr. Dyer refuses to interfere in the matter further than by advising a reconciliation between the belligerent parties. This may certainly show some good nature on the part of the magistrate, but in our opinion the reverend duelists ought to have been bound in heavy sureties to keep the peace with all his majesty's subjects. But no—they are allowed to march out of the office triumphantly with a sort of tacit acknowledgement that they may insult and challenge whomsoever they please with impunity.

And now a word of advice to Mr. Waterfield—let him immediately state his complaints against these warlike parsons to the Bishop of London, who *must*, in that event, take active measures to teach these *Reverends* that their vocation is not to slaughter men whom they are ordained to lead into the path of righteousness and peace.

Wit in Chancery.

VICE CHANCELLOR'S COURT.—*Rogers v. Brown*.—Mr. Knight moved to dissolve an injunction granted to restrain the defendant from continuing to use certain peculiar marks, together with the name of the plaintiffs, upon the defendants' razors. The learned counsel, after stating that the injunction had been improperly granted, said it was nothing, that the plaintiffs were razor-makers to their majesties.

Vice-Chancellor—Did you say *their* majesties, Mr. Knight? I can understand that *his* majesty should require the use of the razor, but surely—

Mr. Knight (amid much laughter) said the plaintiffs called themselves cutters to *their* majesties, but another in the same town (Sheffield) claimed a similar honour.—*Herald*.

How keen and severe is the wit of these legal functionaries—how mortifying that they should make the Vice-Chancellor's Court a sort of acting edition of *Figaro*! Yet that we have rivals—and such rivals too—we are bound, albeit somewhat unwillingly, to admit. Occasionally will be found in our pages a few harmless jokes at the expense of majesty, but never have we penned one so *cutting* as this *razor* cause has given birth to. That his Majesty has a beard the Vice-Chancellor allows, for

he knows that he has been too often *bearded* in his own palace; and report does say that he has been not unfrequently *soaped* by those who flatter but to deceive. Yet why should Shadwell seek to raise a laugh at our good and ever-gentle queen?—why excite the risible muscles of the gentlemen of the bar by even hinting that the royal Adelaide is so so masculine as to sport a beard? He observes, interrupting the counsel, “I can understand that *his* Majesty should require the use of the razor, but surely—” now that very surely—breaking off abruptly as it does—implies a doubt at which we shudder! Throwing ourselves forward, therefore, in defence of that much-calumniated lady, we venture fearlessly to assert that the whole affair is nothing more than a “weak invention of the enemy;”—her Majesty has no more occasion for a razor than has the *great* Duchess of St. Albans herself; and we do, therefore, earnestly entreat that the Messrs. Rogers will no longer insult the country by describing themselves as “Razor-makers to *their* Majesties.” Had Sir Edward Sugden given birth to the joke we could have pardoned him; it would have been *professional*, though, even under those circumstances, extremely *barbarous*.

CITY PARLIAMENT.

The Lord Mayor took the chair at a quarter before twelve.

Mr. Thomas Lott presented a petition from Alderman *Scates*, praying for an alteration in *weights and measures*.

The prayer of the petition was supported by Mr. Charles Pearson, who declared that the half quarter measures did not satisfy him; in fact, he did not like *half measures* at all.

Bribery and Corruption.

Mr. Figgins rose, pursuant to notice, to bring under the consideration of the House, a most impudent and bare-faced case of bribery and corruption. It would be in the recollection of hon. members that an election for a scavenger to the populous district of Mutton-hill had lately taken place. On this occasion, a scene of disgraceful riot and confusion had ensued, which had terminated in the election of Mr. Mudlark; and he should be able to prove, that the result had been effected by means of the most glaring acts of bribery that had ever come before the House. In many instances, it could be proved that he and his agents had distributed a large quantity of rum among the constituents—

Mr. Pritchard said he thought that a *rum* way of bribing the electors. —(Laughter, and cries of “Chair, chair.”)

The Lord Mayor could not understand why he had been appealed to, and confessed his ignorance. The last speaker had been quite in order, and had only made a *spirited* observation in reply to the hon. member who had preceded him.

Mr. Figgins continued. He was sorry for the interruption, since it had caused him to forget all he had intended to say. Indeed, he had prepared a splendid speech on the *corruption* that existed among these scavengers. The House, however, must take the will for the deed; and he should, therefore, conclude by moving that a Committee be appointed to inquire into the subject.

Mr. Dixon said he would not occupy the attention of the House a *minute*—he would, therefore, briefly *second* the motion of his hon. friend.

Mr. Charles Pearson observed, that the present inquiry would be a most important one. Scavengers were always a *necessary* class of men, though their deeds would never bear the light of day. For his own part, he (Mr. Charles Pearson) was well convinced of their utility; their duty was to clear away offensive nuisances; “and, God knows,” continued the hon. member, “in the city their labour is of the most irksome description.” He would support the motion.

Alderman Farebrother would bring forward a few *knock-down* arguments in favour of the proposed committee. He could produce a *whole catalogue* of crimes against the parties implicated, and knew *lots* of instances in which—

An hon. member, whose name we could not learn, thought this was not the time to enter so deeply into the subject as the worthy Alderman seemed to wish.

The Lord Mayor agreed with the last speaker, and thought the less that was said upon the subject the better.

Mr. Pritchard protested against the interference of the Lord Mayor: he was *speaker* of their honourable house, and therefore ought to be *silent*.

The Lord Mayor would not be insulted by any man, and was prepared to support the dignity of his office. If such language was proceeded with, he would call for his officers and dissolve the House. He was a Church and King man, and so was the *Lady Mayores*.

Mr. Figgins thought this interruption most disgraceful. He wished the business now before the House to be proceeded with.

The Lord Mayor was inclined to oppose it on two or three grounds, but for the present thought the *motion* would not suffer if, for a few days, it remained *stationary*.

Alderman Lucas quite agreed with the Lord Mayor. Besides, it was now one o'clock, and that was his dinner-time; he therefore moved the adjournment of the House.

In this the whole House seemed to coincide, and the motion for adjournment was carried unanimously.

A VOYAGE TO GREENWICH BY VATER.

Tune—*King of the Cannibal Islands.*

Oh listen to a yarn I've spun,
About the things that late were done
By the King and Queen, on their voyage from London
Bridge to Greenwich by vater!

So now, without von bit of chaff—
The joke I know vill make you laugh—
'Bout Villiam and his better half,
Who vent, attended by their staff,
In little boats, I do declare,
Attended by the old Lord Mayor;
Dear, how the folks did gape and stare,
As they vent to Greenwich by vater!
With laughing, quaffing, all the vay,
And funning, punning, each so gay,
They hoped to have a pleasant day,
On their woyage to Greenwich by vater!

Oh, crikey! how the cannon roar'd,
The moment they set foot on board,
And then came up the City's Lord—
-Mayor to see them to Greenwich by vater!

Away they vent—disdaining fears—
The people raised great shouts and cheers,
As on the banks they stood in *tiers*.
While at each bridge they passed the *piers*,
Who grimly frowned as they vent by,
When von more bold did loudly cry,
He thought the thing was all his eye,—
This jaunting to Greenwich by vater.
With laughing, quaffing, &c.

Then on they rowed, with all their might,
Shot London Bridge in a bit of spite,
Oh it was indeed a glorious sight,
When they vent to Greenwich by vater.
At the Tower-wharf was *sich* a go—
Beef-eaters drawn up in a row—
Their zeal and loyalty to show—
Played 'Rule Britannia' but so, so;
Then Cuckold's Point next came in view,
The Queen look'd white, the King look'd blue;
Lord, what a farce, 'twixt me and you,
Was this woyage to Greenwich by vater.
With laughing, quaffing, &c.

Arrived at Greenwich stairs they land,
And then the sight was werry grand,
For all the yards with *boys* were *mann'd*,
On reaching Greenwich by vater.
Their next proceeding was to dine—
Drink loyal toasts and guzzle wine—
Make speeches that were werry fine,
And talk of Kings and their "rights divine,"
Which done, their way home they pursued,
So this moral may be understood,—
If they did no harm, why they did no good,
By going to Greenwich by vater.
With laughing, quaffing, &c.

BREVITIES.

Rather Troublesome.

His Majesty, having called out the Lord Mayor to meet him at Greenwich, the latter is said to have taken active measures to give him satisfaction.

Stone Fruit.

"What sort of fruit are these *pomegranites*?" asked Sir Clod of Common Councilman Steevens. "Only another variety of *Scotch granite*," answered the witty gin-spinner.

Winking at evil.

A rotten egg, hurled by some base hand, lighted on the nose of the dignified Winchester. For a moment he looked unutterable things; but, as the offender had escaped, he was compelled, on this occasion, to show his magnanimity by *winking* at the offence.

The Upset of Royalty.

Our revered Monarch occasionally gets into smartish *breezes* with the amiable Adelaide. A few days since one of these was succeeded by some heavy *squalls*, which were followed by a tremendous *blow* that sent the Royal tar upon his beam-ends.

A handsome Foot.

"These boots do not fit me, Hoby," exclaimed Harrington, peevishly; "they are too large, and most diabolically ugly." "Then your lordship shall have another pair," returned the aristocratic snob; "for I know you pride yourself upon having a most beautiful *Foot*."

A Bishop's Alarm.

"Whither shall I flee for peace from the wrath of those noisy Church Reformers?" cried the Bishop of Exeter in alarm. "Ask his Majesty to translate you to the Pacific Sea (See)," responded his toady, Horace Twiss.

THEATRICALS

A new fairy operetta called the 'Guardian Sylph,' has been produced at the Queen's. It is a poor flimsy French affair, and will not, we should suppose, do much towards enriching the treasury. It embraces some of the incidents of the 'Mountain Sylph,' but they are badly managed, and fall very short of the intended effect. Mrs. Honey plays the Sylph with more spirit than we ever saw her throw into any part before, and her songs were all perfect little gems, though unfortunately set in very coarse materials. Reeve was as droll as a meagre up-hill part would allow him to be.

At the Surrey Theatre, T. P. Cooke has been added to its already powerful company. On Monday evening the 'Sledge Driver' was announced, but in consequence of some disagreement with Mr. Morris of the Haymarket, another piece was obliged to be substituted. At this the audience grew clamorous, and Mr. Davidge waxed wrathful. The disturbance increased, and in proportion so did the rage of Mr. D., who stepping at last before the curtain, assured the audience that "he had been too often used to theatrical rows to be intimidated on the present occasion." This somewhat bold speech is vehemently applauded by the uproarious, and the manager exits amazed at the change he has wrought. Surely this was kissing the rod with a vengeance; but the English are a good-natured people!

At Astley's the performances continue nearly as they were at the commencement of the season. 'The Siege of Jerusalem' has nearly reached its hundredth night, and we are then promised an illumination and a change of pieces. The scenes in the circle are really excellent, but we would advise less speed and a little more care on the part of some of the riders. The other evening Mr. Addams, who by the by, is exceedingly clever, met with an accident that had nearly proved fatal. We recommend him to insure his life.

The Pavilion is closed. Farrel is about to submit the whole to the purifying process of white-washing and painting. Perhaps at the same time he will consider the propriety of employing talented authors for his theatre, and not allow the whole *literary* department to be engrossed by the Lucases, the Barnett's, the Polacks and others, that we could mention who write pieces for the establishment at so much per yard. The butcher-boys of Whitechapel are good judges of blood and murder pieces, and will be sure to reward talent.

Being in that part of the town, we may mention that Conquest has opened the Garrick as an humble imitator of the late Charles Mathews. We saw him a few nights ago, and were really very well pleased.

Almar has produced a new spectacle at Sadler's Wells. It is called 'The Seven Sisters,' and is founded on a popular legend still current at the village of Tottenham. The getting up of the drama is unexceptionable; the scenery and dresses are extremely splendid; and the performance seems to afford the audience all the pleasure they could anticipate. This, if the receipts prove good, will no doubt afford ample satisfaction to the spirited lessee. Our old friend Campbell seemed quite at home. He stamped and ranted to his heart's content, and his great exertions were duly appreciated by his admiring friends.

Sheridan Knowles has this week made his appearance at the Victoria Theatre. His reception was, as it ought to be, enthusiastic in the extreme, but we are sorry to add that the audience was not so large a one as might have been expected. On Monday night he sustained the part of Tell in his own beautiful drama on that subject, and never did he perform the part with more spirit or animation. On the following evening he played Walter in the 'Hunchback,' in a style of surpassing beauty. We were, however, sorry to see him so badly supported throughout the piece. This is a fault that betrays the most careless management, and should be avoided beyond all others. If the performers are not better perfect and well up in their parts at the last rehearsal fine them, we say, to the utmost that the usages of the theatre admit. Touch their pockets and you will inspire them with retentive memories—keep them in continual fear for their salaries, and they, we will wager a good round sum, will devote a little more attention to the scene.

We have not yet had an opportunity of visiting the Colosseum; but, if report speaks truly, it is one of the places of amusement that deserves the best patronage of the public. We shall stroll in shortly, and report progress.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In last week's *Figaro* it was incidentally hinted that it was our intention to give

SIX SLASHING CARICATURES

after the admirable designs of Seymour. We are now happy to assure our readers that they are in a state of great forwardness, and will appear in No. 200 of this work!

Notwithstanding our notice that No. 2 of *WHIGGIES* and *WAGGIES* is published, we have received a great number of letters, complaining that the writers have not been able to get them through their newsmen. We can only say, let us know the names of the parties, and care shall be taken to amend the inconvenience.

Mr. John Barrett is informed that Buckstone's new drama, 'The Scholar,' is in the press, and will be published in a few days.

We have received a very long letter, signed J. B., the object of which is to propose that a penny subscription be started in every parish throughout England, for the purpose of raising a monument to the memory of the late William Cobbett. The proposition is well worthy of attention, and should be carried into immediate execution.

Mr. George Thatcher's intemperate note has been received. The party he alludes to may have been mistaken, but that does not warrant our correspondent in giving the *LIE* direct. We will enquire into the subject at the fountain-head, and report accordingly.

Q IN THE CORNER is inadmissible. *Figaro* has already given sufficient publicity to the affair he speaks of in a recent number. Will our sprightly friend favor us again?

We have received many letters from the admirers of poor Paulo, enquiring where subscriptions are received in behalf of his destitute widow. In reply, we are happy to state that Mr. Strange, our publisher, has kindly offered to receive donations; and that Mr. Cowie, printer, 13, Newcastle-street, Strand, will assist in forwarding the charitable intentions of those who are willing to aid the necessitous. Need we urge our friends to come forward in this case of pressing emergency?

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 193.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1835.

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THE CORPORATION ABUSE EXTINGUISHER !

In spite of all the puny efforts of the Tory Lords, both spiritual and temporal, the Corporation Reform Bill must pass into a law, if its opposers mean to secure themselves from the dangers into which they would so thoughtlessly plunge. Had the question been moved twenty years since, it might have been scouted from either House without even the customary compliment of being read a first time. It might have been strangled in its birth; and the proposer of such a measure would have been thought either a madman or a profligate destroyer of public property. But the march of mind has turned the tables on those Tory upholders of abuses who once governed England with a rod of iron; men now see clearly enough that they have a right to resist when they are about to be trampled upon—the veil has fallen from their eyes, and they begin to assert

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their long-dormant right to insist upon an impartial and just administration of law.

That such is the state of popular feeling the majority of the Upper House has to thank itself. Hereditary wisdom has now degenerated into factious opposition to every salutary motion that is brought forward. If it trenches upon rights that have been usurped from the people, these Lords will not listen to it: they fear the growing power of the multitude, and endeavour to suppress it. At first, this was done openly, and without any attempt at concealment, but a clamour of disapprobation assailed them on every hand, and they have since been forced to change their tactics. Instead of undisguisedly setting at nought the demands of a nation, they now go to work in a more cautious manner—affect the greatest concern for the happiness and well-being of the nation, and under that plea devise the most paltry excuses for delay. During the time the Corporation Bill has been before the House of Lords, enough has been done to convince any one of the truth of this assertion. They have nursed the bantling with so much care that it must eventually perish through their over *kindness*.

Nor are these magnates of the land disinterested in the course they have thought proper to pursue: they have themselves to serve, and where self is concerned your lords are not the men to become a willing sacrifice. In all the corporations these aristocratic rulers have power, patronage, and in many instances place itself, to protect against the approaches of the enemy. They are resolved not to lose any of these, and, rather than yield a point of justice, set themselves at open defiance with a whole nation. Disregarding the complaints of the many, they take care to secure only their own interests, while they injure those of millions of their fellow-subjects. Who then can wonder that the Lords are no longer respected by the humbler classes of society, or who can affect surprise that the people exclaim loudly against such injustice?

The two Houses of Parliament are now at issue. The Commons have passed a Bill which has the support of all true lovers of their country, and the Lords are resolved either to burke or so far disfigure

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the little stranger, that it shall scarcely be known to those who brought it into existence and cherished it through a brief and sickly infancy. How the matter will terminate we know not, but in a few days the subject will no longer be one of doubt.

Seymour in his usual felicitous style has given us *his* ideas upon the subject, and rich and racy as he always is, we must do him the justice to confess that on the present occasion he has even exceeded all the previous lucubrations of his fertile brain. How horror-struck, and yet how resigned are the fat members of the corporations who surround his Majesty as their last earthly hope. They gaze with terror on the vision that passes before their bewildered brains. To their guilty consciences the object of their fears has assumed the form of some non-descript being, and as he strides through the stagnant waters of corruption, he seems to seize upon the bloated supporters of long endured abuses, whom he hurls with remorseless arm into the bottomless pit, from whence they shall never again rise to pursue, as heretofore, their vicious career of rapine and destruction. May such be the fate of those who have revelled in the infamies of corporation jobbing—but we fear the hour of retribution is not yet come. It is near, but Tory influence will avert it for the present.

INTERPRETER.

The Cockney Autocrat.

"A requisition, numerously and respectably signed by the inhabitants of Vintry Ward, was transmitted a few days since to the Lord Mayor, requesting him to call a meeting for the purpose of petitioning the Lords to pass the Bill for Corporation Reform with all due speed and unimpaired in all its clauses. This the Lord Mayor has thought proper to refuse, and the citizens are therefore left to take a course that will prove to his Lordship how little value they set upon his outstretched authority."—*Morning Paper*.

Lord Winchester, thick-skulled and wrong-headed as he is, still deserves the character of consistency;—he commenced his civic reign like a petty tyrant, and to the very end of it does he hold on his own self-willed and obstinate course. But, thank heaven, the ninth of November is at hand, and the crazy old idiot must resign his greatly abused authority into abler and better hands. He will then sink into the profound abyss of contempt and obloquy that he has been at such pains to earn for himself, and the citizens of London will rejoice that they have got rid of an imbecile whose only care has been to degrade and insult them to the utmost. Like the biggest boy in a school, he abuses and brow-beats all the smaller ones to satisfy his own inordinate love of authority,—or, to render our comparison more applicable to his swinish mayoralship, he is like one of those wrong-headed animals called hogs, which, in spite of your endeavours to lead him in the right path, rushes away in a contrary direction, nor stops till he runs his thick head against some intervening post. Like the hog, too, he revels in the filthiest puddles of corruption—rolls himself over and over in the mud and dirt with evident satisfaction, and thinks no luxury so great as that afforded by these stinking kennels. In fine, though in comparing him to a *hog*, we may appear somewhat severe, we are not the only persons who have discovered its applicability, since his fellow citizens have long regarded him as a *very great boar*.

Orange Atrocities.

Last night (Tuesday) Mr. Hume's motion was carried, that a Committee be appointed to enquire and examine into the Constitution, &c. of the Orange Lodges in Ireland.—*Morning paper*.

A more bigotted, infamous, or diabolical association never was dragged into existence than are these much-talked-of Orange Associations. Founded under the hypocritical plea of supporting the Protestant Church in Ireland, they are made the mere tools for exercising the most cruel tyranny over men who dare to profess that creed which has been established in Ireland ever since the dawn of christianity beamed upon its people. At the head of this Orange Institution stands the name of *Ernest*, Duke of Cumberland, and a pretty *earnest* it affords of the sweeping destruction it was intended to effect. It is now, however, in the hands of a committee, and if his royal highness gets clear out of the dilemma, we shall have to congratulate him upon being one of the most fortunate of mankind. At all events, we expect a very pretty exposure of a most infamous and bare-faced imposition upon the goaded people of unhappy Ireland.

Magisterial Mercy.

A case came before the magistrates on Saturday last, which proves, if proof be wanting, that the Poor Law Amendment Bill is calculated only to harass and distress those unfortunate victims of misfortune, who as men and Christians, we should succour and protect in the hour of their greatest need. For particulars of this cruel case, we refer our readers to the police reports.—*Evening paper*.

What a dreadful crime is *poverty* in this our much vaunted land of liberty! In the exact ratio that a man is wealthy or poor, so, in the eye of the law, is he more or less virtuous. He who is rich to-day may be a beggar to-morrow; but the goodness he was possessed of, under his happier circumstances, degenerates into absolute vice the instant that Fortune—that most fickle of all the goddesses—changes her once benignant smiles into frowns of anger or disregard. Of this melancholy fact there cannot be the least doubt, since the press daily brings before our notice the most deplorable instances, similar in atrocity to the one we have quoted above. We have here an instance of a man who has laboured, with honest pride, to bring up and support a large family of children. He has never sought the aid of parochial alms, and is satisfied so long as he can obtain even a bare subsistence, upon which he may drag out the remainder of a life of toil. At length, however, his grandchildren, through untoward events, are obliged to seek a trifling degree of assistance from the parish to which they have belonged from their birth. But no, the *prudent* and *care-taking* overseers will not on any account misapply the parish money by thus devoting it to the use for which it was wrung from the pockets of the people;—they hear that the poor old grandfather has a horse and cart—*valued together at two pounds*, which they insist upon his *selling* for the maintenance of these unfortunates. This, of course, he resists,—and will our readers credit it—the old man is threatened with a long imprisonment! Aye, in spite of his honesty and fair name, he is coolly told by his heartless persecutors, that unless he obeys their tyrannical dictum, he must wear out the remainder of his days in a *felon's gaol*. Reader, do you not blush for these (miscalled) *men*? Do you not join with us in crying shame upon these doers of evil and injustice? But it is one of the dreadful results of the *Amended* Poor Laws Bill which must be blotted from the Statute Book ere England can again boast of being either a happy or a free country.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

We have just received files of the St. Giles' and Holy Land papers: A desperate engagement took place on the 20th ult., between the tribes of the O'Donovan's and Macarthy's, which ended in the total discomfiture of the former. It is said that black eyes and bloody noses are now very fashionable in that quarter.

By the St. Pancras mail, just arrived, we learn that on the 27th of July, the celebrated Hygeist, Dr. Morrison, entertained a select and numerous circle of friends at his splendid residence, Pill Palace. After dinner large boxes of vegetable bolusses were handed round to the company, which being greedily demolished, the guests found it necessary to make a *speedy departure*.

An ambassador has just arrived from Bow.—The important mission with which he is charged is kept strictly secret; but we have it from an undoubted source, that he has full powers to treat for an alliance between the youngest son of Alderman Scales, and the Princess Victoria. We do not vouch for the truth of this, but at all events it is extremely probable.

The Clapham Gazette announces the death of Mr. Thomas Trotter, late purveyor of Tripe and Cat's meat to the Lord Mayor. This much esteemed gentleman had taken a garret for change of air, in the immediate vicinity of the gas works, but in spite of the health-restoring breezes, for which this place is so justly celebrated, he sunk under his complicated disorders, to the great grief of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

REVIEW.

The Drama Vindicated.—Strange, Paternoster Row.

Though, contrary to our custom, we cannot forbear noticing a work which has just made its appearance under the above title. The author, Mr. John Denman, has laboured hard, and in our opinion successfully, to rescue the drama from the many calumnies that have been cast

it from the time of that half crazy fanatic Jeremy Collier, down to our own days, when maudling sentiment but too frequently triumphs over reason and common sense. The notes which are appended to the book under notice, are extremely valuable, and are the result of deep and extensive investigation. In fact, the book which is elegantly got up in a pocket size, should be in the possession of every person who is, or professes to be a lover of the drama.

FRACAS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

On Monday evening the Lady Mayoress gave a splendid entertainment at the Munching (alias the Mansion) House. On this auspicious occasion her ladyship, being in *uncommonly* good humour, was pleased to allow her inferior half—the Lord Mayor—the luxury of a holiday. Fired with youthful ardour, the City's Chief Magistrate sought out his boon companion, Hobler, to join him in a game at leap-frog; but this the latter was obliged to decline on account of a sudden fit of the gout which had seized him immediately after the last civic gorge. His lordship in a pet then proceeded to the kitchen, and having found the cook and scullery maid, proposed a game at fly the garter, but the cook, whose modesty had been thus rudely shocked, seized hold of a ladle and most severely *basted* him for his unseemly proposition. Upon this a general scuffle ensued, which was only terminated by the arrival of the Lady Mayoress, who ordered the delinquent Mayor to bed without his usual supper of bread and treacle. Report asserts that his lordship intends to sue for an immediate divorce.

BREVITIES.

A Crusty Answer.

"Now that the bakers have struck for wages, who is to supply us with bread?" asked Tom Ducombe of his friend Brougham. "I don't know," answered the noble lord, *crustily*, "but you had better enquire of the *Master of the Rolls*."

A Cockney's Cure for Melancholy.

Lord Ellenborough having grown very melancholy of late, has, it seems, resolved to take unto himself another wife—Sir Claudius Hunter has expressed his gratification at the announcement, and declares his confidence of his lordship's speedily *re-marrying*.

The New Corporation Bill.

His Majesty who has grown very corpulent of late, has been nicknamed by the Tories, their own *Corporation "Bill."*

Economical Living.

"Where can I live most economically?" asked Alderman Ansley of Charley Pearson—"In the Ward of *Cheap*," answered the other laconically.

A Place for Warm Weather.

Higgins, who suffers very much from this hot weather, has made up his mind to go to Greenland, where a friend has offered to provide him with a (n) *ice* house.

The Great Comet.

Alderman Farebrother will not believe any thing about the approaching comet, and expresses his opinion that the *tale* is altogether false.

A Sage Definition.

Mears, who is a member of the Knights of St. John smoking club, being asked the definition of their name, replied that he believed they were called *Knights*, because they always broke up their meetings before morning.

Washing the Blackamoor White.

A few days since a chimney sweep applied at the Insolvent's Court for his discharge. The chief commissioner ordered him to be immediately *white-washed*.

THE BAKERS' REBELLION.

Great is the alarm that has been spread through town by this most unnatural rebellion among the journeymen bakers. Report with its *hundred* tongues raised a *thousand* rumours of the dangers to be apprehended, should not their abominable intentions be frustrated in time. Some persons talk of famine in the land, and propose laying up a stock of bread that shall last them for at least twelve months to come, whilst others, (and amongst them is our sapient Lord Mayor,) insist upon sending the refractory to the tread mill, where they are to be compelled to grind flour which they refuse to convert into bread. The great folks are in the utmost alarm, and even Lord Melbourne quakes lest he should lose the *loaves* and fishes that belong to office.

Now we would wish to calm these foolish apprehensions by at once informing the public that there is no fear of starvation yet. The quarrel is between the *low-bred* bakers and their journeymen, who will soon get into *bad bread* if they do not show themselves less *crusty* for the future. The *high-bred* men disdain all connexion with their inferior brotherhood, and say that it is too bad that they should thus endeavour to *spunge* upon their masters.

RELIGION ABUSED

The Princess Victoria (says the Court Circular) was confirmed a few days since by the Archbishop of Canterbury; at which *improving* ceremony the King and Queen were present. At the conclusion, his Grace is said to have delivered an affecting address to the future monarch of these realms, informing her of the designs of certain discontented persons to diminish the property of the Church, and finally to overthrow the establishment. The pious divine then exhorted her to cherish and support all its abuses, and to turn a deaf ear to those who should whisper aught of evil against it. Of a verity this is *confirmation* with a witness! The young lady has been taught to believe all the errors that have been imposed upon her, and having arrived at years of discretion, the archbishop *confirms* her in them, under the most specious pretences that a church dignity alone could practise.

THEATRICALS

Drury Lane Theatre, to the astonishment of all his Majesty's liege subjects, is to open again under the leaseholdship of the small annuitant, Bunn. The velvet-breeches administration is once more in power, and tremendous efforts are making to open the campaign with *eclat*. Mears, we understand, is already engaged, and active negotiations are going on for securing the valuable services of Mr. Tett, decidedly one of the most original actors in his own peculiar line. A slight advance in salary of sixteenpence halfpenny per week is the only difficulty that now exists between the actor and spirited lessee. It is said, however, that Bunn, with his usual liberality, has offered to split the difference, and we do, therefore, trust that the arrangement may be considered as fairly settled. In our next we shall be able to speak with more confidence, and our readers may rest assured that through FIGARO they will receive the earliest intelligence respecting this important negotiation. Bunn himself is as active as ever: he is daily engaged in recruiting for the supernumerary department, and we do hear, but vouch not for the fact, that his black velvet inexpressibles are to be scoured and new-buttoned against the commencement of the season.

As for Covent Garden Theatre, nothing with certainty is known at present. Bunn declines having any thing more to do with it, and the chance is that it will not open this season. Madame Vestris has made a liberal offer for it, but her terms have been rejected. Charles Kemble has also been in treaty, but prudently declines, unless a very considerable reduction is made in the rent. He is an old stager, and could probably do more with the theatre than any body else; but he knows well enough that property of this kind is greatly depreciated in value, and experience has taught him a lesson that he will not easily forget. Surely the proprietors should lower the rent at least in proportion to that of its rival, Drury Lane.

At the Haymarket we have not had any novelties, but some of our best stock comedies have been played in a manner that reflects the highest credit on the management. Farren's personation of the 'Scholar,' is really delicious; he is now mellowed in the part, and, ably assisted as he is by the quaintness of little Buckstone, the piece seems likely to become a lasting favourite.

Mr. Arnold has again thrown open the doors of the English Opera-House. Advanced as his season is, there is yet time to repair, in some degree, the losses he must have already sustained. Liberality, without prodigality, judiciously applied, will be sure to meet the patronage of the public; but, unfortunately, the proprietor has fallen into the contrary extreme, and the consequence is, that his speculation has proved to be any thing but a profitable one. On Monday night a new opera and an original farce, the latter by Selby—were produced with considerable success,—

but, as we have not yet had an opportunity of seeing them, our critique must stand over till next week.

At Astley's we have an equestrian version of 'Richard the Third,' and, in order to give full effect to the peculiar resources of this establishment, a Mr. Dibdin Pitt has taken upon himself the task of altering and *improving* Shakspeare! Now that Mr. Dibdin Pitt may be (in his own opinion at least) a great genius, we do not deny; but we do protest most solemnly against this cutting and maiming system. If he would convince us of his great merits as an author, let him rest his fame on the cut-and-thrust melodramas he has already or may hereafter produce. They, we dare say, are excellent in their way, but Shakspeare soars a *little* above his flight, and must consequently suffer great wrong at his hands. We would remind him of the old proverb, "Let not the cobbler go beyond his last."

A nautical drama, founded on Captain Marriott's novel of Newton Foster, has been got up at the Surrey. Great care has been taken to produce it with due effect, but we cannot prophesy any lengthened run to a piece so destitute of interest. The novel itself we never thought much of; the incidents are tame and undramatic, and the piece which has been constructed upon it is destitute of all those requisites which constitute a good drama. T. P. Cooke is, however, a host in himself, and he certainly does all he can for a part quite unworthy of him.

As we predicted a short time since, the Victoria Theatre closed on Saturday last. The alleged reason is that a new Glass Curtain is to be fitted up—but the more probable cause is that the manager's exhausted treasury forbids him dabbling any longer in theatrical speculations.

Braham's new theatre progresses *slowly*, as the Americans have it. A great number of engagements have already been made. Our old favourite, Mitchell, is to be stage manager, and a more efficient one the spirited lessee could not have found. He is diligent in his vocation, and has great experience to aid him in his onerous duties.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again received a communication from Mr. Thatcher, but he must know that we have nothing to do with the affair to which he alludes. If he has cause for complaint against Mr. Lawrence, the proper party to apply to is the manager of the Surrey Theatre. We recommend that course as the one which will prove most satisfactory to our esteemed correspondent.

"Sligo" is a contemptible blackguard—we know him in spite of his disguise, and shall take an early opportunity of exposing him to the public whom he has so long swindled with impunity.

Nina enquires how long it is usual to keep a piece after it is sent into a theatre, and within what period an author may expect an answer either of acceptance or refusal. These are questions rather difficult to be satisfactorily replied to. If the piece is good, and the subject one of general interest, the author will not have long to wait in suspense; but if the piece is worthless, (and that is the case with ninety-nine out of every hundred sent into a theatre,) the acting manager will return it at his earliest convenience. We recommend patience in these matters, for it is a virtue essentially necessary in an author.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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THE WHIG BUDGET!

SEYMOUR has this week taken an early opportunity of pouncing upon Spring Rice, whose Budget has quite equalled the ideas that were formed of it by those who know the character of a Whig Government. After a long rigmarole about figures, which would have done credit to a first class charity-boy, he began talking about *surplus, minus, maximum and minimum* in fact, the whole speech was a delightful specimen of flummery, mummery, and humbuggumery. Notwithstanding the considerable prattling about liberality, with which the Whigs are constantly favouring us, we did not expect their Budget would realise any of the hopes which the too credulous were apt to indulge upon the subject of a reduction in taxation. We, who knew how much value to set upon Whig promises, never expected from the Budget any thing beyond

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a general wish to humbug the community, by mixing up the words, "*Prosperity, reduction, and income,*" with the usual share of figures out of Walker's arithmetic. A little right down absurdity we certainly were prepared for, and in this the Whigs have not disappointed us. It is true that the shepherd's dogs are not the grand subject of the Budget, as on the memorable occasion of Lord Althorpe's figuring as a financier, but, as if he had been holding a conference with all the mudlarks and bone-grubbers in England, he has resolved to take the duty off flint glass, a measure which is of the utmost importance to the marine store-shops. By this wise financial scheme, the maid-servants will get so much less for the old medicine bottles at the rag-shops,—an arrangement which Mr. Spring Rice seems to think will give the utmost satisfaction to the whole community. What lady's-maid has got hold of Mr. Spring Rice to effect this singular fiscal manœuvre we cannot possibly conceive; but we are quite sure it is only the rag and bottle-shop proprietors that will be at all benefitted by the plan proposed by the Ministers. The next grand boon is to the gin-shops, for the duty on spirit-licences is to be lowered, an arrangement that must be highly satisfactory to that numerous class of gentry who take their goes of gin every half hour at the doors of the various gin-palaces. This will certainly be a most desirable thing for those who enjoy their penn'orths of gin at Elphick's; but we doubt very much whether it is a scheme that will give much satisfaction to the public at large, or add materially either to the stability or to the respectability of the Government. As to removing the taxes on knowledge, that seems to be out of the question—principally perhaps on the ground that, as legislators never tax themselves, knowledge is taxed, and ignorance goes free from any impost. But the grandest point in Spring Rice's speech is that which Seymour has used with the strongest *gout*, and which, in referring to the agricultural interest, calls the new Poor Law Bill a remedy for the distress of the class alluded to. This joke is so good, that Seymour's pencil, far better than our pen, must be looked to for the illustration of it. If it be a plaster for the poor, it is indeed such a plaster as the Burkers were accustomed to use,

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in stifling the complaints of their victims. For any further comment on the Whig Budget, we refer our readers to the caricature, which shows up several of the very nicest points in this magnificent mountain of mockery.

INTERPRETER.

A Cool Minister.

"In the House of Lords, Lord Londonderry adverted to the fact of various Englishmen having been shot by the decree of Don Carlos, and asked when it would be convenient to the government, that he should put his questions on this subject—Lord Melbourne replied on Monday next."—*Morning Herald*.

Really Englishmen ought to be excessively obliged to the Government for its early and most benevolent attention to their interests at home, since the consideration of them takes precedence of all thought, even for the lives of their countrymen abroad. Intelligence arrives that the English are being shot wholesale, by the monster Don Carlos, in Spain, and Lord Melbourne on being called on to state the intention of the Government respecting the wholesale murder of its subjects abroad, coolly replies, "Don't bother me now, but I'll speak to you next Monday." This is a delightful consolation for those who have relatives in Spain, and it is at least consoling to know that Lord Melbourne will condescend to open his mouth upon the subject next Monday. Of course a few fathers, husbands, and brothers will of necessity be knocked off in the interim, but still we ought to think ourselves extremely lucky in having a minister who will deign to think about such minor considerations as our lives, when he can occupy himself so much more interestingly to himself with our properties.

A Sagacious Member.

Sir J. N. Reid observed that legislation had done all the injury to trade, and that if there were no legislation on the subject for the next four years, it would be a national benefit.—*Parliamentary Report*.

If ever a sentence deserves to be printed in letters of gold, it is the one we have just quoted. We never had the pleasure of meeting with this Sir J. Reid before, but he is none the worse for that, since the greatest honour a Member of Parliament of the present day can safely aim at is "*not to be known*;" for all those who do happen to be known have, for the most part, the best reason to wish the contrary, at least if reputation be an article they set the smallest value on. But Reid's speech is replete with wisdom, short though it undoubtedly is; but we have not for some time seen a parliamentary effusion so worthy of attention as the one in question. It is a decided assertion that legislation is utterly useless; and when we consider what sort of an article modern legislation is, we must admit, never was utterance given to a truer sentiment. We only regret that he did not substitute the word "*whatever*" instead of the words, "*for the next four years*." The sentence then would have been one of the finest pieces of wisdom that ever proceeded from the lips of an orator. We shall ourselves move the amendment, and carry it without a division; be it enacted, therefore, that the sentence stand thus:—"If there were no legislation *whatever*, for the next four years, it would be a national benefit."

Royal Confirmations.

Prince George of Cambridge was confirmed yesterday in St. George's Chapel.—*Court Circular*.

During the last few weeks we have had two royal confirmations—namely, that of the Princess Victoria and Prince George of Cambridge—both of whom, considering the company of Tory sycophants they have been brought up in, must have been a dreadful charge indeed to their respective godfathers and godmothers. We really trust that having, as it were, surrendered to their heavenly bail, and appeared to the *cognovit* entered into at their baptism, they will take upon themselves to act as their conscience tells them is right, and not remain, as we fear they have been hitherto, nothing but confirmed Tories. This release of their spiritual bail must be a great blessing to their holy securities, for a court is not quite the place to bring up children, in a manner to keep tranquil the minds of such persons as have, as it were, accepted holy bulls, in behalf of princesses, princes, and other little lumps of oryality. We congratulate the godmothers, &c. on being well out of a bit of a scrape, and we only trust for their own sakes, that now they have started Christians on their own account, the young couple will avoid bad company.

THE CITY BUDGET.

This important measure was brought forward in the Common Council last Monday by Mr. Alderman Wilson, the Chancellor of the Cockney Exchequer. The worthy Alderman took, in the course of his speech, a rapid view of all things in general, with an elaborate inquiry into nothing in particular. He had carefully calculated upon a slate how many times four red herrings would go into a sack of coals, and had ably divided a barrel of oysters by a dozen of mackerel. He had likewise calculated how many glasses of gin were contained in a quart of that turpentine-like liquor, and had very cleverly multiplied two bottles of ginger-beer by twenty-four pounds of pickled salmon. Altogether, the worthy Chancellor of the Cockney Exchequer had got into so perfect a muddle in his calculations, and had managed so thoroughly to *flustify* the citizens, that in the House of Commons itself the thing could not have been done better for taking in the multitude. The Alderman proposed to take the taxes off clean shirts—which, he observed, produced nothing in the city—and lay it on the tips of noses; so that this fiscal enactment should fall equally upon every class of the community. He proposed a partial reduction in the duty on dogs-meat; and, in order to supply the deficiency to the cockney revenue, he intends putting a small duty on stale jokes,—an intention which has given the greatest offence to the whole of the civic aristocracy. Upon declaring the surplus revenue in hand to be fourteen shillings and two-pence, a vote instantly passed for spending it on the spot in rum and sausages.

ANOTHER INFERNAL MACHINE!

(From our own Correspondent.)

Tooley-street, 4 P. M.

Tooley-street is upside down—the City is in commotion—King Winchester has had an attempt upon his head—the brave Hobler is in the mud—the beadle is on the top of him—a wheelbarrow is on them both—the Queen is in hysterics, and the young Princes are in at Thompson and Fearon's drinking bumpers of gin (*terribly neat*) to the preservation of their parent.

Tooley-street, 5 P. M.

Now that my feelings are more calm, I write you an account of the dreadful occurrences of this morning, which plunged all the city in grief and Hobler in the gutter. You know that this was the day King Winchester was to review the nineteenth section of the J division of the City Police. Nature wore a shining aspect, and Winchester wore a new brown coat—the breeze cheerfully whistled down the borough, and the Cockney King whistled some of the favourite airs from the Catnach collection, as he alternately walked, hopped, skipped, and jumped towards the spot where the imposing ceremony of the day was to take place. Every thing seemed to wear a smiling appearance; and the King leaped upon the donkey that was in waiting for him with an alacrity that, on like occasions, he has not always exhibited. His Majesty was in the act of receiving the nineteenth section of the J division, and of talking to an old veteran of the troop who had been a Bow Street officer, and had served in all the Lady Barrymore and Dando campaigns. Just as the king, surrounded by the gallant Hobler, mounted on a donkey from the royal stud, and in the midst of his brats, was offering his tobacco box to the veteran trooper, whom we have alluded to, a terrible noise was heard, and a volley of peas came in rapid succession from the right, scattering the police in all directions, and flooring Hobler and the beadle with the most frightful rapidity.—His Majesty, however, with his usual firmness, merely exclaimed, "*Oh, crikey!*" and thrusting his spurs into his donkey, waved his walking stick triumphantly in the air, tapped all his children briskly on their heads with it, and exclaiming, "*we are all right*," continued the review among the most enthusiastic cheering of the assembled multitude. As soon as the first surprise had subsided, enquiries were made, and every eye was turned towards the spot whence the peas and the row had proceeded. The two sides of a Waterloo cracker were picked up near the spot, and every body within a mile was taken into custody indiscriminately, and let go again with that delicious inconsistency which always marks the proceedings at a crisis of this kind. The real criminal is, however, an aged coalheaver, who formerly belonged to the city watch, and whose cry has long openly been "*wengeance and violence*," while in private he has often been heard to say that "*the day would come when the magabond Vinchester should be vopped, vollopped, and vound up*." There is no positive reason assigned for the bloody attack, further than that he was refused the exclusive privilege of picking up

old bones and decayed cabbage leaves in the city thoroughfares. The villain was instantly thrust into a boy's jacket, in order to tighten him down, and prevent him from doing any further mischief. He, however, had succeeded in breaking a window before he was properly secured. It seems that the villain had his nose most thoroughly blown by the concussion of the Waterloo crackers, immediately under his left nostril—the wretch likewise was severely worried about the whiskers, by the reverberation of the touch paper against his chin. Of course a common council will be called upon the subject—the following proclamation has been issued:—

Mansion House.

COCKNEYS—a great row has been kicked up in the City—but your king will stick to you like *max*, and while you stick to him like *war*, we need never mind the *whacks* of our enemies. A great triumph has been achieved—the common council has behaved like a trump—in fact while I am supported as I am, I don't care a donkey's bray for all the Waterloo crackers and pea shooters in Christendom.

(Signed) WINCHESTER.

A STRANGE CONNECTION.

It is not generally known that the Whig and Tory leaders frequently meet in private, and that in social intercourse they admit the games that they are respectively playing. The other day, Wellington (strange as it may seem) was talking to Melbourne, and the Minister was trying to persuade the Tory Duke to renounce his opposition, urging that they both had the same object, namely, “to humbug the people.” “Pray,” said Melbourne, “let us avoid a collision of the Houses, and settle the difference.” “No, no,” was the Duke's reply, “U and I (*you and I*) make all the difference—U (*you*) for collusion, I for collision.”

BREVITIES.

Looking through a Glass.

Mr. Spring Rice is taking the duty off glass, has done that which makes it easy to *see through* the fallacy of his promises of retrenchment.

No Profit.

The Duke of Newcastle is said to have remarked that “by whatever he had done in parliament he had never in *any way* profited.”—Nor any one else either, he might have added.

A Poor Debtor.

Lyndhurst is said to have hailed the Imprisonment for Debt Bill with the greatest ecstasy in the Lords. He said he pitied those who could not pay their debts.

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.

Reddy Wit.

The papers are strongly opposed to removing the taxes on knowledge, for some of them very naturally think that if the stamp were taken off, they would lose the only part of their publication that has the slightest chance of being *red* (*read*.)

An Infernal Machine.

“What's this infernal machine?” said Melbourne to Brougham.—“Upon my honour,” said the double X Chancellor, “however formidable it may be, no *machine* can be so *infernal*, in my opinion, as that they use for printing the *Times* newspaper.”

A Horrid Go.

'Tis said by some that the King *goes* with the House of Lords. Being particularly loyal, we hope his Majesty does not *go* with them, for every one can see that the House of Lords is rapidly *going to the Devil*.

The Lord Harry.

Lord John Russell has announced that it is the intention of the Government, next session, to separate the judicial from the senatorial functions of the Lord Chancellor. This is evidently to make room for Brougham in the ministry, who if he be a bad judge in court, is by no means a *bad judge* out of it.

A Royal Jou.

His Majesty was the other day given to understand that his Ministers in his name have declared their desire to maintain an *uniform system of peace*. “By the brains of my father,” cried his Majesty, “that can never be—for I will never allow a large *standing army of soldiers in peace*, and that is all they can mean by an *uniform system*.”

A Decided Bull.

The Queen of Spain at the late festivities of *La Granja* is said to have killed a *Bull*; the Pope it is expected will take it as personal.

A rallying point.

The *Chronicle* boasts that every where rich and influential persons are *rallying round Ministers*. This we do not doubt, for we know they are every where surrounded by those who *rally them* for their dreadful imbecility and shameful inconsistency.

THEATRICALS

The theatrical world is, from top to toe, in a state more deplorable than we ever knew it to be in. From the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, down to Mr. Tooke's celebrated histrionic coal-shed in the New Cut, all is ruin and bankruptcy. The other night (the last of the Opera season,) the band refused to strike up till they got their money, and *bank notes* were the only notes they would be content to play from. The barn-like proceeding, of ringing the bell frequently for the music, and no one entering the orchestra, was gone through, much to the disgust of the subscribers, and the discredit of the establishment. Grief made her final curtsey amid a shower of *cor* lettuces, which, under the name of wreaths, were chucked at her by the audience; and in fact, as there is no supernumerary in the theatre, who has not some friend worth access to a dust-hole, every chorus singer got something, in the shape of an old turnip-top, or pea-pod, thrown at him from the gallery to grace his *Adieu*, after the example set by the leading vocalists. We think it is a pity these foreign singers cannot take their *leaves* without an accompaniment of cabbage-leaves, but it is fashionable, and of course the absurdity of the practice is thus accounted for. The season which closed on Saturday has, it must be confessed, been brilliant; but we doubt whether Laporte has profited much personally by the spirit of his management. His creditors likewise have reaped little from his success; but having injudiciously set those bloodhounds—the lawyers—to worry him, they who look only to themselves have been taking from him, by every vexatious proceeding in their power, the money that of right should have gone into the pockets of their clients. It is the worst plan in the world for a creditor to strain the substance of his debtor through the pocket of his lawyer. Laporte's creditors have found out this when it is too late, and they are rightly served for their rapacity.

There is some probability that Covent Garden will remain closed during the ensuing season, unless some *spirited individual*, as the papers would call him, or, as we should more accurately describe him, some *deluded maniac*, should be found willing to give the exorbitant rent demanded for it. By the bye, every manager is called liberal and spirited who incurs liabilities he cannot meet, and he is, in newspaper phraseology, the most *active Lessee* who contrives to victimise his actors and tradesmen with the greatest rapidity. As there are *so very few* to whom this can *possibly apply*, of course there is not one who can take it as personal.

Bunn has started a curricule, a new coat, and other externals, necessary to support the dignity of the lessee of Drury Lane, which for want of a better (certainly not for fear of a worse) he still continues. Yates is to be his manager, and Bunn is to be merely himself, which will certainly be making his appearance in a new character, for he has not been himself during the last three years. Opera will be the principal attraction, and as Macready and Mrs. Yates are the only engagements of any consequence that he has formed, we may at least expect something new in the musical line. Macready is to play the principal tenor part in *La Juive*, and is to whistle the whole of the music. He is taking lessons every day under the conductor of one of the City omnibuses.

The English Opera has opened on the responsibility of the company, as it could no longer be kept open under the non-responsibility of the manager.—A new piece called the *Covenanters* came out on the occasion, with a few Scotch airs stolen by Mr. E. J. Loder, who made himself illustrious last year by robbing Auber and Herold, with the utmost *sang froid*, and calling the produce of his petty larceny a *new opera*. People cry out for an opera by Barnett or Bishop—the former is entitled to another hearing, his first effort having so brilliantly succeeded; but as to Bishop attempting to write an opera to suit the improved taste of these times, the thing is impossible. Till we can get an English composer who understands the Italian style of composition

we had rather, in spite of all the clap-trap about native talent, put up with the operas of foreign masters.

The Queen's Theatre has produced a translation, called 'The Guardian Sylph,' which very much resembles 'The Mountain Sylph,' said to have been written by a Mr. Thackeray. This Mr. Thackeray is, or was, a member of the Authors' Society, and has been turned out because he did not write the piece to which he put his name; but if being a *bona fide* author were necessary to constitute a member of this crew, there is not one of the whole gang that would be qualified. Such a set of pilfering, translating, mangling, cutting, and illegally maiming personages, never were collected as are nominated in the printed list of members of this precious society. If it were worth our while, we could so thoroughly anatomise and pulverise the whole gang that public ridicule would follow them. As it is, the public cares nothing about them, and we therefore leave them to pass their resolutions in glorious obscurity, and eat their annual dinner of steaks, onions, and small beer, the only substantial one, by the bye, that half of them get in the whole twelve-month.

Sadler's Wells is, we believe, well attended; but it has an announcement in this week's bill that puts a person employed there in a peculiar position. It advertises a melo-drama, suggested by a heap of crimes, murders, and robberies, which the bill says also, further on, is a piece *founded on fact* by Mr. Dibdin Pitt. Now, we know that Mr. Dibdin Pitt has committed more murder with his pen than perhaps any living criminal on the plains of foolscap, but that he should have gone so far as to have been guilty of *facts* on which to found a drama, full of every thing frightful, is rather more than we could have expected even from his well-driven fervour in the cause of revenge, retribution, red fire, row, rubbish, rant, and rigmarole. The piece is called 'The Ankle-Jack,' a species of shoe long since immortalised in these pages as the *high-low*; but whatever it may be, if it has its foundation in "*facts* by Mr. Dibdin Pitt" (as the bills say), why poor Pitt has put his foot in the 'Ankle Jack' most undoubtedly.

The Victoria will, it is said, re-open in a fortnight with a looking-glass curtain. We understand the company is to be a new one, and that the stage-manager is to be a Mr. Elliott. Such an arrangement is not likely to aid the Theatre much, for the blue fire and broadsword style of management is not at all the fashion in these days. It will, however, be as well to see the Theatre open, and give the new management a trial, before we begin to criticise. The underlings of the old company have taken a building near Stepney, where, with the aid of the 'Corsair's Revenge,' &c., audiences to the tune of about seven shillings are nightly found to congregate.

Mitchell has returned to the Queen's, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers of the house, on re-appearing at this establishment. He played in the *Dead Shot* with all his accustomed excellence.

The Clarence has opened again for about the 200th time with another new company. As we like to come at once to results, we can only refer our readers, for the upshot of this set out, to the Insolvent Court, to which the maniac who has embarked may probably add one in the course of the next sessions. We shall leave all further criticism to the clerks of that establishment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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is an *epoch* in the annals of wit that requires a celebration of no ordinary kind. Seymour, with an enthusiasm that will be readily appreciated by the public, has put his gigantic **SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL**, and has been for some time busy with a batch of

SIX CARICATURES!

to adorn that number. On former occasions of this kind, how many a tearful eye has betrayed the disappointment of some would-be purchaser, whom a too eager forestalling, by more prompt subscribers, of an almost unlimited supply, has cheated of his promised enjoyment. In plain words, though the number we print is almost beyond calculation, yet those who buy on these occasions are, in amount, far beyond even the comprehensive limits of Walker's Arithmetic. Country booksellers, in particular, must take care that their orders

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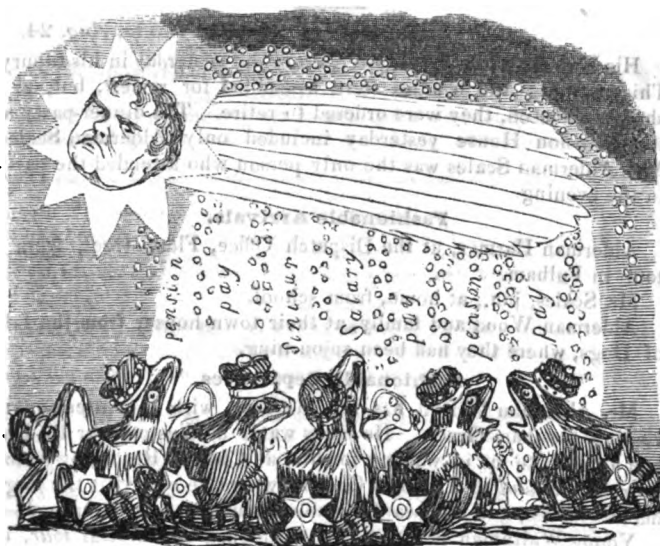
Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 195.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE POLITICAL COMET!

THE present is warm weather in more places than one, and it is very naturally supposed that the cause of the heat is the expected Comet. There are, however, two Comets; one which is threatening to cook the world like a piece of beef, making the sea, as it were, the gravy with which it is surrounded. But though there is a Comet in the air which is setting fire to Wanstead Flats, there is a Comet in the political hemisphere which is setting other flats on fire, and putting into a blazing fury various parties connected with the political world, whose extensive *flares up* create considerable amusement in those who are witnesses of their inflammability. The Comet to which we allude is made up of a variety of ingredients; the principal of which is Reform, which constitutes the body, while the head and tail are formed out of materials of a

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very fiery kind—the head being that of the great Irish Agitator, and the tail being that of the various Irish Members, whose hot temperament is found dreadfully oppressive to those flats—the Lords—who, ably typified as frogs, are represented in the caricature of the *artists* Seymour. As the great Political Comet whirls about the air, and whizzes over the heads of the poor parliamentary frogs, it dries up the damp and polluted sources of sinecure, at the same time creating a healthful and purifying aridity in the marshes of corruption over which it is hovering. The great Irish Comet also *roasts* unmercifully all those that fall under the influence of its scorching heat, and altogether plays the very devil with that very numerous class which herds with the political frogs in the swamps of infamy.

But the Comet is not merely the deadly destroyer of whatever it may come in contact with; but the fire which can furnish heat likewise is productive of light; and as comets carry their aid to the sun, so does the one in question convey its supplies of brilliance to the great sun of enlightenment. That which carries extermination to the corrupt Lords, brings enlightenment to the people, and every advance of the great Comet of Reform makes society see the clearer by the blaze it makes in destroying its enemies. If it dries up, on the one hand, the damps which arise from the loathsome swamps of Tory infamy, it, on the other hand, throws a cheering light and a genial warmth upon the opening prospects of liberality.

But Seymour has given such a very scorching illustration of the effects of this Comet upon the filthy frogs of the House of Lords, that it is something like sacrilege in us to attempt to convey, in "language weak," any adequate idea of its most extraordinary consequences. To explain Seymour's speaking sketches is, in the language of Shakspeare,

"To gild refined gold,"

or to attempt to tell a lie that should beat one of George Robins' advertisements.

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

INTERPRETER.

The Magistrate Felon.

One of the distinguishing points of this publication during the period of nearly four years that it has been established, has been to unveil those masked hypocrites, the *magistrates*, and tearing down boldly the thin veil of authority from before them, to expose them to all the world in their naked and native deformity. A case has recently occurred which justifies our general abuse of this gang, who do nothing more than pocket the public money, and insult or oppress all those who are brought before them charged with the heinous crime of poverty. Our aim has always been to prove that these fellows, as a body, are all hard-hearted plundering vagabonds, and had our denunciations of them had the due effect, we should not have had to comment on the fact that a *magistrate*, named Hudson, having been entrusted with large sums, as treasurer of the Bridewell Hospital, has made off with £12,000 of the money belonging to that institution. We should like to know how many poor houseless creatures this vagabond has mercilessly committed to jail for being guilty of the sin of destitution, and how many moral lectures the wholesale thief has read to poor devils charged with stealing a penny loaf to save themselves from actual starvation, or from some other dire necessity. Yet this fellow, till he was found out a few days ago, was always the *worthy* magistrate; and there are doubtless many monsters now on the bench, legislating against poor apple-women, or houseless wanderers,—*magistrates*, we say, are doubtless even *now* on the bench, who if they only happened to be found out as this Hudson has been, would prove to be just as great rogues, as by their barbarity they prove themselves at present to be heartless wretches, whose only aim seems to be how much cruelty they can be guilty of in the shortest time, in order to earn their salaries, with as little care as possible.

An Entertaining Couple.

His Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, arrives in Galway next Monday, Mr. St. John of Tyrone, and Sir John Burke are to entertain his Excellency.—*Dublin Post*.

We don't know who these people may be, Mr. St. John of Tyrone, and Sir John Burke, but we presume that they must be rather a wag-gish couple, as they have been selected to entertain the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Had it been Messrs. Liston and John Reeve, we should have understood the appointment, but when two fellows are selected from private life to entertain his Excellency, we can only presume that there are very few professors, just now, of the art of buffoonery. Had they been in want of such persons, we should have thought that Sir Charles Wetherell and Lord Londonderry would have been extremely happy to have undertaken the parts, and if a character for folly had been requisite, we are pretty sure they could have had the strongest recommendation from their last places, the Houses of Lords and Commons.—They are no longer wanted in the last named places, and therefore we should imagine they must be quite open to any engagement that could be offered them in Ireland.

THE COMET AND THE COMMON COUNCIL.

It having been resolved at a meeting of the Common Council that the City should not be backward in appointing scientific men on its behalf to watch the progress of Halley's comet, arrangements have been made with Mr. Fubbealy, chief usher of Bow Charity School, whose report is as follows:—

"On Thursday night last, I began looking up into the Heavens, but not being able to see much I got upon a chair, and I was then able thoroughly to distinguish a large ball of fire, which I had hoped was either *Ursa Major*, or an *Aurora Borealis*, or the *fire-works at Vauxhall*, or the *Gemini*, or some other equally heavenly body. In order not to lose the benefit of this observation, I knocked up all the boys and made them get out all their slates and write down all at once the fact of my having seen this singular body of fire—upon which I put on my spectacles, and it became evident that it was neither *Ursa Major*, nor the *Aurora Borealis*, nor the *fire works at Vauxhall*, nor the *Gemini*, but the *illuminated clock of St. Bride's Church*!! Not at all daunted by this partial failure, I went out on to the top of the house, and having carefully put away my spectacles, I tried the effect of an opera glass, by which means I could clearly distinguish that which, from its position, must have been the *Moon*—but I am not quite certain, though still I

think it must have been, for it lay right out in the direction of *Half Moon Street*, Piccadilly, 'so called,' according to Mr. Dibbs's work on the *Astronomy of London*, 'because *ye moone* generallie dothe syte ryghte over *ye streete* so called.' I shall continue my researches every night, and in order to be nearer to the sky, I shall in future adopt the excellent expedient of standing upon stilts during my astronomical observations, for I am quite certain that the higher a man can raise himself, the nearer he is to the sky, and the more likely will he be to ascertain what is passing in the firmament."

The above report was read in the Common Council on Saturday last, and the scientific observations it contains had the effect of thoroughly bothering that enlightened body.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We have received the Borough papers down to the 27th of this month, but they say nothing about any thing. The City *stocks* still keep up, but not near so well as the West end *cravats*. Intelligence has reached us of the arrival of Lord Venables at Gravesend, and the packet which brought these advices had fallen in, off Rotherhithe, with a punt, having on board a man and two women.

The letters from Greenwich tell us that the Hospital still stands where it did, and up to the hour of our express leaving, nothing had transpired to give the slightest reason for supposing it would ever be otherwise.

Oysters are quoted at fourpence a dozen, and ginger beer is getting up rapidly. There has been very little doing in the tom-trot market, but just as our express was starting, a man was seen advancing with a supply, which promised to give an impetus to this branch of the commercial interest. There have been several failures of some of the principal apple-stalls in the Strand, and we understand that some of the leading charity boys will be extensive sufferers.

CITY COURT CIRCULAR.

Mansion House, Aug. 24.

His Majesty, King Winchester, drove out yesterday in his tilbury. This morning the beadles were assembled for review, but, as a shower came on, they were ordered to retire. The dinner-party at the Mansion House yesterday included only Alderman Scales. Mrs. Alderman Scales was the only person who attended the party in the evening.

Fashionable Arrivals.

Alderman Harmer, at the Dispatch Office, Fleet-street, from a tour in Fulham.

Mr. Scales, jun., at home, from school.

Alderman Wood and family, at their town-house, from the Isle of Dogs, where they had been sojourning.

Fashionable Departures.

Mr. Alderman Wilson has left the City, with the intention of visiting Turnham Green. He takes water at Westminster Bridge, and a cab is to be in waiting for him at Chelsea Reach, by which he goes *overland* to Turnham Green; where he will visit the large manufactories, and afterwards fumble about the neighbourhood.

Young Waithman is about to enter upon a commercial *tour*, in order to ascertain how far it will be practicable to lay out his pocket-money, and likewise to give information to the Common Council upon this important subject.

A ROYAL MISTAKE.

His Majesty sometimes reads over the Court Circular, and when he does condescend to this occupation, he often has to complain of the incorrectness with which his movements are chronicled. The other day he had been perusing a long paragraph relative to his proceedings at Windsor within the past week, and came to the following, which was the concluding sentence of the article alluded to:—"The stay of the Court in town is expected to be prolonged till the 3rd of October, after which their Majesties will go to the Pavilion." The King having perused this, flew into a violent rage, and thus ejaculated, "*I go to the Pavilion*, in-

deed! Curse me if I do. I wouldn't be seen even at *Astleys*, which is a cut above the *Pavilion*, any how. The Queen may go to Richardson's, if she likes, or to the Devil if she likes, because she *will go* where she pleases, but no going to the *Pavilion* for me, I'll warrant her."

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

After all the clap-trap and humbug that has been made about the Bill on this subject, which was to have made some sort of distinction between misfortune and dishonesty—after all the talk there has been about it, the Bill has been thrown out by the Lords, who, seeing in it a glimpse of something like justice, very naturally, in conformance with their usual custom, had the pleasure of defeating it. Now we have nothing to say against the poor besotted old women in the Upper House, for it is one of their most cherished vested rights to play the fool, and they generally contrive to do so in a manner quite worthy of the reputation they enjoy for it. But it is against the pretended friends of this measure that our indignation is particularly directed. That driveller, Campbell, whose name would never have been heard of beyond the musty precincts of the Courts, but for his affected zeal for this measure; it is he who has, by his apathy, sacrificed it, and he deserves all the contempt and opprobrium that can possibly be heaped upon him. Then, too, the press, among whom the measure had some pretended friends, has shamefully abandoned it. We must, however, distinguish with our most especial indignation that sleepy old slubber of milk-and-water, the *Herald*, which, the morning after the measure is lost, sends forth a puling lament upon the subject, as if the Editor were labouring under the debilitating effects of half a glass of very weak Vauxhall punch, with about as much spirit in his writing as might be extracted from a tea-spoonful of diluted rum, and about as much sharpness as could be found in the smallest piece of lemon-peel, after it had been saturated for a week with ditch-water. The poor blowsy *Herald* wants a very considerable degree of exposure. The wretched old driveller is constantly prating about humanity and impartiality, whereas it is well known that the worthless sinner only talks benevolence for the sake of being thought humane, and as for its impartiality, we happen to know that it is, like the impartiality of the Irish judge, *all on one side*. We have no doubt the whole concern in Shoe Lane will tremble even down to the Clerk's desk, at this thunderbolt of exposure, which we have the great satisfaction of launching at it, in fact it is very doubtful whether the proprietors will (after this article) venture to carry on their newspaper.

BREVITIES.

Rather Flat.

We find from the newspapers, that Wanstead Flats have been on fire. When we consider the *warmth* of the debates lately among the noodles in the House of Lords, we should say, the *flats of Wanstead* are not the only *flats* that have a tendency to be *fiery*.

A Spark from the Royal Anvil.

His Majesty read in the paper the other day, that the General Steam Navigation's Mail Packet, the *Britannia*, had arrived from Rotterdam. "Crikey," said the King to himself, "how the Devil can the *Britannia* be a *male* packet, for *Britannia* must be a *female* any how."

Passing Judgment.

It is a great pity that there is no Lord Chancellor at present, for when the office is filled, that functionary attends in the *House of Lords* to give judgment. There is no place in existence, which is so much in want of that article as the *House of Lords* is at present.

Good Evans!

It is insinuated that money, rather than patriotism, is the reason of many Englishmen joining the expedition under Col. Evans. If this be the fact, it is not a regard for *Spain* that is the inducement, but only the love of the *Spanish*.

Reading made Easy.

It would be very desirable if the long tedious speeches of Members of Parliament could be read in the same manner as they themselves read

the bills that are brought before them, which are declared to be read a first, second, and third time, without any one looking at them.

A Jest in Earnest.

The Orangeites deserve all to be hanged first, and, *Orange like*, to be quartered afterwards.

The Queen and the Lunatics.

We perceive that her Majesty has established a *lunatic fund*. This evinces the purest benevolence of spirit towards her Tory friends, several of whom are already quite entitled to an allowance.

THEATRICALS

Covent Garden Theatre, it is now said, is to be in *commission*, but we think a *commission of lunacy* is about the best it can be put into. There was some talk of Bartley's having a share in it with C. Kemble; in which case 'Hamlet' would have been run through the season, in which, as Mrs. Butler says, "my father" would have "played *Hamlet beautifully*," and Bartley would have figured every evening as the Grave-digger, with his usual talent—that is to say, with his sixteen waistcoats. The public is, however, spared this infliction, for as Bartley is not accepted as a lessee of Covent Garden, and as Bunn has very properly put him out of Drury Lane, it is to be hoped the public will be spared, for next season at least, the tax of his performances.

There is a report now current in theatrical circles that the prices of Covent Garden are to be reduced to four shillings, two, and one, while the upper gallery will be thrown open to the discerning public at *sixpence*. This measure has been, it is said, spoken of in consequence of its having been reported that Bartley is going to play there; and it is thought that when the quality of the amusement is to be so greatly reduced, there should be a corresponding reduction in the prices. We do not quite like the idea of a national theatre going so thoroughly to the dogs as Covent Garden must, in a few seasons, after the low prices are adopted, though we are among the first to acknowledge that where Bartley is playing principal business, it is quite impossible to entertain the idea of people paying high prices to visit the theatre. In order, therefore, to save the place from destruction, we should advise that if Bartley must be engaged, the experiment should be tried of keeping up the prices on ordinary nights, lowering them only on those evenings when Bartley plays; thus adapting the reduced prices, as far as possible, to the very reduced quality of the performances. Our objection to Bartley is, that he is a bad actor, an intriguing stage-manager, and an overbearing tyrant to all who are unfortunate enough to be placed where he is allowed one shadow of authority.

If Covent Garden reduces its prices Bunn will reduce his; but it is a measure we shall oppose, for the sake of the profession; because, in spite of the virulence of the poor devils of underlings against us, we wish them well, and shall set our faces against a system that will be made a pretext for cutting down their salaries. Though we cannot but speak in terms of good-humoured disgust for their gin-drinking and pipe-smoking propensities, we would not have the poor creatures robbed of one go of the one or a single whiff of the other. But men are often ungrateful to their best benefactors, and those who are only remarkable for their ignorance and effrontery cannot be supposed to know what is really for their benefit.

A new piece at the English Opera, called 'The Old Oak Tree,' has been, we hear, very successful. As we never go upon hearsay criticism, we intend witnessing this piece before we send forth our edict of either approval or condemnation. We are fully aware of the importance of our judgment, and we never give it lightly, though the pretenders to authorship and acting are apt to complain we give it rather too heavily. The company at the English Opera has realised enough to pay five-sixths of the salaries, which is better than the promise of half from the management.

At the Queen's Theatre 'Catching an Heiress' is being played, and we are happy to say that the rubbish formerly appended to it, under the title of 'The Diary of an Exquisite,' has been struck with merited contempt out of the bills of the Theatre. The trash in question was heralded as the production of one 'Collier,' a name long known as connected with all the penny-a-line literature of the metropolis. We most earnestly warn all proprietors of little theatres against being taken in by the underlings of newspaper offices, who impose upon those who are inexperienced in management, by promising the influence of the journals they are employed upon in favour of those establishments, the conductors of which will bring forward the trash that is thus palmed upon them. The fellows would be discharged without an hour's notice if they were found out by their employers; and we therefore warn them to take care what they are about, or we shall give such exposures as will put the paltry pittance they may gain in jeopardy. The Queen's Theatre is constantly puffed most extravagantly in the 'Court Journal'—not that we hold the proprietors accountable for any such proceeding. A respectable paper cannot be held

altogether responsible for the acts of its *servants*, any more than Shillibeer can be answerable for the conduct of the *cads* to his omnibus. But as Shillibeer does look after his *cads*, so do we advise Mr. Collier to look after his penny-a-liners and paragraphing menials, especially when such menials go about *pretending* to be able to dispose of the influence of his journal. The Queen's Theatre, by the aid of paid paragraphs and penny-a-line bribers, has been well spoken of by the newspapers. The company, including Reeve, Mitchell, and Mrs. Nisbett, cannot be said to be without talent; but surely such a wretched set of abortions as nearly all the rest of the corps could not very easily have been collected. They comprise the *scrapings*, as it were, of the smaller houses; among whom the name of Wyman is about the most eminent. This gentleman (actors are by *courtesy*, as Brougham said of Cumberland, all *gentlemen*) is remarkable for doing what is called *little business* at very little theatres, and if the quantity of intellect he possesses *ought* to be proportioned to his business, we can certainly say that both business and intellect being most accommodatingly insignificant, no one can say he is not worth the few dirty shillings per week that his hungry hands may carry off every Saturday from the treasury. But these small-minded and little-business gentry can add no respectability to a company; though, as in all professions, there must be some nonentities, so in the theatrical profession there must be some Wyman. However, we have wasted more space than it deserves upon the Queen's Theatre, which is, after all, merely a sort of rendezvous for would-be farce-writers. The management—permitting itself, by its imbecility, to accept all sorts of filth in the way of pieces, is continually underlining titles of fooleries, which, when the actors get their parts, they find so bad that they refuse to play in. A thing, called 'A Fair Retort,' has in this way figured once or twice in the bills, but has of course never been brought forward. It is, we believe, the abortion of a silly lad, who dances attendance in the porters'-lodges of the various minor theatres, in the vain hope of getting some attention to his rubbish. We have gone rather lengthily into some of these affairs, to show the parties we are alive to their idiotic proceedings; and to let them know that, however contemptible an animal may be, the razor of FIGARO, which is "*here, there, and every where*," will occasionally give a gash, *en passant*, even to the most despicable of those *animalcule*, that flit, by means of their emptiness, about the dirt and loathsome surface of theatricals. Much has been said of the severity of this publication, but it has done more good than any other for the drama. It has boldly distinguished the respectable professors of the histrionic art from the pretenders, and has unmercifully lashed the vermin that infest the stage; the result of which is, that while FIGARO is perused with eagerness, and applauded to the echo by the enlightened part of the community, it is run down and venomously hobbled over, in low tap-rooms, by the tobacco-pipe and pot-of-porter portion of the profession. As the aim of the work is to exterminate these vermin, their vituperation is a high compliment to the success of our designs; and nothing is so gratifying to us as to know that FIGARO is thoroughly *hated* by gin-quaffing actors, disappointed would-be authors, and penny-a-line paragraphing pot-house dramatists, who abuse us, we dare say, in all the gin-palaces where they can get credit for a single go, and in all the dirty little minor green-rooms of the metropolis.

Mr. Morris has advertised a new comedy, in five acts, for Saturday next, under the title of 'Hints for Husbands.' Her Majesty has expressed her private determination that the King shall go and see it, for she declares that some such hints are absolutely necessary. The comedy is by Mr. Beazley, and is somewhat of a great undertaking, for in these days of illegitimacy the public is not inclined to look with particular favour on any attempt of this kind. The Fitzclarenees, especially, declare that in the drama, as in every thing else, they look upon legitimacy as *all humbug*.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 196.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE CORPORATION SURFEIT!

THE body of poor John Bull, it is well known, has for a length of time been full of disease, which, from want of proper treatment at the hands of the physicians to whom he has been entrusted, has, in some cases, become so extremely dangerous to his constitution that his friends have often been fearful of his total dissolution. Three years ago, his constitution was much improved by the healthful introduction of Russell's famous purge, which had the effect of averting the most violent convulsions that were then threatening instantly to approach, and which must have come on but for this active antidote. Since then, poor John has been in a somewhat better state; but a disease that has for some time been growing about his Corporation has, at length, been attended by such alarming symptoms that his physicians, for the time being,

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have resolved on administering a very powerful remedy. The mixture necessary being made into a delicate *bolus*, by the aid and under the immediate superintendence of Russell (*inventor of the famous purge*), it was presented to John, who viewed the healing dose with instinctive joy, and prepared to gulp it down with all that interesting *gout* with which a pilgrim would demolish a glass of lemonade, if presented to him in the thirsty deserts of arid Arabia. The moment it was known that John's corporation was to be reduced by this salubrious physic, a few of those noted quacks who infest that hospital of incurables—the House of Lords—determined that John Bull should have nothing of the kind; and the dose having been sent up to them, under the pretence of their inspecting it, they instantly set all their *pumps* to work, and those leaden spouts—the mouths of the Lords—immediately swamp the nutritious mixture with torrents of that milk-and-watery rubbish which they are so remarkable for dealing in. They then sent it back to John Bull's doctors, saying they had now made it fit for the patient to take, declaring, in their *old slang*, that "*the dose as it stood originally was too strong for John Bull's constitution.*" John Bull, being thirsty for the medicine, and feeling that his corporation is in that corrupt state that renders the dose necessary in all its original strength, swore, with his usual bluntness, that "he'd be d—d if he'd have it any other way than that in which his own doctors first made it up; and that if even his own advisers recommended him to take the diluted dose, he would throw it back in their faces, and perhaps dismiss them for trifling with his constitution, which just now requires to be treated with the utmost decision and energy." We perfectly agree in the resolution come to by John; and, moreover, we tell his advisers, that if they don't insist on the quacks in the Lords taking back from the dose the milk-and-water they have thrown into it, John Bull's corporation will become so much more corrupt, that it will require something even much stronger than what they have in this instance failed to administer. The caricature represents Dr. Brougham in attendance upon the invalid; and, by the bye, we must do the Lord Harry the

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

justice to say, ~~W~~ he is occasionally a little selfish, ~~h~~ he is, after all, a better friend to John Bull than many who are more prodigal of their professions of honesty than he thinks it worth his while to be.

AN IMPORTANT ARTICLE.

It has been suggested to the proprietary of this publication that one of its most inviting features was accustomed to be the *Gloucesteriana*, a department which, since the lamented decease of that worthy but facetious leaf of the royal bough, has been of necessity excluded from FIGARO. At the suggestion of numerous subscribers, it has been determined to supply the vacuum; but great difficulty has, of course, arisen as to any person worthy to catch the cloak that has slipped from the shoulders of the illustrious being alluded to. However, after mature deliberation, we have appointed Winchester to the important post of *butt* for all England, and accordingly we begin to-day a series of

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 1.

It may be as well to state that the part of Higgins has been entrusted to Mr. Hobler, who has kindly undertaken (on all occasions) the arduous character of Toad-eater.

The other day, Winchester happened to read in one of the papers that everybody was alarmed at the expected arrival of the 'Comet. Hobler, who was within ear-shot, exclaimed, that "the Comet they are all croaking about is Halley's." "Egad," cried Winchester, "say you so, my boy; then what song does it remind you of?" Hobler was ready with the solution. "Why, *Halley Croaker* (*Alley Croaker*) to be sure." The civic premier was immediately invested with the title of Sir Œdipus Hobler, in honour of his recondite abilities.

"Why am I like St. Bride's Church with the clock in it?" said Winchester. "Because you're *light-headed*," incautiously exclaimed Hobler; for which he found himself flogged by the mace before he knew what he was after.

INTERPRETER.

Collision, or Collusion.

As we anticipated, the two Houses will very likely come to a *collusion*, instead of a *collision*, as those uninitiated in the low recesses of political intrigue fancied must have been the inevitable consequence of the late proceedings in Parliament. We write this of necessity early in the week; but the proceedings of the Commons on Monday night evinced a strong disposition to trimming, on the part of the Ministers in the Lower House;—a low subterfuge, in which all the boasted spirit and vaunted determination of the Whigs generally contrives to evaporate. We shall, however, most narrowly watch the proceedings of the Lower House, and, if we meet with any instances of individual apostacy, we shall bring them to light with our usual comet-like and scorching brilliance, and flagellate with all our customary *cat-o'-nine-tail-ical* truculence.

What's to be done?

What's to be done? is now the universal shriek of a harrassed nation, which has at length become so thoroughly goaded by the infamous oppression of the poor ignorant old peers, that they are now irrevocably *booked*, and the only question, is, "*How are they to be disposed?*" Some one advocates for a grand and universal swamping of the Upper House, by creating peerages wholesale, and granting patents of nobility at twopence a dozen to any vagabonds who happen to apply for them. Others are for carrying on the Government in the House of Commons without going through the ceremony of asking the Lords what they think of it—which, in our humble opinion, savours so thoroughly of a nice and delicate determination to do the business at once, that we recommend it by all means as the best thing possible. There is no averting the fact that the hour of the peerage is arrived, and there is but one

question to answer—"What is to become of them?" We are afraid there is not sufficient of the well-bred dog among their lordships, to take advantage of the hint, "*when preparations are made, &c.*" However, a few days will now decide it.

AN EAST END CRISIS.

There have been the most awful advices from the east end, on the subject of the frightful attempt that is making by the authorities of Whitechapel to levy a rate upon wide mouths, which are to be taxed at the rate of so much per inch for every mouth measuring more than four inches. In consequence of the awful extent of this useful and commodious feature at the Whitechapel end, the announcement of the tax in question has given a most terrific blow in the mouth to a very numerous, if not a *werry respectable*, portion of the community.

On Wednesday a meeting was called on the subject, at which every one was completely *down in the mouth*; and, altogether, it was the most *blue devilish set-out* that was ever witnessed. It was expected, as late as two o'clock, that there must be a collision between the churchwardens and overseers. A beadle was seen fidgeting about the end of Petticoat-lane for nearly fifteen hours yesterday; and though a large crowd collected round him at intervals, nothing could be elicited from the officious vagabond.

Apple-women were taken up in all directions yesterday, and dismissed, without being told why they had been placed in custody. Ballad-singers were also secured; so that it seems that a crusade against the press is contemplated by the Whitechapel authorities. —A file of charity-boys was marched in the direction of the Minories, and the people (that is to say *tried* people) have taken up their stand on either side of Aldgate pump; so that it will probably be the rallying point of the insurgent party, though as no outrage of any kind has been committed as yet, it is beyond human power to say, "*vitch is vitch*," as the East-end politicians say in their numerous street dialogues. If it should end without tumult, we shall write another paragraph to announce it.

Figaro Office, 3 o'clock.

It has ended without tumult, and we have kept our pledge to our readers of writing another paragraph.

CIVIC FACTS.

Alderman Wood has just discovered that the inventor of the steam engine was Dr. Boyle.

To counteract the designs of some regicide carcase-butchers, Alderman Scales has had painted, in two-inch letters, on a board nailed to his garden wall, the solemn warning of—*Stick no Bills*.

In a similar spirit, Lord Winchester, to prevent any of his brother Peers from forming *Orange* lodges in any of the holes and corners of the Mansion House, has got painted thereon, "Commit no Nuisance."

The continuance of the dry weather has arisen from the prevalence of Temperance Societies.

OUR CITY ARTICLE.

The moment it was understood in the City that the Peers had thrown out the Irish Church Bill, the civic authorities, declaring a crisis was at hand, caused a meeting to be called, of which the following are the particulars:—

The Chair was taken by Alderman Harmer, who declared, in an impressive speech, that the crisis was come; and concluded, by proposing that a petition to the King should be instantly drawn up, insisting on his investing Alderman Scales with the Regency.

Alderman Scales then rose, and spoke nearly as follows:—"Gentlemen,—Having been called upon by this meeting, I rise with the greatest feelings of indignation—feelings which, when I try to express—when, I say, I try to express them—why, I'm blow'd if I can express them.

(Lord cries of 'Hookey,' in which Harmer joined.) But there are moments—I say, my friends, there are moments when I feel as if I stood upon my head, and as if the head I stood upon was not my own. But, gentlemen, this is not the time for sentiments. No. This is the time for action; for when an oligarchical gang—yes, I say, when—Gentlemen—yes, when—why then, gentlemen—yes, I repeat, then—then—then!!

The most enthusiastic cheering followed this speech; and the worthy Alderman was so overcome by his feelings that he fell smack upon his face, and the assembly dispersed amid the most terrific yells that were ever heard within the precincts of Saint Giles's.

ABBREVIATIONS.

A factious Joke.

The papers say that the country is torn to pieces by ruinous factions. There is, however, one kind of *faction* that has disappeared from the country for a very long period!—We mean *satis-faction*.

A praiseworthy End.

The Bishop of London declared, in the debate on the Irish Church Bill, that it would "end in ruin and confusion." We agree with the father-in-God that it will end in ruin and confusion to the *Peerage* and the *Bishops*."

So it appears.

The 'Sunday Times' says, "a peer against one of the people is but man to man." We cannot coincide in this: one of the people against a peer is a man to an old woman.

Two Extremes.

Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham dined together the other day at the residence of the latter. Some people think this strange, considering their political difference; but in getting hold of good things their dispositions were always similar.

Lordly Independence.

The Earl of Boden called the decision of the Lords on the Church Bill their independent judgment. Had he said the decision was *independent of judgment*, he would not have been so much out in his sentiment.

The Hazard of the Die.

Many of the Peers are talking of their readiness to *die* for the cause of Protestantism. When they talk of *dying*, we presume they mean it in the sense of *converting colours*, for we think they are all ready to make *black white* to suit their purposes.

Pure Humbug.

Lord Lyndhurst says he owes his introduction to political life to *pure* accident. If this be true, a *pure source* has given existence to a thing of almost unparalleled *impurity*.

Out and Out.

It is supposed, by many, that the Ministers are *going out*. We do not think they could ever have found themselves at home since they have been in office.

Defence of the Peers.

The friends of the Peers pretend that they (the Peers) have only done *their duty to the country* by their late obstinate opposition to its wishes. In one sense we admit this, for they have done that which will soonest get their country released from them.

Striking a Balance.

It is said, by some, the country *owes much to the peers*. The country is preparing to *pay off old scores* at any rate.

THEATRICALS.

A new comedy in five acts was produced at the Haymarket, on Monday last, an undertaking of a rather hazardous kind in these days of one act translations; when any fellow who can get credit at a circulating library for a French Dictionary presumes to call himself a dramatist. But the best of the joke is, that these persons one day over a pint of beer got awfully grand, and a go of gin having been thrown into it by the liberality of one of the fraternity, who had just victimised Duncombe

out of a few shillings for a piracy which he called a copyright,—worked up, we say, by the mixed luxury, the gin majestically ascending into heads, formerly wholly unoccupied—and the porter giving a sort of Barclay and Perkins effrontery to the active functions—a sheet of paper was got, resolutions were passed, and so began the *Authors' Society*!! Its object we understand is to intimidate the proprietors of country barns by lawyers' letters, and to get an annual feed for the whole gang out of the pockets of such few respectable authors as have been *hooked in* by the audacious usurpation of the title of *Dramatic Authors' Society*. We do not include every individual whose name appears in the list of members, but certainly the majority of them have as much right to the name of *Author*, as the fellow who places the sheets on the engine of the *Times* newspaper has a right to be called the *Editor*. To return to the five act comedy. It is from the pen of Beasley, a gentleman of high talent in his profession as an architect, and of considerable superiority, as a writer, to that large mass who write a farce for a glass of gin, a melo-drama for a luncheon, and a five act tragedy for "a plate of beef and vegetables." In fact, it is almost an insult to Mr. Beasley to put his name in the same page, with these *bread-and-cheese Shakespeares* and *Sheridans*, whose dead brains give birth to living pieces, just as maggots crawl out of deceased carcasses. Mr. Beasley's comedy we shall not detail the plot of, because political plots are the only ones we meddle with, but if we did give it, our readers would find it full of interest; while the dialogue is witty as well as humorous, and altogether worthy of a five act comedy. Of the acting we can speak in rather general praise—though we were surprised to see how very unlike ladies and gentlemen some of the actors and actresses looked when stripped of their vulgar spangles, and dressed in every day costume. The *debutante*, Miss Faucit, gives promise, but will never be first rate in spite of all Farren's lessons in *abandonment*. Mrs. Faucit can give her a few hints in this line also. Between two such able artists in the mystery of *abandonment*, (as Farren calls it) she ought to be as abandoned as they can possibly hope for. However, we mean none of this severity to fall on her, and if she conducts herself well, and shows any ability, she shall have the support of *Figaro*. The comedy went off with the most rapturous applause, and will, we think, be highly productive to the treasury. We had almost forgotten to mention Mr. Webster. We should have regretted much had we done so, for we have the greatest pleasure in stating, most sincerely, that we think him, without exception, the very *worst low comedian* in London, holding a situation of any eminence.—He always seems to us to have got off some Somersetshire waggon, for he is always as hard in his manner and as unpleasantly provincial in his voice as one of those rural creatures, *yclept* clod-hoppers.

Our observations of last week have had the effect of *preventing* the anticipated reduction in the prices of Covent Garden Theatre; but as nobody will take it, except upon that *proviso*, the probability is, that the building will remain closed during the season ensuing. We think it might answer as a speculation, if the Peers were to take it to enact their farces in, for we suspect the nation intends giving the hereditary legislators notice to quit the House of Lords, which, we trust, will not much longer be degraded by their buffooneries. "My father," as Mrs. Butler so prettily and pathetically calls Mr. C. Kemble, made an offer for Covent Garden, but the proprietors declined him, as they did also an offer from Madame Vestris, who is more likely to make the concern answer, and to pay the rent, than any one we have heard mentioned. Bartley offered 3000*l.* per year, with security upon his highlows; and as a sort of collateral affair, the scene-shifters were to have joined him in a *cognovit*, payable by instalments of 4*l.* a fortnight. This magnificent offer, written out on foolscap, served to light the cigar of Harris, the principal proprietor; and it is the only thing pretending to brilliance that was ever known to have originated with Bartley.

We have great pleasure in stating, from our own peculiar source of information, that Laporte will next season again have the Opera. This is quite as it should be. He has paid his rent, and paid his performers likewise; but his energies have been considerably cramped by his having been pursued by those filthy creatures—the bailiffs; and his creditors have been giving their money to lawyers to play at ducks and drakes with. This we are thoroughly delighted with. Hungry creditors, who throw themselves into the arms of ravenous lawyers, deserve to be victimised; and we have good reason to hope that Laporte will take the Benefit of the Act, and rid himself of his incumbrances, between the present time and the commencement of the next season of the Opera. Had they waited with decent patience, his creditors would have got all that was due to them; but having hunted him with the hounds of the law, they (the hounds) have been fed with what would otherwise eventually have gone in liquidation of the claims of them (the creditors).

The preparations for the opening of the various Theatres are, or ought to be, proceeding rapidly, for the winter season wants now only one month

to its commencement. Drury Lane, we have already stated, is to be strong in opera, and opens with Macready and Mrs. Yates as principal vocalists.—Madame Vestris has her usual force; but the poor Adelphi is thoroughly stripped of all its ornaments. Yates leaves for Drury Lane, John Reeve leaves for America, and Mrs. Honey also leaves; so that Mr. Mathews, jun., will find himself almost "alone in his glory." It is true that Buckstone was, with excellent good sense, and more honour than some of his former coadjutors, resolved on sticking to the little concern; while the straight-forward, but demoniac, O. Smith has sent in his hellish adhesion, written in letters of blood, upon a sheet of infernal foolscap, ruled with lines of blue fire, and edged with yellow brimstone. These are the only two performers of any consequence who have not been guilty of apostacy, a spirit for which seems to have been circulated through every department of the Theatre, even down to the scene-painters and carpenters. We regret this, for we believe Mr. C. Mathews to be a gentlemanly and clever young man, who does not deserve this blackguard treatment at the hands of his underlings. If he takes our advice, he will set all the low-plotting gang at defiance; for actors, with all their underhanded manœuvring, are much easier articles to obtain than respectable managers who can pay them their salaries. We are surprised that persons pretending to *respectability* in the theatrical profession can behave thus to their employer; but this fact only tends more and more to convince us of the degrading truth, that honour among this class is a very scarce commodity.

At the Queen's Theatre a variety of new pieces are underlined; one is, we believe, by Collier,—and a reference to last week's FIGARO will shew pretty well how it got into the bills. We are not aware whether our article of last Saturday will influence its production, or whether it will share the fate of 'A Fair Retort,' from the pitiless pen of the poor porter's lodge-lounging lad, whom we last week mildly mutilated. We would give his name, but that the world is so utterly unconscious of the *lad's* existence, that the nation would wear the aspect of one wide stare, were we to commit the *cognomen* to the pages of FIGARO. We hear a great deal of a serious drama that is being got up by Mitchell. If he is doing it, the thing will be well done; but we hope the piece will turn out worthy of the care bestowed upon it. We are happy to find that 'Cupid in London' has been withdrawn. Its success has been nothing but a managerial manœuvre all through; and its reception by the public has been one of those idiotic mistakes that that thousand-ear'd ass, John Bull, is continually making. It had nothing to recommend it, being composed of a few delicate allusions to Mrs. Honey's chastity, and a stale joke or two at the expense of Mr. John Reeve's brandy-drinking mania, which, by the bye, has been "no joke" for his reputation, however much it may have served the purpose of small dramatists, who have made indecent references to the piece in question a substitute for either wit or humour in their dialogue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter, signed "A Gin-drinker." Surely it cannot be from Charles Pearson, though the friendly puff it contains for Elphick looks rather suspicious.

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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 197.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE COWARDLY MINISTERS.

IN another part of this day's FIGARO we have alluded rather bluntly—that is to say, rather *sharply*—to the miserable vacillation and pitiful tergiversation of the Ministers, who, after blustering and threatening about what they would do if the Lords should refuse to sanction the Municipal Corporation Bill, very coolly consented to receive it from them with all its mis-called amendments, which we will call *mutilations* by way of glossary. The country seems to be rather surprised at what has taken place; but if the country will please to recollect, we alone, amid all the blarney that was going on about "supporting our upright ministry"—we alone, in defiance of all this rampant twaddle, coolly told the nation that there never would be any *real* quarrel between the enemies and the *pretended* friends of the people, but that, when it came to the last

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moment, the dastardly Commons would take back the mutilated Bill, and the plundering, lying, paltry Whigs would still remain in possession of all their ill-gotten patronage. The question now is—not "what is to be done with the Lords?"—that question is, for the present, adjourned; we only know, that if we were the people we should not be very long in deciding "what is to be done with the Ministers?" The manner in which their vile party is continually betraying the country, ought long ago to have opened the eyes of that idiot incarnate John Bull, who can do nothing but open his wide and stupid mouth to bellow out when he receives any hurt, and to bluster when accident puts him in possession of a transient victory. Such a thorough brute, thorough fool, and thorough knave, never could have been created, as this John Bull—so brave, so wise, and so honest, according to the self-bestowed praises with which the poor besotted old beast is continually besliming himself. The specimens of the manner in which he can be humbugged are so extremely numerous, that it is quite ridiculous to dwell further upon any circumstances intended to prove such a very palpable fact as John Bull's complete idiocy.

Every body knows how meetings were called here, there, and every where, to insist on the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill, *unimpaired* by the Lords. Every little pot-house had its nasty little knot of dirty little patriots, swearing over filthy little pots of small (*horridly small*) beer, that they (the dirty little patriots) would die in defence of the Bill. And how has it all ended? Will any of them die? No, they'll be d—d if they do—and so they will die, and be d—d both, in the course of time, but not in the cause of political consistency or integrity. We hate these meetings—not because we think public meetings useless, but because we happen to *know the men* composing them. A fellow, for instance, who would get himself shoved into the chair by the aid of his pot companions, and would stammer out something about independence, may be only talking to get hold of a parish job, and while the fellow talks (stupidly enough in all probability) about the cause of liberty and abolition of tyranny, he may be,

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

in his own domestic circle, the greatest ruffian, bully, and tyrant that ever triumphed over his footboy, or boldly scattered his children, poker in hand, laying it valiantly over the heads of sons and daughters with a *bravery* equally honourable and indiscriminate. Such are often the fellows who meet to talk of *humanity*—such are often the fellows who meet to talk about *firm resistance* to the public enemy.

As we predicted, these meetings have failed of their effect; for the Ministry, contemptible as *that is*, could not for a moment be influenced, much less intimidated, by a crew *much more* contemptible. However—to return to the subject of our caricature—when it came to the last moment, that the Whigs must either make up their minds to abandon their *places* or abandon their *country*, they did not for a moment hesitate—of course not; according to old custom, they stick to place, leaving the country to go to *the devil*, where, by the bye, the Ministers are eventually quite sure of *re-joining it*. It is now too late for us to give a few wholesome hints about the Lords; and though it *was not last week too late*, the stupidity of the public has rendered too late our warning against the Ministers. We knew them, and the result has justified all our suspicions, which were founded on long observation of public men in general, but of the rascally Whigs in particular. The press too *has turned round* again; but that is nothing new, and we expected it, just as the people feels confident in the unbought ardour, zealous honesty, and unflinching advocacy of FIGARO IN LONDON.

THE PROROGATION.

Previous to this week's number getting into the hands of the people, his Majesty will have been in person to prorogue the Parliament, and we have great pleasure in stating what arrangements were made for the conduct of the ceremony. His Majesty's wash-woman was ordered to put an extra *haporth* of starch into the royal shirt-collar; and, altogether, there seemed to be a vigorous determination in the royal household to turn out the Sovereign in a style such as would not disgrace the wardrobe of the King; while the Queen had privately sworn that her husband should, on that day at least, look "*as great a buck as ere a one of them*." His Majesty sate up the whole of the night studying his speech, which he wrote out at least forty times, the better to *impress* it on his memory. The hard words were, in the kindest manner, drugged into the royal scone by the valuable assistance of Sir Herbert Taylor, who did every thing in his power to assist the general object of the Court, which was, that the King should, on this important day, cut the very best figure possible. The other journals, which confine themselves to dry matters of detail, will put the public in possession of the mere dry facts which attended the proceedings of the day in question; but we have given above some of those *recherche* and interesting domestic particulars which we alone have access to, and which are utterly without the scope of the enquiries of less fortunate journalists.

INTERPRETER.

Collusion, not Collision.

We believe that we were the first, and indeed the only portion of the press, to denounce the humbug of a conference between Lords and Commons. We said, a week or two ago, that though every body was crying out that there must be a *collision* between the Houses, *we* strongly suspected it would end in the old result—that is to say, a *collusion* to rob the people of its rights, and, in fact, to go through for about the millionth time the old ministerial farce of *Bamboozling* the community. From our peculiar sources of information, we knew what would be done; and the result of Monday night has shewn that our predictions were not ill founded. *The Commons have agreed to the Lords' amendments*. After all the bluster and patriotic bombast that was set up on the subject—after all the

determination expressed to stand by the Bill as they passed it, the mean-spirited, Ministry-ridden, humbugged, and degraded Commons have sacrificed their oath, and (but that they have none) would have sacrificed their honour and principle. Sir John Hobhouse, *before* he was a Minister, recommended "*locking up the Commons, and throwing [the key into the Thames]*." Now *we* strongly advise throwing the members themselves into the Thames, and their leaden heads will carry them all snugly enough to the bottom. St James's parish swore it would die *before it would* see the bill lost. These pudding-headed, pusillanimous, and paltry patriots had better give up the ghost at once; for we do believe, if any thing tended to lose the Bill, *it* was the contempt engendered by these idiots resolving upon having it.

The Crisis!

That there is a crisis coming on every body seems to imagine; but there seems to be a great variety of opinion as to the means of averting it. One grand expedient seems to be the calling of public meetings, and the wholesale transmission of deputations to the Ministers. Now public meetings are, to a certain extent, all very well; but such meetings as one or two that have lately taken place will not, we fear, do much towards retarding the anticipated explosion of all our institutions in the grand volcano of a revolution. Here and there a parish, full of the most exuberant patriotism, takes it into its parochial pate to congregate itself for the purpose of asserting popular right, and spouting bad grammar, which it gets printed in the papers by means of a bribe to the penny-a-liners. This is not, however, precisely the mode of saving the country which we should recommend, because we do not think there can be any weight attached to what falls from the mouths of ravenous lawyers, and swindling shopkeepers, whose only objection to a system of plunder is, that they are not able to get sufficient of the spoil by their own pettifogging practices. Then, too, the proceedings at such meetings only lay open to ridicule the party they pretend to serve. Who, for instance, can be in the smallest degree affected by being told, in very indifferent English, "that the country is in danger"—a sentiment accompanied by a dull, stupid, ignorant, and stammering speech, about the determination of this or that parish to carry out the principles of the Reform Bill. We recommend that, at the next of these farces, the mob should enter, disperse the meeting, and kick the chairman back to his office, to make out writs, and not neglect his private affairs by meddling with politics, which he can't understand, and which are only degraded by his attempt to meddle with them.

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 2.

"I understand," said the King of the City, "that frequently men in business, who are thought to be *carrying every thing before them*, run away from their creditors, *leaving nothing behind them*." At this sally, Hobler went into a well-managed hysteric, from which he was only released by the Mansion-House fire-engine, which played upon him for half an hour by way of *restorative*.

"Which of the French kings," cried the Lord Mayor, "was the greatest *beast* that ever breathed." "'Pon my soul," responded Hobler, "all kings are so much alike, that I scarcely know the difference." "Treasonable sound," shouted the cockney monarch, "*the greatest beast* was Louis the 14th, for was he not called by his people *Louis Cart-horse (Louis Quaterre)*." Hobler gave a sincere groan, and spent the remainder of the day in prayer, penitence, and fasting.

"Why am I not an ass, as the people say I am," cried Winchester. "Because I'm a *mayor (mare)*," he replied to his own question. "And, egad, that's the only reason," silently ejaculated the sensitive toadeater.

THE COCKNEY COURT.

His Majesty, King Winchester, humdrummed about the precincts of Tooley-street for some time yesterday in a hired cab. His con-

descension to the driver was extremely remarkable, and ended in their joint destruction of a pint of half-and-half.

Alderman Harmer gave a select mutton-chop party on Thursday. It was attended by nobody.

Hobler gave a ministerial breakfast on Saturday. A long discussion arose, as to selling the Lord Mayor's mace, and spending the money in black puddings. The motion was ultimately negatived, on a division, by a majority of four men to one boy, who was decidedly agog for the luxury.

Alderman Harmer had his brains completely dashed out yesterday. He has been much better since the fortunate accident.

COURT CIRCULAR.

His Majesty blew his nose for several moments yesterday in Windsor Park. The royal proboscis was rendered rather rubicund by the operation.

The Queen was observed yesterday to be affected with a slight squint, but later advices have pronounced her vision to be in its usual state of slap-bang-ishness.

His Majesty, while walking yesterday in the grounds about the Palace, encountered an old bantam hen, with which he conversed for some minutes most affably. The peculiar tone of his "Tuch, tuch, tuch," seemed thoroughly intelligible to the fortunate bird, who was so courteously made the mark of royal favour.

The Queen granted a long interview to a Tom-cat, kept as an antidote to the rats in the royal stable.

THE OVERSEERS AND THE POOR LAWS.

We believe that almost every body, the Whigs excepted, (and they, by the bye, are just now *nobody*) is agreed upon the palpable fact that the New Poor Law Bill passed last session, is one of the most cruel, unfeeling, ferocious, and truly Whiggish measures that ever passed the two Houses of Parliament. The only fellows who dare to speak in its favour, are those ruffians called Parish Reformers, who would grind the poor to death, if they could claim the merit of saving sixpence *per year* to the rate payers. It may be all very fine of these fellows to boast of their reforms and retrenchments, but we cannot estimate that kind of liberality which takes the wretched crust from the mouth of the famishing pauper to put an extra halfpenny into the pockets of the rapacious rate payers. This kind of system may be *reform* for the grasping and unfeeling householders, but it is right down robbery and cruelty beyond measure towards those poor wretches who are reduced to live on parochial charity.

These observations have been suggested by a case that appeared in Wednesday's *Times*, by which we find that a tailor, called Stamford, living in Oxford Street, or Holborn, refused to continue to a poor woman an allowance of 2s. *per week*, because he thought he should compel her to relinquish her claims on the parish altogether, by endeavouring to force her into the workhouse. How a parish, for the sake of a few paltry shillings, can entrust its affairs to the hands of an unfeeling ruffian like this, we cannot conceive, for it throws a reflection on all its inhabitants, and brings the parish itself into the greatest odium. We recommend other parishes to take care that barbarity is not practised under the name of Reform by their new and liberal vestrymen.

BREVITIES.

The article relative.

Lord John Russell is called the *father* of the Reform Bill. He is just now *cousining* (*cosening*) the Reformers.

A double entendre

Some of the Whig patriots are said by their parasites to have fought the battle of Reform almost *single-handed*. It would be as well for the public if they had been *single-pocketed*.

A non-working Bill

There is one *Bill* that it is impossible to judge of by its *working*. We mean our old friend King *Bill*, for he is "the chap *wot* never *works*."

Twiss-ting a Joke.

"I understand that the Peerage of Earl Grey is of very recent date," said Twiss to Sugden. The ex-Irish Chancellor, seeing it was merely a pun-trap, only gave a slight sneer. "I repeat," said the undaunted Twiss, "it is a very recent peerage, for it is said he has *grown Grey* in political labours."

THEATRICALS.

The English Opera company, under the management of a committee of the performers, has prospered, so far, much better than under the direction of Mr. Arnold, though it is very seldom indeed that in theatrical affairs a republic is found to answer so well as a monarchy. It is much to the credit of the actors, forming the committee in question, that they have succeeded so well. They are Messrs. Wrench, Wilson, J. Bland, Williams, and Salter—so that the acting, as well as the vocal portion of the company, has each a fair share of representatives. The management, on Saturday last, brought out two new pieces—the one an adaptation of Mercadante's opera, 'Elisa e Claudio,' and the other a farce from the piratical pen of Dr. M illingen, who divides his time between turning English pieces into French and French pieces into English. We presume we must not find fault with the company for bringing out a foreign opera, since Mr. Arnold has set the example; but we should have thought that the signal failure of 'La Sonnambula' would have been a good lesson to them, and have proved, what we always knew, that English singers cannot do justice to foreign operas. Our opinion was confirmed on Saturday night by the mangling of Mercadante's beautiful composition, which was not only horribly sung in all but two of its parts, but the music of it seems also to have been adapted by an individual who knows nothing of the Italian opera. Movements that should have been quick were *andantissimo* into slow, and *adagios* were hurried on at about the rate of a railroad, while the singer tried to hurry even faster than the orchestra, like a dog with a tin tea-kettle at his tail—the vocalist being (with all *due* deference) the dog, and the accompaniment of the band being (with *equal* deference) the tin tea-kettle. With respect to the singing, we have already said it was, with two exceptions, *all bad*. Wilson, with all his talent for ballads, cannot sing Italian music—Templeton beats him hollow at it; though Wilson has a very sweet and powerful voice, if he only had the knack of using it. Dr. Johnson has said that "gold which he cannot use makes no man rich," and we say that "a voice which he cannot controul makes no man a good singer." Mr. J. Bland had nothing to slug, and he did it remarkably well. The *ladies* were all horribly incompetent; indeed, since Miss Romer has got tied up in the matrimonial noose with Moore's, the hatter's, man, the English Opera has not a female singer worth listening to. A word, *en passant*, on Miss Romer's marriage. We trust she will find the matrimonial *duet* as agreeable as she hopes for; and trust the hatter's man (who of course *set* one of Moore's military *caps* at her) will make as good a husband as she can wish for. There was a report Moore himself was the happy man, but it turned out to be his man, and not Moore himself, though we trust the song,

"C'est la Moore (*lamour*), la Moore (*lamour*), &c. &c."

will be equally applicable. We, however, must regret an arrangement which deprives us of one of the very few good English singers we possess, and we never felt her absence so much as on Saturday. The part of Elisa was entrusted to Miss Somerville, a young lady of some musical talent, but of by no means a first, or even second-rate order. Her voice is weak, her execution by no means brilliant, and her singing is devoid of any considerable share of either grace or feeling. She never once seemed to enter into the part she was playing: she asked for pity just as a laundress would ask for the settlement of a washing bill; and gave vent to indignation just as a defenceless and virtuous housemaid would repel the advances of a Regent-street shopman. She, however, is not without musical ability; but she wants more voice, and much more feeling, to enable her to give effect to the music of an Italian opera. Miss Healy is worse than Miss Somerville: she has all her defects, without the solitary advantage of experience that the other possesses. Miss P. Horton has some tact in music, but she has a little voice and a bad style. The unpleasant monotony of her speaking voice is a violent drawback to any interest her acting might inspire. Her part, however, being the least important of the three, she deserves the most praise, because, having less to undertake, the charge of inefficiency cannot be brought against her so strongly as against her two companions above-mentioned. We now come to the pleasing part

of our duty—the praise—which we can bestow in an almost unqualified manner upon Messrs. Giubilei and Stretton, the latter making his first appearance before a London public. These two gentlemen were infinitely superior to all around them. Giubilei is already favourably known to the public as a good bass singer of the Italian school, and he acquitted himself very admirably in the *buffo* part assigned to him. Mr. Stretton, of the Royal Academy, made his first appearance on the London stage in the character of the Marquis. He has evidently studied in an excellent school: his voice is a good and rather powerful bass; and indeed, altogether, he is a decided acquisition to the English Opera. With these two exceptions, the opera was, we regret to say, exceedingly ill performed; for however well the musical abilities of the company may be calculated to shine in little Scotch ballads and trifling English songs, there is not one of them, but Messrs. Giubilei and Stretton, that can do justice either to Mercadante or any other Italian master. The new piece, called 'The Schoolmaster at Home,' is a *literal* translation by Dr. Millingen, who, be it known, is a great man at the Authors' Society. It was admirably acted in by Wrench and Williams; but without their support it would have been rather a sorry set out.

Drury Lane, it has been said, is not sure of opening at Easter, and report has even gone so far as to say that it is not quite settled that Bunn will have the property. This we do not believe, for we think he has secured it. Rumour has assigned Covent Garden to various individuals, none of whom are we suspect destined to take it. We are told a poor old maniac, named Garthwaite, has his eye upon it; and that Bartley has offered to leave his watch and seals with the proprietors, as collateral security, if they will let him have it. They are, however, a great deal too much upon the watch to do so, and the seals have made no impression in his favour.

The winter campaign commences about the end of this month, though we have heard of nothing extraordinary, in the way of novelty, at any one of the Theatres that will then be about opening. Vestris has quarrelled with Mr. Charles Dance, and will, we understand, not have the services of Mr. Planche, who has been bought up by Bunn, to avoid his aiding the Olympic by his abilities. Madame will consequently be in a bit of a mess for authors, though we believe the Society has on hand a more than usual stock, which its members will be ready to dispose of for any thing that they can get hold of. The butter market being rather low, has completely shut out the society from the very large and ready sale which they formerly got for their pieces, which used to be briskly purchased at twopence per pound, until a failure in the Dorset firkins has prevented the butter-merchants from giving the sum they used for it. This has shaken the Dramatic Authors' Society to its very basis, and unless some liberal butterman comes forward the Society, it is much feared, will go to the dogs, as the manuscripts have increased to a frightful pitch, and starvation may possibly be the cry among the luminaries alluded to.

A new piece, called 'Zarah,' was brought out on Monday at the Queen's Theatre, where at least it cannot be said that there is any lack of novelty. Mrs. Nisbett played a part in the piece (which is very short) with truly excellent effect; while Mitchell, Green, and Selby, all made the very most of not very striking characters. The getting-up is creditable to the liberality of the management, and the taste of Mr. Mitchell, to whom the bills assign the *direction* of the drama. We think it likely that this little piece will be productive to the treasury of the Queen's, which seems, with extreme propriety, to have knocked aside the affair to which we have once or twice made allusion, and which report had attributed to Mister William Collier.

John Reeve has left the Queen's, and is going to America, where, if he wishes to draw good houses, he must refrain from *drawing corks*.

The Victoria, it is said, re-opens on the 21st of September with a looking-glass curtain. Mr. H. Wallack is to be the stage-manager; and Mr. Vale is also, we understand, engaged. Both, and particularly the latter, are favourites on the other side the water, so that they are desirable acquisitions to the company.

The greatest success appears to attend the Surrey management, and its natural novelties, we are told, attract crowded houses.

Vauxhall is about to close, after an extremely dull season, enlivened only by Green's balloon ascents, Simpson's bows, and a sort of hectic bottled-porter-like gaiety in the countenance of the visitors. The Italian singers have been singing there for a night or two, but the audiences were not numerous, and they all took a most impressive oath, amid the growl of drums and the flourish of a cracked flageolet, that they never would again sing in the arcadian recesses of Vauxhall, not for all the suppers of inferior ham and diluted punch that the proprietors can treat them with. The entertainments have been this week visible at a shilling a head, and London has disgorged into the Gardens at least one half of its filth, and nearly all its vulgarity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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From the Morning Chronicle of Sept. 9, 1835.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 198.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1835.

Price One Penny



A RETURNED LETTER.

AMID the general dullness of the present dull season, when there is not even the buffoonery of Parliament to keep one alive—and now, too, that its great rival, Bartholomew Fair, is finished—we ought to be exceedingly obliged to Seymour for treating us to those racy sketches which, with Promethean powers, give a spark of animation to objects the most inanimate, and strike out something entertaining even from that lump of dullness, his Grace of Wellington.

The above caricature shews him in the act of refusing to take
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in O'Connell's letter, which has given to the martial duke that last and decisive kick, which was only wanted to finish him in public estimation as a political quack, and a decidedly bad Minister. But though his Grace affects so prettily ignorance of the contents of this epistle—and, by the bye, *ignorance* is a thing which sets upon him with most peculiar aptitude—though he does pretend that he will not take it in at his door, yet it is a letter for which he will have to pay the most exorbitant postage, in the way of an increased stock of public odium, which the fine exposure it embodies will inevitably bring down upon him.

The public ought to be infinitely obliged to Mr. O'Connell for taking the trouble to write this letter, which puts them in possession of a few facts and secrets, by which it will be as well, in future, to regulate the estimate of the Duke's public character.—Seymour has certainly placed his Grace in a new light, by having made him in the act of refusing to *take in*, when it is so well known that to *take in* any body, or any thing, has been the constant aim of the whole political life of the wary Wellington. However, whether his Grace reads or not, every body else will read, and thus the object is attained. When a warning is put up, saying, "This road leads to a pestilence," it is not for the benefit of the pestilence that the notice is given, but for the information of the passing traveller—so Mr. O'Connell's letter is not so much meant to be perused by the Duke (for conscience within him must be by this time quite dead), but it is designed as a guide to the people, and merely means to say—"Beware of the Duke—the thing is dangerous."

We are happy to find that the warning is eagerly caught at on all hands; and if any thing should occur to throw out the imbecile Whigs, we may (thanks to O'Connell's letter) feel confident that, after the exposure alluded to, not even Wellington's audacity could induce him to aim at the Ministry. We may have to put up with a Minister not much better, but it is one consolation to know that we shall be spared the worst.

We now leave the Duke to "*chew the cud*" of the Irish patriot's epistle; and we can only once more express our thanks to him, for

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

having so delightfully laid open the character of the great political enemy to the people.

INTERPRETER.

My Grandmother.

The *Morning Herald* has long enjoyed this amiable title; and every day's number that it issues tends to confirm the impression that no better title could have been possibly found for it. On Tuesday last, it commenced a stupid rigmarole about *Imprisonment for Debt*, regretting (*when too late*) that the Bill was lost, though, till it actually was lost, the old driveller never was heard to say a word on the subject. Such zeal in watching the stable-door, when the horse is stolen, never could have been equalled by the most perfect of ninnies. And now, too, the old fool suggests something should be done *immediately*, as if Acts of Parliament could be made just as well when the houses are *not* sitting—and, by the bye, but for the form of *voting*, the discussions of a measure could proceed much more satisfactorily with an empty house than a full one. But as this is not *yet* the plan of legislation, we cannot have acts passed till the houses meet; and the old idiot of a *Herald* is, therefore, more drivelling than ever in asking for the *immediate passing* of a Bill to abolish Imprisonment.

We really are so charmed with the old womanishness of this paper, that we cannot help giving vent to our filial feelings in an

ODE TO OUR GRANDMOTHER.

Who is it every day, so good,
Gives us, by way of morning food,
Of milk-and-water quite a flood?

Our Grandmother!

Who is it, when the time is gone,
Declares that "*something must be done*"—
And uselessly will drivel on?

Our Grandmother!

Who is it says one thing to-day,
To-morrow speaks the other way,
Then changes back again for pay?

Our Grandmother!

Who is it writes so very fine,
Quite in the sentimental line,
About the virtues of the pike?*

Our Grandmother!

Who is it inspiration sips,
By sucking with her ancient lips,
Dirty and old pine-apple pips?

Our Grandmother!

Who is an antiquated fool,
Who ought to go again to school,
And occupy the dunce's stool?

Our Grandmother!

THE PAST SESSION.

The only good thing that has occurred throughout the whole session of parliament has been the closing of it, and indeed we are incalculably indebted to his most gracious majesty for having at length terminated the grand national farce of the "Sitting of Parliament." We must certainly give no slight credit to the ministers for the line they have adopted, which is one for which we consider them most eminently qualified. Finding their attempts to do something have only excited the general ridicule of the community, they have, in the exercise of a nice discretion, adopted the alternative of doing *nothing*, in which they have, of course, succeeded to a miracle. We cannot but applaud the judgment with which they have accommodated their efforts to the extent of their

intellects—and the past session having on its record positively not one action of the Whig Ministers, redounds more to their credit than any preceding one which was marked by any of their humbug attempts to catch at popularity. However, they are likely to become considerably more popular as doers of nothing, than in any other of their assumed characters. Such perfect aptitude as they have exhibited for this task, will doubtless encourage them to continue its practice, and we can assure them that in *nothing* they will be sure of our vigorous co-operation. They seem to be acting on a loose but very valuable hint which we threw out a short time since, that an utter absence of all legislation was the best thing for this country, since those who pretend to the science of government have proved themselves so utterly useless in the capacity of ministers. The *do-nothing* ministry will, we have no doubt, be more popular.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

His Majesty's speech has given, just what it always does, the greatest *dis-satisfaction* to every body. It is as hieroglyphical as usual; but we have been at the pains to consult the political planets, and have furnished an interpretation of it, which we trust will serve to throw a light upon this hitherto wholly inexplicable document. We have taken the liberty of versifying, or, as Winchester would say, *worse-ifying* the speech; but we think we have made it rather better than worse by our little alterations.

The King's Speech.

My Lords and my Commons, I'm happy to say,
I've come down to the House to dismiss you to-day;
And as it is right you should be at your ease,
You may all of you go to the deuce, if you please.
But as 'tis the custom some blarney to spout,
In sending you all to your business about,
I must say a something—or else I am curs'd
But I'd see you all blazing in Tartarus first.
I'm happy to say, that all foreign powers
Continue as friendly as ever with ours;
I lament—though you know lamentation is vain—
They continue to raise such a rumpus in Spain.
But I've given permission to any poor dupes
In this country to go as auxiliary troops—
For I think I can spare—just as easy as not—
A few of my subjects to go and be shot.
Entre nous, though Don Carlos to pieces may carve them,
At home we might probably manage to starve them.
I've finished a treaty, with wond'rous parade,
Prohibiting selling of slaves as a trade;
It sounds, as a clap-trap, uncommonly well—
And you, my lords, know that to buy or to sell
Is not what, in fact, the distinction can mark—
There are white slaves, as well as the slaves that are dark.
The corporate measure I very much like,
For *reform* is a name well adapted to strike;
But my Ministers cleverly manage it so,
That as a Reform Bill by *name* it shall go—
Though, when 'tis examined, 'tis easily found
There's nought of Reform in the Bill but the sound.
I'm glad to perceive that the Irish, just now,
Are sunk in their misery really so low;
They haven't the spirit to kick up a riot,
And are of necessity rather more quiet.
My Commons, I thank you, for readily giving
The money to pay my expences of living.
And now, Lords and Gentlemen, as I have done,
You each may be off to your separate fun;
And hunting the game, may just keep you in train
Till I want you to hunt down the people again.

Signed—WILLIAM REX.

Witness—MELBOURNE.

* The *Herald* has treated its readers with a long series of articles on the pine-apple.

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 3.

The civic king read in the *Herald* on Monday the following passage: "The trumpet can do almost any thing in Mr. Harper's hands." Winchester instantly exclaimed, "Upon my soul, I see nothing so great in that—I can do any thing with a trumpet *in my hands*, but, for the life of me, I can't do any thing with it when it *gets into my mouth*." Hobler struck up the solo parts of '*Gratias agimus*.'

"What vessel," asked Winchester, "is sure never to come to its journey's end?" Hobler guessed at the *Ærial* ship. "No, by my father's whiskers," cried Winchester; "it is a vessel for *Madeira*, because if its bound for *Madeira* it must always keep away from *Port*." Hobler drained the contents of an inkstand, as a sacrifice to the intellect of the cockney king.

A TRIMMING FOR WINCHESTER.

If ever fellow deserved exposure it is Winchester, in his character of magistrate, for however qualified he may be by reason of his idiocy for the office of Lord Mayor, it renders him dangerous when he gets playing the fool in a magisterial capacity. The other day, a very important case came before him on which to adjudicate, and his filthy decree was to "*settle it over a pot of porter*." We should like to know upon what statue this decision is founded, for with all the madness of Parliament we do not think it ever passed an act prescribing the participation in a pot of filthy double X as the only remedy for an injury. It is very well for such a man as Winchester himself, who can be got to do *anything* over a pot of porter; but the idea of referring suitors, in a judicial court, to the vulgar beverage, is at once an insult to the laws, and the constitution of the country. If Winchester had his way, our courts would be degraded by such decisions as "two palls at the porter pot," instead of so many pounds' damages. The thing ought to be looked to immediately.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

An advertisement appears in the *Herald* of Tuesday, addressed "to *Gentlemen who pay cash*." In the present day, such an advertisement is right down insanity, for it is by no means the habit of "*gentlemen*" to "*pay cash*," as the advertiser would have known had he been blessed with a little experience. If he thinks to get his notice read by such an exordium, he is dreadfully mistaken, for there is not one eye in ten thousand that will not instinctively pass it over, as wholly irrelevant to his own personal arrangements. We really think the people of the *Herald* ought to be indicted for taking money under false pretences, since, in receiving an advertisement, it is generally supposed that it is a thing likely at least to be read, though, in this case, such a result is next to an impossibility.

HOLY CROSS READINGS.

The programme of the musical performances at the York Minster present a few peculiarities in the way of cross-reading, which we suspect, if the Bishop of London does his duty, he will immediately take cognizance of. We subjoin a few specimens for his most pious persual, and beg that he will instantly "do the needful," by prosecuting all those who had the smallest hand in drawing up the bills of performances:—

The Lord is a Man of War—by Phillips.

Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty—Mrs. Knyvett.

The people shall hear—Mr. Braham.

He sent a thick darkness—Signor Lablache.

Thou didst blow—Mrs. Bishop.

Sing ye to the Lord—Mlle. Gysi.

But the waters overwhelmed—Miss Kemble.

We really think there is full matter for an ecclesiastical prosecution in the above, which are only a few of the tit-bits of blasphemy from the programme of the York Musical Festival.

BREVITIES.

Epigram

ON LYNDHURST'S FORMER ATTACKS ON THE TORIES.

Lyndhurst the Tory party once revil'd,
But finding no one by his words persuaded,
Against the Tories, desperately wild,
Join'd them, and thus the gang at once degraded.

Economy in the City.

Formerly the City had its Lord Mayor and its Fool, each being separate officers. In these days of economy, *both characters* are very properly filled by one *individual*.

A Royal Rub.

The Queen of Spain has experienced opposition to her policy from what is called the *Junta at Arragon*. King William, on hearing the news, is said to have remarked—"What could she expect from the people of *Arragon* but *arrogance*."

A Good Reason.

It is said women were always *partial to fools*. This fact accounts for the domestic felicity said to be enjoyed by the two greatest personages in the realm.

A Disagreeable Post.

By a new law made in France, a certain minister is bound to read every new piece before it is represented on the Parisian stage. It is fortunate the French pieces are not quite so bad as some of the English, for being obliged to read them would be enough to make even the most tenacious minister *resign*.

Epigram.

WHY SHOULD CUMBERLAND NOT BE SATIRISED?

Who tries to bite, should very cautious be,
What may the object of his vengeance be—
For he who bites a thing with poisonous blood,
May fall a victim to the deadly flood;
So he that cuts at Cumberland, sets free
A tide of gall, as black as black can be.

Epigram

ON LYNDHURST'S VIRTUES.

Lyndhurst detests deceit, he says;
And if he does, it can but prove—
Though he is bad in other ways—
We can't accuse him of *self-love*.

THEATRICALS.

Bunn opens Drury Lane at the end of the present month, and he has secured a very considerable portion of what little talent was to be met with last season at the Theatres Royal. His additions are not particularly powerful, most of them being performers from the minor houses, who, however great they may be in their own sphere, seldom sustain their popularity in the extended arena of a patent theatre. It is wretched policy of an established minor actor to abandon his situation and prospects at a small house, for the glittering bait of an engagement at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, where he immediately becomes merged in the mass of nobodies, and finds it impossible to regain, on returning to his former situation, his former popularity. Bunn, we believe, opens with '*La Juive*,' in a dramatic form, and Yates's getting-up will doubtless make it worth seeing; while his wife and Macready will at least impart some interest to the two leading characters.

Covent Garden is still in the same ease; but Bartley has laid down a five-pound note, still in the vain hope of getting the premises. The thing is monstrous; and even if he got the house he would never muster a company—though he boasts, in private, that he would give a monopolylogue, which he declares he would run every night throughout the season.

At the Haymarket, Beasley's comedy is being played only on alternate nights, which seems to say that its attraction does not keep pace with its success. The papers spoke highly of it, and deservedly so; but, by the bye, what do these people (with a few exceptions) know about the things

they criticise; yet the insolence and puppyism of these myrmidons is at times particularly obnoxious to the good taste of persons who, like us, know what the fry is composed of. The fellow, for instance, who gets his few shillings per week for doing the critical in that milk-and-watery slobbering sheet of *true foolscap*, The Athenæum—this person, we say, had the shop boy arrogance to remark, in speaking of the prologue to the new comedy—"We were not in time to hear it, but we understand it is good." Now we want to know what this fellow meant by not *being in time*. What can have taken up his precious moments so much that he was too late to do his duty to his master, who ought to have discharged him at once for presuming to say he was not in time to hear the prologue, but he *understands it is good*. Why the blockhead is not sent there to *understand*, but to *report*. His *understanding* is not worth twopence to any body; and the dirty coxcomber of the fellow's being *too late* for his job ought to have been punished by an instant dismissal. We are quite sure Colburn would have dismissed The Court Journal *cad* in two minutes had he dared to talk in this way; but he knows better than this, and would take care to be at the doors by the opening, even if he sacrificed his fourpenny tea, including egg and roll, with a perusal of the magazines, and the luxury of being called "*Sir*" by the waiter.

Mr. Oxenford, the author of two or three clever farces, took a Fitz Ball pill about a month ago, the result is one of the most horrible and Mephistophelian productions that ever charmed the melo-dramatic heart of the diabolical but truly respectable O. Smith, or frightened a scared *public* from its dull property. The piece in question is called the 'Dice of Death,' and is cast in the *Freischütz* mould, combining a due proportion of skulls, bones, heads, arms, and in fact every thing human or inhuman except *brains*, which it generally happens are the only articles missing in these concoctions of *diablerie*. It however seems to frighten one into something like a fit of suicide, and as such, makes up, as the papers say, "a very agreeable entertainment." As to O. Smith, it is flattering when we say he equals the devil himself—and we really think, if in the arrangement of the last day, Mr. O. Smith's place should happen to be *down stairs*, (which we not for a moment mean to insinuate,) yet we say if such were the case, we think there would be no telling one from the other, so completely does our friend O. realise our humble ideas of the renowned Beelzebub. We may possibly be wrong, but we really think the great father of sin, cannot be better got up to frighten the wicked than is Mr. O. Smith in the character of Mephistophiles. We understand, he sat for several hours over an immense furnace of brimstone previous to playing the part, and that he also had a long interview with Crockford, which ended in his adopting several valuable hints given him by the redoubtable fishmonger. The author deserves some credit for having served to alarm the whole neighbourhood of the English Opera House, and he reaps the reward of his labours in the nightly *squealing* of children in arms in the gallery.

At the Queen's, 'Zarah' continues to succeed; and a new piece, by Selby, called 'Hunting a Turtle,' was to be placed *en scene* on Monday. We have not yet seen it, but shall pay our early *devoirs* to the novelty; and are delighted that our zeal in smashing the *cad* has sent his piece to wing its airy flight into some other region. A piece, by Barnett, called 'The Spirit of the Rhine,' is forthcoming, in which Mrs. Honey acts an excellent part, so that there is now positively nothing like a chance for poor Collier.

The Adelphi opens on Monday week, though we do not yet know the opening novelty. Webster is said to be engaged; if so, we can only say we pity the property. Mrs. Honey goes to Drury Lane; and, altogether, the spirit of desertion will materially weaken the company. Collier, in The Court Journal, says, authors of ability are to write. He thinks, perhaps, this little puff will get one of his own piracies done; but we can tell him young Mathews is too deep, and that there is more truth in the paragraph than Collier thinks for. They are to be *authors of ability*, and so his hopes may as well be ended.

Vestris will be ready in the field, with a fine company and lots of novelties: indeed, on all hands, the dramatic season is expected to be a busy one.

NOTICE.

Whiggeries and Waggeries, Nos. 1 and 2 are still on sale, with forty slashing cuts in each, by Seymour. The trade are supplied at 1s. 6d. per doz. (13), and unsold copies are taken back at the end of the year. The price for each is twopence.

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No. 199.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE OVER-DRIVEN BULL.

THE question of *what is to be done with the Lords?* though for a short time put aside, is a question that must soon arise again, and with a force far greater than that which characterised all former discussions of it. It is not to be expected that John Bull will quietly submit to the shelving of the question, and therefore we need have no doubt but that it will arise to his mind in greater force than ever, in the course of a very short period. In this week's caricature, the efforts of Seymour have been directed with a species of perspective power, to the anticipatory solving of the important problem above referred to, and it is not difficult to conceive *What will become of the Lords?* when we cast our eyes upon the above pictorial effort of our redoubtable artist. He has shown poor John Bull in the form of the animal from whom he derives his name, and has represented him as being 'overladen with his

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persecutors, who, by their weight and cruel treatment seem to have driven the poor animal to distraction. Considering the extent of the burdens imposed upon the unhappy beast, considering also the cruel treatment of those who form the burden, and who continue to goad him with every kind of truculence, considering, we say, all this, we are not surprised that he should evince a species of fierceness that is often produced by over cruelty on the part of those whose province it is to take the charge of animals. However, there is always danger in carrying persecution too far, and the most docile of beasts will, if excited and goaded to too great a degree, assume a ferocity which becomes formidable to those whose harsh treatment has been the cause of the rabid state of the animal. Of such a nature is the result predicted by the prophetic pencil of the pious Seymour, who, with a religious veneration for his native land, seems disposed by friendly and well timed warnings to avert, if possible, the fate that may be brought upon it, through the ill conduct of those whom accident has made its rulers. In following up this grand patriotic scheme, he has given this week to the world, a drawing representing John Bull overladen with those bundles of dead weight, the Peers, and driven by their vexatious tyranny to so fearful a state of excitement, that his rapid and headlong course seems to threaten annihilation to every thing that comes in his way, and promises a certain, as well as speedy overthrow, even to his obstinate and imperious riders. There is, however, fortunately in view, if not a check to the impetuous course of the excited Bull, at least a bar, which must, as he passes under it, rid him of those who have been too long pressing upon him—and as he hurries beneath the bar in question (that of *representation*) it will sweep from his back the whole gang of aristocrats who have so long been riding on the distressed animal. The striking result is, that they must all eventually be deposited in the mud, to the infinite advantage of John Bull, and to their own incalculable discomfiture. We do not think the public will expect from us any further elucidation of this caricature, which has the merit of being its own interpreter.

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

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INTERPRETER.

Parochial Reform.

Though our strong zeal in the cause of Reform can never be doubted by any one who has witnessed our undeviating advocacy of its best interests, and though our extreme liberality cannot have escaped the notice of the most ardent enthusiast for popular rights, yet we are bound to say, a class of self-styled *parish reformers* have lately sprung into existence who disgrace the class to which they pretend to belong, and degrade the cause they boast of furthering. A case lately occurred of a meeting in St. Pancras, where, on an humble petition being presented from the beadles for an increase of salary from twenty to five-and-twenty shillings per week, some filthy wretch got up, and actually proposed to *dismiss the poor beadles*, and thus throw themselves and families out of bread, merely on the stupid and most asinine plea, that the beadles are *part of the old select*, and ought to be *rooted out* accordingly. We should like to know how a poor beadle, whose only ambition is to look imposing in the eyes of naughty boys at church—whose humble aim is to look terrific in his cocked hat and laced coat—how such a poor, insignificant, quiet, jelly-pated, pitiable devil as a parish beadle, can be considered dangerous to the cause of parochial reform, and render his starvation necessary to the interests of parochial enlightenment. We are happy to say, that in spite of the heartless assiduity of a few of these parish patriots to deprive the unhappy beadles of their contemptible crust—we are happy, we say, to find the motion for starving them was scouted, and the pitiable idea of their being dangerous to the progress of reform was hooted down as disgustingly puerile. These fellows, who call themselves parish reformers, only want to grind down the bones of the poor (half of them mere skeletons already), to save the pockets of the heartless and thriving rate-payer. We cannot bear to hear the name of Reform degraded by being applied to that beastly economy which wrenches the crust of charity from the yawning jaws of the parish pauper, to keep another penny-piece in the till of the swindling shop-keeper. If these fellows don't take care, we shall expose a few of the heads of these parish reformers.

The Waggish People.

Lectures at Theobald's Road.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Macconnell delivered his second lecture for the winter at this place, to a very numerous audience. Music and singing accompanied the lecture as usual.

The above little paragraph is from an unstamped weekly newspaper, whose information, with respect to what may numerically be termed *the people*, can well be relied on. It appears that at the political lectures now given to his most gracious, but not always his most *serene*, majesty, the mob, it is usual to treat the audience with a little music and singing. We are happy to find that so much harmony exists at these places, and certainly compliment the people on the advance of their taste in preferring a little of the sugar of music to sweeten the bitter dose of politics. We shall hear next of Acts of Parliament being set to music, and we have no doubt if the Reform Bill were thus harmonised, it would be put to a good brisk quick movement, while, on the other hand, the Tories only wish it to go on to a slow and dreary *adagio*.

A Fact.

Mr. Jerrold has received, from various managers, about 50l., since January last, for the production of *Black Eyed Susan*.—*Daily paper*.

This paragraph has been going round the papers, as a proof of the excellent effects of the Dramatic Authors' Act. Now Mr. Jerrold knows, as well as every sensible person knows, that '*Black Eyed Susan*,' as a composition, is disgraceful to an author who could write '*Nell Gwynne*,' or '*The Rent Day*,' and that five pounds is quite as much as he ever ought to have received for it. We, however, only quote the fact, in order to throw out the suggestion that there should be a law, protecting farces and burlesques performed in the Houses of Lords and Commons, so that Londonderry and Wetherell might be entitled to receive a trifle from the newspapers giving publicity to their speeches in Parliament.

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 4.

"I understand," said Winchester, "the Christinos expect the Carlists will soon attack *Bil-boa*. Now, upon my honour, whether its *Bill Boa* or *Bill* any body else that's attacked, I think the English government should take it up." Hobler gave a protracted grunt.

Amid the various advices from Spain, the best advice in Winchester's opinion would be "*advising others not to come out*." This advice has been written out by order of the cockney king, and a copy sent to every pot-house throughout the kingdom. It is to be hoped that it will have the benevolent effect of stopping the recruiting gammon, and prevent deluded maniacs selling their lives for a couple of shillings or so from the Spanish government.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

An advertisement in the *Herald* announces the interesting fact that coal-merchants' daughters are wanted to educate, at a genteel boarding-school, in the suburbs of the metropolis. Now, we don't see why coal-merchants' daughters should not be educated as well as other people, but the particular *gout* for rearing young coalheavers is at once peculiar and unintelligible. We presume, however, that the intention is to barter learning for coals, and to give for every chaldron of coals a batch of enlightenment. When the parent sends in a sack of Wallsend, the schoolmistress of course empties, as it were, a scuttle of grammar upon the head of the devoted infant; and according as the liberality of the father keeps up good fires in the establishment, so the governess keeps up in the child's mind a sort of Vesuvius of learning, throwing out from the juvenile *volcano* large lumps of Lindley Murray, Mavor, and other luminaries, worshipped in small seminaries for six year old striplings, in brown Holland pinafores. We rather admire this plan of taking the price of household articles out in learning, a system that has very generally been adopted in schools, and which brings all the scholars in useful contact with the daughters of coal-heavers, cow-keepers, butchers, bakers, cheesemongers, cow-boys, and all the other dealers in useful commodities, so that the young ladies pick up from their schoolfellows an interesting knowledge of the price of meat, tallow, kitchen-stuff, coals, tripe, *baccy*, vegetables, wax-candles, whey, and dog's meat.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

In the present state of continental affairs, we are happy to be able to give, from our own peculiar sources, a few authentic letters from Spain, which cannot fail to be devoured with interest—that is to say, *swallowed* with avidity:—

"DEAR FIGARO,

"Spain.

"Here we are at the seat of war, though, if ours is a *standing* army, what they mean by the *seat* of war is to me unaccountable. There is one comfort, however, in the recollection that one is safe out here from arrest; and the only thing that could shake the courage of our troops is the fear that Selby, Rutland, or Levy should join Don Carlos. The other evening a few of our choice soldiers, who had previously distinguished themselves in the swell mob in London, went out with a determination to forward the glorious cause of the constitution and St. Christina. They returned with great triumph, having succeeded in picking the pocket of a dead Carlist, for which they were all rewarded on the spot with the rank of colonel; and, in fact, promotion is going on at so fine a rate that we may expect to have an army of nothing but officers. As in the cook-shops they don't make less of plumb pudding than twopenn'orth, so, in the British auxiliary force, we make nothing now under a corporal. We have been waiting for some time at Bayonne, but I suppose they think as long as we are at *Bayonne* we shall be out of the way of the *bayonets*. They are sending the shells in all directions, but if these *shells* burst near us they will be as bad to us as *coffins*. General Evans is doing nothing with his staff but walking about with it, and a pilgrim could do as much, but

Evans drinks champagne, and his officers get gloriously drunk, at the expense of the Queen Regent.

"There was an engagement yesterday with a party of Carlists. Tom Sneoks had his eye shoved right out with a spear, and Dick Huggins had his nose blown slap off with a grenade bursting on the bridge just between his eyebrows. His last words were a few incoherent sentences about an outstanding *cognovit*, and he resigned his soul into his Maker's hands with an ejaculation, in which the words—'Selby—*quod*—power of attorney—bail above—' were the only sounds audible. Ned Nokes had his ear cut-lashed severely in an action off Bilboa, and Ferdinand Fitzflabber had his brains scooped out with a Carlist *cuirass*, while merely admiring the view in a field near Santander. Considering what a wooden-headed fellow Ferdinand is, you might recommend the Carlist to Seymour as an excellent hand at *cutting on wood*, though it is very hard one can't admire the beauties of nature without being cut off by the *ill-nature* of the enemy. I shall continue to write to you till I am killed.

"Your's, in trepidation,

"TIMOTHY GULLY."

NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

The quaint manner in which the newspapers classify their intelligence is amusing in the last degree to any one having any appreciation for the ridiculous. The *Globe* has a department called *Fashion and Small Talk*, in which it inserts such little tit bits as murders, burglaries, deaths, suicides, and accidents. Whether these things be *fashionable* we cannot pretend to determine, and the editor of the *Globe* probably knows best, but we really think *small talk* is rather too light a head under which to class the sort of proceedings alluded to. The other day one of the journals gave a horrid case of self destruction as a *singular experiment*, and we saw an account of fifteen persons killed by the bursting of a boiler coolly described as *curious effects of steam*.

BREVITIES.

A Libel.

Some of the papers have made it their duty to *analyse* the King's Speech. The ministers who prepared it seem to have thought that *any lies* were not too gross to put into it.

An Ass-ertion.

The King said in his speech that the Parliament had shewn itself to be *assiduous*. If he had pronounced the word as *ass-idu-ous*, we should not have disputed the point with his Majesty.

Go it, Billy.

"I understand," said the King, "there is this year a sad deficiency in the *crop of turnips*. Now I think the best way to remedy this is to collect together a large body of people with *red hair*, so that what we want in *crops of turnips* may be made up for in a fine assemblage of *crops of carrots*." Sir Herbert Taylor (the royal toad devourer) literally split the sides of his inexpressible with excessive laughter.

No Work and all Play.

When the Reform Bill passed, every one was anxious for what they called "an opportunity of seeing the *working of a Reformed Parliament*." From the unprecedented laziness evinced since that time by the House of Commons, it would appear that *the working of the Parliament* is the very last thing we may expect to have a specimen of.

Hit him on the Raw.

We are told that the wool trade is getting up, and that there is a very brisk demand for the *raw article*. If such is the case, we should say there must be some chance for a value being at last set upon Winchester, the *very rawest of raw articles*.

The Corn Laws again.

"I say," said the King to Melbourne, "you've talked to me of measures permitting the *exportation of corn*, now can't you suggest an act by which I might get rid of my *buntuns*." The premier took some laughing gas to enable him to receive the royal joke with due honours.

THEATRICALS.

The Haymarket was on Monday the scene of rather a curious exhibition, and one that at least had the claim of novelty, if not to recommend it, at least to add to its interest. A Mr. Otway, who, some 14 or 15 years ago, made a decided hit at Drury Lane as Hamlet, but having accidentally pitched, head over heels, upon a bag of *nails* (which, by the bye, was going quite upon the wrong *tack*) he was unable to appear afterwards. The hero of the tenpennies, however, at length mustered up courage to make another effort, and made his bow before the Haymarket audience on Monday; but, after going through the first scene, his agitation became so truly distressing that he gave a reel, and, had there been another bag of nails in the way, he must have fallen on it again, but luckily he fell smack bang into the extended arms of Horatio and Guildenstern. This was his final exit, and the next intimation of him was to the effect that he could not come forward again, being nearly in a fainting state in the green-room. We regretted this extremely, for Mr. Otway gave in his first scene decided promise of a very superior portraiture of the character. We trust that his nerves will soon be strung up again to another effort, and that he will, encouraged by this notice, make another attempt, in which he will put forth all his energies, unshackled by the want of nerve that in this instance afflicted him. We cannot help remarking upon the rich exuberance of the gods, who, on finding they were disappointed of their entertainment from the stage, began, with their customary coolness, to amuse themselves by a few tricks of their own, and accordingly commenced an uproarious chorus of 'God save the King,' which went off with a fine *adagio* movement into 'All round my Hat,' and thus their loyalty oozed away in a fit of fine racy vulgarity. However, we like a little bit of good humour on the part of the gods, and were delighted with the greasy vagabonds, whose merriment certainly enlivened the dullness of the regular proceedings at the Haymarket.

The note of preparation is sounding in all the metropolitan theatres; but Covent Garden has, up to this moment, been reported as untenanted. There have, however, been various rumours on the subject—one of which is of a kind to create one wild laugh through the land, and shake Great Britain with a convulsive "Ha, ha, ha!" such as Zamiel is supposed to emit from his fiendish jaws in taking his victims below, or such as O. Smith would give forth in his own pet part of Mephistophiles. *En passant*, we may as well observe that O. Smith is said to have made the character of the devil peculiarly his own; we really trust that (for the sake of O., whom we respect) the devil will not, on the last day, return the compliment. To return, however, to the subject we were speaking of—namely, the projected letting of Covent Garden. The deliciously comic scheme we had been told was in contemplation, is the letting of the theatre to a committee, of which Mr. Fitzball was to be the head; and the style of management would have embraced the production of a series of horrors, all of a kind to have exhausted the whole stock of blue fire and brimstone now in England. The contemplation of the letting to Fitzball had created a strong interest in the brimstone dealing circles, and the impediment that had been put in the way of its disposal to the great hero of the bloody bones and raw-head philosophy, has excited quite a panic in the minds of this branch of commercialists. We understand that Fitzball never entertained the slightest idea of embarking in theatrical speculation, though the death of a brother has put him into, as he himself says, the most comfortable and happiest circumstances. We don't know whether the worthy Fitzball has killed his brother, by frightening him out of his life with his melo-dramatic ideas; but if it could be proved that the brother had seen 'Carmilhan' at Covent Garden before he died, we doubt if a charge could not be sustained against the author for *manslaughter* at least, if not for fratricide. We understand, however, that the worthy man never had any intention of taking the premises.

Reports as to the fate of Covent Garden Theatre are flying about in all directions, but nothing has as yet come within our knowledge that we are disposed to regard as at all probable. The last we have heard on the subject is, that Davidge and a Mr. Osbaldiston, a country actor, and afterwards for a short time lessee of the Surrey, were about to take the concern, but we really trust, for the credit of the national drama, that Covent Garden Theatre will not be reduced to the scale of the lowest in rank of all the minor establishments. Davidge is making money at the Surrey, and he deserves to do so, for his management is spirited and highly creditable, but we hope he is too good a judge to embark his earnings in a speculation that must eventually ruin him. If the proprietors of Covent Garden suffer the prices to be reduced they *ruin the property at once*, and they had better keep it closed than allow resort to be had to so degrading an alter-

native. We cannot believe that Mr. Davidge will be fool enough to become a partner with Osbaldiston, at least if there be any truth in the stories told respecting a former partnership of that individual. We really do not conscientiously think that any respectability could attach to this theatre if it should fall into the hands of persons who have no character for any thing but meanness, and no idea of management but blue fire, bombast, and buffoonery.

Madame Vestris opens the Olympe, Charles Mathews opens the Adelphi, and Mr. Glossop (we believe) opens the Victoria, on Monday, the 28th instant. Vestris has lost Planche, who was somebody, and has lost Dance, who is nobody; the latter never at any time having done more for her than steal French vaudevilles, and, by trying to give English names to some of the characters, endeavour to palm them off as original. Of this order is, we believe, 'The Beulah Spa,' and of this order also are, we believe, all the other pieces of which the said Dance claims the *authorship*. He has been making some overtures, we understand, for a reconciliation, but Madame has very properly refused to hear of it. As this is the only theatre where Dance ever could succeed in getting his pieces produced, it is supposed, in well-informed circles, that the said pieces will not in future be acted any where. As Mr. Dance writes the theatricals in the *Athenæum*, he could speak well of his own pieces, and snarl at the success of others, but now, we presume, it will be *all snarl* in the paper of that wishy-washy periodical.—Mathews begins the Adelphi season with a new piece by himself, and another new piece by Buckstone. We sincerely regret that his company is not stronger, as we wish him all success in his enterprise.—The Victoria is announced to open with two new pieces by Moncrieff, to whom the *literary department* of the theatre is entrusted, and it is promised that an attempt will be made to render the theatre worthy of its former popularity. Moncrieff is a clever writer, and should hope would know better than to bring the *literary department* down to the level of former days, when a blow from Bradley's broad sword was considered more elegant than the finest poetical sentiment, and a murder by Blanchard was considered the *acme* of dramatic excellence. Mitchell, as stage-manager, might have been some counterpoise to such proceedings, though, if report be true that Mr. H. Wallack succeeds him, we have no doubt he understands better the taste of the day than to allow the management to (as it threatens to do) surpass all former Coburg efforts. The house is, we hear, to open with two new pieces by Moncrieff, which will we trust be successful, and the concern, so long as it is well managed, shall always experience our encouraging patronage. The first poster talking of "a Temple of Venus arising from a sea of pellucid glass," is rather a poor specimen of the *literary department* of the theatre.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The excitement occasioned by an announcement, a few weeks ago, that a grand boon of

SIX CARICATURES!

was in contemplation, has been perhaps equal to any of those well-known sensations that have been felt by all on former similar occasions. The public, and particularly the country booksellers, are, however, now reminded that *the treat will come next week*, when FIGARO IN LONDON will reach its

TWO HUNDREDTH NUMBER,

an event that will be celebrated by SIX of SEYMOUR'S HAPPIEST CARICATURES, and other attractions, which an inspection of the number itself can alone afford an adequate notion of. It is positively necessary that country booksellers should be early in their orders, and the publisher has resolved to shew no partiality in the allotment of the numbers—so that as "*first come first served*," will be the grand order of the day, it is only the early purchaser who can be ensured against disappointment. The London dealer will see the expedience of attending to this *gentle hint*, and speedy orders are recommended, to enable him to supply the increased voracity of the public appetite for FIGARO, without causing disappointment to the *regular customer*. Mr. Strange is instructed to add, that though the printer's presses can work off large supplies, they cannot *work miracles*, and that therefore he cannot ensure the tardy applicant for next week's FIGARO against bitter disappointment.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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No. 200.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1835.

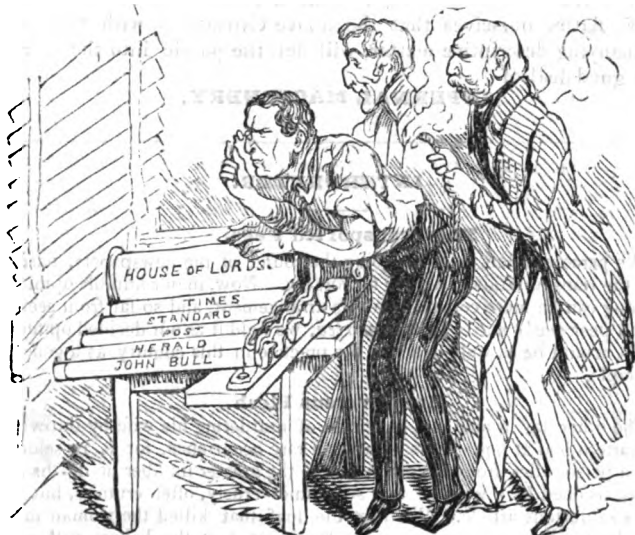
Price One Penny

FIESCHI THE SECOND.

WHILE France has been agitated by the infernal machine of the infernal Fieschi, England has been feeling the effects of some other *infernal machinery*, which it has been the fortunate fate of FIGARO to ferret out, and of Seymour to illustrate. That the infernal machinery of the Tories has long been employed to ruin England, is a fact none will dispute, and we shall now, with police-like perspicuity, present to our readers a concise account of the late Tory conspiracy, and, by way of illustration, display the leading incidents in

SIX TABLEAUX BY SEYMOUR !

The first of these interesting pictures represents



Lyndhurst, with two Accomplices, preparing the Infernal Machine.

It seems that Lyndhurst, son of a painter, and inheriting his father's talent of *designing*, and of altering a coat of colours, or the *colour of his coat* at will, had got connected with two badly-disposed persons—one an old soldier, and another a bad character belonging to Cumberland. The old soldier, though he enjoys a good pension, is of that discontented spirit that he would never be satisfied till he got all the most insatiable avarice could wish for, and the Cumberland man, who was always ready for any thing, soon became accomplices, and Fieschi Lyndhurst devised the means of concocting a machine to be used against the Government. He first procured a large quantity of inflammable matter from "The Times,"—a species of combustible which, though attended with a vast deal of smoke, has the peculiar property of acting two ways at once, and of using what little power it possesses at the same



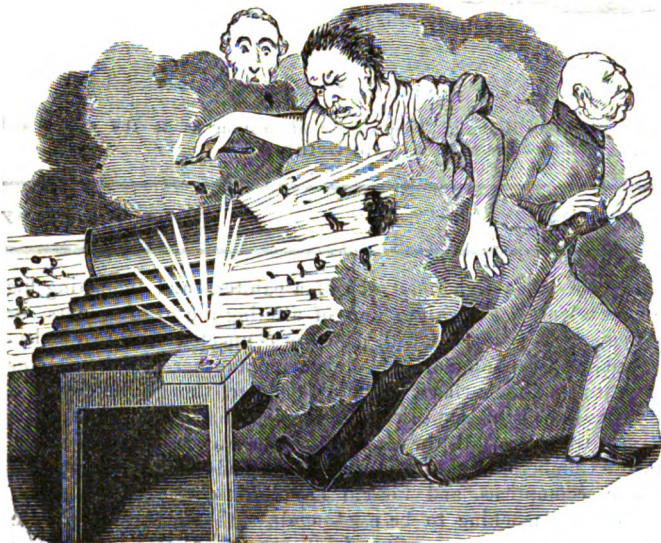
The Ministerial Cavalcade.

time in two contrary directions. It got a little bit of the "Standard" and "John Bull," which, though of a very kind, is still strong enough to do mischief, and adding an immense quantity of common milk and very soft water from the "Aberdeen" and "Post," by way of adding fury to the fire, as a furnace sometimes gains strength from moisture, and thus completed a machine of truly infernal materials. The machine being prepared, we are brought to the second tableau, representing

A Ministerial Cavalcade:

(See the preceding page.)

It seemed that the various members of the Government were about to ride in procession to Parliament on their respective hobbies—Melbourne as premier, with an Irish shillelah in his hand, Duncannon also on his hobby, Russell on his hobby of Corporation Reform, and Spring Rice bringing up the rear with the budget—a hobby, by the bye, which he rides rather awkwardly. As this procession past, Fieschi Lyndhurst, the old soldier, and the Cumberland vagabond, were seated together in a dirty little hole and corner, which the trio are known to frequent, and which brings us to our third tableau, representing



The Explosion of the Machine!

Having seized as they thought a favourable opportunity, Fieschi Lyndhurst set the fatal light to the infernal machine, when it immediately exploded, and, going off with precipitate violence, it instantly discharged itself into his unhappy bowels, and to see through him will no longer be a matter of the smallest difficulty. The Cumberland chap, with characteristic cowardice, instantly took to his heels; while the old soldier, who was looking on, got, as Hood says, *his hys blasted* with the inflammable combustibles. We are now brought to our fourth tableau, which represents faithfully

The Effects of the Explosion.

(See the next column)

It seems that they, the Ministers, were strutting in triumph upon their hobbies, as before described, when the machine exploding among them, knocked the Irish Church Bill, with which Melbourne was laden, out of his hand, and sadly mutilated the Municipal Reform Bill, which Lord John Russell was carrying. The infernal Tory machine first *blew the Bill up*, and then frightfully distorted it. Poor Brougham, who was strutting along on his hobby of *popular education*, was completely floored and laid prostrate. Immediately all eyes were turned to the spot whence the explosion proceeded, and it was soon discovered, by the smoke which rolled out voluminously from the dirty little hole in which the criminals had con-

sealed themselves. Two active policemen—the one a Scotchman and the other an Irishman—called Hume and O'Connell, were instantly on the alert, and, turning round, immediately clutched Fieschi Lyndhurst, with an exclamation of—"We've got you at last." "Hollo, my fine fellow, it isn't every one likes such a blow



out of the stomach as you've got." This point brings us to our fifth tableau, representing

The Capture of the Prisoner.

(See next page)

The criminal having been taken was executed according to his just deserts, and this interesting incident brings us to our sixth and last tableau respecting

The Dissection of Fieschi Lyndhurst.

(See next page)

On a posthumous examination, the body was found to be in that corrupt state which was to have been expected from the previous bad habits of the deceased. The stomach appeared to have been overladen with good things, but in the region of the heart nothing was found but an *old lapstone*, generally used by cobblers in sharpening their instruments; and this accounts for the biting rapacity with which he seems to have been all his life afflicted.

We flatter ourselves that the above Caricatures with their accompanying descriptive matter, will let the public into the secret of a good deal of

INFERNAL MACHINERY.

INTERPRETER.

The Transported Peer.

We perceive a long account going the round of the newspapers, narrating the transportation of a *peer* for forgery. Now, in our humble opinion, nothing can be more correct than this arrangement, and so far from seeing why a *peer ought not to be transported*, we hold it as our decided opinion, that it would be as well to adopt the practice in this country as a general principle.

Bread versus Flesh.

The other day a man was convicted of murdering his wife by throwing a quarter loaf at her. This is rather a rare occurrence, for it is seldom that a person dies from too much bread, the greater number of deaths being occasioned by a want of that sometimes crusty, often crumbly, but always salubrious article. We fear the loaf that killed the woman must have been rather a crusty concern. We know that the bakers call stale loaves *dead men*, but we do not often hear of loaves making *dead women*.



The Capture of the Prisoner.

A Mayor's Nest.

There is some row in the city about the danger of having a Tory next year for a Lord Mayor. Now we think all this row needless in the extreme, for we think Lord Mayors are such contemptible animals that it matters little whether he be Tory, Whig, Destructive, or Conservative; so as he be an animal that can open his mouth wide enough to eat turtle and talk d—d nonsense, he is sure to be well fitted for the office.

High Treason.

One of the papers says "His Majesty will hold a drawing room at the palace." Now we all know his Majesty (God bless him) is no sylph in figure, but *his holding a drawing room* is too much of a good joke. Winchester wants to know if the King will hold a drawing room at the palace where the rooms are very large, what drawing room in the kingdom could possibly hold his Majesty?

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(From our very own Correspondent.)

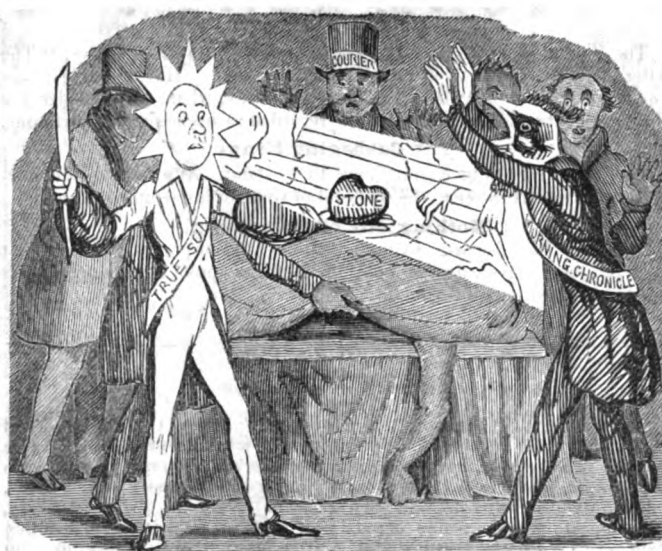
"DEAR FIGARO,

"Here we are, as clown says in the pantomime, with nothing to do but to be shot at, so that we are having a nice easy time of it. We don't go out to any parties, but the enemy occasionally gives a ball (a cannon one) at which we all dance very prettily. Between you and me, Mr. Figaro, I don't like it, no more does Brown, no more does White, no more does Jones, no more does Smith, no more does nare a one on us. We were all told when we went out that we were an attached core, but if none of us likes it how can air a one on us be said to be attached to it? Evans says we are all very brave fellows, and so I suppose we are, though for my part I feel a great deal braver at home when there's no danger, than I do out here, where one stands a chance of being knocked into the world after next, without a moment's notice, by a Carlist rifle. It is said that we are very cordial with the Spanish soldiers, and so we are as cordial as we can be with persons whom we never speak to, because we don't know how, and who never speak to us, because if they did we couldn't understand them.

"The London Merchant has arrived with Evans's brother, and some officers, and some surgeons, whom we very much want, for we've all got colds in our heads; and Nokes, of the 15th division of the Putney light infantry, has got such a stomach-ache as will give full employ to the medical department. The Camden Town dragoons are in fine order, and when their boots are well cleaned you might take them for Polish Lancers.

"If any action should arise, and I'm not killed, I shall be sure to write to you. A Carlist has just pelted me with a handful of mud, and I've returned the insult by aiming at him with an oyster-shell, so that you see,

"Bilboa.



The Dissection of Fieschi Lyndhurst.

sir, I won't allow the British nation to be insulted with impunity. If he wasn't bigger than me, I'd run after him and wallop him, but I think he'd be too much for me. I only wish my big brother had seen him do it, that's all. Another Carlist has just knocked my military cap down over my eyes, and buried my head in it as low as my neck: this prevents me writing further.

"Your's, in trepidation,

"TIMOTHY GULLY."

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 5.

"Upon my soul," shrieked Winchester, "every body is mad." Hobler acknowledged the truth of it, as far as present company is concerned. "Egad," continued the King of the City, "they are complaining of soldiers wearing their arms at their sides. Upon my soul I don't see where else the poor devils could wear their arms, but at their sides. I suppose soon they'll want them to wear their noses behind." Hobler threw up his muffin cap into the air, and uttered a wild Indian war-whoop.

"By the bye, talking of war hoops," said Winchester, "it seems the Indians fight with hoops, instead of horses, as we used at school." Hobler swallowed a leaf out of the spelling book.

"I'm told," cried Winchester, with a terrific wink of his left eye, and an alarming tweak of his proboscis, "I'm told, damme, they've been a-baiting a bull, and that it has increased the animal's rage. Now, by the socks of my grandfather, I can't, for the life of me, see how they can increase it by aba(i)ting it." Hobler hid his humble head in the slop-basin.

"Why am I like an expiring rush-light?" cried the city king. "Don't know," yelped Hobler, "unless it is because you're up to snuff." The cockney king having levelled the premier with an adjacent footstool, merely exclaimed, "No, you fool, its because I'm just going out." Hobler, who was lying senseless, gave a galvanic twitch.

BREVITIES.**Liberal Limits.**

By a new law in France regulating the kind of pieces to be played at the various theatres, any thing with horses in it can be played without restriction. Had the condition been that asses should be introduced, and not horses, we should say that with a few English actors they could play any thing.

Trial of the Church.

The friends of the Church say, that the present is a trying time for the clergy. In our opinion it seems likely to turn out a convicting time for them also.

A Superfluity.

The *Times*, in its Answers to Correspondents on Monday, says, "The letter of HONESTUS is good, but will not suit us." Having said it was good, the addition of "it will not suit us," may, when we consider the character of the *Times* newspaper, be regarded as useless and superfluous.

The Cabbaging King.

Leopold is said to be coming over to England. We believe the purport of his visit is to see to the disposal of some of his winter cabbages.

Nothing out of Something.

The *John Bull* declares O'Connell's influence can produce nothing. It daily produces a great deal of *nothing*, in the shape of newspaper attacks upon this illustrious individual.

THEATRICALS.

This has been, in some degree, a busy week among the Theatres, and on Monday night the Adelphi, Olympic, and Victoria, were opened for the season. The Adelphi betrays a very impoverished company, and is, in our opinion, likely to be this year a losing speculation. A new piece, called 'Mandrin,' was brought forward from the pen of Mr. C. Mathews, who appears in the treble capacity of author, proprietor, and acting manager. We regret that his first essay seems rather unsuccessful; but the failure (if it be one) arises from the fact of his company being good for nothing—that is to say, too bad for any thing. For example, there is Mr. Palmer as leading tragedian, whose long experience on the classic boards of Astley's has not exactly suited him for his present position. At Astley's nothing is expected but steam-engine lungs, limbs of adamant, and toes proof against the hoofs of horses. In fact, a gentleman who can allow his head to be a sort of mark for beams to tumble in upon, and who does not object to let his mouth be made the reservoir of the common sewer-like filth of a Milner or Somerset, is exactly the thing to take an Astley's engagement. To return, however, to the Adelphi—we are sorry to say, the first night's entertainment turned out to be somewhat of a failure. We trust that, as the season advances, Mr. Mathews will see the expediency of getting together a company of more respectability and talent than his present one. We cannot say that his bills give us much reason to hope, for, on referring to the bottom of them, we find the names of Mr. Webster and Miss Daly. Now, however well these persons may be adapted to the situations they have hitherto filled, they make but sorry figures as stars in the place of Reeve and Mrs. Honey.

The Olympic opened with two new pieces, which were both of them successful, owing to the excellence of the acting. The house was crammed, a proof that talent is always attractive.

Drury Lane is advertised to open on Thursday, but it is rumoured that the leaseeship is not yet settled. We see Bartley is engaged, notwithstanding his quarrel with Bunn, a proof that Bartley would lick the slime off the boots of a nightman if any thing were to be got by it. He, however, is no longer able to strut about as stage-manager, Cooper having been put in that capacity over him. This is quite as it should be, and we trust Cooper will keep him in good order, and fine him twopence every time he ventures to fag, and fourpence every time he is late at rehearsals. Bunn, who is a clever fellow (in spite of his new claret coat) has engaged Bartley, to keep him away from Covent Garden. Now we had thought Bunn too clever for this: he should have let Bartley go to the other house, if he wished to injure it.

As to Covent Garden, its doom is sealed, and so is its care to Mr. Osbaldiston. We warn the proprietors not to allow the lowering of the prices: it will ruin the establishment if they do. As to the company, it is quite impossible that even a respectable one can be formed, when we consider who is the manager. We understand Mr. H. Wallack is to be there, so that we may expect a Surrey company, which, however it may suit St. George's-in-the-Fields, cannot be received in the more enlightened regions of Bow-street.

We believe the Strand Theatre is to be licensed. We would advise the magistrates to take care the parties having it are respectable.

We have received a letter from Mr. Otway, the gentleman who fainted at the sight of his father's ghost, and who has expressed himself truly grateful for our enlightened tone of criticism in charitably encouraging him to another effort. Though we indulged in a joke or two at the expense of his timidity, he had the judgment to see that our notice was wholly free from that stupid, heavy, and affectedly impartial style of crushing with faint praise all the hopes of a candidate for public favour. The beastly old *Herald* has a great knack of this, and grandmother, old as she is, ought to be well whipped for it.

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No. 201.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE POLITICAL ETNA.

As in nature nothing is more awful than the volcano, so in politics nothing is more formidable than the bursting forth of the lava from some popular Etna, or some equally popular Vesuvius. Seymour, whose mind is ever on the stretch to drive the barbed arrow of commotion home into the bosoms of the politically vile—Seymour, we say, has sketched a scene of such Vesuvian splendour that comment on its meaning may almost be said to be superfluous.

Every body knows that the political horizon has of late been awfully lit up by the brilliant bursting forth of a volcanic light from the Etna of enlightenment. There had been a long warning from the rumbling noise within, but no notice was taken of it by those whom it particularly threatened, until it burst out in all its tremendous glory over them. King William and Queen Adelaide, with all their courtiers, parasites, and political paupers, were sitting as usual in frightful indolence at the foot of the popular mountain, when a noise was heard from within, but as the same sounds had occurred frequently before, without any decided result, the poor fools beneath took no more notice than usual. As has been powerfully depicted in the opera of *Masaniello*, the court was revelling in riot, when, like a thunder-clap, the volcanic matter that had been smouldering so long within the crater came rolling out upon them, completely overwhelming them with its violence. Such is the volcano that has burst over the heads of the Peers—such is the lava that will eventually swamp their holinesses the Bishops, and send the hereditary peerage floating and floundering to its native Pandemonium. But why should we dwell on description, and weaken with our pen what Seymour has made so strong with his magic pencil. We therefore leave the above scene to the calm contemplation of conservative courtiers, bigoted bishops, pampered peers, and cringing commoners. It will be a very wholesome subject of reflection to all of these classes of society.

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

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INTERPRETER.

Grandmother again.

This poor old maniac, called by some the *Morning Herald*, but more commonly known as my *Grandmother*, has been again at its old work of watching the stable-door after the horse is stolen. It sets up a howl on the subject of the Insolvent Court being closed, but, with its usual drivelling tardiness, it says not one word on the subject until the day after the thing is done, and it is too late for a remedy. The fact is, the old idiot knows that if it remonstrated on an event before it took place, it would shew its contemptible weakness, and betray the fact of its having no more influence than the braying of an ass, or the sturdy yell of a parish dustman.

Parish Patriots.

We understand one of these fellows has *boned* the assets of the parish in which he had persuaded some busy fools to elect him as auditor. We are happy to find this is the case, for it will teach the parishes it is not every fellow who can spout about economy that ought to be treated with the money of the rate-payers. The new act which Hobhouse gave, but of which a few pettifogging lawyers claim the credit, is an extremely salutary measure, but it is only a judicious use of it that can guard the parishes against the harpy-like encroachment of a set of designing devils, whom a love of pot-house influence, and a natural tendency to rob and tyrannise over the poor, induce to thrust themselves into notoriety. A few of these fellows have, by bullying their tradesmen, got themselves shoved into the vestry, and we know an instance of one bad character, who, scouted by the reforming party, managed to creep in by dragging an industrious baker, *vi et armis*, out of his shop to vote for him. It is thus that many, professing themselves reformers, degrade the party they pin themselves to, though the party would kick them off with contempt, but for their leech-like adhesiveness. When parish vestries are purged of these mischief-making, heartless, and pauper-starving wretches, they will, under the excellent reformed system, be respectable, saving the money of the parish judiciously, without incurring for its officers the stain of heartlessness and cruelty that their treatment of the poor, in many cases, now bring down upon them.

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 6.

The following are a few *mems.* from the private journal of this distinguished mountebank:—

Mem.—*Railways* are getting very numerous. This is the *rule (real)* way of making money and travelling. Two methods of getting on in the world at once. This is what I call killing two swallows with one handful of mud.

"Mine shares are getting up," the papers say. If this is the case I wish the shares were *mine*: but they're not, damme, and, what's worse, they never will be.

Mem.—You can't expect civility from an *omnibus*-cad, because it is his duty to take up his passengers very shortly, and give them a good setting down afterwards.

ROYALTY AT RAMSGATE.

The Duchess of Kent and the little Princess, have gone to Ramsgate to eat prawns for breakfast, walk about the sea-shore, pick up young crabs and old oyster shells. Leopold, formerly of Oxford-street afterwards of Marlborough House, Pall Mall, and now King of Belgium, came over to see his sister, and brought with him his wife; but having no money to hire a carriage they were put into a Margate fly; but it was too shabby even for Leopold, and he accordingly got out of it, swearing he'd rather walk, than be jolted about in such an *infernal machine* as the fly appeared to. Leopold spends his time in selling things he has brought over duty free from his own country, and in the evening goes to the raffles, where he has already won an eight day clock, a large doll, and a backgammon board. The Queen of the Belgians plays at home by herself all day, while Leopold walks about the town in a pair of Margate slippers, shaking hands with all the cockneys, and tossing up for tickets with all the blackguards at Johnny Bettison's library; the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria bathing in the sea last Wednesday, an ungallant wave carried them out to sea, threw them from off their royal legs, and caused them both to execute an unwilling and rather undignified

somerset. They have expressed themselves thoroughly disgusted at the rudeness of the waves, and it is thought an address will be presented to Neptune, insisting on his paying more respect to royalty.

If these folks remain longer at Ramsgate, we shall send a reporter down to the spot to furnish the public with all the private particulars of their sojourn. Leopold has already made in prizes alone at the bazaars, more than enough to pay the whole expenses of his visit.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(From our very own correspondent.)

Spain.

"DEAR FIGARO,

"Things go on as usual, or rather things go off as usual, that is to say, guns are popping about us in all directions. I suppose you know that the *band* have been *disbanded*, and has been sent back for a conspiracy, in which it seemed musician like, they were acting in *concert*. The medical department has at length come out, and in the ship which brought them, was such a cargo of pills, black-doses, boluses, magnesia, jalap, salts, senna, castor oil, and all the other nasty stuff to be got out of the shop of the apothecary. The moment it arrived, Snooks had a blue pill; I got a dose of salts, and the Chelsea rifles got all round a cup of camomile. I think we have all been better since we had the medicine. Jem Tomkins was guilty of the insubordination yesterday of treading on the Adjutant-General's great toe, where he had a corn. A Court Martial instantly sat upon it, (not the *corn*, but the offence), and the evidence having been conclusive, his punishment was decided to be a *bolus* every night and morning until the end of the expedition. There has been some disturbance about the payment of the troops, and there is great doubt whether we shall get our money; Evans, however, changed a sovereign last night, so that we have yet confidence in the assets.

Yours in trepidation,
TIMOTHY GULLY.

BREVITIES.

What do they i' the North?

O'Connell is showing himself worthy of his land, so celebrated for potatoes. He is a fine specimen of a new kind of *tatur*, that is to say, the *agi-latur*.

Royal Learning.

"I understand," said the King, "they are fishing for whales in Greenland. Now, upon my honour, they must be precious fools to look for *Wales* in *Greenland*, when every body who understands geography, knows its next to *England*." Barnard prostrated himself in ecstasy upon a neighbouring ottoman.

A Good Reason.

Some persons wonder why the Duke of York is represented on his statue, looking away from the West end of the town. It is this little point which makes so perfect the resemblance, for every one knows his Royal Highness has turned his back upon his creditors.

A Home Thrust.

The foreign news of some of the papers, and of the Herald in particular, is often very properly so called, being, from its *entire falsehood*, wholly foreign to the subject.

A Spirited Slap.

The ruffian Carlos has made the *Virgin Mary* the generalissimo of his army. As the money is rather shy, he had better appoint the Holy Ghost his paymaster.

Epigram.

IN FAVOUR OF AN EX-CHANCELLOR.
Lyndhurst declares in loud tirade,
He hates hypocrisy;
His word I'll take—two of a trade
Could never yet agree.

A-Stonishing Joke.

It is thought to be rather unsatisfactory to the creditors of the Duke of York, to erect a *statue* to himself, and leave his debts *in statu quo*.

An Odd Stick.

The devil is sometimes represented as riding on a *broomstick*. If so, we ought to beware of the late Chancellor *Brougham* (*Broom*).

Wide Awake.

The Ramsgate people received Leopold in a public fly, showing by this cut at his meanness, that they were *fly* to his habits of parsimony.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane has opened with a lack of spirit, and with an expensive company, including, it must be acknowledged, most of the best artists in every department. Macready opened in 'Macbeth,' and the audience testified by repeated cheers their admiration of his performance. The play was, in other respects, as effectively cast as possible. The new farce of 'The Night Patrol' was as delicious a damn as one would wish to see in these days of stupid forbearances. 'The Night Patrol' is not now going his rounds, and during the few nights he did so every body seemed to think it was time to be asleep, and boxes, pit, and gallery went off with a comfortable snooze accordingly. We are sorry to find that Bunn, who has got a good musical company, should put it to so bad a use as the mutilation of poor Bellini's last opera, 'I Puritani.' This extraordinary task was to come rather too late in the week for us to notice it; but we are quite sure it would have answered Bunn's purpose better either to leave it altogether alone, or bring out the *Puritani* in all its *purity*.

As to Covent Garden, we fear there is a wretched career in perspective for this ill-fated domestic building. Fitzball has been employed on a horrible domestic, tyrannic, barbaric, devilish, blue-firish, brimstonic, sulphuric, Satanic, bombastic, and tragic drama, to be called

HABGOOD OF HAVERSTOCK;

OR, THE FATHER FIEND.

In Act 1 will be embodied a frightful incantation, introducing some of the enormities of the father fiend—frightful oath, and awful preparations to outlive the whole of his children, and drinking of the mystic draught from the skull of the betrayed and murdered Sartorius. In Act 2 the father fiend will positively devour three of his daughters—scourging and shovelling of his heir-apparent—murders the rest of his family with a red-hot poker, having previously cut off all their hair with a blunt carving knife—horrid option—heart sticking, or hair cutting—helplessness of the assaulted Emily. Act 3—Unmasking of the father fiend—horrible cringe at the approach of retribution, and snivelling but useless prayer—words by Fitzball, music by Rodwell—approach of conscience, and ghastly yellings of the father fiend—frightful solitude of the bad side (Grieve and Sons), and arrival of Mephistophiles (O. Smith)—shattering of the pallid bosom, and grasp of the shrivelled heart—shocking agony of Satan at finding he has mistaken a stone for a human heart—ghosts of the injured family—arrival of fiends—dance of devils—useless watch of the father fiend—convulsed plunge—he is hurried to Tartarus, and

GRAND TABLEAU!

Such is the programme of the first production at Covent Garden, under the new minor management.

The reduction of the prices at Covent Garden is a measure that, from its effects, must be considered important; otherwise the proceedings of the management would be a matter of no interest, owing to the very low professional rank of the parties into whose hands it has unfortunately fallen. But a piece of dirt may find its way into splendid machinery, and injure its hitherto perfect state—so also will disreputable management affect the hitherto high character of Covent Garden. The reduction of the prices, if resorted to, should have been tried by the proprietors themselves, and not left to the mercy of minor management. The thing can never pay. An actor, who goes to Covent Garden in its degraded state, only goes, because his talent would never have taken him there in its pure condition. Messrs. H. Wallack, Vale, and Rogers (the two last favourites in their own sphere) have been seen to satisfy for two shillings, one shilling, and for sixpence; who then will give four shillings now, or two shillings, or even one shilling, to see them where they are palpably out of their element.

The Haymarket has closed upon a very unprofitable season, as it de-

served to be. Poor old Morris has only brought out one new piece and a half during the whole season. The result is, as it ought to be, a failure. The only expense he has gone to in the getting up of his new pieces has been the sewing of a new button on the coat of the stage manager. This outlay, insignificant as it really is, has been the theme of unceasing regret on the part of Morris ever since he was advised to go do it. Mr. Vining, the stage manager, gave a farewell growl to the public, in the shape of a valedictory address, in the course of which he talked of being ready *again* to provide for the public entertainment. If he calls the proceedings of the last season *entertaining*, we think his notions of *entertainment* must be so novel as to warrant his publishing a treatise on the subject. Perhaps poor old Morris thought it fine fun to have to pay the salaries when the receipts were not five pounds per night, and to lose three hundred pounds a week with truly managerial magnanimity.

The Surrey continues to prosper, but the Victoria novelties have not been fortunate. The three pieces there produced are all from the prolific pen of the pathetic Moncrieff. Not being able to speak favourably of them, we refrain from speaking at all. The *Glass Curtain*, it is said, draws, and will we hope reward the exertions of the proprietors.

At the Queen's, Selby's farce of 'Hunting a Turtle' continues to con-vulse the audience. Mitchell's acting of a gardener in this piece is a delicious gem. Selby and Green also play very humorously in the piece. There is a good-natured suavity about the former which makes him always welcome in unassuming light comedy. Selby used to be thrust into tin breast plates, yellow boots, and pipe-clay'd trunks, to look terrible in the heavy business at the Victoria, but he is much more at home in his present position. Not the most formidable of battle axes, the blackest of beards, or the broadest of cutlasses, ever succeeded in making Selby look terrible in our eyes. It was no use his vowing vengeance in Milner's prose, or threatening general assassination in Somerset's poetry—we always knew it was the good-natured Selby that was before us, and could not believe him when he swore, as the representative of some guilty father, that his conscience was stirring him up, as they stir up the monkeys in the Regent's Park, with a *long pole*. We are, however, very happy to find that Selby has at last gone to a theatre where the talent he possesses for the stage is thrown into its right channel. He is the best farce gentleman now on the stage, and it is no mean praise to say so, when the majority of persons pretending to his line are remarkable for awkwardness and vulgarity of deportment. Selby having been a gentleman by position in private life, is able to sustain the character on the stage, which is, in the theatrical profession, a qualification of great rarity.

Sadlers Wells is luxuriating in a new piece called 'The Castle Cauldron.' We presume we shall have next a new drama, called 'The Kitchen Saucepan,' or, by way of novelty, a piece in fourteen acts, to be entitled 'Oyster Sauce, or the Fatal Butter Boat.' This style of thing is, we believe, attractive, and no one has a right to complain if it answers the purpose of the manager.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Last week's number of FIGARO being the 200th, was adorned with

SIX CARICATURES BY SEYMOUR!

the whole impression was eagerly bought up, but copies of it still remain, an expensive process having been resorted to, in order to ensure as far as possible a satisfaction of the public appetite. The press has been warm in its praises of these new efforts of Seymour's pencil, but if orders are not speedily sent up, disappointment cannot be guarded against.

"FIGARO IN LONDON, No. 200.—This day's number of this remarkably spirited publication has given us so much delight that we cannot forbear to recommend it to the special patronage of all who would wish to be both 'merry and wise.' The first subject handled this week by FIGARO IN LONDON is entitled 'Fieschi the Second,' and it is accompanied by six tableaux by Seymour—cuts of primary merit—they are all hits. Description would fail to do adequate justice either to the prose or the pictures; they must be seen to be adequately appreciated; but we must say a word or two on them. The first represents the infernal machine, formed of barrels with significant names attached to them; Lyndhurst, with his two accomplices, are preparing it—the accomplices will remind the reader of *Waterloo* and *Kalish*! The prose characterizes Lyndhurst as a worthy son of a painter, having talent for *design*. The second sketch is a 'Ministerial Cavalcade,'—but the third's the thing

'to catch the conscience of the King':—it is the explosion of the machine, which, unfortunately for the designers, explodes at both ends, whereby Lyndhurst is damaged, Waterloo stands aghast, and the whiskered hero gets a storm on the stern that seems to give him no trifling lift towards the Russian camp! 'The Effects of the Explosion' (No. 4) are most efficient; 'The Capture of the Prisoner' (No. 5), throttled by Dan, and *pified* by Hame, is a piece of legitimate excellence; but the 'Dissection of the second Fieschi' (No. 6), is an admirable finish. As Burns would say, these artists 'hack to teach,' for if people would take a hint, they might here get a good one, and all for a penny."—*Morning Advertiser*, Oct 1.

"The 'Figaro in London' this week is more than ordinarily amusing. There are six humorous political tableaux, in Seymour's best style. The political stars of the age have due honours paid them. Seymour is quite *au fait* in making future books. His graphic pencil gives the spirit of the journals at one view."—*True Sun*, Oct. 1.

"A Constant Reader" is informed that there were two Miss Somervilles on the stage, but the elder one has recently married a Mr. W. H. Bland; the other, Miss M. Somerville, is we believe in the chorus of the English Opera. There is also a Miss Somerville, a sister of Mrs. Bunn, whom Abbott allowed to act a few times at the Victoria, in compliment to Lord Segrave. That Miss Somerville and the said Mrs. Bunn are no relatives to the other ladies of that name, who are descended of a respectable stock of tailors and breeches makers.

We have seen the *Life of the immortal Simpson*, written by himself, with a portrait, all for *sixpence*! This is a part of the history of the country which ought to be in the hands of every body.



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The idea of this work was suggested by the following passage in the *Times*, of September 30. In reviewing 'Jesse's Gleanings,' 3rd series, just published, the Editor says:—"The circulation, in a cheap form, of the anecdotes which Mr. Jesse's industry has brought together, would, we are convinced, effect more, than any acts of the Legislature to prevent cruelty will ever be able to accomplish."

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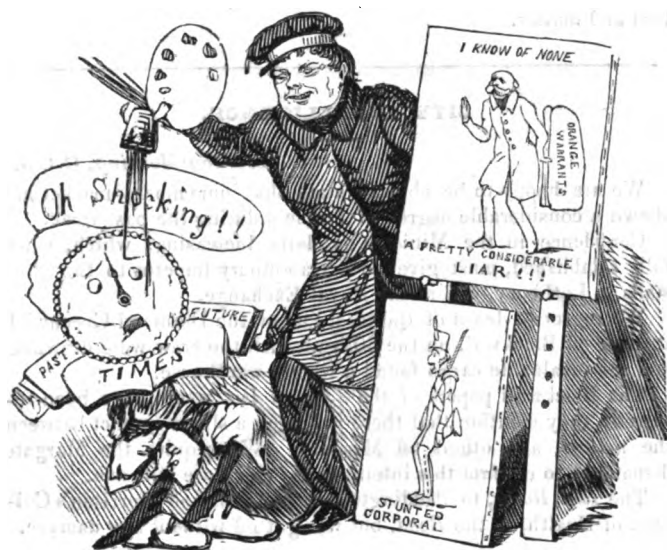
Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 202.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE IRISH ARTIST.

WHILE Mr. O'Connell is every where going about doing the good work of agitation, he occasionally enriches his performances with a few of those admirable sketches which enable his hearers to see in their proper colours the characters of those whom he holds up to them. Among the bold portraits he has lately sketched with a master's hand, is that of the Duke of Cumberland, whom he has, as it were, impaled upon his easel, and handed down to posterity, in the character of the most wholesale bear that has appeared since the days of Baron Munchausen. The illustrious Duke is represented on the canvas of O'Connell (of whose splendid and masterly touch Seymour has happily caught the spirit)—he is represented, we repeat, in his true character, holding in his hand the very documents which belie his tongue, and shewing his positive

Vol. IV.

possession of *Orange warrants* for the army, while he is saying he *knows of none*, in a style of the most mendacious effrontery. Never did the Duke so truly contemptible appear as in the annexed sketch—the cringing attitude of the sycophant, added to the earnestness of the confirmed liar, being points of identity which no one can mistake, and which are splendid triumphs of pictorial fidelity. The sketch beneath of the poor done-up Corporal is equally graphic of its kind; and the song of "*Sure such a pair*" never could have been more applicable than to the two *effigies* that adorn our number. O'Connell, as the artist, seems to have the bold and honest bearing of a painter who scorns to flatter, and gives a faithful (if any thing so *faithless* as Cumberland can be *faithful* at all) delineation of his original. The country is indeed indebted to him for his tearing off the veils which have hitherto hung over the persons he has begun to unmask,—for *veils* have hitherto hidden their true deformity from view, though time was daily rendering it easier to *see through* the veils than heretofore. The grand point of our caricature is, the astonishment and horror depicted in the face of the poor old *Times* at seeing the pictures which O'Connell has been painting. The *Times* is, beautifully and somewhat pathetically, we think, represented as being *quite upon its last legs*, and sunk so low in vice and decrepitude as to present a wretched picture of foulness and imbecility. Never was such a miserable, drivelling, dirty, and superannuated object presented to the offended eye of an angry nation, as this poor old *Times* has become, having violated the little confidence a portion of the public once reposed in it, and turned to bad account the small remnant of the influence that once belonged to it. Its limbs seem paralyzed, its spirit seems extinct; even the quality of *bloody* which Cobbett assigned to it, will soon cease to belong to it, for how can that be called *bloody* which has a dead stop put to its *circulation*? Its legs and very foundations are evidently tottering; its knees have lost their power, and there is not a part of the body but which, turned however gently to a golden or silver guide, will

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

bend in any direction. We will not, however, taint the spotless pages of FIGARO with an account of the depravity of a contemporary,—for it is not right that a journal which, like ours, has stood the bribes of *eight successive Ministries*, should be stained by a recital of the tergiversation of a contemporary (we blush to say the word) who has yielded in turn to every party that has, from time to time, thought it worth while to purchase its countenance.

INTERPRETER.

Caught at last,

"Several pictures have arrived at Brussels, being from the king's private collection at Claremont."—*Morning Paper.*

We have been somewhat surprised to know the reason of Leopold's recent visit to this country—but the above paragraph explains the thing entirely—the fact is that the Belgian finances are but so so, and that taxes being not so easily collected in that country as they are in this, Leopold, formerly of Oxford Street, and more recently of Marlborough House, has been in that predicament which is denominated *hard up* in vulgar phraseology. Now picture dealing between London and Brussels is bad trade, and Leopold came over to this country with the view of taking from Claremont something by means of which he might raise the wind in Belgium—he could not very well venture near London, because when he cadged at the oil shop in Oxford Street, a few little odd trifles, such as washing bills, &c. were not discharged with that punctuality which ought to characterise the house of Coburg. An odd cognovit here and there might have slipped his royal memory—and besides as he never *regularly* took the benefit of the act, it might have been very inconvenient. This was the cause of the very great secrecy that attended the royal expedition, and thus he has been enabled to escape to Belgium, with enough pictures to put him in ready cash for a short period. The Duchess of Kent also lent him a five pound note, which with what he made at the Margate raffles will enable him to *rub on* another six months at the very lowest estimate. *Rub on* he will as long as he can, but *rubbing off* is a propensity which his tradesmen say he never evinced any where.

A Light Matter.

"Lord John Russell has requested the present made him by the Liverpool people, may be a *candelaburn*."—*Morning Paper*

Such is the paragraph that has gone the round of the papers, and we congratulate the noble lord on his anticipated accession to his plate chest. We have no doubt that politics are very attractive when they produce such delicious results as handsome *candelabra*, but we really think purity of motive would be much better preserved if these things were dispensed with. Besides plate is sometimes horridly misapplied, and we know an instance of the kind, in which a piece with a representation of *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, was given to a man whose oath could never be taken, whose charity consisted in cringing to the rich, and insulting the poor, whose only hope can be to keep out of Satan's hands to the very last minute. As we said before, *plate* is very likely to be given to those who do not deserve it, and the practice of bestowing it only invites mercenary rascals to enter political life in the hope of getting some. We think we shall some day expose a few of the plate accepting patriots.

Extremes Meet.

In last Sunday's *Age*, a writer speaking of the forthcoming production at Drury Lane, says it is a remarkable fact that Pocock and Bellini both died within the same month. Now we see nothing at all remarkable in it, any more than we should in the fact of a peer and a dustman popping off the hooks within the same period. The *Age* very properly puffs poor Bellini, but very improperly puffs Pocock, who was nothing more than a second hand vamped of old melodramas, farces, and pantomimes. It did not follow that because Pocock was a *justice of the peace*, that he must

have been a clever man; and in fact had *justice* always fallen on *every piece* he produced, he would, though not then dead, have been d—d some twelve years since, as we believe he has been. As a magistrate, he was always committing people for committing nuisances, while as a stage hack he was always creating the very nuisances which he was called upon to quell in his judicial capacity. It does not follow because a fellow who scribbles don't happen to want money, that he don't want brains, and Pocock was the veriest vamped that ever purchased plays in the Burlington Arcade, or dabbled in a dramatic paste-pot.

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 7.

"If I insured my life," howled Winchester, "what office should I choose?" Hobler guessed the *At-las*, because then the money would be forthcoming *at-last*, or the *Phoenix*, because you might rise again from your own *settled ashes*. "It is the *Phoenix*," cried Winchester, "because there is nothing to pay its *fee-nicks*, you know." Hobler bolted a lollipop.

Winchester the other day was thumbing over an old edition of Shakspeare's *Henry VI* with his faithful toad eater, innocently ambling around his stool. "Yo, ho! my covey, here, look here, what does old Bill the deer stealer say—

"Arrogant Winchester ———"

"Thou art no friend to God, or to the king."

The faithful Hobler stood aghast, as if he was rehearsing one of Fitzball's dramas.

"So help me *Bob*," yelled the indignant king of the City, "who ever heard *such* a lie? No friend to God, when I go to church—and none to the king, when I doat upon my Christian brother on the other side of the *bar*." Hobler gave three cheers in commemoration of the brilliant display of the vituperative powers of his lord and master.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Saturday Morning, Oct. 3.

We are happy to be able to state that our money-market has shewn a considerable degree of firmness during the past week.

Confidence in the Ministry is daily increasing, which, when fully established, must give an extraordinary impetus to the fruit-stalls in Lothbury, and at the Royal Exchange.

We regret to learn of the total loss of the Diamond Greenwich steamer off Blackwall on the 30th ult. All the crew were drowned, and the invaluable cargo found a watery warehouse.

The Blackwall papers of the 29th of last month have been received: they mention that there had been a slight conflict between the *natives*, and others off Margate. We require the Margate dispatches to confirm this intelligence, which are still due.

The *Red Rover*, to Paddington, ran aground off Morrison's College of Health, in the *Road*, but was got off without any damage.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(From our very own correspondent.)

Bilboa.

"DEAR FIGARO,

I have very little news to communicate. Every thing is so so—though when I say it's *so so* I can't positively tell *how*. I live in a convent, which is called my quarters, but for things called *quarters* I never saw such (*w*) *holes*. As it is a convent in which I reside, it is not surprising that of accommodation I find *nun* (*none*). In fact, in the *cells* of the friars I feel so uncomfortable as to have the strongest wish to *cell* (*sell*) out altogether; it strikes me I should have been a deuced deal more comfortable at home, behind my counter, than living out here. I am told that it

is for the good of the Spanish Constitution, but if I continue to catch cold as I have done lately, my *constitution* will suffer terribly.

Yours in trepidation,
TIMOTHY GULLY.

CITY COURT CIRCULAR.

(From our own correspondent.)

We are quite deserted at this end of the world, all our fashionables are gone to shoot the partridges and pheasants.

Right Hon. Sir Chas. Pearson, on Wednesday left his official residence, in Liqueurpond Street, for Clapham Common, to join a large shooting party.

Mr. Effingham Wilson takes the field at the Royal Exchange, and expects to have some fine sport amongst the lame ducks.

AN ENGLISH MELODY.

Everybody knows Winchester is going out: his own splendid simile of the past week, has put the world in possession of that important fact. The world, however, did not conceive that Winchester has a poetic soul, but we say,

*He is a poet,
And now they know it.*

The following effusion is caused by his expected retirement from the civic chair, and is beautifully pathetic. It brings to mind

The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last month of power,
That's left me alone;
My Mansion House dinners
Are nearly all gone.
Not a basin of turtle,
No venison is nigh
To make my mouth water,
Or put in a pie.

I'll not leave thee, Hobler,
To sit where you do;
Since I'm going to the devil,
I'll make you go too.
Thus kindly I scatter
Your trunk on the floor,
Where your vile predecessors
Have sprawled too before.

Oh, soon may I perish
When power does decay,
And from my shining presence,
Applause slinks away.
For when parasites vanish,
And flattery is flown;
Oh, who would inhabit
The world, when 'tis gone.

It is expected that Lord Winchester will sing this pathetic song at his farewell dinner, and when the melody is ended, he intends acting up to the spirit of it by running himself through with the carving knife; while Hobler will, in a voice of thunder, storm out the words, "Thus fell Cardinal Wolsey."

BREVITIES.

Up to Snuff.

The Corporation of Liverpool is going to give the Duke of Wellington a gold snuff-box. If it be emblematical of the givers, it will be filled with *blackguard*.

Epigram,

ON THE PEOPLE OF CORNWALL WISHING TO RETURN MR. RODD AS
THEIR REPRESENTATIVE.

In the people of Cornwall it seems very odd
To shew such a wish to be ruled by a *Rodd* (*rod*).

Billing and Coaling.

The tradesmen of England deeply regret that there is no chance of her most gracious Majesty's discharging "*a Bill*."

Squeezing a Joke.

The *snuff-box* to be given to the Duke of Wellington is, in the language of the Corporation that bestows it, on account of his having served them at a *pinch*.

THEATRICALS.

We had been waiting for some time with anxiety to see the bill put forward by the new management of Covent Garden, for we were extremely anxious to be enabled to find something to praise in it. We, however, are under the painful necessity of declaring that so disgraceful a document never was issued, both as respects the poverty of the company, and the display of vulgar ignorance on the part of the management. In the first place, the lessee calls attention to his *different* engagements (his *indifferent* ones being too numerous to call attention to); and, speaking of these *engagements*, he says, "amongst *whom* will be found Mr. C. Kemble."—However, we shall pass over the gross bad English of the bill, and come to the poverty of the company. It comprises the positive refuse of the smaller houses; and though Kemble heads the troop of tag-rag and bob-tail, he only stays with them a week, and then the company will be left to all its wretchedness. Besides, even if there were any advantage to be derived from the respectability of his name, this would be completely counteracted by the total failure of attraction. Kemble was visible at the Haymarket for prices nearly equally low with those of Covent Garden, and nobody went to see him: who, then, will wish to witness his futile attempts when he is surrounded with the very dregs of the minor establishments. The idea of having him as a star can only be entertained by comparison. He may be a star among the Covent Garden company on the same principle as a piece of old glass, set in putty, might look like a rarity. Miss Taylor's name is the only one of talent in the whole bill—at least *such* talent as ought to be found at a national establishment.—There are some who, like Vale, Williams, Rogers, M'lan, and others, would have commanded our good word in their respective lines of business, but they themselves know, as well as we do, that they are out of their element at Covent Garden. No performer who could have got there in its pure days would go to it in its degenerated state, and have the tag-rag and bobtail which now comprises the establishment. As to Power, he may draw the sixpenny gallery for a night or two, but the thing will find its level, as sure as one and one are two in the aggregate. 'Habgood of Haverstock' is put off; the part of the villain Habgood requiring more study than it was first thought, as Fitzball has created such a fiend as not even O. Smith's hellish experience had formed any notion of. Enough of Covent Garden. Nobody will go to see the Surrey faces, of whom the St. George's fields people have been surfeited long ago at sixpence a head. If Davidge don't think they would draw at the Surrey, how can Osbaldiston suppose they will draw at Covent Garden.

Drury Lane must perforce have our encouragement, and we willingly award it to Bunn, who has boldly monopolised all the talent in the market, and it rests with himself to make the best use of it. Macready ought to play Hamlet on Monday, and the new musical drama should be spiritedly put at once as an *afterpiece*. This would get Bunn such a bumper as must knock up the opening night of Covent Garden; for people must be fools indeed if they go to see Kemble hobble through Hamlet, while they could have Macready's fine delineation of it in preference. Let Bunn do this, and get Balfe's opera out by the end of the week, thus spiritedly sacrificing 'Cavaliers and Roundheads' as a first piece, and he would find it would strengthen the house immensely as an afterpiece. By the bye, with the exception of the scenic display, and the excellence of the acting caste, there was nothing in 'Cavaliers and Roundheads' to warrant much being made of it. The thing is of value as an afterpiece, for the good names it gets into the bills, but otherwise the execution of the music, and

T. Cooke's clumsy adaptation of it, would have gone far towards damning it. T. Cooke may be a good hand at the mechanical process of copying and distributing orchestra parts, but he has no more taste, judgment, or title to the name of a composer, than the printer who composes the types has the right to be called an author. The stage arrangement was worthy of the united efforts of Bunn and Yates, while the acting was creditable to every one. Miss *Healey* was *solely* out of her place, and if Bunn had consulted us, we should have said at once, "Don't engage her." She has no voice, no science, no taste, no expression, no compass, no execution, no feeling, and, in two short words, no nothing. The delicious *polacca* Grisi used to sing (*on vergine vezzosa*) was a laughable failure, and we regret to add, that the fine military duet was given by Seguin and Giubilei as if the former were a drunken labourer defying the latter, as if he had been a policeman acting upon the "Move on" principle. The music of 'Puritani' was literally murdered, as if the executors (or rather executioners) of it had thought that, because Bellini is no more, his music ought to follow him. We wonder the shade of Bellini did not start up with indignation, and seize the disturbers of repose in that world where discord must be, from its rarity, particularly disagreeable. The audience avenged his insulted ashes with a holy hiss.

The English Opera having got an extension of license from the King is about to re-open, his Majesty having most graciously given his permission to Mr. Arnold to complete his ruin within the present twelvemonth. In pursuance to this most benevolent arrangement, Mr. Arnold begins again his favourite pastime of ducks and drakes, which game he intends playing as long as he can with his remaining sovereigns, half-crown, shillings, and sixpences. They open with something romantic; but nothing that is brought out will be one half so romantic as Arnold's idea that it will get his money back again. Such ducks and such drakes are not to be enticed back again, as they are in farm-yards, and we hope the game of ducks and drakes will not end in the manager himself becoming a *lame one* of the former species. It was said that Messrs. Bond would take the theatre; but we believe there is no truth in the statement. We think they would do more with it than the present manager. We understand the company did better with it than himself did, in spite of the silver cup and cover humbug with which the concern opened.

Wrench is playing at the Queen's. The houses we are told have been crowded. Hunting a Turtle should not have been withdrawn, for it might have been made a stock favourite. Mitchell's acting was getting if possible better in it every night, and the removal of the piece is not policy.

The Strand we believe is to open, with Rayner as the manager. All we can say of theatres is, the more the merrier.

Mr. Braham's new theatre in King Street, is we believe progressing fast. The situation, the reputation of the proprietor, and all circumstances connected, will, if it be well managed, make it the leading theatre of the metropolis. It seems to be rapidly proceeding.

All the small fry of theatres are opening, and we may soon expect them to be as plentiful as native oysters. The Pavilion has commenced its campaign, and the Garrick puts forth a poster redolent of rant and rhapsody—and a hole appears to have been dug in Shoreditch, for the reception of a few votaries of Sheba and Melpomene. The aforesaid hole possesses a vigorous company of determined asserters of the rights of innocence, who with faces of brick dust and hearts of heroes call for retribution upon melodramatic murderers, and appeal to heaven through the medium of a threepenny gallery. This refined set out is called the *Standard Theatre*, and we trust there will be no *flagging* in the quality of the entertainment. One or two respectable names are in the bills, and that of Mr. J. Parry is one that, as acting manager, seems a guarantee of propriety. The New Queen's, in Windmill Street, has got a new batch of tenants, who seem inclined with a holy ardour, to *helevate hinjured innocence* and *rom wengeance on villainy*. The first week's entertainments promise to bring down crime at least 40 per cent. in the moral market, and to bring up virtue to a very respectable premium. To speak *stock exchangeically*, we may expect if the company succeeds, to be enabled to quote *assassinations* at 9½, while we may also hope to find *Virtue's rewards* up as high as 158 and ¾. The first week's pieces are all intended to act as *undertakers* of crime and *upholders* of integrity. The first is called—*Blood and Blarney*, or the *False Friend of Fulham*. In the course of the piece a man is to fight a broad-sword combat with himself, while another character is to swallow, in swift succession, sixteen salubrious saveloys. This is business, if it is nothing else, and it will we hope be successful.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 203.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1835.

Price One Penny.



PUNCH'S LAST FIGHT.

Every body knows that Punch is constantly about the country, sometimes coming in the shape of one man, sometimes in the form of another; but always occupying a very prominent point in the political part of the hemisphere. But as one Punch comes on he pushes another Punch off, and a rapid succession of these puppets is thus presented to the eyes of the community. We have had in our time several of these amusing creatures, all of whom have strutted and fretted their hour in turn upon the stage of politics. Liverpool played Punch, and so did Castlereagh, though the latter instead of leaving the devil to take him quietly, as is the case with nearly all the Punches, rushed rather precipitately into the dominions of old Nick, who could scarcely have had time to make hell

hot enough for the reception of so appropriate a visitor. George the Fourth played Punch for no inconsiderable time, and with such a Judy as the Marchioness of Conyngham the performance was amusing enough; but he too has shifted from the stage, like all his predecessors. Hunt, the blacking man, also played Punch for some time, and was particularly successful in the prison scene, while in other portions he showed himself to be every way equal to the character. Irving played Punch for a short season, and attempting it in an unknown tongue gave a temporary novelty to the performance, and his grand scene with the old tin tea-kettle was always extremely successful—there was a *finish* about his delineation of the character which made it entertaining, and in fact like many other performances, the *finish* was often considered to be the very best part of it. Morrison, the pill-man, has also played the part, and in the dog scene, used to succeed by means of the terrific *barking* (anglice *puffing*), which he introduced; but having lately lost his favourite hound, (Moat, his partner, who died by tasting the physic of the firm,) the thing has not succeeded so well as it did heretofore.

Lord Brougham is another eminent exhibitor in the great part of Punch, in which he particularly distinguished himself by his active use of the club, generally put in the hands of this eccentric personage. Brougham's Punch is perhaps one of the happiest modern personations we have had of the great original, and far eclipses the efforts of the Londonderrys, the Lyndhursts, and other minor stars who have from time to time attempted the arduous character. Old Eldon has once or twice played the part of Punch, but Judy has always been so much more appropriate to his peculiar talents, that he has generally taken the female part; where his talents for the old women have been conspicuous. However, the best of all the Punches is Wellington, the Hero of Waterloo, who has kept possession of the part for a long series of years, and to whom it has invariably reverted when the former actor of it has been obliged to resign the character. In fact, Wellington may be considered the stock Punch of the country, both on account of his

bullying, blustering, and butchering propensities. His success in every portion of the part has been altogether unrivalled, no one being able to come near him in the character. From the very first scene where he ill-uses his wife, to the very last scene, wherein the devil comes to take him, he presents a faithful portraiture, which there is no mistaking by the audience—he is the thing he acts, though only in this *one instance* can so much be said for him. Seymour has hit him off exactly, and in portraying Punch's last fight shows how mercilessly that clever *devil*, O'Connell, has managed to belabour him. The conqueror, as he calls himself, of Bonaparte, has been conquered by the Irish champion, who, shillelah in hand, is going it against him with Irish and infernal activity. Comment would be superfluous, for in showing the defeat of Punch by the devil, Seymour has forcibly portrayed the castigation of Wellington by O'Connell—who is driving him off the political stage, from which he slinks sheepishly away, the ostentatious use of his *baton* no longer availing him.

INTERPRETER.

Pariah Ferocity.

The other day a poor woman who had been discharged from Hoxton Mad-house, on account of alleged sanity, was brought to a police office charged with expecting a maintenance. The idea of her hoping for such a thing from the tyrannical overseers of a London parish, was so preposterous, that we think there was no ground whatever for supposing she was in her right senses. The poor creature was of course refused by various respective parishes, and turned even out of the mad-house, as if it were a principle in this country that people who don't happen to be mad require no sustenance. At all events, those who are not mad, never expect it at the hands of charity.

The Royal Pedagogue.

A manuscript is being advertised in the public papers for sale, being a table entirely in the hand writing of Louis Philippe, showing the genealogy of James the First, King of England. The date is January the 1st, 1805, and was prepared when Louis Philippe, now King of the French, was enlightening the minds of the English at half-a-crown per lesson. He has since got a *whole crown*, which he deserves but little, and in fact, he never was a more useful member of society than when he was living in a little shed with a board outside, having the elegant inscription of "*reading, riting, and rithmetic.*" It seems he has given his attention to the descent of Kings, which may be all for the best, as his own *descent* is not far distant.

British Humbug.

The British Association has devoted 50l. from its funds for an inquiry respecting the *sounds* of the heart.—*Morning Herald*.

This arrangement appears to us to be thorough humbug, as we think there is a wild gooseishness about the errand on which the British Association has put a premium. The idea of looking out for *soundness of heart* in these days, seems to be worthy of an *Ass-ociation* we will confess, for sound hearts are very rare commodities. We would not advise the searcher to look among politicians, and let him above all things avoid *patriots*.

Confirmed Rascals.

"On Wednesday afternoon, the Bishop of London confirmed 700 persons at the new chapel of ease at Brentford which he had consecrated on that morning. Among those confirmed were several elderly persons, and one old man of eighty years of age.—*Morning Herald*.

The above seems to be a grand example of the principle of *better late than never*, for it appears that an extensive flock of elderly lost sheep have been added to the Christian brotherhood. The old boy of eighty who was confirmed, must have been no joke in the way of responsibility to his god-fathers and god-mothers, and his rendering to his righteous *bail above*, must have been a very happy release to them. Whether he has got them in for a heavy responsibility we cannot of course pretend to say; but we trust that a holy cognovit of one instalment of righteousness *per day*, will rub off the score he has been running up for the last eighty years. We really think god-fathers ought to be more on the look out to get their god-children to render to bail, and we think the church would

do well to commission a set of Christian sheriff's officers to take them into religious custody.

A Good Move.

Workmen are employed in removing the balustrades from the front of the Mansion House, by which the improvements in the City would have been obstructed.—*Daily Paper*.

If anything about the Mansion House obstructs the progress of improvement it is the Lord Mayor himself, for that civic block of civic stone, is a greater obstacle to enlightenment than all the balustrades in Christendom. We should say away with him by all means, as it is useless removing inanimate blocks, when animated blocks having the power of action are so much the more mischievous.—"*Down with Winchester!*" should be the order of the day, if *City Improvement* be the object wished for.

Houses in Hot Water.

An advertisement is going the round of the newspapers inviting the public to have *their houses heated by warm water*. This plan it is declared is the most comfortable thing possible, though we cannot help saying that a house being kept *continually in hot water*, must be in our eyes very far from agreeable. The thing is we believe in these days extremely common, and we know that the two great houses of Lords and Commons, were in *perpetual hot water* during the whole of the last session. The advertisement says this hot water system preserves a *steady temperature*, though we cannot say that the temperature in the instance alluded to, was at all remarkable for *steadiness*.

August Arrangements.

"We learn that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg has accepted for his son, the proposal for a marriage with the Queen of Portugal. The young prince will go to Lisbon in April; during the winter he will study the Portuguese language. He already speaks the Latin, French, English, Italian, and Hungarian languages, with fluency and elegance.—*Swabian Mercury*.

Every body remembers that a very few months ago, her most Holy and *petite* majesty, the Queen of Portugal, was in this country, where she was idolised by a discriminating English public as the *little queen*, a pattern of course, of every kind of virtue, both infantine and imperial. When every body was puffing and petting this paragon of princesses, it was little expected that the dear juvenile little piece of royalty, would not only have *buried one husband*, but would have been upon the eager and active look out for a second ever since the unfortunate demise of her first, thus proving her grief at the loss of one husband, by her utter inability to do without another. The first everybody knows was quite a love match, and the whole press in the most loyal and orthodox manner pronounced the royal widow *inconsolable*. How inconsolable she has been, the result of course proves, and her rushing *pel mel* into the arms of another man, proves a kind of philanthropy which is exceedingly honourable to the young queen's character. How completely a matter of affection her second marriage must be proved by the fact stated in the paragraph which heads this article, namely, that the husband elect is *going to learn the Portuguese language during the ensuing winter*. How many delicious protestations of affection must have passed between two persons who can't understand a single word of what one another says, must of course be inferred. We think probably the royal couple might agree better, if he *did not learn* the Portuguese language.

LICENSING DAY.

Thursday was the day appointed for the granting of licenses. The applications, it was expected, would be rather of an extraordinary kind; and we select a few of those which it was expected would create the greatest astonishment. It was not supposed however that any of them would be successful during this year, at any rate:—

Lord Londonderry for the *Bull and Mouth*.

Lord Ellenborough for the *Elephant and Castle*.

Lord Brougham for the *Cross Keys*.

The Dukes of Wellington, Cumberland and Newcastle for the *Three Jolly Butchers*.

Lord Lyndhurst for the *Golden Fleece*.

Mrs. Maberley for the *Hero of Waterloo*.

Queen Adelaide for the *Belle Sauvage*.
 Sir Jacob Astley for the *Bell and Horns*.
 Mr. Owen for the *Adam and Eve*.
 Miss Martineau for the *World's End*.
 Mr. Croly for the *Mitre*.
 The Duke of Wellington for the *Old Slaughters*.
 Count Lennox for the *Old Hummums*.
 Fieschi for the *King's Head*.

THE QUEEN AT OXFORD.

Her most gracious Majesty has been visiting the University of Oxford, where she has completely flustered the *taverns* of that city by the acuteness of her remarks on things in general. She examined the students on various points; and kept up a spirited conversation with one of the door-keepers in Dog Latin, a language in which she is particularly eloquent. A Greek address was presented to her by the professors, which she answered in the following classical harangue,—being an oration in a tongue which seems to unite all the flowing flexibility of high Dutch with the delicate difficulty of high gibberish. The following is a *verbatim* copy of the valuable document:—

“High cockolorum gig, gig, gig—Most illustribus and learnedibus, consedibus, foolibus—Rigdum funidos—Hic, hec, hoc—go it my pippins—Omnibus, cabibus, stage-coachibus—Venerabilibus institutionibus—Toribus, Whiggibus, Conservabilibus, Radicalibus—Damnedalibus—Half-and-halfibus—Votibus—Reformabilibus.

(Signed) *Adelaide Saxe Meiningen.*”

The following are a few points of this singular set out. Among other things, the enthusiasm of the town vented itself in a general illumination, and the mottoes were of a kind to shed the most intense reputation upon the city of Oxford. Among others, an over-loyal butcher, determined not to be outdone in the classicality of his *flare-up*, actually Latinised the name of the Queen as *Adelaide Rex*, having, as he said, continually seen the word *Rex* upon shillings and sixpences.

Her Majesty held a long conversation with a charity-boy, and, in other ways, proved herself an able friend of the cause of enlightenment.

A MANSION HOUSE MELODY.

Every body knows that Hobler basks in the sunshine of civic favour, and that if the King of the City were to frown, his toadeater would look like a penny piece obscured by a coal-scuttle. It is in the favour of Winchester, (or his successor,) that Hobler lives, and the cockney premier so far from being ashamed to own the debasing fact, has himself made it the subject of a melancholy melody. This melody he is sometimes heard pensively singing by rushlight, when all is silent but the tom cats without, and conscience within—in fact, when Hobler sits half mussy in his garret moralising over a half empty swipes jug.

HOBLER'S SONG.

AIR.—*Though lowly my lot.*

Though lowly my lot
 And none my estate,
 I see without envy
 The wealthy and great.
 Contented and proud
 A toad-eater to be—
 While the King of the City
 Smiles sweetly on me.

My way to the office
 I cheerfully take,
 At morn when policemen
 Their prisoners wake.
 At eve I go home,
 And enjoy cups of tea,
 For the King of the City
 Has smiled sweetly on me.

The beadle in lace,
 Passes scornfully by—
 But cock'd hats cannot make him
 So happy as I.
 And prouder than ever
 The proudest I'll be—
 While the King of the City
 Smiles kindly on me.

BREVITIES.

A Sea of Troubles.

In consequence of the decline of popery, it is said that it will soon be but a poor *look out* for the *Holy See*.

Anticipated Insults.

A piece is said to be in preparation, called the *Man's an Ass*. Actions for libel are already contemplated by several public characters.

A Hit at Hob.

The Queen in going to Oxford and not to Cambridge, is said to have acted with marked indifference to Hobhouse, she being determined not to patronize *Cam*.

B. A.

The Queen has by going to Oxford, shewn herself entitled to the degree of *Mistress of Arts*, though the King, less ambitious, says his only wish is to be a *Batchelor*.

Cause and Effect.

The *cause* of Don Carlos is losing ground, and so from the scarcity of money we should think his *effects*.

The Church Militant.

Don Carlos has sent a *Bishop* over to this country to recruit for him. His Holiness's head quarters are at the *Mitre*, where he tries to get hold of recruits either by hook or by *crook*.

THEATRICALS.

Covent Garden opened on Monday night, and the people very foolishly, in our opinion, flocked to the Theatre to see a worse performance than the Surrey could have afforded them, and paid double the price for it, merely because the scale of admission had been reduced below that formerly maintained at the establishment. We may as well say a word or two of our opinions, as expressed towards this theatre, and we think we need hardly say that, in speaking of it, we are biassed by no personal feeling against any party,—this publication having for some time past evinced a freedom from those individual attacks, with making which it might have been charged during the first two or three years of its existence. The present conductors have made it their aim to keep wholly free from any such accusation, and therefore it is men only, as they are connected with their public acts, that are now the subject of criticism in *FIGARO*. We make these observations in consequence of Mr. Osbaldiston having stated, in answer to an application from the office, that he declined sending the usual admissions, lest he should be suspected of a wish to conciliate *FIGARO*. Mr. Osbaldiston is wrong if he thinks there be any need of conciliating those who know nothing of him beyond public report,—who positively never even saw him act, and who are only opposed to his management of Covent Garden on the ground of his having degraded it by the introduction of a very indifferent Surrey company. The lowering of the

prices we can find no fault with him for; it is the act of the proprietors, and on them must ultimately fall the consequence. He must see there is no reason to *conciliate* those who neither know or care about him beyond his position as Lessee of Covent Garden; and he ought also to know, that if *conciliation* were necessary, it would not be the consideration of admissions that could win over the unbought and uncompromising FIGARO. However, enough of this subject. Covent Garden opened on Monday, with, we must repeat, a most wretched company; but, perhaps, as good a one as, under all circumstances, could have been collected. This fact, however, cannot palliate its wretchedness, and there was nothing but Kemble's 'Hamlet' with Miss Taylor's 'Ophelia' to give respectability to the opening. 'God save the King' was a wretched display of musical inefficiency—in fact, they have not a singer on the establishment worth listening to. It was a treasurable failure, and if the King is to be saved, it certainly will not be by means of the singing of the Covent Garden company. We pass over the first night's performance, for there was no harm in doing 'The Miller and his Men' with a deteriorated caste, but the idea of bringing out pieces that have been hackneyed over the water, is too bad for any thing. The 'Auberge des Adrets' is a good piece enough, but it is being even at this time, better done at the Surrey, than at Covent Garden. It has been done at the Adelphi, it has been done at the Victoria, it has been done at the City, it has been done, in fact, at every little theatrical hole in town, and is now being done at Covent Garden. 'This we protest is—*bad management*.' Then again, doing 'Macbeth' with such a horrid show of indifferent names against the powerful and triumphant display of Drury Lane, is—*bad management*; then again, bringing out 'Paul Clifford,' which was all but damned at the Victoria in the time of Davidge, who had better performers in it than Covent Garden can boast, this is—*bad management*. In fact, altogether the thing appears to be ill done; though if Mr. Osbaldiston had acted on liberal principles, paid good salaries, made spirited exertions, and conducted the thing with at least an outward appearance of views more enlightened than those which at present seem to characterise the concern. If, we say, he had done all this, he might have calculated upon our support and encouragement.

Drury Lane continues a career of unexampled prosperity: and, in spite of the opening of Covent Garden, maintains its proud ascendancy. A piece entitled 'The Travelling Carriage,' is forthcoming. From what we hear, it is a literal translation of a French piece, called 'La Berline de l'Emigre.' It is a pity that Planché has not the genius to be original. We look forward with the most intense anxiety to Balfé's new opera of 'The Siege of Rochelle,' and trust that it will, in every way, fulfil the object of the management. We hope it will have the effect of upsetting the Bishops (no offence to the Church), the Tom Cookes, the Rodwells, the A. Lees, and *id genus omne*, whose wishy washy attempts have been the means of so greatly degrading the character of England for national talent in composition.

At the Adelphi, Mr. Webster has appeared, but we see no further importance in the fact, than the notion that the management by going to the trouble of announcing him, seems to think he may be of utility. We can only say, that we hope he will; but, in this instance, hope and expectation do not go together. He appeared in an affair called the 'Yellow Kids,' which is nothing more than a very literal translation of a French piece, called 'Les Gaults Jaunes.' We do not know who is the author on this occasion, but we do not think he has done his work particularly well.

The English Opera has re-opened, with some sad rubbish, called 'The Muleteer's Vow.' It was, we believe, both hissed and applauded, though the applause seemed to predominate. Altogether we don't think the opening set out at all auspicious. It must be carried on with more spirit, if cash is the proposed object. If ducks and drakes be the only aim in view, the end may be answered.

Among the minors that have opened, very rapid work has been made, and the New Queen's, in Windmill-street, has been carried on with such vigour, that it has not only opened, but finished its season and closed again, all in less than a fortnight. This is something like business, and we knew that business would characterise the proceedings of this concern, where *blood and swindling* is the watchword. In fact, there is nothing goes on at this establishment but bringing villains to retribution, and victimising creditors. Duns and ghosts are fled from with equal precipitancy, and in fact, all is enthusiasm and insolvency.

The Standard Theatre seems to have been shut up before it was opened, and altogether the batch of theatres we noticed last week, appears to have been got rid of with a summariness that is at once laudable and astonishing. We dare say they will re-open again, with a new company, new management, and new pieces, in a few days, and we must again refer for the finale to the Insolvent Court.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 204.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1835.

Price One Penny



REAL UNION WITH IRELAND.

A VAST deal has been said, from time to time, of O'Connell's views with respect to Ireland; and, in fact, there are many who declare that a separation between England and the sister country is his grand object. We, however, who look further than the mere surface of things, see more than is generally apparent in O'Connell's proceedings; and aided as we are by the probing pencil of Seymour, which, like the plough, admits light upon the soil that it cuts up—we can, we say, with these powerful helps, penetrate the most tough and obdurate stratum of deception, and throw a strong light upon the motives of every one. But however, in the case of O'Connell, we impute nothing but what is creditable and straight-forward; and as the sun can shine as well upon a jewel as

a black brush, so can the strong light of our detecting power be equally applicable to the shewing a good motive in a man, as to the exposition of dark and evil principles. The fact is, then, that while the "*common cry of curs*" is raised against O'Connell, and every Conservative ninnyhammer declares that it is the patriot's wish to place the countries of Ireland and England in unnatural opposition to each other, we, who, as we have before stated, look with an eagle eye and bodkin vision into the motives of all mankind,—we, we repeat, give it as our decided opinion that O'Connell's plan of action is not likely to disunite the two countries, but rather to effect that real union which never yet has existed, and which alone can be conducive to their joint or mutual interest. Seymour, upon whom a religious enthusiasm has taught us long to regard as a wizard, has fortunately borne us out in our view, and in his caricature has boldly embodied, upon the blushing page, the whole history and mystery of the probable consequences of O'Connell's patriotic career, with respect to his own country as connected with England. He is pictured forth in Seymour's *piquant tableau* as endeavouring to meet half way the Reforming Ministry, who, on their sides, evince a praiseworthy disposition to do their share towards effecting the *real union* of Britannia and Hibernia. Such union is not to be cemented by chains, as if Ireland were nothing but a millstone fastened round the neck of England; and there can be no cordiality of spirit achieved by bonds of this kind, any more than a cable could be found capable of tying up the sea which divides them. But O'Connell is doing that by which the two countries can be brought together,—and they may probably be brought to meet, by treading on the heads of their common enemies. O'Connell has finely and triumphantly succeeded in making stepping-stones of Wellington and Newcastle, while he has got Cumberland's head ready to let drop, and tread it under foot immediately. On the other side, the Ministers are advancing on the heads of the Bishops, but O'Connell is exhibited as rather impatient of any thing like apathy on their part, and seems to be threatening, unless they proceed with activity, that he will *cut the*

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

connexion. There is no doubt that this plan will succeed in cementing the union of England and Ireland, even if it should have the effect of nominally repealing it; and with this decided *dictum* we leave the caricature alone to the contemplation of the philosophers, the politician, and the patriot.

INTERPRETER.

The Amende Honorable.

The rain has, as might have been expected, fairly made up for its long absence; a greater quantity having fallen during the last six weeks than within any similar period for some years. During the whole of Sunday night the wind blew a perfect hurricane, accompanied by rain in torrents. — *Morning Herald*.

We understand the stupid old *Herald* prides itself most especially on what it delighteth to call its impartiality. If by mistake it happens to state the important and interesting fact, that Mr. Jones had his hat blown off in a whirlwind, and if upon inquiry it should turn out that Jones's hat never was blown off in a whirlwind, or if, on inquiry, it should be discovered that there has been *no whirlwind* by which it could possibly have happened that Jones's hat was ever blown off at all, in any of such cases it is ever ready to make the *amende honorable*, and acknowledges it to be due to the *whirlwind, the hat, and Jones*, to state that no such circumstance had occurred; and that neither has there been *any whirlwind, any hat, or any Jones*; and that the paragraph of yesterday has been a mistake, for which the Editor is glad to apologise. This style of impartiality, and of giving every one his due, has been exemplified in the course of the week by a very polite and pretty paragraph, intended as a species of *smoother* to the rain, and is evidently meant to take off any unpleasant feeling that may exist in that nebulous emanation, the Editor having, it seems, not the smallest intention of offending it. The *Herald*, in the handsomest manner, observes that the rain has quite *made up for its absence*, as if indeed some apology were necessary to the public for its having failed to wet them through so often, as it seems from the *Herald* a good ducking might have been agreeable. It is excessively polite in the Editor to observe that the *rain, as might have been expected*, has made up for its long absence, and proves that the oracle of Shoe-lane has a very high opinion of showers in general. It seems to infer that the rain could not possibly think of doing any thing dishonourable; and, in fact, we are ready to agree with our contemporary in saying, that we think the rain would be *above* any thing either ungentlemanly or contemptible. Grandmother talks of Sunday night's proceedings quite critically. It says the wind blew a hurricane, accompanied by rain in torrents, as if it were criticising a piece of music, in which the horn blew a blast, accompanied by fiddles in *C Minor*. However, justice is justice; and we must admit, if the rain has owed any thing to the public, it has lately been paying it off in rather overpowering instalments.

The Dogs and the Dandies.

Count D'Orsay, and a number of other ultra exquisites, have taken to the manly pursuit of following the King's stag hounds. — *Herald*.

We are happy to find that the *ultra exquisites*, as grandmother triumphantly calls them, have taken to something manly at last; and perhaps following the *hounds* is the most natural occupation that a parcel of *puppies* could have pitched upon. Considering, too, that they profess to be *bucks*, we think it very much in character that they should run after the *stags*, and also the pursuit of *horns* is a game they must be quite up to. Putting aside however all joking, we really do not see who can be affected by the Tom-foolery of D'Orsay and the *ultra exquisites*, the intrusion of whose pursuits upon public attention would be offensive, except for its amusing impertinence. But the foolish old *Herald* of course thinks other-

wise; and, in fact, its columns are full of the most trivial records of common-place Tom-foolery. The other day it told the public that 'young Snooks swallowed a grape-stone'; but added the comfortable and consoling fact, 'that no danger had followed the accident.'

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 8.

"Hobler, you imp of destruction," cried Winchester in a sort of musical screech, "why does every watch look old?" The civic premier gave a faint yelp, indicative of *total ignorance*. "Well, then," said the retiring monarch, "every watch must look old, because on its face it bears not merely the *fingers but the hands of time*." Hobler, in honest admiration impaled himself on the prongs of a toasting fork.

The Lord Mayor is still alive, though *Michaelmas Day has passed*, which proves that it is not *every goose that is sacrificed* to that illustrious saint for September, old Michael.

"Hobler," cried the civic King, "I am surprised and somewhat hurt to find that the *hero of Waterloo* has lately taken to *menial offices*." "I thought," was Hobler's reply, "that his Grace was out of all office, both *menial and otherwise*." "Now, by my mother's stays," bellowed the cockney sovereign, "I can't have been wrong in what I've remarked, for the papers observe, that the Duke is going to *warm a castle* (*Walmer Castle*). Now this can only mean that he intends personally to *light all the fires*." The city premier gave a lengthy and lugubrious wheeze.

AN ORIGINAL ENGLISH MELODY.

The following *original* English melody breathes, in our opinion, so soft a strain of melancholy and music, as to rank it rather high in the *recherche* collections of the British muse. It speaks not unpathetically to the feelings of the reader, and powerfully conjures up the picture of Twiss setting in his chambers poring over an empty paper-bag:—

Tis over now, the vision fades away;
My hopes of place and pension all are gone,
Even my gown is falling to decay,
And why? because I never put it on.

My wig box, with my name in letters large,
Glares on me like a vision of the past,
My briefless bag seems whispering a dirge,
Its inside grumbling with too long a fast.

Even my clerk, the luckless child of want,
Scowls on me from his desk, and asks for food;
He bids me pay him, but by Hell I can't,
Nor would I, *damme*, even if I could.

My laundress, as she cleans the coal-less grate,
With fingers made of nothing now but bone,
Appears to be in such a famished state,
That I'm afraid she'll one day eat the stone.

At times, methinks, I hear a passing tread,
And fondly hope that at my door 'twill pause,
But on it goes, a swimming in my head
Ensues, and hunger jolts my jaded jaws.

No lawyer's clerk within my room appears,
Giving half guineas with some little brief,
My disappointment finds a vent in tears,
And echoing soles proclaim a counsel's grief.

Mad with despair my throat I'd cut and hack,
If but my penknife somewhere could be found;
But pennyless how can I get it back
From him to whom I sent it to be ground?

THE CHURCH AND THE DOGS.

The other day a favourite dog got up into the pulpit with his master, a parson. This proves that if the church is not yet going to the dogs, *the dogs at least are coming to the church, which is rather ominous.* We will be bound this is not the *first puppy* that has ascended the pulpit. We wonder if the dog made his *bow (wow)* to the congregation.

BREVITIES.

Cold Without.

The stupid old *Herald* is always talking about the beauties of a *mixed constitution*. This humbug about its being good because *mixed*, is more applicable to a glass of filthy gin and water than the constitution of England. But the *Herald* was always half-and-half in its politics.

A Pretty State.

The *United States* stands at present in the situation of an anomaly, being just now as *dis-united as possible*.

A Bad Child.

Some body, in fact almost every body, calls England the mother of America. If so, America, like many others, was a very naughty daughter to run away and get herself into the *United State*.

A Convenient Memory.

Though Eldon's memory, very naturally, begin now and then to fail him, there is one thing he would, if he were to live for ever, never *forget*, and that is *himself*.

A Legal Brevity.

It is almost time that Adolphus should be made a judge, because, as he has nearly lost his sight, and Justice is represented as *being blind*, Adolphus must be the very identical thing for it. However, after all, Justice seems to be only *blind of one eye*, for the other is pretty generally open to their own interests.

The No-blesse no Blessing.

The country is prescribed by the Prayer Book to exhort God to bless *all* the Royal Family. This prayer, as regards the Duke of Cumberland, must be very fervently felt by all good Christians, one of whose first maxims is, to *bless their enemies*.

Keeping one's word.

Horace Twiss finds fault with some of his rich Tory friends, who, he says, often used to promise, they would *never see him want*. Eldon, on hearing of this reproach, is said to have observed, "Well I for one have kept my word, for now that *he does want*, I make a *point of never seeing him*."

A Stiff Twist.

"Don't you think my hair looks a devilish deal better *curled?*" drawled young Manners Sutton, who had just got his lanky ratstails twisted up with something like flexibility. "Oh, yes," said Tom Duncombe, who happened to be in the *way* (which his creditors say is *not always the case*), "I do think your hair is better curled, and I believe every body will admit a *calf's head* must be preferable, when *drest*."

Epigram

On Horace Twiss's imputed sharpness.

'Tis said that Horace Twiss for ever throws
Words sharp and *pricking* from his head of wood,
But what of that? sure every body knows,
The *thistle* is the *donkey's* favourite food.

A Ham Sandwich.

We understand the prisoners of *Ham* have even yet some hope of saving their *bacon*.

THEATRICALS.

At Drury Lane, on Monday, there was a sort of half-and-half house to witness Macready's *Macbeth*; a part he plays with an inequality—now rising to excellence, and now sinking to buffoonery. Warde's *Macduff* is a creditable performance, take it altogether; but the way in which he whines over his deceased little ones savours more of the big brother's bluster than the father's misery. Our respectable friend Cooper got through *Banquo* deliciously; and when he appeared with a dab on the eye from the pink paint-pot, there was a determination in his whole physiognomy that bespoke the experienced actor. In fact, his performance, on the whole, was the best in the piece, and his daring squint at *Macbeth* was one of the finest pieces of stage obliquity that ever was witnessed. The house eagerly *took the squint*, as the actors say, and a long continued round of boisterous applause was the comfortable consequence. Miss Ellen Tree is not a good *Lady Macbeth*: she *reads* the part well, but she cannot act; her physical capacity does not permit her to give any thing like a *personation* of the character. After '*Macbeth*,' came a grand Parisian paste-pot and plaister patchwork, from the prolific pen of the puffed and patro-mised *Planche*. It is taken from a piece called, as we said last week '*La Berline del Emigre*,' and the adapter has, as usual, done his work very judiciously. The interest of the piece is great, but that merit belongs to the French author; the getting up is liberal, but that merit belongs to the management; the grammar and the spelling are praiseworthy, and that is a merit which is unquestionably due to *Planche*. On the whole, the thing is creditable to his acknowledged power over the dramatic scissors, and shews an intimate acquaintance with the value (when well applied) of a halfp'orth of paste, wrapped up in a cabbage-leaf. These are *Planche's* general materials for authorship; and if he and his fellows go on at the rate they have done for the last five years, we shall be able to quote the prices of paste much higher than was ever yet known to be got for that *sticky* commodity.

Covent Garden has not been well attended during the first week of its *cheap and nasty season*, the opening-night being the only one on which the house may be said to have been full; and then it was full, indeed, with parties whose attention was very impartially divided between '*Hamlet*' and the gin-bottle. At one moment the audience took a sip from the divine fount of Shakspeare's poetry; and then, with a diversity of taste, at once amusing and astounding, varied poetry with porter, turning from the stage to the swipes pot—now intent on Kemble and Dowton, now lost in Barclay and Perkins. The houses have been uniformly bad since the first night, and it is doubtful whether the expences have been cleared; though with such a company as Osbaldiston possesses, the outlay, compared with that of Drury Lane, must be as mild as a High Holborn hailstorm, compared with a Barbadoes hurricane. Kemble's engagement has certainly paid; inasmuch as, without his name and talent, nobody on earth would possibly have been induced to enter the place; but when he and Power shall both have taken their departure, the grand question is,—"*What is to become of the establishment?*"

We believe there is some idea of Knowles joining the concern, but we should hardly think he could be induced to do so. As to his bringing out a new play there, we should imagine *that* to be out of the question, for how a new play is to be performed without actors is a question we cannot solve; and when Bunn offers the dramatist the advantage of a splendid company, if he takes his piece to Drury Lane, we should say Knowles (who knows his own interest as well as any other man, in spite of all the humbug to the contrary) will not for a moment hesitate. By the bye, we have been somewhat amused by hearing that Knowles has got a pupil, whom he is taking with him round the country. Now Knowles is first-rate (in these days) as an author, but the idea of his undertaking to teach acting

is fraught with a ludicrous freshness that quite amuses us. However, we have sometimes heard that the best actors make the worst pupils, and perhaps on this principle Knowles may, as about the worst actor in England, form one of the best pupils.

At the Adelphi, a new piece was produced on Monday, called 'The King's Command.' It met with, as the King's Command always should, the most respectful attention. It is, like the piece at Drury Lane, an emanation from the paste pot.

At the Olympic, a new piece was brought forward on Monday, called 'The Man's an Ass,' and, from the dulness of the thing, we should say the author was inclined to be *egotistical*. It is by Jerrold, who has written cleverly sometimes, and we were sorry to find this effort not worthy of his reputation. The performers exerted themselves, but, with that exception, there was nothing in the affair that can be commended.

At the Lyceum, Rayner made his first appearance these forty years, and got through Gles very creditably. We understand he is going to open the Strand Theatre in a few days. We trust the experiment will succeed, though we think he will find some difficulty in forming a company. A Mr. Leigh Smith failed on Monday in Tom Tug, in the 'Waterman.' We hate the affectation of Leigh Smith—as if the public cared one half atom about Leigh, when Smith is the man's name: and whether it be Tom, Jack, Bill, or Solomon, is a matter of equal indifference. There was a puppyism in the announcement of the *cognomen* Leigh, which we think rather acted upon the feelings of the audience, and made the *drama* more decisive than it would have been otherwise.

When Arnold got an extension of his license we wished him luck, but we told him, that we knew if he did not alter his plan of proceeding, *ducks and drakes* would be the only result of his after season. He has completed our prophecy to the very letter, and horrible have been the *ducks* and frightful the *drakes* that have proceeded from his management. With every bad piece he produced, smack went a volley of half-crown pieces flying over the pool, and then sinking for ever out of sight, like Jerrold's new drama the other night at Vestris's. However, the after-season is now nearly at an end, and Arnold must then hop down to Stanmore to revel over the luxury of having so far basked in royal sunshine, as to have got his Majesty's permission to keep up the game of *ducks and drakes* beyond the time at first specified.

A Mr. George Jones has appeared at the Victoria with some success, and has, we believe, abstracted a variety of St. George's sixpences and Surrey shillings out of the pockets of the audience.

Last week the theatrical licensing-day came off, and the Strand got the sanction of the magistrates to open. Several licenses were applied for, and refused. Among other applicants, was a gentleman, who applied on behalf of a hole called the Standard, which is, we believe, somewhere in the vicinity of Aldgate pump, about opposite the spout, or within a stone's throw of the handle. Its vicinity we do not think would ever have commanded for it the advantage of an *overflow*—but that is not to the purpose. The gentleman who applied for the license wore a blood-red waistcoat, and coat of dark brimstone. His nose spoke of the infernal regions, by its palpable red-hotishness, and his whole demeanour was that of a visitor from some other world. He demanded a license, in the name of the fiend, and swore that his Theatre, if opened, should impale the demons of darkness on the broad sword of melo-dramatic vengeance. He vowed before the magistrates, in a flame of blue fire got up for the purpose, that he would never sleep till the death's head and bloody bones of melo-drama had shed their blasting influence over the moral world, and took his most solemn oath, in words alike independent of the Gospel and the Grammar, that if hell were to be found on earth, his stage carpenter should make one of the Standard Theatre. His license was of course refused by the very respectable bench of magistrates, and he made his exit amidst the most terrible cannonade of Waterloo crackers ever heard within the walls of England.

NOTICE.

Whiggeries and Waggeries, Nos. 1 and 2 are still on sale, with forty slashing cuts in each, by Seymour. The trade are supplied at 1s. 6d. per doz. (15), and unsold copies are taken back at the end of the year. The price for each is twopence.

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The idea of this work was suggested by the following passage in the *Times*, of September 30. In reviewing 'Jesse's Gleanings,' 3rd series, just published, the Editor says:—"The circulation, in a cheap form, of the anecdotes which Mr. Jesse's industry has brought together, would, we are convinced, effect more, than any acts of the Legislature to prevent cruelty will ever be able to accomplish."

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 205.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE ROYAL BRIGAND.

It was once supposed that those horrid marauders, known by the name of Brigands, infested only the countries on the Continent, and that though robbery is a common crime enough in England, it was not usually attended with that cut-throat ferocity which marks the conduct of the Italian Bandit. We have, however, at length fallen upon one who unites in his character all the meanness of the pick-pocket, and all the ferocity of the practised highway plunderer. To leave off allegory, and to come at once to facts, some disclosures have been recently made which have brought to

light some of the most flagrant instances of villany on the part of the gang comprising this dreadful set of beings, whose aim seems to have been even as high as the crown itself, and whose vile endeavours would have ended, not only in wresting the crown from the head of the body of that venerable old gentleman who goes by the name of William the Fourth, and whose presence inspires a sort of holy flare-up in every bosom capable of appreciating the inordinate blessing of monarchy. However, to return to the subject of our article, it seems that the principle of honour, generally thought to prevail among thieves, has not been observed with reference to the thieves joining the Orange lodges; for a quarrel having sprung up between them, one immediately lets out the secrets of the gang, from which it appears that there has been an attempt to turn the current of the succession, and to deprive us of the infinite pleasure of continuing under the reign of the excellent sovereign who now waves over us the sceptre, and other gingerbread symbols of monarchy. But more than this, it was intended to knock out the delicious little Princess Victoria from the line of succession. She, who has so endeared herself to the country by her intimate acquaintance with the grammar, her artless and innocent manner of multiplying six times 2 upwards as far as 12, and her extreme *gout* for receiving addresses from all the riff raff in the petty provinces. But great as must have been the loss had the infamous Orangemen succeeded in their scheme of changing the succession, how much more enormous does the crime appear when it is known who was the person it was destined to devolve upon. Who can the reader suppose? Why, it was no other than the Duke of Cumberland, who, Brigand like, lying in the ambush of an orange tree, was aiming the carbine of treason at the head of royalty. Seymour has very properly placed in *high trees* the perpetrator of *high treason*, for Seymour never loses the opportunity of being graphic, pointed, pathetic, and powerful. In fact, his notion reminds us of *Fra Diavolo*, a name by the bye that is rather appropriate, signifying as it does the *brother devil*, and his Majesty's brother seems to be a devil of no

W. Struggle, 21, Paternoster Row.

common order. However, parodying the description in *Fra Diavolo*, we will give a little characteristic illustration of the principal figure in the sketch that enriches this week's FIGARO.

SONG.

AIR.—On yonder rock reclining.

In yonder tree there slinking,
That white moustachoe'd phiz behold—
As white as if of frost it told,
Showing his heart is cold.
On treason he is thinking,
A cloud of hate sits on his brow,
And his mind so truly low,
Longs for a general row.

Tremble—e'en while the wretch is grinning
Some horrible plot he's spinning,
He's the devil, oh! the devil, oh! the devil!

Though foes when weak assailing
He fights with rage and hate combined,
Towards the strong we'll always find
He's but a cowardly hind,
For firmness is availing
Against him, as full well we know,
For if one resists him so—
He'll take to his heels and go—
Trembling—though each one the monster
meeting,
Is sure to be repeating,
The devil, oh! the devil, oh! the devil!

Such is a faint outline of the Devilish Orange Brigand, whose treasonable conduct, if it shall be proved, requires a far more searching enquiry, and a far more formidable punishment than the pages of this publication could afford it. If the charges uttered be real, no means can be too powerful or too speedily used to drag the traitors to justice.

INTERPRETER.

Rather a Mull.

On Tuesday morning the premises of Mr. Hickman, rag-merchant, Rutland place, Upper Thames-street, were discovered to be on fire, and notwithstanding the early attendance of the fire-engines, and a plentiful supply of water, the premises were entirely consumed in a very short time.—*Daily Paper*.

We fancy we can see the face of Hickman, the rag-merchant, when he read the above paragraph. Such an unquestionable *mull* we never remember to have met with. It seems as if fate had conspired against poor Hickman to burn him out; for though there were plenty of engines, lots of men to work them, and abundance of water, the premises were destroyed in a very short time,—thus proving that Hickman was an especial mark for the vengeance of the flaming element. Other people's premises are sometimes saved with few engines and a scanty supply of water, but poor Hickman's are brought to the ground, though strenuously pumped upon. The thing was a mull.

WINCHESTER IN A MESS.

The late fracas between Rotch and Winchester has excited the most considerable interest in the city, but *we alone* are in a situation to record the *full particulars*. Rotch, in his statement to the Lords, gave a severe slash at the civic court, and cut up the king of the cockneys as thoroughly as ever Brooks the anatomist cut up a subject. The Court of Aldermen took fire at the insult, and made some patriotic speeches on the occasion; Alderman Wood (among the other wise men of the east) declaring that it "was a haction both lungenerous, hungentlemanly, and hunpleasant to hencounter." Old Winchester, who if a clencher of stupidity is wanted, is sure to be ready to give it, got up, and took his oath, in the name of all the Aldermen, that "*sich* conduct was not *sich* as it should be, nor *sich* as it ought *for* to be, nor *sich* as he could have looked for, in *sich* a man holding *sich* a situation as Mr. Rotch did." Whereupon, Rotch summons

a friend (Lavender, we believe), and sends him off to Winchester, who was quietly smoking his pipe, and drinking a small glass of swipes and sherry mixed, with a dash of bread and butter in it to give a flavour. When Lavender mentioned his errand, which was to demand, in the name of Rotch, the satisfaction of a gentleman, Winchester *flared up*, and desired to know how any man dared have the d—d impudence to take him for a gentleman. "Don't you know," he cried, "who I am?" Rotch's friend Lavender was completely at sea, and said that he was sent "*to demand an explanation*." Upon which, Winchester, pointing to the door, cried out vociferously, "Begone, sir. Don't you know that I, as Lord Mayor, cannot *explain any thing*. Quit my sight, and tell Rotch that I won't come and fight him, and that if he dares to touch me with his fists, I'll set all the charity-boys upon him; and even the beadle shall be ready for a turn-up, if it comes to that." Rotch, on being told of this warlike threat, declared himself "*perfectly satisfied*."

THE QUEEN AT OXFORD.

A paragraph has been running the round of the papers, in which there is a redundancy of the most rampant and right roaring twaddle. It comprises a puff for the proceedings of that precious pump, the Mayor of Oxford, who it seems came, *sans ceremonie*—that is to say (we suppose), not shaved, and with a dirty shirt on, to present a loyal address to her most serene Majesty. The filthy hog, not content with his insultingly dirty exterior, was presuming enough to commence a familiar conversation with her Majesty on the subject of her august husband, the King, and trusted, as he treasonably said, "that the worthy old cockawax was in perfect health," and so on. Her Majesty, in an elegant burst of a sort of piebald language, something between German and English, merely observed, with a sweet smile of curiosity, "What the *dibil* him mean, mine Got; what him say?" and the courtiers in attendance thought it advisable to cut short the audience. The papers, and particularly the *Courier* (whose twaddle the *Herald* instinctively transfers to its own columns), have subjoined a long rigmarole, declaring that her Majesty was sincerely gratified with the beastly vulgarity of the Oxford Mayor; but we happen to know that the Queen didn't at all like it, and thought Oxford ought to be indicted for containing such a horrid nuisance as its own chief magistrate.

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 9.

The other day, Winchester, finding the muddy weather was coming on, hurried off Hobler to the shoemaker's, and ordered him to bring a man from the shoe-shop with a precious lot of large highlows for Winchester to try on, as he wanted a pair to cut a dash in on the day of his downfall. Hobler went to the Red Boot, in Holborn, and saw it written up, "*Good men's shoes*." "Upon my soul," cried he, "that won't do for my master—*good men's shoes* won't do for him: so let's have a few *naughty men's*." The shop-boy accompanied Hobler home, and, on arriving at the Mansion-House, a dispute arose about the price, when the shoemaker declared the sum was written upon the bottom. "Is it," said Winchester; "why so it is. Oh then I can't doubt the shoe, for I see it says the price upon its *soul* (*sole*)."
Hobler positively gulped down a whole highlow, which was pulled up again by the boot-lace, a piece of which was fortunately hanging out of his tremendous bone-box, or mouth.

THE CITY DUEL.

This singular circumstance has created a most terrific sensation in the city, and we subjoin a few of the particulars. The moment it was announced to Winchester that he was called out, he was seized with a shivering fit that lasted an hour and a half. He had been getting a fourteen-penny blow-out at a small "*Soup-house and dining-rooms*," somewhere in the Poultry, and the uplifted fork, with the untasted tripe on its point, fell from his hand, while he literally swooned into a bason of pea-soup that was being eaten by a customer sitting in the same box with him. His agitation was so excessive, that he rushed out without thinking about his score, which was consequently left unpaid; and there is a *chalk up* to that effect now in the bar of the soup-house alluded to,—an item that the corporation ought to settle, as it seems so devilish tenacious of the honour of its chief magistrate. When Winchester got home, he fainted into his wife's arms, but he was happily restored by the application of a severe

supply of combustibles smack under the left nostril. On coming to, and an explanation being demanded by the whole family at once, he gave a vague shriek, and could only reply, "I'm called out—I'm called out—out—out." "Well, upon my soul," said Queen Winchester to her eldest boy, a dirty-faced cherub of at least eighteen; "upon my soul," she continued, "considering your father is called out, he comes in precious quickly."—However, on its being known that he was expected to go and fight, the family was satisfied, for they said, one and all, "If father fights, I'm blessed, any how." Directly it was known that he was called upon to fight in his character as a gentleman, it was allowed there could be no fight at all; "for," said they, "he has never yet appeared as a gentleman, and I'm blessed if he's going to make his debut at his time of life in that ere character." Everybody knows what has been the result of this warlike set out, and we shall therefore say nothing more on the subject.

THE HOLBORN HURRICANE.

The late hurricane in Holborn is the subject of general conversation in all the small coffee-shops about that hemisphere, and the following letter was received at Thompson and Fearen's from the proprietor of a neighbouring apple-stall:—

"High Holborn, Oct. 31.

"About noon this day, I heard a squall on my right hand, echoed by a squall on the left, and turning sharply round I saw nothing but the wind, which of course I could not see. About five minutes after this, I had just served a gentleman with a ha'porth of specked pears, when his hair began to whistle in the wind, and his hat would certainly have been blown off, only he had no hat. His hair continued to whistle, and so distinctly, that I traced part of the overture to Masaniello in what it did whistle, which, with the bass accompaniment of a dustman's cart, passing at the time, had a very pleasing effect. So wonderful is old mother natur that she is musical even *vilst* she's terrifical. However, I took no notice of this, till suddenly I felt myself receive a severe blow in my right ear, when I looked round for somebody, and immediately my eyes lighted upon nobody. After this, I got another blow in my ear, and other blows ear and there all over my body, when, on turning round, I saw it was Boreas, whom of course I couldn't see. Having made up my mind it was a hurricane I took out a large cable, which I carry about with me for a lash, and instantly made my apple-basket fast to a post. Having done this, I threw myself into the hands of Providence, and waiting quietly till the gale was over, reached St. Giles's in safety about two hours afterwards.

"ANTHONY FITZLOLLIBOY."

We are happy to state the hurricane has passed off rather better than might have been expected, though of course it must in time have blown over. The following are a few of the accidents as copied from *Thompson and Fearon's List*, which is the *Lloyd's List* of that part of the metropolis:—A porter, bound for the City with a bedstead arrived off Thompson and Fearon's without the bedstead.—An omnibus arrived off Furnival's Inn without the cad, supposed to have been blown away in the squall.—A turnpike-ticket was picked up in Great Turnstile, which confirmed his fate.

BREVITIES.

An Out-and-outer.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst are out-and-out Tories. We are glad to hear this, for *out* and *out* is what, in our opinion, the Tories ought to be.

The Royal Classic.

The Queen is said to have followed the Latin oration spoken to her at Oxford very closely. As the *Latin* is one of the *dead* languages, we think it rather disloyal to talk of her Majesty following it.

A Good Hint.

The papers say that St. James's Palace is undergoing a thorough repair, both inside and out. We are happy to hear of this, and trust that the reform will be extended to the inmates.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane on Thursday last was the scene of a proceeding on which we have to congratulate, not the management only, but the country at large, which has had a lustre shed upon its hitherto very humble musical name, by the production of a perfect native opera. Poor Arnold positively had the refusal of this production, which would inevitably have secured to him a most profitable season, but actually preferring the entertainment of ducks and drakes, he neglected this golden opportunity, and has now only to bewail the consequence. However, Bunn, taking advantage of his brother manager's neglect, pounced eagerly upon the opera, which was produced on Thursday last, and experienced a reception fully to justify all the sanguine hopes that had been entertained of it. It is a work that will be the commencement, we hope, of a series of real English operas. It is a fatal blow to the Cookes, the Bishops, the Lees, the Rodwells, the Blewitts, and even the Barnetts; for even the *Mountain Sylph*, creditable as it was to the composer, falls very far below Balfé's opera. The audience hailed every part of it with the most enthusiastic plaudits; and in fact, the English nation ought to be infinitely obliged to a man who could have redeemed the character of England, which has for some time past produced no native composer worth attending to. However, it is Balfé's musical education which he got in Italy, that has imbued him with the graces of the Italian school, and we only hope that the example of this appreciation of Balfé's opera may inspire whatever genius of this kind may exist in England, to come forward, and follow up the vindication of our native character. Having poured forth our grand balsamic meed of unadulterated praise, we must now state that some of Balfé's passages are by no means original, but on the whole it is a grand work, and as such we hail it. The trash by Fitzball, is merely a doggerel version of a *libretto* called *Chiara di Rosenberg*, the name of an opera which we have heard in Italy, and which is precisely the same, as far as words, and situations, and number of pieces go, as Balfé's opera. The pistol duet in this opera, the music of which is by Ricci, is well known and much admired on the continent. But we lay no blame of plagiarism on Mr. Balfé. He has taken the same subject as the Italian composer, and put it to other music, which, if inferior to that of the foreign Maestro, is infinitely superior to any thing ever yet done in England. As to the singing, it was, on the whole, very good; though poor Wilson was sadly out of his element. He is a capital hand at giving effect to such bland little melodies as 'High diddle diddle,' and 'What have you for dinner, dear Mrs. Bond?' In these little domestic things Wilson is inimitable, but in Italian music he is, we repeat, quite out of his element. Templeton would have been a vast deal better. Phillips sang tolerably well, but his humour was as hearty as that of a hyena, who supposes (poor beast) that it laughs because every body says so, but who feels no more merriment in his heart than a toad does in his stony lodgings. So Phillips, we suppose, thought himself funny, because he giggled and looked stupid, but, if the truth were known, we should say his heart was almost as buoyant as a leaden bullet in a tea-cup full of milk and water. It was sorry work, in truth, and his flirtation with Miss Healey would have been better behind the curtain, than poked smack into the face under the very nose, and before the very eyes of the audience. The lady, encouraged by the presence of her instructor, played with more spirit than usual, and if her success in being funny had equalled her intention to be so, the performance would have been one of the most facetious things possible. Miss Shirreff and Giubelei are entitled to sincere praise, and we willingly award it to them. Seguin's melodious double G came in with immense effect, and he tried once to get down to J flat, and was up again at T sharp, in an instant. On the whole, the opera went off triumphantly, and the house hailed it with proper enthusiasm.

Notwithstanding all this puff, in which we have been so joyously indulging, Drury Lane, we regret to say, is going to the dogs; being so beggared by the cheap and nasty system of Covent Garden, that the houses are dismal in the extreme; the order of the day being orders for the night, and nothing but orders. In fact, it is not unlikely that Bunn will have to go out of the concern, and the Committee will carry it on themselves at a reduced scale of salaries. We are sorry that Bunn should have expired in his effort to keep it up, but as he cannot keep it up, why, we suppose he

must go down, and there's an end of him. The grand question is what's to become of the curricie, the claret coat, the new kid gloves, and all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious management'—farewell, 'Bunn's occupation's gone.'

Covent Garden has gone smack into its expected career of blackguardism. 'Jonathan Bradford' has been produced in all the pride of its original vulgarity. This ought to be the last kick that the concern requires—for the insolence of insulting the public in this way deserves the strongest odium. The twaddle about nutmegs and neat gin was bad enough at the Surrey; it was horrible enough there to be told that *God would punish the warmints of villainy*, it was dreadful enough in St. George's Fields to be informed that heaven *would save out the ricked*; but to get all this at Covent Garden, is a climax of filth for which we were not prepared, even by the announcement of O'baldiston as the manager. Covent Garden we cannot say is *drawing* in more than one sense—the performers *draw* an audience, and the audience *draws* porter every two minutes, which it gulps down with a savage velocity that startles the stray man of respectability who may have ventured by chance within the now unhallowed precincts of the polluted building. 'What is to come next?' is a question nobody dares answer. The only hope is, that *Providence* will interfere and save the theatrical profession from the ruin that now seems to threaten it.

As to the English Opera, that seems to have been turned into a sort of chapel of ease for Bedlam, a sort of junior branch of that splendid establishment which rejoices in a large collection of lunatics. Arnold having gone stark mad, has brought down his prices to the Surrey grade, and we understand that if this don't answer, he contemplates letting people into the pit at twopence a cart load—the dress-boxes will be estimated at two shillings for any omnibus load, and the gallery is to be filled at a halfpenny a hundred. How all this will end, God and Arnold only can tell. We can't—and therefore our readers must be content to remain in the most harassing ignorance.

The Adelphi is going down the Hill as fast as a nursery-maid at Greenwich fair, but the upset, when it does come, will be rather more terrific than the one we have just compared it to. Young Mathews, not knowing what the devil to be at, has been playing 'Jonathan Bradford,' and he might as well have stuck on the outside of his doors, "*No Admittance*." As if any body would ever have thought of going—the idea is so funny, that we wonder the farces at this house have not been singularly successful.

The Surrey is, we believe, doing wonders, and if we are to believe the bills, the house is full before the doors have had decent time allowed them for opening. Bills, and especially play bills, are allowed a little latitude in the way of over drawing, but the Surrey *affiche* requires a little nutritious noticing. Mr. Davidge calls attention to his house being the *warmest* in London, while it is but the other day all the managers were quarrelling about whose was the *coolest* establishment. We believe that Davidge congratulates himself upon being at oven heat; and, in fact, persons who enter his gallery quite pale, leave it after the performance with a delicate cast of dark-brown over their features, evidently the result of a semi-cooking atmosphere. But the greatest absurdity in the bill, is the paragraph *requesting carriages* to take up with horses heads towards either the Bench or Bedlam. Davidge ought to know that however politely disposed a carriage might be if it could speak, yet it is quite out of the question to expect one to move without the horses or the will of the driver, and that he might bow and scrape for a couple of hours to a *landau* or *cab* before he could get it to stir one peg from its position. We trust, after this, he will give up *requesting carriages*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have seen the *Political Almanack* for 1836. It is full of useful information, and contains some of Seymour's Sketches, making it worth all the money that is charged for it. It likewise contains all the useful departments of the common Almanack, the comicalities being, as it were, a gratuitous addition to the general contents. We recommend it to the notice of the economic purchaser.

If S. W. will furnish authentic particulars of the transaction he alludes to, FIGARO will unhesitatingly expose the same. Query.—Was the individual formerly in business in Fleet-street?

The forthcoming Memoir of Mr. and Mrs. Wood (late Lady Lennox), as announced in the *Age* of last Sunday, has excited considerable sensation in the theatric and other circles. Much curious information is expected. We shall anxiously look forward for an early copy.

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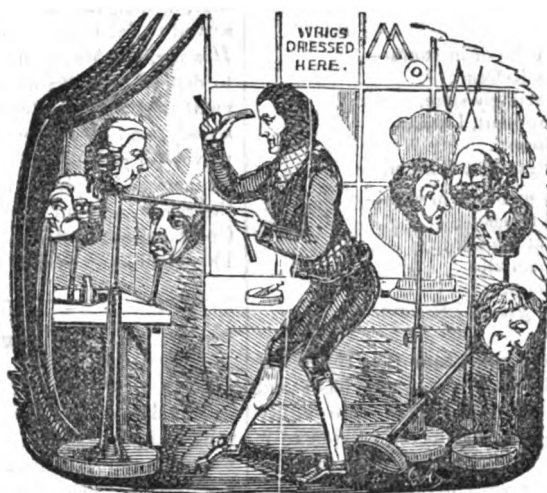
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No. 206.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE REFORM ORGAN.

EVERYBODY, about four years since, hailed the name of Russell as the harbinger of every thing like improvement in the political world, and, in fact, it was expected that Lord Johnny would have been the grand restorer of our rights and liberties. Everybody has, however (a very common case), been wofully disappointed, and Lord Johnny has restored nothing in the world but the reputation of the Whigs for *humbug*, a stigma which was in some degree wearing away when he brought in the Reform Bill, but which has revived in more than all its original force since they have been out and in again. It was hoped that, after fifty years and more of the most unbridled gammon, the Whigs had begun to repent of the

Vol. IV.

long list of acts of humbug in which they had been so often detected, and that, in the person of Lord John Russell, they mean at last to do something in earnest for the English people. It was fondly supposed that with Johnny, or little Jack (as he is familiarly called), for their champion, they intended to battle with the Gogs and Magogs of corruption, having fixed on Russell as Jack the political giant-killer. But Jack has been found to be as great a humbug as all his associates; in fact, he has proved to be a regular Whig, which, like a barber's *wig*, seems to have a natural tendency to *turning*. He has in one short sentence betrayed his trust; he has been an apostate from the cause, and deserves to be tomahawked accordingly. But the best of the joke is, that *small Johnny* has perpetually put himself forward as the organ of the Reformers, just as Lady Barrymore used to be the *organ* of the female pugilists, or as Ikey Solomons might be looked upon as the *organ* of the wholesale thieves and retail pickpockets. So is Lord John Russell an *organ*, and a precious noisy one of the Whigs; he is, too, like one of the street-organs, "*a chap wot won't move on*,"—being, as he is, a pretended friend, but a real enemy to the *movement*. He strides up before the door, and in the tired ear of John Bull perpetually grinding the same tune, the burden of which—and a precious heavy burden to the country, too—is *Whigs to Sell*, and which song we print as a sort of warning to the public not to be taken in by it. It is set to the air of *Cherry Ripe*.

Whigs to sell, Whigs to sell, Whigs I cry,
Thick and thin ones come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
Whigs abound, I'll answer there—
Where the public purse is found,
There you'll find the Whigs abound.
Whigs to sell, Whigs to sell, Whigs I cry,
Out-and-outers come who'll buy.

Such is the tune he has been continually striking up, but he occasionally, by way of variety, breaks off into a little pathetic

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

ballad, called *Reform*, chosen only for its name, and set to the touching air of *Home, sweet Home*.

In place, yes, and out of place, in calm or in storm—
Be we in, be we out, still our cry is Reform;
'Tis a sound makes the people expectingly stare,
And does more than aught else to support, I swear.
Storm, storm, we've only to storm,
And promise (*but never once give it*) Reform.

Without the word *Reform* we may gammon in vain—
If we're out 'tis a word lays us all in again;
John Bull, ever anxious, flares up at the call;
We've only to say it, to humbug them all.
Storm, storm, we've only to storm,
And speak of (*but never once give it*) Reform.

Such is the old song, and such the worn-out tune that the Whig organ has long been playing; and John Bull, though he has stood and listened a long time, has at length become so thoroughly worn out with the monotony of the sound, that he will listen to it no longer, and is driving poor little Jack away from him most disdainfully. Seymour has done the thing with his customary force, and has dug his poison-pointed pencil smack into the skull of poor Spring Rice, who accompanies Russell as a little begging puppy, and truly it is a most characteristic portrait. We cannot, however, further dilate on the grandest of human *tableaux*. It is Seymour all over, and nothing higher can possibly be said of it.

INTERPRETER.

Wild Goose Chase.

The King of Denmark has founded a golden medal, value twenty guineas, to be given to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet, that is not visible to the naked eye at the time of its discovery, and not of known revolution.—*Daily Paper*.

The King of Denmark is a liberal fellow, to offer a reward for a comet which nobody can possibly see, which no one can possibly expect, and which, by way of climax, no one ever thought of. A medal, worth twenty ducats, is to be given to any one who can see it. Of course every body will be on the look out, and we have already had a squint into the skies with our opera-glass, in the hope of getting the medal from his Majesty of Denmark. If nobody sees this comet, how very easy it will be for a rogue to swear that he has seen it, and do the government of Denmark out of the medal. All the scientific men are looking upwards, in the hope of seeing this comet that nobody is to see, and we hope they will see it for the sake of science in general, but of astronomy in particular. By way of encouraging the study of the heavenly bodies, we hereby offer the magnificent reward of a gooseberry puff to any little devil, under the age of six, who can see with his naked eye a half sovereign, situated between the Great Bear and the Gemini. The fortunate little devil (under the age of six) who should see such a phenomenon, and *prove that he has seen it*, shall receive the aforesaid puff by applying at the office of this periodical.

Cool Work.

JONES v. POWELL.—Mr. Wakefield said, this appeal was heard before Lord Brougham, and his Lordship decided; but his decision was not satisfactory to any one of the numerous parties concerned. They therefore wished for an early day to be appointed to rehear it. The Master of the Rolls saw no reason to depart from the usual course, and refused the motion.—*Morning Chronicle*.

That the lawyers are the coolest fellows in Christendom is a fact known long ago, but the above is perhaps a more delicious specimen of *sang froid* than it usually falls to our lot to chronicle. Some people go to law to get a decision of which (as is commonly the case in law) happens to please nobody. The parties in a terrible stew come into Court, and beg for a new hearing to

their cause; inasmuch as nobody has got what was wanted, and that, in fact, the decision of Brougham, as Chancellor, has merely served to set them more than ever at loggerheads. Upon this *his Honour*, the Master of the Rolls, *coolly* observed he saw no reason to depart from the usual custom. This was a candid acknowledgment that the usual custom of the Court of Chancery is to *please nobody*, and of course the Courts of Equity are intended rather as valves for getting rid of money than as the *media* for settling differences. People go to law—they are *all* equally disgusted with the result, and *all* apply for a new hearing, but are *all* told the Court cannot deviate from its *usual custom of pleasing nobody*. This conduct is as cool as a cucumber.

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 10.

Winchester was the other day reading an account of two servant maids who were severely wounded in the face by a boy who had been out shooting. "Upon my say so," cried the ex-King of Cockaigne, "when the fellow shot his fellow-servants, he must have been rather out in his shooting." Hobler gave a God-like growl.

A QUEER HEAD-PIECE.

An Oxonian, who was shooting at Lord Chandos, was accidentally shot by a brother Oxonian. About fifty shots, says the paper, struck him in the body, and ten in the head, two in the temple, three in the mouth, six in the cheek, twelve in the eye, one in the nose, seven in the under-lip, fifteen in the double tooth, sixteen in the jaw, three in the eyebrow, besides some two or three score scattered indiscriminately about the nostrils. Notwithstanding all this severe *whacking* to the Oxonian, the paper adds that none of the wounds are at all dangerous, and that in fact the whole thing is of no kind of consequence. This says a great deal for the thickness of the Oxonian's head, and we congratulate him on his obtuseness.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

This grand piece of determined loggery took place on the ninth of November, and our City reporter has furnished us with a most delicious sketch of the whole proceedings. The procession has been fully set forth in all the newspapers, both daily and otherwise, —through which the whole world knows that Gog and the Lord Mayor, Magog Winchester, a dwarf Copeland, a sword-bearer Hobler, and all the City scum, collected in the thoroughfares, and travelled all the way through the City in their respective vehicles. The delights of the water part of the proceedings have not been sufficiently set forth, and we therefore supply a slight synopsis. The moment his Lordship got on board, the novelty of his situation so thoroughly got the better of him that he fell smack upon his face, and dreadfully rumpled his eye-lash, which had been ironed out and starched for the occasion. Having recovered the first shock, his Lordship was saluted with a shower of pop-guns, pea-shooters, squibs, Catherine wheels, and detonating Congreve rockets. This splendid salute resounded from the buttresses of London Bridge to the shops in Gracechurch Street, and was echoed from the pump at Aldgate to the oyster-stalls in Cripplegate. A shower of terrific nut-shells was then sent in a swift volley from a greengrocer's stall in the precincts, and every thing seemed to speak of glory and of gluttony. When his Lordship recovered his footing, the blind Scotch band (which was in attendance) struck up "*The Sea*," and playing rather out of tune, the effect was more in character with that most uncertain element. A shower of pea-

shells, saved from the summer season, was discharged from a barge off Vauxhall; and, altogether, no luxury seemed to be wanting to render the ceremony in every way worthy of the most illustrious occasion. At length, after a considerable deal of Thames sickness, and Blackfriars biliousness, the procession got as far as Westminster, and they were landed on shore by the proper officers, who conducted the civic grandees into the presence of the judges. Directly they hove in sight, the judges began to quiz. Lord Abinger congratulated Winchester on his enlightenment, and sarcastically recommended Copeland to follow his example. Winchester swore he felt flattered, Copeland took his oath upon his bill-book that he would do his very *bestest*, and the procession travelled, as fast as they could, Citywards. The next point in all this grand foolery was the Lord Mayor's dinner, of which we serve up a Bill of Fare, which is as accurate as, under the circumstances, we could lay our hands upon. It includes all the delicacies of the season, and some few dishes never yet introduced into civilised society.

FIRST COURSE.

<i>Swipes,</i>	<i>Jugged Antelope.</i>	<i>Swipes.</i>
	<i>Pickled Rats Tails.</i>	
	<i>Stewed Rhinoceros.</i>	
<i>Swipes.</i>	<i>Devilled Buffalo.</i>	<i>Swipes.</i>

Then came what was called the

SECOND COURSE,

and it consisted of the following luxuries:—

Fricasseed Owl.

<i>Dried Cat.</i>	<i>Harricot Dog.</i>
<i>Mammoth a la Maitre d'Hotel.</i>	
<i>Tiger Cullets.</i>	<i>Bugs a la Maintenon.</i>
<i>A Whale smothered in Onions.</i>	

The whole of this course being eagerly devoured, immense preparations were made for

THE DESERT,

which consisted of

<i>A haporth of apples.</i>	<i>A haporth of apples.</i>
<i>A haporth of apples.</i>	<i>A haporth of apples.</i>
<i>A haporth of apples.</i>	<i>A haporth of apples.</i>
<i>A jug of cold water.</i>	
<i>A haporth of apples.</i>	<i>A haporth of apples.</i>
<i>A haporth of apples.</i>	<i>A haporth of apples.</i>
<i>A haporth of apples.</i>	<i>A haporth of apples.</i>

A slight hiss was heard at the upper end of the hall on the appearance of this decidedly shabby desert, but it was soon quelled by the appearance of a spirit-cruet, with an abundant supply of rum, gin, brandy, Hollands, and other vulgar drinkables.

The Lord Mayor rose, and with a tremendous preliminary sniff, proposed the health of "The King."

Air—"The dandy dog's-meat man."

The next toast was "The Queen."

Air—"If I had a donkey."

These two toasts were drunk with tremendous enthusiasm, when a dirty little vagabond on the left of the Mayor proposed the Duke of Cumberland's health, when the professional singers instantly struck up

"Barclay and Perkins's drayman."

After this the whole company got muzzy, fussy, flowy, and drowsy, upon which our reporter left, and an express told us that by ten o'clock they were all under the table.

BREVITIES.

True Felicity.

That old humbug Scarlett, now called Lord Abinger, told poor Winchester, the ex-king of the City, that no man can be called truly happy until he closes his eyes. If this be a fact, Scarlett, by his prosing speeches has contributed to the happiness of thousands, for he has succeeded in sending them to sleep.

A Smack at the Snobs.

A large legacy has been left by a philanthropist to a society of idiots. Such society, by that name at least, is not known, and it is expected that the legacy will be claimed by the dramatic author's society.

Lights of the Age.

A discussion has arisen on the subject of lighting Lambeth Parish. It rumoured that Lord Londonderry will be hung up in it, he being supposed to be light-headed.

Time Lost.

Some thieves robbed Earl Spencer the other day of a clock. It was no bad hint to take away his time-piece, for when in the administration he was celebrated for his loss of time.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane has had better houses during the past week, owing to the attraction of Balfe's opera; but it has nevertheless been thought necessary to call a meeting of the company, and to propose to them a reduction of the salaries, a measure which we understand was at once acceded, to by every one but Mr. W. Farren, who is engaged with his various female adherents, at a salary of 40l. per week, and who positively refuses to renounce one farthing of it. The whole of the actors on his entering the green-room the other night, very properly gave him the cut direct by walking out of it, and we think it quite due to his uncompromising rapacity that they should have so treated him. We hope that the fortunes of Drury Lane may improve after this arrangement, and we believe the arrangements for the production of novelty are of a kind to warrant the supposition that they will do so. The Jewess is to be produced with unbridled splendour in a few days, and in fact everything that spirit and ingenuity could devise, for the purpose of making the concern prosperous. It is earnestly to be hoped that it will be so for the sake of the profession, since at present, Drury Lane seems the only asylum for the respectable portion of the profession to rush into. We shall gladly hail every appearance of amelioration in the prospects of this establishment.

Covent Garden has already begun to decline, for it has been discovered that the prices so far from being reduced are positively extended, for the performances are precisely the same as at the Surrey and Victoria, and at just double the rate charged at those establishments. Jonathan Bradford had a very speedy quietus put upon it, and Robert Macaire was much better done (as all pieces are,) when originally produced, and was played repeatedly at the Victoria at half the present prices of Covent Garden. Then again, Osbaldiston has been playing Rob Roy, of the badness of which we shall say nothing, but even had it been passable, he played the very same part at the Victoria, with the support of Collins and Miss Eliza Paton, (a far better singer than Miss Turpin,) and though all this was to be seen at half the present Covent Garden prices, it did, we believe, no good to the Victoria, which shut up very soon afterwards. People of course, will never be such fools as to go and pay double the sum to see Covent Garden polluted by these proceedings, and the thing will die a natural death, like all the attempts that are made to take in the community. Another Surrey piece is advertised, called the Mill of Beresina, which is, we hear, from the classical pen of Dibdin Pitt, commonly called the Whitechapel Massinger. This affair has been, it is said, acted over the water, at the Surrey, several times, and is now to be crammed down the throates of a West End audience. The bills issued from the theatre are worthy the management. They speak of Mr. Collins not appearing, owing to his absence from a severe domestic calamity. We suspect that the bill concocter means just opposite, and that so far from poor Collins being absent from calamity, he has had the misfortune to be just now present in the midst of it.

Mr. Mathews, junior, having experienced the most unaccountable, not to say dishonourable, hostility to his management of the Adelphi, at the hands of the party whose interest it is, and whose principle should have urged him to give his support to it, has been forced to agree to the letting

of the property. We cannot help thinking that the parties formerly connected with this establishment, have most eternally degraded themselves by the desertion of it, merely to secure the selfish ends of one designing individual. O. Smith and Buckstone are honourable exceptions, they having, in spite of the tempting offers from Drury Lane, (where Mr. Yates is acting manager,) stuck to Mr. Mathews, whose conduct is said to have been throughout, that of an honourable minded and well meaning gentleman. It is true, he has not been able to cope with all the dirty chicanery and mean manœuvring, that has been brought into play against him; but the parties who have had recourse to these paltry and degrading arts, have worked their own irremediable downfall. Many of them who were seduced into other engagements, have now nowhere to go, and are soliciting about in all directions; but proprietors of other theatres will know better than to take into their employ those who have acted so shamefully to their old masters. Bur enough of this subject. We find that the Messrs. Bond have become the lessees of the Adelphi, and that they will take to it a greater portion of the company from the Queen's. We have no doubt that it will be made to answer, and we wish success to it.

A new piece, called the Chelsea Pensioner, has been successful at the Queen's Theatre. It is from the pen of Mr. Soane, but it is remarkable for nothing but the getting up, which is excellent, and for Mr. Mitchell's performance of the part of an idiot, which surpasses anything of the kind ever yet attempted. With this exception, and the acting of Williams, there is nothing in the piece that will keep it before the public for a lengthened period.

The Victoria is going on as usual; but there is one very great novelty at this house, in the shape of a piece, called How to take up a Bill, a sort of thing that must be a great deal wanted at this particular establishment. We trust the stage plan of doing this, will be found satisfactory to the various tradesmen of this establishment. We hear of Mr. Jones being successful at this house, but we have had as yet, no opportunity of seeing him.

The English Opera is keeping up a most famous succession of lunacy. in the shape of opening the house for sixpences, and allowing the very scum of the earth therein to congregate. It does not pay even at its present wretched scale of company, and its closing [is we believe expected every hour. As to its being an English Opera House, that is one of the best jokes we have had since the days of Joseph Miller.

The Surrey is keeping it up at a fine rate, and sending eager coin from the doors of the establishment. Davidge is making a rapid fortune, and if he won't dabble in pickled salmon, he stands a good chance of keeping it. We wish him every success, for he is a spirited manager.

Mrs. Honey is enlivening the precincts of Whitechapel, by appearing at the Pavilion, and her performances appear to be very successful. She has, we believe, sixty pounds for twelve nights, which looks rather as if the concern was in a very flourishing condition. We don't know how its neighbour the Garrick is proceeding; but we believe the Royal Standard is in a state that may be said to be quite rampant. Melodramas are coming into play as thick as thieves, and we hope that the business will bring pelf into the coffers of the treasury.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber is informed that any piece intended for representation at any theatre under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain, does require a license. The theatres out of his jurisdiction, and opened under the authority of the magistrates, such as the Surrey, Victoria, Pavilion, &c. do not have pieces licensed, for this simple reason, that according to the strict letter of the law, music and dancing ought to be the extent of their entertainments.

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No. 207.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE CITY GUY.

EVERY year, at about the present, season the world goes Guy-mad, and a *gout* for the celebration of the gunpowder-plot agitates the hitherto tranquil bosom of a nation now worked up into a terrific admiration for squibs, crackers, Catherine wheels, Congreve rockets, Jacks in the boxes, and Roman candles. However, though Guys at this period of the year are as common as blackberries at Michaelmas, or as redberries at Christmas, yet there is always one grand leading Guy—one most supereminent mountebank, who takes the lead above all other Guys and all other mountebanks. Each season has its principal Guy, as every theatre, from Drury Lane, to the smallest barn in Christendom, has its principal actor, leading cut-throat, first thief, or head scaramouch. The Guys have been this year quite as numerous as usual, and quite as grotesque ;

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while the grand Guy in chief has out-guyed all former Guys, and has turned out to be the most extraordinary Guy that ever wore red lead upon his chops, or figured in seedy black inexpressibles. Eldon has been once the favourite Guy, and his solemn physiognomy made him a most efficient one. His worn-out black coat, his threadbare black shorts, his terrific eyebrows, and unwieldy proboscis, all contributed to render him a Guy of the very first order. He flourished in the character for many years, and was punctually blown up amid more squibs than were ever fired off at any other Guy who preceded him. At length, however, the terrific shell of Reform being placed under him, blew him to atoms, and the poor old Guy was never able to appear in public afterwards. Wellington has been, occasionally, the popular Guy of the season, and in that character always had a precious lot of *Waterloo crackers* appended to his tail, with which he continued to act rather a brilliant figure, till at last in the grand bonfire made of Old Sarum, and a few other chips of the old block of corruption, he was thoroughly consumed, and has never since that time been worth the trouble of making a public Guy of. Our delicate friend Brougham, more generally known as the Guy Vaux, figured for a brief season in the before-mentioned character, but he acted the part rather too naturally, and was always for *blowing up the Parliament* in reality, so that he was thought to be (in the words of the Princess Victoria,) rather "a dangerous customer." He was consequently called upon to resign the part of Guy, which he was enacting rather too much to the life, with a set of positively inflammable matches, in the shape of pamphlets, and the Penny Magazine, by way of a dark lantern. He was thought to be an excellent Guy to carry about, but for any other purposes, he was considered truly dangerous, and having therefore been luzzed for a short time by half the dirty little boys in the country, he was upset out of his chair, and left to the mercy of the passengers.

But perhaps of all Guys, the most tremendous Guy, and the Guy that no other Guy could ever parallel, is the great Guy of the city,—the terrific, the towering, the terrible, and the triumphant Winchester! He is, *par excellence*, the greatest Guy in the world, and

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

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his whole soul, as well as his whole body, seems to have suited him naturally for the character. But every Lord Mayor for the time being, fills the character of a Guy; he is dressed up in any finery that can be got cheap in the city; he is thrust into a grand chair for the occasion, and is carried about on all public occasions, as a sight, and an exhibition for the vulgar eyes of the citizens. Winchester has been, of all men in the world, the very best adapted for this peculiar position—for, being by nature merely a block, he has of course been the very thing to be a pliant instrument in the hands of more active mountebanks. He has, on all occasions, consented to allow himself to be *stuffed* and thrust into all kinds of dresses, and carried about on all sorts of occasions, to all sorts of places by all sorts of characters. Being quite a Guy after their own heart, he has ever had such men as Peel and Wellington to carry him about, and they have always been ready to give him a ride, just for the fun of the thing, whenever he has felt inclined for it. But it was not to be expected that two such racketty and uncertain characters could be very long depended upon, and they tipped him over, and let him go down on the grand city Guy Vaux day, which is the ninth of November, instead of the fifth, and we will be bound to say that the old Guy will never get up again. Seymour, whose pencil gets more pointed by use, as a carving-knife at a twopenny ordinary gets sharper by sharp practice, has given a fine illustration of Winchester's fate, which we recommend to the consideration of all cockney Guys, past, future, and present.

WINCHESTERIANA.

No. 11.

This is the last number that we shall give of Winchesteriana, for he (the hero of this pleasant series), has breathed his official last. Like Cato, he is done up; and, like the wise Cincinnatus, he is floored entirely. However, the old boy, in expiring, has published a Book, called *Mems. of my Mayoralty*, which will give a lasting impression of the mind of the cockney monarch. His style combines all the graces of the old Egyptian hieroglyphic, with the playful gambols of the St. Giles's Greek. Every body ought to buy it, and read it. We insist on every body doing so.

INTERPRETER.

Good Evans.

The *Court Constitution* says, that when the Royal Tar having recruits on board for the service of the Queen of Spain, was about to sail for Spain last week. Mr. Coleman, a tailor, and Mr. Rigley, a shoemaker, went on board for the purpose of trying to procure payment for articles furnished to the men, but were met with a flat refusal to pay, and the ship having been got under weigh, Mr. Rigley considered himself fortunate in being permitted to go on shore. Mr. Coleman, it is stated, was not so lucky, for having become ill by the motion of the vessel, he had gone into the cabin, and was carried off to sea.—*Times*, of Wednesday.

We never thought that the Spanish expedition was overburdened with cash, in spite of the gold fringe and blue superfine of Evans's own private *surtout*, for as he was the head of the gang, and has something of his own, it was but right he, at least, should look respectable. But the coolest thing we ever heard of is, the above related treatment of two poor tradesmen, a tailor and shoemaker, who had been fools enough to fit out some of the heroes of the Charing Cross Map Shop. The moment a creditor was seen on board, a file of infantry was called out, and fired off—not their muskets, but a grand volley of abuse, which frightened one of the creditors quite away, and so alarmed the other that he fell down and was not able to get up again. The Spanish auxiliaries seem determined to listen to no terms, from any party, and on being asked to pay their just debts, made a bold and vigorous resistance.

This is military we suppose, for it certainly cannot be called civil. We wonder how the poor shoemaker likes joining the expedition, for they seem with a spirit of justice to have determined that he and his money shall not be separated, and have carried off both together accordingly. There was a dinner the other day given by the friends of the cause in London. It must be easy work to give dinners, when the mode of settling accounts seems so very summary.

Amiable News.

Beranger the poet is living in great seclusion near Fontainebleau. He has two maiden aunts residing with him. His manners are very unpretending, and it is added that he mixes very little in society.—*Globe*.

We certainly are fond of anecdotes of illustrious men, but we are not advocates for twaddle about any body. Now the above is rather twaddling, for though it is interesting to know that Beranger lives in a retired manner, there is no occasion to catalogue his two maiden aunts, and chronicle his *gaucherie*. Then again, we don't see what the world has to do with the fact of his liking *ardent spirits neat*, which of course is the interpretation of the phrase that he never *mizes* in society. We can't help thinking that there is a good deal of *twaddle* in the paragraph.

PROLONGING TIME.

Some people complain very much of the celerity of the flight of Time, and there are many who would most willingly chain the old fellow by the leg and prevent his cutting away at such a pace as he does in general. For instance Winchester, whose dignity was only for a year, and no more, besides a variety of other dogs, who have their day and have done with it, would give their ears, heads, and all, to make Time go slower during the period of their temporary greatness. We, however, can give a recipe, extraordinary as it is valuable; we have hit upon an expedient for arresting Time, a thing that not all the delicate grasps of a Davis, nor all the accomplished seizures of a Rutland, nor the decisive and vulgar clutches of a Levy, could succeed in achieving. We have found the means of doing this, and we recommend it to all such poor official Jacks as Lord Mayors, and parish vestrymen. If they want the time of their authority doubled, let them employ themselves in reading a copy of the parliamentary reporter, whose speeches are printed *just as they are spoken*. If that don't make Time appear double we'll forfeit our golden walking stick.

DINNER AT BRISTOL.

Lord John has been round the country and has picked up a breakfast here, a luncheon there, and a dinner almost everywhere. Lord John Russell has got every thing he wanted for the present, which is plenty to eat and drink, and he has given speeches in abundance in return for the luxuries bestowed upon him. His proceedings at Bristol have been characteristic. He has been spouting liberality by the yard, which serves to fill the newspapers in this dull time, and to assist in proving to the public what complete dupes they have been to Whig artifice.

ANTIQUITY.

His majesty has been pleased to appoint Sir Andrew Barnard Knight, a fellow of the Antiquarian Society, and a *devilish good fellow*, too, according to the chaste phraseology of his most Christian majesty. The first task set him by the king was to discover the origin of the phrase *Go it my pippin*. Barnard has thus solved the problem—he says that the apple, which by falling discovered the theory of gravita-

tion, was a *Ripstone pippin*, and the great philosopher, in the extacy of the moment, called out, "*go it my pippin*"—a phrase which has been held in high estimation ever since. His majesty is delighted with Barnard's discovery, and has caused him to be dubbed first knight of the new order of the apple stall.

BREVITIES.

At Home.

The Duke of Cumberland being *abroad* has the effect of making those who were bored with his society feel considerably more *at home*.

Write and Wrong.

A letter from Lyons speaks of the arrival of a Carlist general, who had surrendered. When Winchester heard of the fact, he exclaimed, "A letter from *Lyons*! well, it's the first time I ever heard that *Lions* could write."

Farther than ever.

The *Globe* says that Lord Stowell is father of the House of Peers. If so, his Lordship has a precious progeny. We think Lord Eldon, who is the next in age, ought to be called the *mother of the Peerage*.

Rather hot work.

A fever broke out at Wentworth House soon after the Princess Victoria had visited it. Had it been at her uncle of Cumberland's, we should not have wondered at the *fever*, for he makes every place too *hot to hold him*.

A Bad Joke.

The Lord Mayor has been offering a reward for an Essay upon the Life of Offa, King of Murcia. The citizens say the *offer* and the King *Offa* are equally magnificent.

Well Bred.

It seems that somebody has discovered some *rocks* which are eatable. We don't like the idea of having the cliffs of old England cut up into bread and butter, though, at least, the fact shews that the gentleman was not so much *out* as the Tower of Babel, who, on being asked for *bread*, brought a *stone*.

Bad Again.

Winchester hearing Hobler, the other day, read in the paper an anecdote of Hunt (the blacking-man) stopping a member from coughing him down by a repartee. "*Coughing him down*," said Winchester; "as it related to that, you should not call it a *Repar-tea* but a *Repar-coffee*." Hobler fell on his right whisker.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane was on Monday night the scene of a grand triumph over its vulgar rival, and shone forth in all the pomp and splendour of such a production as never yet was seen upon the English stage. The bringing out of the '*Jewess*' was a grand *coup* on the part of Bunn, and has utterly given the go-by to the cheap and nasty shop. Planche, who is always up to his very neck in the paste tub, has been the scissors man upon this occasion—and has at last done his duty with that adamantine adherence to the first principles of paste and foolscap which has so long, not to say so honourably distinguished him. He has made of Scribe's *Juive* a very interesting *Jewess*, and has most judiciously sent the music of Hallery, where it ought to have been sent when it was first produced in Paris—to the devil. To speak in our customary lenient manner, the music would have disgraced the penny whistle of the vagabond child in the public

streets, and is not capable of being done any thing with even by the effective Drury Lane orchestra. However, we must not visit this too severely upon the original composer; for we see by the bills that Tom Cooke has had a hand in it, and we know that he is a *Cook* who makes a precious *hash* of every thing. Bunn did quite right in knocking out the music, which was so frightfully bad, that the horses in going their rounds gave a decided kick at Tom Cooke's head, which might have been fatal, as the newspapers say, if it had not proved otherwise. On the whole, Bunn rested his dependence on his getting up of the piece, which was splendid in the extreme from King's brass down to old Chippendale's worsted stockings. The procession round the pit was very near proving rather a serious affair, for the horse who came on first evidently was very much disinclined to proceed, and wanted to set himself comfortably down in the front row of the pit, by the side of a lady in a muff, and a gentleman in spectacles. Whether the horse wished to throw up his part we cannot of course decide, but he carefully began by *throwing up his hinder part* in a way that astonished the first row—who doubtless thought that when a performer wishes to *throw up his part* he should confine such throwing up to the immediate presence of the stage manager. Some people think the horse wanted to look at the procession from the pit, some think he was *shy* (certainly *he shyed*) at appearing before so large an audience, while others think that the music being so terrifically bad, he would have jumped to Jericho rather than have remained so near the orchestra. Be it as it may, the animal we believe received his discharge the moment the piece was over, and was informed that he could not be permitted to *kick up a row*, and especially a *front row*, in that theatre. The wardrobe is very magnificent, but we don't see the fun of sending four boys on to the stage with legs of one colour and arms of another, sewed, as if by accident, into their dresses. Some of the people applauded, some laughed, and some hissed, but the whole house seemed to agree that there was scope for a sensation of some kind, and consequently various were the emotions that resulted from the tailors' accident. The acting of Ellen Tree and Vandenhoff was extremely good, and they were both called for, like a couple of parcels at a booking-office. Miss Forde made a wretched thing of her singing, but there was something like a wholesome flicker in her acting, sufficient to rescue her from total obscurity. Cooper looked splendid in his new part, and made the most of it. He acted as he always does, very respectably, and worked up as he was by occasional fits of passion in his part, he gave a beautiful turn now and then towards the scene shifters, and we thought we heard a faint damn murmur through his lips at occasional intervals. Warda acted well, while Giubilei and Seguin gave as much effect as possible to a couple of curses upon the tribe of Jews, which two curses, by the bye, were not worth two damns, if we may be allowed to write in vulgar phraseology. The thing, however, was extremely successful, and will, we have no doubt, run throughout the whole season till Christmas.

Covent Garden is finding its level as fast as possible, and has at length got down to an ebb so shamefully low that it is out of all human possibility to bring it up again. There has been nothing going on but the worst and most degrading species of performances—in fact the whole press, without one exception, have resolved very properly on crushing the present disreputable management of this establishment. When we consider whom the persons are that now rule the doctrines of this house, we are moved with a most sincere compassion for the cause of the drama, and see, as far as Covent Garden is concerned, nothing but direct degradation, and ultimately a certain downfall. Power has now left, and Osbaldiston has been figuring away in '*Rob Roy*,' to the total disgust even of his own particular adherents in the sixpenny gallery. His performance, which heaven preserve us from witnessing, is said to have been distinguished by a low ruffianism and vulgar insipidity distressing to every one who happened to be unfortunate enough to witness it. However, as we presume Osbaldiston took the theatre to act in, we suppose he must be permitted to indulge in these gambols, though we doubt whether his pocket will be found deep enough to keep up the fun for a very considerable period. However, perhaps the most atrocious thing that he has hitherto done, is the production of a piece by Dibdin Pitt, an affair that has been done over and over again at the Surrey, and which has exacted

the most abject contempt in the minds of all who have seen it. The characters were sustained by Messrs. H. Wallack and the rest of the Surreyites, who all seem to be exceedingly unpopular in their new quarters, and receive every night the hisings of a most noisy and vulgar audience. How this concern can ever hope to prosper under the present circumstances we are utterly at a loss to conceive, and we think *Banu* is showing something like a very strong disposition to bring its prospects to a very summary *finale*. We find, since writing the above, that *Osbaldistien* has actually undertaken to perpetrate the part of *Virginius*, in *Sheridan Knowles's* play of that name. We can scarcely regret this, for we, as true friends to the true interests of the drama, can only wish for the most speedy downfall of the present *regime* of the establishment. *Osbaldistien* is doing the thing as fast as possible, and we can only hope that the upset may be summary.

The *Adelphi* has re-opened under Mrs. Nisbett's management, instead of Young Mathews, and it re-opened on Monday with a transfer of some pieces and some performers from the Queen's, in Tottenham-street. We don't know what sort of a house they had on the opening night, but we have no doubt that success will wait upon the exertions of the spirited proprietors. We really think something like an infusion of talent was wanted here, for there was scarcely a soul in the company worth more than fifteen shillings per week and his luncheon. We are happy to find that *Buckstone* has a piece forthcoming. It is his dramas that have made the theatre what it has been.

We have been somewhat astonished by a bill put forward from the *Adelphi* Theatre, in which a number of female names are specified, of (with one or two exceptions) very little note, and each coupled with a quality of very questionable character. *Nisbett and novelty* we have no objection to, nor to *Murray and mirth*, for Miss Murray may grin her very teeth out without it mattering to us one half atom; this is an affair that rests entirely with the young lady's *tatur trap*—but *Vincent and variety* is a combination which savours to us very much of extreme indelicacy. *Variety* and any body else would not seem so strange an union; but when we know that *Vincent's* peculiar ideas are very much in favour of novelty of a peculiar kind, we think the announcement reflects as little good upon the lady herself as it does upon the management. The *Times* has indulged in some extremely severe remarks upon the hands into which this house has fallen, and the *alleged* purposes to which it is devoted by its present lessees; but we know nothing of the matter, and in fact, for our own parts, do not believe that either two-penny cribbage, fourpenny put, or any other game of chance is played upon the premises. In one word, we do not think it is made into a gambling house (for that is what the *Times* means) and it does not follow, that because a supernumerary on the establishment was seen playing at *dominoes*, it does not, we say, follow from this that the theatre is used for gaming purposes.

Madame Vestris is running rather a successful career, and is bringing out novelty upon novelty as fast as *Phillpotts* brings out lie upon lie in his place in parliament. She has been doing something in the serious line with a very fair proportion of success; and *Planche*, who has had in another penn'orth of paste, is exceedingly busy over her Christmas piece. *Charles Dance* has, we believe, been once more into the fair lessee's good graces, and as soon as he can think of a few English names for characters in a French farce, he will go to work with his dictionary and turn out a host of some kind which he will call original. This, however, is his business, not ours, though a little wholesome exposure is the finest thing possible.

The Surrey is going it at an excellent rate, and the Parker Street Subscription Pavilion has been having full galleries at twopence each auditor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIGARO'S COMIC ALMANACK comprising, in addition to the useful information usually given with other almanacks, 17 cuts by the inimitable *SEYMOUR*, still continues its triumphant career, and at the same low price—Twopence! The trade may procure 104 copies for 10s. 8d.

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Mansion-house, Nov. 9, 1835.

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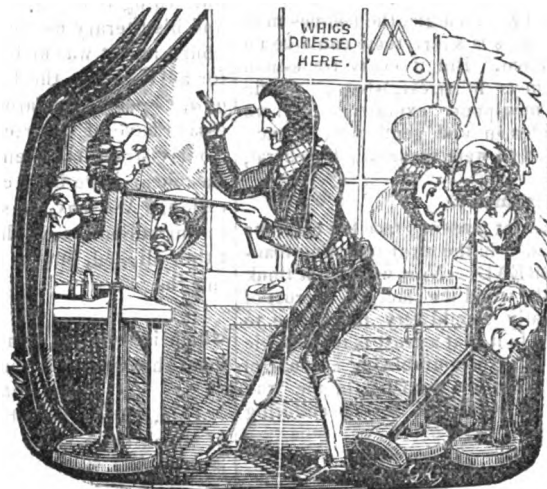
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FIGARO IN LONDON.



Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

"Political Pasquinades and Political Caricatures are parts (though humble ones,) of Political History. They supply information as to the person and habits often as to the motives and objects of public men, which cannot be found elsewhere."—CROKER'S NEW WHIG GUIDE.

No. 208.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1835.

Price One Penny



LADY FRANCES IN A FAINTING FIT.

The subject of Seymour's caricature this week, is one that needs but few words from our pen to illustrate. Every body knows how Burdett has treated his old friends and supporters, by turning round against them on every possible occasion for the last five years, and how *the Men of Westminster* have pertinaciously persisted in proving their gullibility by still sending him into Parliament. Why they have done this nobody can possibly say, though we believe it arises from the fact, that a stupid and ignorant *Junta* have generally assumed the management of the election, and they have invariably sent poor old Burdett into the house, though it has long ceased to derive any benefit from his services. No one has yet been found with sufficient boldness to show up Burdett in his true light as a quack and political pretender, until O'Connell

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has taken him in hand, and shown rather plainly his real character. Seymour with, if possible, more than his customary tact, has seized this advantage, and has adroitly contrived to turn the circumstance to account, as a source of public amusement, by making it the subject of a *tableau*, all but *vivant*, in this week's FIGARO. Every one knows that Burdett, having failed in his pet project of being made a Lord, has chosen, in his latter days, to become an old lady, and having taken a leaf out of Eldon's book, has assumed all the contemptible foolery of that *very doubtful* character. O'Connell having, in his fine bold broad outline, given something like a very rough sketch of old Lady Burdett, and having made use of some words rather more strong than merciful, has put the poor old ex-Radical into such a state of serious trepidation, that Seymour's pencil, which, like the forked lightning, illuminates while it destroys, has shed a sort of hectic brilliance over the poor creature, whom it was supposed nothing could ever again shed the smallest lustre upon. Seymour has represented him in his true, though only newly discovered character of an old woman, fainting at the straight-forward language of O'Connell, who is not in the habit of *mincing* matters, though he can *cut up* rather unsparingly. It is by no means a bad thought in the sagacious Seymour, who has placed Wellington as the supporter of poor Francis, and we can only say, that the support is in every respect worthy of the thing supported. Seymour has this week been so unusually graphic and self explanatory in his pictorial effort, that we are spared the necessity of going further into a description of it, and we therefore leave it as a fine lesson for the imagination of the whole world to practice upon.

INTERPRETER.

A Good Hint.

In an advertisement in one of last Sunday's papers, we perceive the following hint:—that "if Mr. So and So, do not instantly cash up,

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

their names will be published and legal proceedings commenced against them." It is no bad plan of collecting money, to threaten exposure, for where the hand and the pocket are lethargic, the feelings may be sensitive, and where the memory of debts is short, there could be no better refresher than a public advertisement. But if every tradesman were to advertise the names of his customers in arrear, what a terrific influx would the columns of every newspaper experience. There would be nothing but fine names of noblemen and gentlemen, in each of the public prints, if the system alluded to were made at all general,

Funny Advertisement.

Among other funny advertisements that at present grace the columns of the journals is an announcement headed in the most tempting manner, VIRTUES OF A CRUST OF BREAD. Now we do not think that it is very necessary to publish to the world the fact of a crust of bread possessing virtues, though we really should very much like to know what are the virtues it possesses. Is it that a crust is remarkable for its *chastity*, its *patience*, or perhaps it is honourable on account of its often being the representative of *charity*, or perhaps, in the true spirit of *Christianity* or *crusty-anity*, it is celebrated for its enduring *hardship*.

CITYANA—No 1

Copeland's First

"Now then, my tulip," said the new City functionary, the other morning, as he entered the Mansion House, casting his expressive eyes upon the delicate form of young Hobler; "now, then, can you tell why I am like a merchant who trades in an eastern country?" After three or four vain attempts on the part of poor Hobler, the crockery-man explained. "Why, you son of a sea-gull, don't I deal in *China*." Hobler did penance by swallowing the scraper, and the dirt to boot!

A Capital One

Hobler, having nothing else better to do on Monday, amused the Mansion-House monarch by reading aloud the *Times*; when he came to the following paragraph:—"Yesterday the Recorder made his report to his Majesty at Brighton of the undermentioned capital convicts——" Copeland cried, "Stop, stop! What does the wag of Printing-house-square mean by *capital* convicts; who, in the name of all that's wonderful, ever heard of a *capital fellow* being transported, except it was with joy." At the time of our going to press, Hobler was gulping down the bell-rope, on the principle that a penny-loaf must be equalled in flavor by a twist!

A Jew-dicious (judicious) Answer

"In what street did Salomons' committee take up their quarters?" enquired the *spirited* Stevens of Charley Pearson. "Why, in the *Old Jewry*, to be sure," responded the *gin-teel* under-sheriff.

THE CITY ESSAY.

Every body is by this time aware of the fact that the present Lord Mayor, his highness Copeland, is intimately connected with the literature of the country, having a cousin who wrote an article in the *Fortnightly Magazine*, and his Lordship having been himself likewise a bit of a dabbler in letters, by having frequently drawn up his own advertisements of his own china, for insertion in the various newspapers. On this account, it was thought absolutely advisable that Copeland, on his accession to the Cockney throne, should do something to mark his connection with the literature of that part of the kingdom which is east of Temple Bar, and he accordingly consulted with his nephew, who pretends to be a literary man, because he once copied something out of an old Magazine, and sent it to the *Mirror*, in which it was inserted under the honourable head of *Gleanings*. The result of the consultation with this learned Theban was, that his Cockney Majesty, the Lord

Mayor, should offer a reward for an Essay, and the subject was the only thing that it seemed difficult to hit upon. The Lord Mayor and his literary nephew laid their wooden heads together for two hours, and it was at length agreed that a reward should be offered for an Essay on the Life of *Offa*, King of Mercia, which *offer*, or *offa*, Copeland declared he thought was very magnificent. Several essays have of course been handed in, for all the learning of Tooley-street has been challenged, and the elaborate resources of Eastcheap have been called into operation upon this important occasion. We may, on some other opportunity, feel disposed to print in our collection all the rejected communications that the competition elicited, but we must at present content ourselves with printing the

CITY PRIZE ESSAY,

which is from the pen of Timothy Tumbleguts, Effingham Wilson's head-shopman. It runs as follows:—

Essay on the Life of *Offa*, King of Mercia.

Offa, who is the subject of our present essay, was born in a year of which there is no positive record, and the exact date of his birth is therefore unattainable. We should say, however, from authorities we have consulted (*Vide the National Omnibus* and other scarce works) that *Offa* must have been born some time after the birth of his parents (*Vide Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, and other black letter volumes). It would appear that *Offa* (who was, it seems by the title of the Essay, King of *Mercia*) must have been chief of the *Mercer's* Company, and hence the old chap was called King of *Mercia*. By an old volume, published in the year 1829 by Catnach, we find that the *Mercers* had several magnificent *offers* made them, and this very *Offa* must have been one of them.

This Essay was pronounced at once successful, and Copeland ordered the ten guineas to be paid out of the till in the china-shop.

A PILE HUMBUG.

There is one Mr. Martin Van Butchell, who advertises to cure every kind of disease, on his *father's principle*, and is ready on his parental basis to operate on any poor devil who stands in need of it. But his grand point is his cleverness in the cure of *piles*, in cases where the usual treatment has failed. If he can do this we should strongly recommend him as the very fittest person possible to be called in to Blackfriars Bridge, the *piles* of which have been more fatal than any other that we ever heard of.

DANGERS OF THE THAMES.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen have been meeting together in order to discuss that most important subject the dangers of the Thames; and the speeches made upon the occasion, have been such as to create for them the strongest compassion possible. The Lord Mayor said, that as it was necessary for the civic government to go on the water at least once a year, it had now become high time to consider of some plan for equalising the surface of the watery monster, and bringing down the waves upon the levelling principle.

A variety of speeches were spoken, and a great number of suggestions were made, one of which was that the Thames should be filled up, though a difficulty arose as to the material with which it could be filled up. Some proposed filling it up with the scrapings of shoes from all the city scrapers; but upon a survey it was found there would not be sufficient mud imported for that purpose.

Alderman Venables didn't see why they should not have the Thames drunk off, and a motion was carried asking aid from the Temperance societies, which were to be requested to enforce on their members the absolute necessity of swallowing the whole of the water in the Thames within the next three weeks.

Alderman Lucas (*lucus a non-lucendo*,) humbly suggested that

when the tide should be once *down*, it should be *tied down*, and so prevented from ever getting up again.

Another Alderman proposed that a quantity of oil should be thrown into it, to calm its stormy nature; but after some consideration, it struck the meeting that this would have the effect of making it deeper, even if it made it less boisterous, and it occurred to the court that it was quite as easy to be drowned in calm water as in more tempestuous fluid.

Before the meeting separated, it was resolved there was no getting the better of old Father Thames, whom they pronounced to be *too deep* for anything.

BREVITIES.

A Good Reason

Some people wonder that thanks were voted the other day by the Court of Aldermen to the late Lord Mayor Winchester. When we remember that he has just left office, the vote of thanks seems perfectly natural.

O Crimini !

We understand that the criticisms on Covent Garden Theatre are, for the future, to be classed under the head of *Central Criminal Court*.

What a Bore !

General Mina is said to have become very active in the affairs of Spain, and, as a *general miner* should, he is going to the very bottom of every thing.

A Fine Rate.

At a meeting to make a church rate somewhere in Devon, some one proposed to *postpone the rate*—a motion that was carried. This shows that the church is going at a *precious rate*.

Something Short.

Though we are advocates for short parliaments as a popular benefit, we are not among those who would give the people *short commons*.

What a Pity

A wag says that the National Gallery ought rather to be called the National Pit, for there is a vast sum of the national money *sunk in it*.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane continues to triumph, and Covent Garden is, as we expected it would be, open every night to houses averaging from thirty to forty pounds—a sum which, notwithstanding the meanness of the management, is not equal to above one third of the expences. During the first week or so of the cheap and nasty *regime*, all the scum of the earth flocked to the Theatre, and accordingly a quantity of coin of some kind got into the hands of the lessee, though were there the same punishment for receiving stolen money as there is for receiving stolen goods, the management might have found itself in an awkward position. The grand cause of this grand failure is the grand humbug of the lessee himself, putting himself forward as a leading actor. He may *lead*, and is *leading* his whole company to the deuce as fast as possible. At the Surrey, Osbaldiston was, we believe, never more than a second or third-rate actor in the time of Mr. Elliston, and having got somehow or other into the situation of stage-manager, and ultimately into that of lessee, he thrust himself into principal characters. Having taken Covent Garden, it is utter madness in him to suppose he can be tolerated as a leading actor there, for though the prices are reduced

from what they formerly were, yet when *he acts*, the quality of the entertainments are reduced in so much greater a proportion than the price that the latter becomes positively exorbitant. Virginus, by Mr. Osbaldiston, was visible at half the present Covent Garden prices over the water, and with the same interesting addition of Mrs. W. West in *Servia*: who then on earth would pay to see Covent Garden polluted by the performance. There is now not the smallest hope left for the concern, though, among other fashionables, the house, a few evenings since, could boast the presence of one half of the swell mob, besides a strong detachment of sturdy butchers from Whitechapel, who gave a brawny, if not a very brilliant, *coup d'œil* to the sixpenny gallery. It is a positive fact that no person of any decency now goes to the house, and that to be seen in Covent Garden dress-circle would sound as bad at a police-office as to be seen in low company. We are given to understand that Osbaldiston will bring the prices down lower still, if he should find all his stock of cash exhausted; but we can only say, that reduce to as great an extent as he may, he never can bring down the prices to a level with the present quality of the performances. It may be all very well for him to read his own name in black capitals at the bottom of his own bills, but the *fun* will turn out, we suspect, rather ruinous in the end.

On Tuesday night the manager of Covent Garden presented the public with what he, in his customary facetious manner, is pleased to call a comedy. The title of this affair is the '*Inheritance*,' though its second name of the *Unwelcome Guest* is rather more appropriate, for anything so *unwelcome*, it is hardly possible to think of. The idea of Fitzball writing a comedy is almost as good a thing as a sexton dancing an Irish jig.—Fitzball knows about as much of real life as a donkey does of the theory of gravitation, or as Lord Winchester does of anything. Fitzball is essentially the re-action of a disordered imagination. To him the bell pulls of a drawing-room, seem only as the ropes for hanging murderers; when he looks even upon the domestic hearth broom, its bristles are as human hair, and the glue which fastens them in their handle is, in his imagination, clotted brains, congealed blood, and other delicacies of the art of manslaughter. His fender and bars seem to him the grating of a prison—his poker, a poignard—his shovel, a spade to dig the graves of the damned, and his tongs are pincers to tear off the flesh of the unfortunate. He is wrapped up in the horrible. He could not drink his tea if he did not fancy his tea-cup was a stage property, in the shape of a poisoned chalice—he would refuse to eat even his meal, if he did not know that it must be *carved*—and he thinks how beautifully a throat could be cut with a carving knife. He would never go to bed, but that when he sees his white sheets, he can indulge himself by fancying that they are shrouds—and he allows himself to be shaved in the fond hope that the barber will some day take the opportunity of making a melo-dramatic point by cutting his jugular. When such is a true description of the mind of Fitzball, what is one to expect when one hears that this very Fitzball has written a *genteel* comedy? What must the consequence be? A failure, of course, and it is a failure. Then, too, when we are told that this *genteel* comedy is to be acted by such *genteel* people as H. Wallack, Vale, (a good *low* comedian), Mrs. West, and others. Why, a failure must be the result—and it is so. H. Wallack is said to have been very effective in a very repulsive part, and we do not doubt that he was so. Vale, who is indeed a funny fellow, found Fitzball's *genteel* comedy a good deal too low for him, and he was as much out of his element as a dancing master at a fishing party. Altogether the thing was a very desperate failure, and it was very well hissed accordingly. How long it will be played is nobody's business, for nobody thinks of going now to the cheap and nasty establishment.

At the Adelphi, on Monday, a new piece was produced from the prolific pen of Buckstone, whose talent, in the way of authorship, was beginning to be much wanted; and it has, we think, come just in time to help the favourable turn that promises to bring round the fortunes of this establishment. The name of the new piece is '*A Dream at Sea*,' and there is an immense deal of interest in the plot, efficiency in the situations, and neatness in the dialogue. Every part was well acted, which may be attributed to the tact of the author in fitting his performers, though the best part in the piece (that assigned to Wilkinson) was the worst acted. Vining, of the Haymarket, really succeeded in being very impressive in his serious part, in spite of his being, as a cockney in the gallery called him, *Whining*.

O. Smith, as a sort of sea-monster, was truly delicious. We expected to have our throats cut every time he entered, and whenever he darted a look towards the box in which we sat, we instinctively began to "take care of our pockets," as they try to do when they get into Covent Garden Theatre. In fact, if we had met O. Smith in a bye road, we should instinctively have offered him our life, in default of our purse to present to him. O. Smith seemed to feel this, and gave a happy chuckle of demoniac joy about once in every five minutes. Joking aside, he made quite a character of his part, as he almost always does, and his acting was very warmly as well as very deservedly applauded. Buckstone himself was inimitable in the part of a muffin-man, and was well supported by Mrs. Nisbett as his intended. Mr. Gallot was unobjectionable in the part of a wretched father, and, from his wig downwards to his shoe-buckles, presented a fine picture of a miserable parent. Mr. Hemming, too, was quite at home as a lover in mourning for his affianced bride, and he wore a black suit with a discrimination which did him infinite credit. Of the getting up we are enabled to speak in the highest terms; and however much may have been said (perhaps justly) of the excellence of Mr. Yates as a stage director, he was not misused on this occasion, for the piece was put on scene by Mr. Mitchell in a manner quite equal to any thing we have ever seen at this establishment. The piece was eminently and most deservedly successful, having been given out for repetition amidst the most unbounded applause.

We perceive, by paragraphs in the newspapers, that Mr. Braham's much-talked-of Theatre opens on Monday next, though we should hardly think it would be ready for opening until at least the Monday following. The company is spoken of as being good, and particularly strong in the operatic department. In these days, it will be indeed delightful to see a Theatre spring up, as this seems to do, under the most favourable auspices. The situation is very much in its favour, and Mr. Braham's name is a tower of strength. An opera by Mrs. a'Beckett is said to be in rehearsal. We hope the music is of the right sort, and if it is we shall be glad to see it succeed. Mr. Braham, we are informed, sings in it, which is very much in its favour.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BUCKSTONE'S DRAMAS.

We perceive that in order to be on a level with other collections of plays, Mr. Buckstone has reduced the price of his from one shilling to sixpence, at which price the new piece of *A Dream at Sea*, is now published. In another portion of our paper we have spoken of the merits of this deservedly successful piece, and we now recommend the series of printed plays by the same author, to the attention of the purchaser. They are admirably got up and beautifully printed.

Bob Short enquires the usual conditions on which a farce is played at minor theatres, and specifies the Surrey or Victoria. At a minor theatre like Vestris's, an author for a one act farce gets 20l. if his piece be played more than six nights; or 30l. for a two act piece after the same period. The Adelphi pays, or used to pay about the same. Such theatres as the Surrey or Victoria, pay, (when they do pay at all,) we should imagine about ten shillings per night for a farce, though we have heard of some low minded and low pocketed devils, who are glad to have their pieces played at half-a-crown per night, or even in some instances still lower.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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* * * The idea of this work was suggested by the following passage in the TIMES, of September 30. In reviewing 'Jesse's Gleanings,' 3rd series, just published, the Editor says:—"The circulation, in a cheap form, of the anecdotes which Mr. Jesse's industry has brought together, would, we are convinced, effect more, than any acts of the Legislature to prevent cruelty will ever be able to accomplish."

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
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No. 209.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE KING'S PORTRAIT.

His Majesty has been, according to the papers, sitting for the sixth time for his miniature, and as he is so particularly fond of having his portrait taken, we do not see why we should be backward in humouring the royal propensity. That there should be in existence as great a number as possible of images of his most gracious Majesty we are quite prepared to admit; and we, who are more loyal than the most ardent worshipper of royalty, or the most enthusiastic lick of the hallowed dust from the slipper of royalty,—we are anxious to provide our share of the portraits that are being, in all directions, taken of his most Christian Majesty. Though we must always approve the *design* of the King's head, it is utterly impossible that we should allow ourselves to become a

Vol. IV.

party to the *execution*. We, therefore, applied to the all-delineating Seymour, whose classic brain and arrow-like pencil instantly hit upon the sort of thing necessary. He has, therefore, with a bold heart, and crayon of the most barbed steel, dug fiercely into his subject, and furnished the world (through this periodical) with another portrait of his most gracious Majesty, William the Fourth, being, we believe, the seventh that has been taken within the last few weeks. His Majesty is shewn as sitting for it with all the true dignity of a regular king (none of your Cockney Lord Mayor work, (and the canvas placed before us is beginning to glow with life as the pencil of satire touches it. The fact is, that Seymour has been determined to pay us (FIGARO) a pretty and a polished compliment, and has exhibited us in the act of taking a sketch of the King, an achievement in which we flatter ourselves we have been rather fortunate. Seymour (who is a wag even in his politest moments) seems to imply that it is our custom to make the Sovereign of these realms look in our pen and ink sketches rather less than he is in reality; but the fact is, the contrary is the case—for no one has so be-puffed, be-praised, and be-gammoned him as we have done. In the *tableau* above, we find ourselves represented as taking the King's likeness, or, in other words, what may be termed *canvassing* him, by putting him upon canvas. Our easel has for its frame the peers and the people, with a fine *guilt* or *gift* head of Wellington on the top of one column of this frame; while of that which represents the people, O'Connell is most properly and most ingeniously placed as the *capital*. We think Seymour has been more vigorous than ever in his conception of the present subject; and, in fact, each week we find that he renders less and less necessary the accompanying letter-press. In fact, if he continues much longer to go on in the art of talking with the pencil in the same *ratio* that he has heretofore, we feel assured that in a short time our leading articles will of necessity dwindle into single sentences, for Seymour is the Philip, and we are the Alexander: he says so much that we can say no more; as Philip conquered so extensively that Alexander had not scope

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

enough for his victories. We congratulate ourselves on being able to declare, that however great the sums are that may be paid for taking the portraits of public men, in no place are they taken with so much fidelity as in the pages of this always pithy, sometimes pathetic, and occasionally even poetical periodical.

INTERPRETER.

A Spirited Steward.

On the 28th of November, Mr. Rubergall, steward to R. Gunter, Esq., of Old Brompton, gathered in the middle of a large open space of ground a fine ripe strawberry.—*MORNING HERALD*.

We need hardly have said that this is an extract from the *Herald*, for we do not think there is any other paper wherein could be found a similar paragraph. The idea of swelling the fact above related into sufficient importance for a piece of public news, is one only worthy of the shady bowers of Shoe Lane, or the classic recesses of a two pair back in Catherine-street. The poor old *Herald* makes it out quite an act of heroism that Rubergall walked into a piece of open ground and plucked a strawberry. Does it require such extraordinary pluck to accomplish this? or, *quære*, could not any fool have done it likewise? But the idea of a man's doing this, is, in the *Herald's* opinion, an act of singular valour. Why, if there be any merit, it is in the strawberry; not that we think it were in that agreeable fruit to make its appearance so unseasonably. However, a strawberry will pop into the world now and then unexpectedly, just as a bit of sense will sometimes by accident pop out of Twiss's mouth, when nobody has been expecting it.

An Awful Plunge.

The families of the Marquis of Devonshire, nephew to the Marchioness of Salisbury, Earl Talbot, and Lord Robert Grosvenor, are plunged into misery by this melancholy event.—*GLOBE*.

It is not our custom to make a mockery of solemn subjects, and indeed, no one can be more ready than we are with a deep drawn sigh, a regular salt water tear, and a clean white cambric pocket handkerchief, for the woes of the unfortunate; but the papers have such a strange way of making a piebald piece of business of grief, shoving in here a patch of pathos, and there a bit of the ludicrous, that we are sometimes led away into a laugh of indecorum, when duty draws open our melancholy jaws with the tremendous sigh of propriety. The above is one of those paragraphs that now and then misleads us into a score of the ludicrous, from a feeling of the sympathetic, and causes the tear of tenderness to be gulped down in the grin of jollity. It is, we admit, a lamentable thing to hear of the late fire at Hatfield House, and of it's truly disastrous consequences; but we must say, we do not quite understand the *plunging* of a family into mourning. Mourning, after all, does but consist of dress, and we never yet heard of a man *plunging* into his coat or his waistcoat. A man may be compelled to put on a black suit by the death of a relative, but *plunging* implies such a slap dash crash, and mash kind of proceeding, as we think must be utterly incompatible with sober grief and decent dolefulness. One may plunge into the Thames, one may plunge into a cold bath, or any thing of that kind, but to *plunge* into a suit of clothes, even though it be a mourning suit, is utterly impossible.

CITYANA—No 2

The new department of Cityana having been received, on its first appearance, at the publisher's, with the loudest acclamations by a shop elegantly crammed, and sweatably overflowing, even to the letter-box, it will be repeated every number until—it is left off again.

Lord Copeland's jokes having been received with the most enthusiastic hysterics that ever convulsed the human frame, they will be repeated shortly, and as *shortly* as possible.

Copeland having read in the papers that Lord Eglington was thrown, while hunting, and had fractured his collar-bone, his civic

highness got into a devil of a rage at what he called such arrant puppyism as a man wearing bones in his collar, as if starch could not make it stick up enough. Hobler, who was near, inhaled a prophetic vapour as a tribute to the tyrant punster.

Winchester hearing that Alderman Scholey is now the father of the City, simply demanded if that fact would make the *City* farther than it used to be. Winchester's shopman smiled archly through the bars of an adjacent gridiron.

Copeland heard that the horses employed to work one coach from London to Manchester amounted in number to 200, who consume the produce annually of 700 acres of land. "What, do they eat the rent," cried Copeland, "for I know land will produce a good rent." Hobler pulled out all his wise teeth, acknowledging himself henceforth a fool in his master's presence.

LOVE OF MYSTERY

Though the English are a people that could not for one moment be suspected of a partiality for romance, yet they have an extraordinary relish for any thing that can be made to border upon the mysterious. If a man falls down in a fit, every body swears there is something suspicious in the case, and the poor victim finds himself on a shutter, with a coroner's jury assembled round him; before he knows whether he is alive or dead, he finds himself the unconscious object of a verdict. But when they do pick up such a luxury as a real dead body, then is the time for the sagacity of coroners and jurymen, who rush pell mell upon the carcase, and Salonnonize with all the wisdom of four-year old donkeys. The other day, according to the papers, a poor man was found dead somewhere about Brompton. First comes a watchman, who, in the true spirit of a Charley of the old school, passes the body several times without seeing it, and at last, when he does see it, he calls half-a-dozen policemen to help him to look at it. By dint of a great deal of this most solemn humbug, they continue to knock up a kind of mystery, and accordingly it is rumoured all round the neighbourhood that a murder has been committed, and that half the parish has been accessory to it.

Poor old Charley who knows no more about murder than a having read of it in the *Newgate Calendar*, or the *Bell's Life*, is exalted into a parish assassin, and every body within half-a-mile begins to fancy that he has had a hand in it. A jury is assembled, the coroner comes down in a hackney-coach, every body is agog for a most awful inquest, the whole parish expect a murderer to be discovered, when lo and behold! the mystery is all cleared up, the coroner vanishes, and a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God," is the common place consequence. But, however, there is nothing like a little bit of sanguinary excitement of this kind, to stir up the stagnant energies of a suburban parish, and fire the souls of semi-rural overseers with a holy zeal to detect supposed crimes, which, in the end, it seems never happen to have been committed. Horrors within five minutes' walk of Hyde Park corner are rather a luxury, when we consider that it is sometimes necessary to seek them in forest recesses and mountain caverns. The terrific is not always come-at-able, by means of a sixpenny fare in the omnibus.

BREVITIES.

Caught Early.

Lord Eldon is about to pay a visit to his brother at Early Court. It is by paying attentions to *Early Court* that both of them have become what the world now sees them.

Pure Humbug.

One of the papers, (*The True Sun*), gives a very useful hint, *how to purify casks*. If this plan can be applied to *hogsheads*, there might be some hope of purifying the brains of the Duke of Cumberland.

A Good Title.

"The vacant garter," say the papers, "is to be given to Lord Lansdowne." We say that if his Lordship is in want of a *garter*, he should not be called Lord *Lans-downe*, but Lord *Stockings-down*.

Facts are Best

The papers have been making a great fuss about an alledged *revolution in Greece*. We have found from our peculiar sources that this alledged *revolution in grease*, is nothing more than a slight *turn in tallow*.

A Back-handed Hit

Lord Charles Manners, the *Chronicle* says, is going to stand for North Leicestershire. Perhaps he may *fall* instead of *standing*; but as the *Chronicle* adds no other opponent is likely to *come forward*, Lord Charles will perhaps keep him in the *back ground*.

A Play upon Words.

The *Five Herald* gives an immense puff for a venerable doctor, somebody, of whom we never heard. This shows that the *Five* Editor can easily be played upon.

Taken in and Done For

Somebody in the *Monthly Magazine* writes, "What is to be done for the church?" The best answer to this question is, that the church seems very much inclined to do for itself.

A Faux Pas

Taglioni's knee is said to be in a bad state, and every now and then a *bulletin* is issued. How can it get better we would ask, if her friends persevere in sending a *bullet-in*.

A Hard Part.

The Licensor on hearing that the burlesque of the *Jewess* at the Adelphi, was intended to introduce the character of the Lord Mayor, declared that such a character ought not to appear on the stage. The cockneys are very angry at the idea of the character of their king not being good enough to make its appearance in public.

Quite Opportune.

We understand a grand ball is to be given in relief of the *Poles*. As they are to be assisted by a dance, they ought to be called *hop-poles*.

Polling One

Lord Winchester claimed some of the funds collected for the poor *Poles*, his argument being that no *polls* on earth could be so poor as his own.

Important.

News has arrived all the way from Malta, informing the British public, that an alliance is expected there between Captain Martin and Miss Briggs, daughter of Rear-Admiral Briggs. We don't see what the world has to do with Briggs and Martin, any more than it has with Day and Martin. Rear-Admiral Briggs, or Rear-Admiral Sloops, would be all the same in our eyes.

THEATRICAL CRITICS.

A Correspondent has directed our attention to the fact of a great portion of the present dramatic writers being at the same time theatrical critics. Charles Dance "damns with faint praise" (except on "*Myself and my partner Joe*" occasions) in the *Athenæum*; Jerrold is, or was, the salaried critic of a Sunday paper and a monthly magazine, and commands the quills of many of his brethren; Planche was eulogistic on the birth of

certain bantlings in the *Literary Gazette*, and is quite horrified at the goings on in theatres where he is not prime mover; the critic in the *Weekly Dispatch* writes for the stage; Moncrieff edited "*Richardson's Drama*," and in his prefaces to the various plays skinned the authors alive; the censor in the *New Bell's Messenger*, who sometimes writes so prettily, has evidently in his youth been a writer of rejected tragedies; the editors of the *Sunday Times* and the *Age* are farce-writers; Frederick Fox Cooper, Esq., who has been a critic in half the dead and living papers in London, is also a dramatic writer; Mr. Cumberland's editor, D. G. otherwise "George Daniel, Esq." is the author of various dramatic drolleries, amongst which Harley's speeches at the Theatrical Fund dinners are not the least to be admired; and the ex-critic of FIGARO is a well-known dramatist.

The foregoing list certainly opens our eyes to the panegyrics frequently bestowed upon some very trashy matters in a few of the periodicals named: though there can be no reasonable objection to "a gentleman connected with the press" writing for the stage, yet should he become a dramatic author by profession, he ought to imitate the honourable conduct of Figaro's late censor, who publicly resigned his critical razor on becoming one of the "*rig'lars*." The critiques in the *Athenæum*, as regards the Olympic Theatre, and every thing now produced there, are very curious. When their writer was the laureate of Madame Vestris, how exquisite and nice was every trifle there produced; but now he is not in office, how cautiously droll are the gentleman's remarks. We will shortly return to this subject.

THEATRICALS.

Bunn is doing the thing in a very creditable manner at Drury Lane, and in all directions people flock to the theatre, to witness the grand piece of paste-potism. This piece of policy on the part of Bunn, has had the effect of completely smashing to pieces the Covent Garden concern, where they are nightly performing to benches as empty as Osbaldiston's own head is, and his purse will be. Balfe's opera of the *Siege of Rochelle*, helps to fill the house every night at Drury Lane, and it is very probable that it will continue to do so for a very considerable period. Drury Lane having succeeded against Covent Garden, is perhaps the finest thing that could possibly have happened for the theatrical profession, for it has given a quietus to that temporary mania for cheapness and nastiness. However it will be useless again to attempt to overwhelm legitimacy by filthiness at a low price, and Osbaldiston and Co., will have to shut-up shop as soon as possible.

At Covent Garden, on Monday, we were favoured with another Surrey set-out, in the shape of a new national St. George's and Blackfriars Bridge grand opera, entitled '*The Lord of the Isles*,' in which Wilson used to play about one year since at Davidgo's establishment. It was done there much better than at Covent Garden, and, what was better still, at one-half the price; and yet Osbaldiston has the impudence to expect that he will be allowed to offer it to the public at the extravagant rate of four shillings, two, and one, when it has, as we before said, been much better done in St. George's for half the sum now demanded. At the Surrey Theatre it was delightful to see the greasy rogues admiring the beauties of an original opera: they were enthusiastically pleased at seeing the conductor *beat time*, and allowed that Time deserved a good beating, inasmuch as he is our common enemy. It was a pleasant sight to see them hanging in ecstasy over H flat, and dwelling with judicious rapture on the beauties of Y sharp and W natural. But of all the flats, and sharps, and all the varieties of them that ingenuity could form, nothing was so pleasing to them as double X, which they took quite *natural*, not caring if it were a little *sharp*, but refusing to have it *flat* at any price. They luxuriated at the Surrey over the minims, and with musical tact discussed the subject of melody. When an instrument plays out of tune, it is elegant to hear a fellow in the gallery cry out, "Crikey, that's not right," and if the horn should happen to be wrong, the critical ear of a sweep, or the musical acumen of a dustmen, could detect it immediately. There is no-

thing like it, and therefore all we can say is, the more the merrier. However, it is ludicrous in the extreme to find Covent Garden, in its present filthy state, attempting a national opera. Collins sang pretty well, but he is by no means equal to Wilson, who was the original representative of the same character. Miss Turpin was of course very inferior to Miss Somerville in the heroine's part, and altogether the opera was adulterated to a degree that was utterly lamentable. Poor Mr. Rodwell must have felt this, and was, we dare say, sufficiently disgusted with the poverty of the company. There is a line in the bill about Mr. H. Wallack having got the affair up, which is perhaps creditable, considering that it is got up precisely as it was one year ago at the Surrey. The orchestra, it is true, is large enough, but the instrumental performers seem to be rather little. At all events, they are not competent to do justice to a full opera. 'Inheritance' is almost done with already, and public opinion will, by next week, be a kind of *codicil* to put an end to it altogether.

'The Jewess' is becoming popular in all directions; and every dog-hole, with a coal-cellar for a pit, and a cock-loft for a gallery, imitates Drury Lane with its pomp of procession and immolation. However, one theatre, the Victoria, has really made something like an approach to the patent original, and has got up 'The Jewess' in a style well worthy of comparison with the larger establishment. There is a platform over the pit, occupying 170 feet, according to the bills, though we think it would be nearer the truth to say that 170 feet pass over it. The getting up is, however, highly creditable to the spirit of the management, and the performance of the Jewess by Mrs. Selby is a treat in every respect worthy of her fast increasing reputation. She was, after the usual booking-office fashion, called for, and came on, after the performance, to receive the enthusiastic plaudits of a crammed and delighted audience. The piece, in which, by the bye, Archer played very well, was completely successful.

On Tuesday, a burlesque on 'The Jewess,' from the pen of Buckstone, was produced at the Adelphi, but, we are given to understand, the success of it was by no means unequivocal. The acting in it was not good, which may account for its partial failure, as Buckstone is a writer who seldom fails in his object. Mr. Gallot gave it out for repetition with his best power of lungs, and the contents certainly formed the majority of the audience. 'The Dream at Sea' continues to attract full houses, and is an increasing favourite.

Mr. Braham's Theatre is positively advertised to open on Monday next with much novelty, there being three pieces, all new, and one of them a grand opera. It is probable that the attraction will be very great, as much interest must necessarily attach to Mr. Braham's appearance in a new character. His company seems to be generally effective, and the public excitement attendant on the opening of a new theatre, which is said to be a very splendid one, must have the effect of bringing together a succession of full houses. We hope the spirit of the management will ensure a continuance of the eclat that is sure to attend the opening.

The English Opera, we are told, is in a wretched state, and the performances are as uncertain as the exhibitions at a penny caravan, which proceed *ad libitum*. We believe the door-keepers (the word money-takers has become obsolete here) pop out their heads at about six, and if any one is at the door they will let him in, and he will see something acted, but if there happens to be no one at the door, which is the case four nights out of the six, then there are no performances.

All the Minors are Jewessing; they have got a Jewess everywhere, from Drury Lane downwards to Whitechapel. At the Pavilion, Denvil is playing Eleazer, while they are immolating melodramatic heroines at an awful rate in practicable cauldrons. However, if there be a mania for this sort of thing in the public mind, the managers have a full right to pander to it, and if an audience likes to be terrified out of its wits, there can be no objection to the actors doing it.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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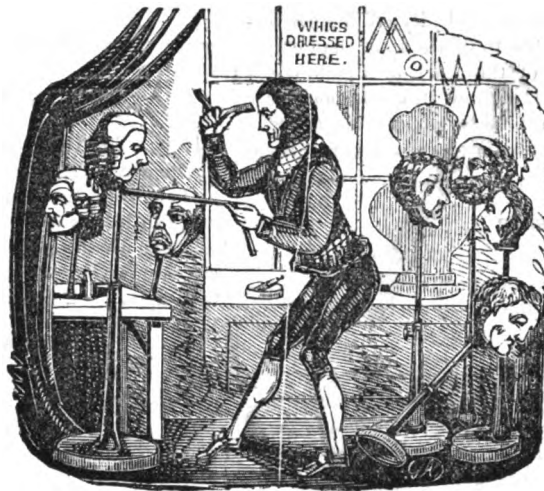
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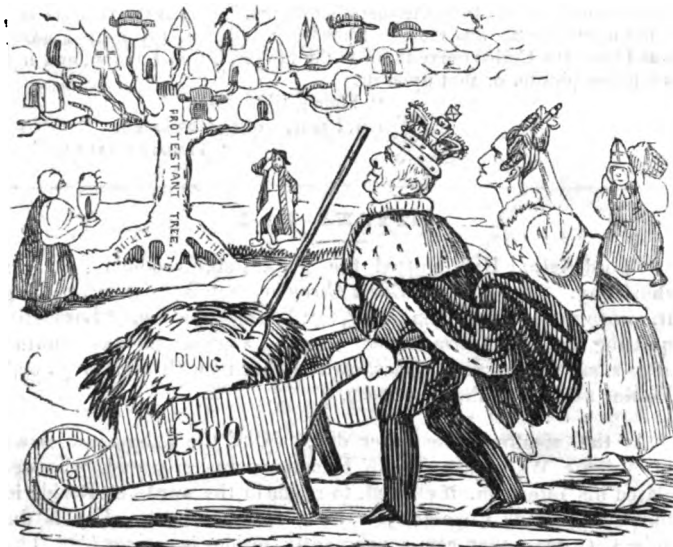
Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 210.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1835.

Price One Penny



THE PROTESTANT TREE.

Every one knows, though we are telling every body, while they already know it, that the soil of poor old Ireland is overshadowed by the tree of Protestantism, which not only darkens its surface, but sucks away the strength of the land, and takes away from the roots of its more natural produce, the strength that ought to nourish it. Seymour, whose pencil is like the lancet, which when once applied to the fungus of the aristocracy never lets it rest. Seymour, we say, has given a god-like growl at the whole Irish system, and has fallen with a pliant pounce upon the state of that unhappy country. There is but little doubt that he will have the effect of calling the attention of the government to the conduct it is pursuing, and if any thing can be a balm to the sorrows of Erin, it will certainly be the caricaturing genius of the ripe Sey-
VOL. IV.

mour. This present effort shows in what way the best energies of Ireland are being drawn away to give nourishment to the unnatural tree of Protestantism, which foreign intrusion has planted upon its engential soil. The fruits of this tree are such as cannot be relished in Ireland, and as the apple was death in Eden, so the fruits of protestantism are equally fatal in Ireland. Every part of the country is devastated and impoverished to enrich this one tree, the fruits of which are not intended for the inhabitants of the land it is thrust into; but are designed to be the spoil of those who have no claim upon the produce of the country. However, it is not for us to weaken the impression that Seymour has created, by his superhuman piece of lead and cedar, and we, therefore, leave it to the contemplation of a horror-stricken public. It presents an awful picture of the present state of that wretched country, and there is one consolation, that the patriot who looks upon it will feel a sort of extra glow of double distilled enthusiasm, and will feel a sort of pathetic desire to run through any man they may chance to fall in with. In fact, it is impossible for us to say what will be the result of the whole set out, for it is so well known that this work gets into the hands of all the first patriots in the land, that when they see Seymour's caricature it is difficult indeed, to say, what will be the consequence.

INTERPRETER.

A Poor Topic.

The *Herald* says that the all-engrossing topic of conversation just now, in the higher circles of Paris, is a service of plate sent over from this country for the Earl of Pembroke. We always knew that in the higher circles everywhere they find it difficult to catch hold of something to talk about, and that they are especially *au fait* in discussing any thing not requiring any but the most superficial of conversational powers. We dare say Pembroke plate is the very thing for them, and that they can go into appropriate rap-

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

tures on the chasing of snuffers, the *fiddle-heads of spoons* (a sympathetic topic), and the nozzles of candlesticks. In any other but the upper-circles, one would think they were badly off for conversation who had nothing more reasonable to dilate upon than plates and dishes; but this great service of the Earl of Pembroke is doubtless of great service to those who, without it, would positively be forced to sit tongue-tied, unless a kind wind should suddenly spring up, to enable the noodles to exclaim to each other, "Bless my soul, how hard it is blowing."

Parish Wisdom

Mr. Simpson highly approved of the principle comprehended in the resolution, but thought it irrelevant to the question before them.—(Hear, hear.) Mr. Norman thought so too, but was ready to second the resolution.—*Morning Chronicle Report.*

Public meetings, and especially parish meetings, are generally distinguished by the most abject folly; but we really do think, that when the electors of Westminster get together, there is more pure humbug goes on, than in any other assemblage of noodles in any other part of the kingdom. There is generally among these fellows a blind and blustering propensity to play the fool, and they go at it *pell-mell*, with a want of discrimination that only marks the utter state of idiocy with which these fellows have contrived to swamp themselves. The little extracts we have made above are delightfully characteristic of what these fellows are made of; and certainly when we consider the quantity of lead that is deposited in the heads of these people, we wonder that lead is not up at a very much higher premium than we now see it quoted at.

"Mr. Simpson highly approved of the resolution, but thought it quite irrelevant."

Now what a fool must this Simpson be, thus openly to acknowledge that the thing was irrelevant; "but that nevertheless he highly approved of it." What an ass (begging his illustrious pardon) must he be to approve of a thing as part of their proceedings, which has in fact nothing to do with their proceedings. Then again—a Mr. Norman starts up, and declares he "*thinks so too*," but he is quite ready to second the motion." How can this fellow dare to open his mouth in public at all, when he pours forth from it such common-sewer like rubbish as that we find in our extracts. He sees the thing is altogether wrong, and yet with a blind deference to Pouncey, or some such person, he starts up, and swears that though he sees it is bad altogether, yet he will join in forwarding it. This is conduct quite worthy of the wags of Westminster.

Which is the Fool?

It now appears that it was not M. Caryl, the Editor of the National Republican Paris paper, who bid 1920 francs for Napoleon's hat, but a Captain Clary. The apparent singularity of the names led to this error.—*Morning Chronicle.*

We do not wonder at its being thought necessary to insert some paragraph such as the above, for if such an offer has been made for the hat of Napoleon as the one named above, it is positively necessary to know from whom the offer proceeded, that the individual may be known, and spurned accordingly, as a lunatic. We remember, some years ago, that there was a terrific fuss made about what was then called Napoleon's identical hat, which was, to use a vulgar phrase, such an excessively shabby caster, that it gave rise to the phrase of what a "*shocking bad hat*"—a phrase which became afterwards so exceedingly popular. This hat was dragged into a grand spectacle, called 'The Life of Napoleon,' and was worn by Mr. Warde, amid the rapturous enthusiasm of the greasy gods, who, though in Napoleon's life time they used to insult him with the title of *Boney*, paid a tardy tribute of late admiration to the hat of the emperor. The hat, however, whatever may be its merits, can hardly warrant the extravagant offer that seems to have been made for it, though, to say the truth, it certainly did attract half of London to Covent Garden, when, literally speaking, Warde played in it. If the new purchaser should have an idea of having the hat got up again with new scenery, &c., it may still be a fine property; but as such does not

seem to be the case, we think it due to *Carel* to insert a paragraph, from which it may be seen that *Clary*, and not he, is the purchaser.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN,

It is a long time since we have received any dispatches from this quarter. A few letters, we believe, have been received by the friends of the cause in London, but, as the postage was not paid, the letters were of necessity taken back again. We find, from our ill-starred correspondent, that none of them know where they are, and what they are up to. In fact, that whether they stand upon their head or their heels is utterly problematical.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

"Spain.

"DEAR FIGARO,

"The Spanish force, or rather the British auxiliary force, is, I am sorry to say, in a state of considerable weakness. We really are as much reduced as the three per cents., and we have been lately worked about so much that I can't tell you even where we are, for the life of me. It is true we don't see any Carlists, but we still are in a devil of a stew for fear we should, and are so frozen up with the cold that we begin to wish the fears of our London friends may be realised, and that we shall have *warm work* of it. The fact is, dear Figaro, we are in a sadly disorganised state; and I don't wonder at our being dis-organised, when it is remembered that all our musicians left us very speedily. Evans has been cutting a tolerable dash with the money that he has in his possession, and I have no doubt that he will be able to keep it up, as far as he is personally concerned, until the end of the campaign. With us, poor devils, it is quite another thing. It has been said that our whole force consists of what are technically termed in England "*escapes from the sheriff's officers*," men, as the lawyers say, "*not worth powder and shot*." I need not tell you, my dear Figaro, that I hope the Carlists may think as the lawyers did in London, and not waste any powder or shot upon us.

"Your's, till death
(Which, I fear, will not be long),

"TIMOTHY GULLY."

CITYANA—No 3

"Lord Arthur Hill quitted the York hotel yesterday, after a short stay." So says the *Court Circular*, but Winchester, reading it, swore it was highly improper. "What," said he, "Lord Hill quitted the hotel *after a short stay*. I suppose he was running after some woman with a *short waist*—that is, with *short stays on*." Hobler swallowed the City rascal.

At the meeting, the other day, about the aldermanic gown of Aldgate Ward, Mr. Sheriff Humphery was proposed, who declared his intention, if elected, to reside in the ward. "Reside in the ward," cried Copeland; "hang me if he can—*Key* is the only City man that can conveniently reside in a ward." The whole meeting gave a twinge.

BREVITIES.

Sweet Employment.

"The king," says the *Court Circular*, "took an airing yesterday, accompanied by a lady of the royal suite." This is all very pleasant for his majesty no doubt, and is a *sweet (suite)* way of keeping his time; but what will the real royal *sweet (Adelaide)* say, when she hears of it?

A Good Move.

The Duke of Wellington called public meetings farces, and indeed they sometimes are, for while every body moves some resolution, the resolution generally instead of moving any thing in return, leaves every thing just the same as before.

Distinguished Illness.

The papers say, that Sir William Follett has been seriously indisposed. We wonder whether the word *seriously* is considered necessary on account of Sir William having been subject to attacks of a comic description.

Rather Hoggish.

125,000 hogs were slaughtered last year at Cincinnati. What would become of the London corporation if an equal number of hogs were massacred in the metropolis?

A Clear Brook.

Sir Francis Burdett's letter to Brookes's, is considered in the light of an offence, and if it acts up to its name, the club ought not to *Brook* the insult.

A Shallow Brook.

Sir Francis is rather weak sighted, for not being able to sound the character of his club, he shows himself unequal even to prying into the depths of *Brookes*.

Dogmatical.

Prince George, the other day, rode out with Colonel Bowater and Lord Loftus, to join the hounds. We are not at all surprised at the young Prince going to the dogs in such company.

Jew-dicious.

Mr. Sheriff Salomons has been declared not fitted for the Aldermanic gown. We presume it is meant, that he is not sufficient of an old woman.

Winchester Again.

The *Chronicle* says, that the Emperor of Russia has given an audience to the Earl of Durham. We presume by this, that the Emperor has been commanding some play at Russia, in which Lord Durham has been enacting a character. At least, Winchester says, that he does not see how an audience is to be given without a performance of some kind.

Extra-ordinary.

We find from the *Times*, that the French journals have arrived by the ordinary post. Who can this be? The most ordinary post we know of, is the Ex-Lord Mayor Winchester.

Bounce and Pounce.

Mr. Pounce has been playing the tiger at a public meeting, and as his name implies, *pouncing* upon every thing.

THEATRICAL CRITICS.

The noodle in "The New Bell's Messenger" has thought proper to commence a Quixotic attack, after the manner of "The Times," upon the present management of the Adelphi Theatre. What is the cause of this extraordinary change? A short time ago, the same wiseacre covered the self-same managers with the "slime of his approbation" (as Mr. Willis says of "The Quarterly"), when they were the proprietors of the Queen's Theatre; and one or two of the ladies there were more slobbered with the slime than the rest. Won't the managers permit Noodle to dawdle behind the scenes, or won't they perform some of his beautiful plays, that have been so long waiting to restore the drama. In the true spirit of noodleism, the same critical Solomon commences a furious attack upon poor Bunn. "There is no drama now," he exclaims; "we have no drama," &c. &c.; and will not the incorrigible Bunn take pity on poor Noodle, and accept his productions? Poor man! Every new management he offers his services to—begins with them in the kindest and most patronizing manner—how his tone changes as they proceed, and will not recognize his wonderful merit. What will he say to Braham at his commencement? We shall keep an eye upon Noodle, and report accordingly.

THEATRICALS.

There is so little, and yet so much, doing at Drury Lane that we can hardly know what to say of the establishment. 'The Jewess' is drawing full houses, and is likely to do so until Christmas, and it is even doubtful whether Bunn will want any more even at Christmas.

Covent Garden has nearly arrived at its lowest abyss, and *Fitzballiana* are coming out as fast as steam-engines on the Liverpool railway. The blackguards of the metropolis are awfully agog for the pantomime; and when we reflect upon the vulgar resources of the establishment, we think a treat of no ordinary kind may be anticipated by the lovers of life and tagrag-and-bobtailishness. When we consider the extensive connexion of the parties concerned in this house, we may expect such an assortment of clowns and pantaloons as never was congregated.

We understand that Drury Lane intends producing a grand Christmas pantomime, and, in that case, there is no hope for the falling fortunes of the grand patent doghole, commonly called Covent Garden. Osbaldiston, finding that his proceedings critically have the effect of frightening the people away, has been obliged to relinquish the dirty sock and degraded buskin, and confining himself to his more proper province of inspecting the amount of candles burnt on the premises, and the number of requisite scene-shifters. He has now engaged Kemble again to butcher Hamlet, by making him, an old man of near seventy, mar the text of Shakespeare by fruitless efforts at energy. Certainly, the return of Mr. Kemble is the only thing bordering even on respectability that has occurred in the management of Covent Garden for the last six weeks; but it is not to be supposed that his nearly-exhausted talent can relume the darkness that hangs like a cloud over Covent Garden Theatre, any more than a rushlight nearly burnt out could be a substitute for a gas chandelier to produce equal brilliancy. Power has been playing again, but his second engagement is not so profitable even as his first, which was nothing to boast of. Last week we had an affair presented to us, called 'The Carmelites, or the Convent Belles,' another of those monstrosities which the Catnachian brain of the worried Fitzball pours forth as plentifully as soot from a brewer's chimney. Poor Fitzball is a sort of inexhaustible butt of dramatic swipes, from which Osbaldiston is continually drawing, but the public is beginning to let it be seen that they will not be inundated by theatrical beer of so very small a character. As to Osbaldiston's performance in it, if the piece was like a glass of small beer, his acting was like the cinder sometimes thrown in to give a flavour to that wishy-washy, slippery-sloppy drinkable. However, we had rather find him at this work, than act the Virginiuses, the Rob Roys, and the Rollas, so that we really feel inclined to give him some little praise, for if he must act, the shorter the piece in which he plays the better for every body. With respect to the other members of the company, we really do not think it worth our while to notice them. We thank heaven, that there is only one lessee, and we only wish he would himself fill every office in the theatre, for we should then be spared the annoyance of seeing all sorts of inefficient persons playing principal characters by virtue of their offices.

The Victoria really seems to have made a hit with 'The Jewess,' and when we consider the extent of the procession, we think the success is warranted. It is a piece of immense spirit, on the part of the management, to collect together all the old flannel-drawers' leggings, silk fleshings, robes, rags, and royal *roquelaures*, to wrap round the carcasses of supernumeraries, and pronounce their walking round the pit on a platform a piece of magnificence unparalleled. It is, however, without the smallest quizzing in the world, a very gorgeous affair, and has, we understand, made rather a difference in the hitherto enormous receipts of the Surrey. The fact is, the public has had enough of the nautical of T. P. Cooke, and wants something by way of a novelty. We think Davidge must be stirring, if he has any wish to compete with what the Victoria is now doing. Davidge is generally active, and his activity has, up to this time, been rewarded with success, but he must not begin to relax if he is anxious for a continuance of former favour.

Mr. Charles Mathews, son of his father as the bills graphically describe him, has come out at the Olympic as an actor, and has made rather a hit in two of his own farces. He was ushered in by an introductory address, spoken by Mr. Liston, and a very stupid address it was, with no more

point to it than the butt-end of an Egyptian pyramid. It was as flat as a flounder, and a very floundering affair into the bargain. The papers call it serious, and say Liston could not on that account give effect to it; but we must beg leave to take off the odium from the actor, and attribute its utter dullness and insipidity to the author's stupidity. It was a sort of thing that could not have sounded well in the mouth even of Moses. It was downright bad, from beginning to end, and ought to have been omitted. Mr. Charles Mathews seems to be an actor of a lively kind, and he will supply just what is wanted in Madame Vestris's company; for, with the exception of the low comedians, there is no one in the theatre that has more life in him than a stuffed kangaroo, or more spirit than a cup of weak tea with too much sugar in it. We were glad to see Liston again on these boards, for while Vestris is herself ill, she cannot afford to let him remain idle. He was cheerfully greeted by a much fuller house than has lately assembled at this theatre.

Mr. Braham's theatre has been put off for another week, but is advertised to open positively next Monday. There is a great deal of talk about it, and some of our contemporaries, who appear to have had private views, speak of it as the most elegant theatre in Europe. We, who always judge for ourselves, shall give our opinion on this point after seeing it. The name of the Opera, by Mrs. a'Beckett, has been advertised. It is called 'Agnes Sorel' and all we can hope is, that the music will be of a kind to warrant the idea that Balfe's opera has started, of there being something like musical genius in this country. The company seems very good, though in some cases an untried one, but Mr. Braham's musical reputation is a sufficient guarantee for there being at least good promise about all who are about to appear in the opera. We perceive that Mitchell is the stage manager, and we think that Mr. Braham has done well in securing him, for in the capacity he fills, he is decidedly the cleverest man in his profession.

The Adelphi is said to be prospering, owing to the success of 'The Dream at Sea,' and the increased talent engaged in the company.

At the East end of the town theatricals are, as the phrase is, looking up; and we presume that this implies the fact of the theatres being so low, that if they look any way at all, it must be upwards. Mr. Denvil, who was to have taken Kean's place at Drury Lane, had it not accidentally happened that he didn't,—Mr. Denvil is playing every part in the drama, from Shylock, Shakspeare's Jew, to Eleasar, Dibdin Pitt's old clothes-man. The bills of the Pavilion say, that Eleasar was originally written for Denvil! We presume, that, if such were the case, it was quite without the author's knowledge, as we very much doubt whether Scribe when he wrote the Jewess, even knew there was such an actor in existence as Mr. Denvil. In fact, we rather think that at that time nobody had ever heard of him, for he had not then broken upon the town in all the pomp of puffs and paid paragraphs. However he is, in some melodramatic parts, an actor of merit, and as leading man where he now is, he can give offence to nobody.

The Standard Theatre is flagging terribly for want of a lessee, but we have no doubt a spirited person will be found in a week or two ready to impale himself on the altar of managerial ambition, and ready to yield up his latest moments of liberty in a lingering cognovit. Such is the certain fate of the new lessee of the Standard, directly one shall be found to undertake the character.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly's new Burletta, 'A Gentleman in Difficulties,' we understand, will be published next week, uniform with STRANGE's Edition of Buckstone's Dream at Sea, price sixpence.

ERRATA.—In last week's Number of FIGARO, under the head 'Theatrical Critics,' read Planché 'waxes' instead of 'was,' and read 'scribe' instead of 'writer.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 211.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1835.

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BAITING THE HEDGE-HOG.

Among political people there is always some game or other being played, and the pastime of the last few weeks has been of a kind that is rather ludicrous. Every person of a certain stamp in politics has been amusing himself by what is termed, in technical phraseology, "*going at*" O'Connell: in fact, they have, one and all, from William the Fourth down to the meanest scrub on the establishment of a Tory newspaper, been attacking poor O'Connell with blind and indiscriminate ferocity. Seymour, whose vivid fancy, like the Promethean flint, flashes out a spark of illumination at every blow, has instantly formed a mental *simile*, of which he this week gives the full benefit (no mean boon) to the purchasers of FIGARO. He has likened O'Connell to the hedge-hog, being

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baited by hungry hounds, a class which he makes to consist of grasping politicians and party newspaper scribblers. This game of baiting the hedge-hog has been playing for a considerable time; but we rather think the hedge-hog in question is so very sharp about the quills, that it is merely kicking against the pricks to try to worry him. O'Connell is not one to be daunted by the barking of puppies, or the more determined growl of the political bloodhound, but carefully gathering himself up, he meets all attacks with a firmness that is likely to make some of his aggressors very much regret having ever molested him. In Seymour's caricature there is a sternness of pencilling and a determination to dig out the truth, which reflects highly upon the artist, and is indeed a severe blow to those upon whom he pounces. He has hit off every thing with a gusto so truly comic, and yet serious to those whom it concerns, that we really think it would be a downright insult were we to dilate further. We therefore abruptly bring our leader to a conclusion, morally pointing to our caricature, and yet painfully of Seymour, as Alexander the Great did of his father Philip, "Upon my word, if he goes on triumphing in this way, there will be no room for us to achieve any greatness." The fact is, one of Seymour's sketches renders the Dictionary bankrupt.

INTERPRETER.

News! News!

Mr. Colquhoun transacted business yesterday at the Colonial Office.—*Morning Post.*

We really can hardly see the fun of announcing the fact of Colquhoun having transacted business, unless it be, that there is a novelty in the fact of an official person doing any thing at all, and it is thought quite a hit on the part of Colquhoun to have been guilty of the transaction of business. However the case may be, it certainly is a fact that the insertion of this paragraph is intended to be the means of conveying *news*, and that consequently Colquhoun's having been found doing something is a positive piece of intelligence. We have no doubt it is very agreeable to the feelings of Colquhoun to find that there is an apprecia-

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

tion of his sudden flare up in the cause of activity, and that it will encourage him occasionally to throw off that unlimited *otium* in which he has, until his hesternal transaction of business, been indulging.

A Flash in the Pan.

It is not often that the poor old *Herald* is found to be guilty of a witicism, and when it does issue any thing like a joke, there is a sort of flash-in-the-panishness about it which only induces a kind of wink, but is productive of no other consequence. It startles, and for a moment worries one, but it does nothing in the world more. There was, however, on Tuesday, a delicately turned hit at the "Quarterly Review" in the columns of the *Herald* advertisements. In advertising that the "Quarterly Review" was published, it makes the next announcement a sort of proclamation about bottled porter, which it invitingly offers to the public at so much for what is called a *pot*, or some such elegantly named measure. Now the severity of the *Herald* is here shewn in two ways—first, by putting the "Quarterly" in conjunction with bottled porter, which is we believe, in common language, nothing more nor less than a *superior kind of swipes*, to which Grandmother, with an archness which we did not look for, compares the articles in the "Quarterly." Then, again, the old lady gives a sort of double-edged cut; for, in putting *pot* so soon after the name of the Review, it seems to imply that *to pot* is the point towards which the "Quarterly" is progressing. Grandmamma is positively getting quite frisky. She must certainly have had a little gunpowder in her milk-and-watery tea lately, which has put her into the finest blowing-up humour imaginable. If there be a few more such sparks emanating from her flinty old head, *Shoe-lane* will be on fire to a dead certainty.

A Good Chance.

A gentleman is advertising to improve the writing of persons of all ages. We should have thought that there were some persons (such as Fitzball and the Editor of the *Herald*) whose bad writing was incorrigible, but since the gentleman seems very confident, we beg to point out his advertisement to the attention of newspaper scribblers and would-be dramatists.

The worn-out Broom.

Poor Lord Brougham, like every one else who condescends to court public favour, is being attacked in the grossest way by all his ex-adherents, both Opposition and Ministerial. The poor man having enacted any part that he was required to figure in, and having gone through every species of tom-foolery for the gratification of that filthiest of all beasts, the public, is now run down in every quarter, and is scarcely allowed the possession of the smallest spark of that genius which it was one time said, by his very revilers, he possessed in a degree never before equalled. We really pity Brougham, though by the bye we do not think a man of his unquestionably lofty intellect deserves our pity; and we rather feel inexpressible contempt for those beastly hacks, who once slabbered him over with their praises, and now refuse him the possession even of his hitherto unquestioned abilities. If we have sometimes thought Brougham was a deep hand, we always knew him to be a man of superhuman abilities, and we feel the most utter contempt for the vermin who are worrying what they consider to be fallen greatness.

BURDETT AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

There has been, and in fact there now is raging a dispute between these two enlightened parties, and it is being carried on by Sir Francis with that amiable childishness for which he has taken so much trouble to distinguish himself, and which he seems particularly desirous to shew himself possessed of. In fact, Sir Francis has been, in plain terms, making a great fool of himself; and the idea of his setting himself as the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Brookes's Club is one that entitles him to the character for all the stupidity he could possibly feel disposed to monopolise. We wonder he does not write a series of papers to the back slums of Saint Giles's, on the use of the *v* and *w*, with notes explanatory of the letter *A*—not but what they know well enough how to use it, especially in such little words as *Hell*, &c. We understand that Sir Francis means to introduce a Bill, next session, praying the Commons to expunge the words "*warmint* and *wagabones*" from the vulgar vocabulary, and substitute for them the more polite terms of vernacular animals, and facetious piece of ossification. Whether he will carry his point we cannot say at present.

MUSICAL LANGUAGE.

A Monsieur Sudré has been down at Brighton, explaining to their Most Gracious Majesties what he calls his new musical language, being a new plan of holding conversation without talking, a method which would be of the greatest advantage to all the old women of the United Kingdom. His Majesty was particularly pleased with the thought of expressing ideas without talking, and shrewdly remarked, that it was a very common failing to talk without expressing ideas. He also observed, that commonly speaking language, and long yarns, are all fiddlestick, and therefore talking with the violin is a very easy kind of substitute. The moment Monsieur Sudré played a *flat*, his Majesty was so struck with it, and so readily caught the idea, that he exclaimed "*A flat!*" Oh, you mean Barnard," and the Professor instantly acknowledged the truth of the royal solution. When a solo was played on *the horn*, he instantly perceived the allusion to Lord Ellenborough; and a few chords being struck upon the *double bass*, he said, pointedly, "*double bass?*" Ah, you mean my brother Cumberland." When a note was sounded on *the serpent*, his Majesty gave a terrific look at Earl Howe, leaving no doubt upon the minds of all present, what was meant by it. In fact, altogether he was extremely edified by the performance, and he entered, as well as the Queen, into very affable conversation with the professor. His Majesty very facetiously observed, when all was over, that, however capable of communicating ideas musical notes might be, he always had found the most intelligible notes to be those of the Bank of England.

CITY PARLIAMENT

It is really quite laughable to observe the manner in which the Cockneys imitate the pomp and state of a King and Parliament, with their little pigmy edition (a regular 900mo), in the shape of a Lord Mayor and Aldermen. As for his Lordship, the Mayor, he is a greater despot over his dirty City than an Irish pauper is over his own apple-stall, and the way in which he is be-marshalled, be maced, and be-Hoblered, is one of the most truly droll affairs in the existing catalogue of human absurdities. But perhaps the grandest joke of the whole is, having a Court of Aldermen, and a Common Council, as a sort of blasphemous burlesque upon our Lords and Commons. They are continually going through the precious humbug of bringing in bills, laying on tables, introducing motions, and asking leave to sit again; doing, in fact, every kind of thing they possibly can to bring the Parliament of the kingdom into contempt by a shabby stupid Cockney and egregiously asinine simulation of it.

We never are among those who recommend harsh measures, but we do think that a decisive knock up of all the city mummery by an act of parliament for the extermination of all Lord Mayors, and the utter abolition of Hobler, would be one of the most salubrious things that has occurred for several sessions. It would really rid the country of a most wholesale nuisance, and thus greatly promote the general prosperity of the empire.

JEW ALDERMAN.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen have been making themselves most essentially ridiculous, and have called upon themselves the decided odium of the community, by kicking up a most egregious asinine row at the election of Mr. Sheriff Salomons to the dignity of an Alderman. Now we never did see any particular dignity in an Alderman; we only know that an Alderman wears a jack chain round his neck, a blue bed curtain upon his body, and that his stomach is furnished with every kind of filthy eatable that gastronomic art can accommodate to his most filthy appetite. But that there is any dignity in this sort of thing we have yet to learn, and we are therefore by no means prepared to see the farce of the arguments that have been brought against the admission of Salomons to the participation of the honours of the jack chain, the bed curtain and the stuffed stomach. They who fill the position are however especially jealous of its dignities, and for keeping them as exclusive as an English opera audience, which is as select as a party consisting of one old man and two old women.

But, joking aside, we do not see any kind of objection to the election of Salomons. Though he is a Jew, it does not follow that he is an old clothesman, and it is not likely that he will cry out "*Clo*" in the most worshipful Court of Aldermen. It may be all very well to keep the thing quite select, but there is a difference between doing this and

thrusting out pell mell every candidate for the jack chain and bed curtain, upon whom may happen to fall the choice of the citizens.

We do not mean to say, but that they would have a perfect right to exclude Jack Ketch, if he had been returned; and perhaps it is in that light they regard Salomons, for he being a Sheriff, would be obliged to tuck up malefactors at Newgate, if there were no Jack Ketch forthcoming to relieve him from so nasty a responsibility. But, as it is, we think Salomons quite good enough for an Alderman, and when we say that, we are quite sure nobody could accuse us of puffing him.

BREVITIES.

A Stake in the Country.

Lord Brougham has, it appears by the papers, sent in his resignation as a member of the Beef Steak Club. We understand his abhorrence of *steak* is in consequence of his recent disposition to *chop* and *change*.

To and Fro.

Sir Francis Burdett says, he has lately done every thing in his political conduct quite from principle. We believe him, and a precious long way from it too.

The Polite Letter Writer.

Sir Francis Burdett, if he be determined to show that he is in his dotage, seems, by his present mania for scribbling, to be resolved to show that he is a *man of letters*.

Rather Literal.

There are many Members of Parliament who pride themselves on being thought men of letters, but they are, for the most part, men of only *two letters*, namely, *M. P.*

Rather Uncomplimentary.

The Morning Advertiser says that the communication of Mr. Somebody is under consideration. We presume that *under* means in this sense *beneath*.

Coming Up.

Mr. Kingscote, says the *Morning Advertiser*, has gone down to Gloucestershire to canvass his electors. We understand that he don't go down at all.

A Sovereign Remedy.

A proposition has been made for a subscription of one sovereign each person to present a shield to the Duke of Wellington. It is very true, that His Grace is just now rather in want of a shield, for all sides are attacking him; but we hope no one will be disloyal enough to sacrifice his *sovereign* to shield a Tory Ex-premier.

No Great Shakes.

It is rather strange that though the articles in all the journals just now, are full of *agitation*, there is not a piece of writing in any one of them with all its *agitation*, can be said to be any *great shakes*.

A Mare's Nest

Why is Holderness House so called? Because being the residence of the Marquis of Londonderry, *Holderness* House is pretty sure to *hold* a nest of Tories.

THEATRICALS.

The two large houses have been doing what they can to cut each other's throats, and Drury Lane has succeeded in cutting the throat of Covent Garden figuratively speaking) right through the jugular, or, considering

that 'The Jewess' is doing the business, we ought to say right through the *Jew-jular*. Osbaldiston, finding a stuffed pasteboard Barbary courser stowed away in the scene-room, happens to think that that is the only thing necessary for getting up the 'Bronze Horse,' and he accordingly sets to work at it with all the obstinacy and impudence of a brazen donkey. As to the music by Auber, that was entirely mutilated; and, in fact, altogether, there was nothing to recommend the piece but the pasteboard quadruped, and a very noisy triangle in the orchestra. It was given out for repetition amid a severe clash of ginger-beer bottles, and a thunder of wooden-soled shoes, quite worthy of the meanest character of a Covent Garden audience. Power, Kemble, and Co., have all been brought in to help the falling fortunes of this devoted house; but when we consider all that is opposed to it, we do not think it can hold out long against the spirit of other managements.

Young Mathews is going on well at Vestris's, and is confirming the opinion we last week expressed of his abilities.

The state of the drama, at the present day, is such as to call for the most serious interference of those who have any influence over it. The fact is, that the drama is not merely going to the dogs, but it is as clearly going to the very *hounds* as that one and two make up a triad. Every body complains, and nobody suggests a remedy, though we think that there is one to be suggested which has hitherto escaped the sagacity of everybody, ourselves included. We have, however, hit upon it at last, for it came flash into our brain like the brilliance that darts suddenly into a full and agitated gin-glass. Our remedy is one, however, which we now offer to the contemplation of all the London managers, though we very much doubt whether there is any one amongst them will be wise enough to act upon it. Our suggestion is simply this—to close the doors of every theatrical establishment for the next twenty years, and trust to the next generation for that patronage which it does not seem likely to receive at the hands of the present. However, there is yet one other remedy which would answer equally well, if we could only prevail on theatrical proprietors to adopt it. This is to manage their houses with spirit, produce good pieces on a liberal scale, and they may keep open. It is this which keeps open Drury Lane, the Olympic, and the Adelphi. It is this plan which Mr. Braham seems determined to adopt, and which, if we may judge from the *eclat* of the commencement, will ensure him more property than all the other rival establishments put together.

The Standard, at last, has fallen into respectable hands, and is, we understand, to open with a spirited management.

The Lyceum has opened under a new management,—a piece of pleasantry for which we were hardly prepared, even at the hands of the facetious Arnold. This gentleman, however, has been guilty of such very comic proceedings lately, that we scarcely know where his vagaries will stop. The idea of putting the theatre, in its present state, under a new management, was good, and one that certainly called for the speediest adoption; but when all the new management does is to engage the Swiss Brothers, who split themselves up, and break their limbs every evening, for the public amusement—when, we say, this is the only improvement that is observable in the new management, then it is high time to state that we think the old management would have been equally profitable. By the bye, we find they have doubled the admission to the dress boxes, on the strength of the engagement of the Swiss Brothers, and we only wish that these Helvetian relatives will make a striking difference in the receipts of the evening. Our last advices said that the boxes were empty, pit empty, gallery empty, and manager's pockets empty. His head seems long to have been in this predicament.

We understand active preparations are being made for the opening of the King's Theatre, and that Laporte is, with his accustomed activity, busily employed in making his engagements. He is the only man in England who knows how to manage it, and the foolish attempts of the stupid assignees of Chambers to take it from him, deserve castigation. They are all fools, and, what is worse, they all know it.

The following is a copy of the Address, written by Mr. James Smith, Author of "The Rejected Addresses," and spoken by Mrs. Selby on the opening of Mr. Braham's new Theatre:—

"Hovering 'twixt hope and fear I come, in haste,
To know if what you look on meet your taste.
Survey our carving, ponder on our gilding,
And use your hands thus, if you like the building.
You seem well seated in our muses' bowers,
Crowded, perhaps, but that's your fault—not ours.
Those girandoles insure us from the dark,
Medallions Watteau a la Grand Monarque.
Pit comfortable, rounded to a tittle,
And not too large, perhaps to-night too little.
Those tall white ladies, who uphold the frieze,
Are named Car (what?) Car—Caryatides.
Perhaps (if here I'm out suspend your laughter)
So called because they carry roof and rafter.
A petticoat police, on rising salary,
To cry out "Order, order," in the gallery.
We're risen upon you, like a rampant lion,
As Thebes of old was stung up by Amphion.
All's not quite done, we're still in deep committee,
We mean to start a railroad from the City,
With branches well secured by bolts and hooks,
To join St. James's parish to St. Luke's.
Critics may cast that burden from their shoulders,
Railing is now confined to joint-stock holders.
Here ends my tune as trumpeter; what follows
Seems an affair exclusively Apollo's.
That god of song, at sixes and sevens
With mighty Jupiter, who rules the heavens,
Too weak with Jove's red thunderbolts to battle,
Dropp'd down on earth, to 'tend Admetus' cattle:
He "struck the light guitar" for nine long years,
And when call'd upwards, to the House of Peers,—
Take down my words, reporters, while I say 'em,
He left a son on earth, and call'd him Braham.
From infant years he now has tuned his lay,
How well it ill becomes not him to say:
Grant tit-for-tat—excuse my woman's whim—
He gave his voice to you, gives yours to him.
Here, in St. James's, now he wakes his lyre,
And rears an altar to his radiant sire,
Who views, well pleased, this "temple to his praise,"
And gilds our pillars with his parting rays.
Aid then our offering, sanctify our cause,
And grant us, gods, one thunder of applause."

Mrs. Selby, who was dressed in the colours of the theatre, and looked remarkably well, delivered this very clever address with much grace and animation. Its many happy points were caught and responded to by the audience; and the well-turned compliment to the hero of the night was received with peals of applause.

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Satire should like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.—LADY MONTAGUE.

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No. 212.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1835.

Price One Penny



BOXING DAY.

Everybody is well aware of the beauties of what is called *Boxing-day*. It is, as the world well knows, a grand occasion for swindling people out of their money, under the delicious pretext that, because it is the season of festivity, it ought also to be the season of roguery. Everybody wants a Christmas-box, though, if we were asked for such a thing, we should postpone our bounty until the first of January, and give, instead of a Christmas-box, a box on the *y-e-a-r*, which would be far more appropriate. However, though every individual may be pestered in his particular sphere for Christmas-boxes, yet we suspect there is no one who has so good a right to complain as poor John Bull, the general and long-established victim of every description of roguery. Now John

Vol. IV.

has not only to contend with the pertinacities of bellmen, sweeps, lamplighters, sleepy Charlies, and regular dustmen—he has not got to listen merely to the solicitations of the true scavenger, or to the awful importunities of the six-year old proprietor of a Christmas piece, but he has to fight against the awful machinations, and the demands, rather than the solicitations, of all the cormorants of the state, and the whole troop of nasty, dirty, scavenger-like, and nightman-hearted gang of government underlings.

Seymour, upon whom the present festive season acts like the laughing gas upon the human frame, seems to have worked himself up into such an exuberance of fancy, and such a force of satire, that he has drawn a *tableau*, which nothing but his own mind could conceive, nothing but his own pencil could illuminate. He has shewn the mighty Bull—mighty even in his degradation—standing at his door, while he is besieged and importuned by a train of beggarly parsons, soldiers, sailors; each anxious to pick his almost exhausted pocket, and noisily urging the plea of its being the political boxing-day. These persons have succeeded for a series of years in taxing the liberality of John Bull, whose means they nearly exhaust, and then they go back to their haunts to riot in debauchery on that which poor John Bull has earned by industry, and hoarded with frugality. Seymour has, however, with a true touch of holy mother Nature, put into the countenance of the tormented Bull an expression of repugnance to part with what he has got, and he has shewn in his features an evident disinclination to continue much longer an object of their incessant roguery. We have no doubt that by the time the political boxing-day comes round again, they will find John Bull prepared to meet them in a manner rather more suited to the occasion; and he may perhaps be found disposed to make it a *boxing-day* in real earnest. We are quite sure if John would only shew a little wholesome resistance to the besiegers of his pocket, he would find that the attacks would become less and less frequent, for there is nothing like a little determination, when it is necessary, to exterminate an enemy. We hope he will act upon the hint we have given him.

W. Strange, 21, Paternoster Row.

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THE BULL-HEADED BENCH.

Trouncing the magisterial bench is a pastime in which every honest mind must of necessity take a delight, for there is no class of persons who, by their combined folly and tyranny, lay themselves, on all occasions, so completely open to castigation. However, we do think, that never was the bench more thoroughly brought into abject contempt than by the conduct of one of its members the other day, with reference to a petty charge of assault against Mr. Barnett, an actor at the Adelphi, or one of the metropolitan theatres. It seems that there had been some dispute between himself and wife, and it was admitted that no violence had been used; but the wife, in a hasty moment, had charged the husband with the assault, but in her cooler moments did not think of appearing to press for judgment against him. Sir William Curtis, who inherits all the sagacity for which his father was so eminent, finding himself on the bench in his glory, and fancying himself somebody, resolves to have his official fling, and looking as grand as a peacock, with his tail curled, and his crest starched, proceeds to give what the magistrates, when speaking of their own proceedings, call *judgment*, but which is invariably remarkable for its utter want of that quality. Finding nobody to oppose him, and thinking that the only way a little thing may be of importance is by doing something great, whether it be great folly or great mischief, he don't care—so as *great* can be applied at all to the proceeding,—Curtis, we say, loudly pipes such a sentence as would have been ruin to Mr. Barnett, and then struts out of the court as consequentially as a male bantam, amidst the crowing of all the beadles and constables, who hop round the bench, like inferior chickens in the vicinity of a dung-hill.—However, the joke was too good. Mr. Barnett happened to have friends who interfered: if the case had been otherwise, the victim must have been locked up without a word in the House of Correction, ruined and forgotten. But fortunately Mr. Barnett finds a friend to stir in his behalf. The magistrate is brought back: he is made to open the Court again—he is made to walk in again with all the attendant pomp of beadles and constables—he is made to give a fresh sentence, and he struts out again, still under the stupid delirium that he is a person of some consequence. Now, every one but himself knows to the contrary. However, the matter was hushed up in the Court, though we dare say the friends of the parties will take care every thing shall not be quiet out of it.

THE SPANISH AUXILIARIES

We cannot say that we ever had a very exalted opinion of the value of these heroes, whose military enthusiasm was fostered in the Isle of Dogs, off Greenwich, and we must also say that our foreign correspondence from Spain, which is of a most authentic nature, has not been of a kind to raise the force in our humble estimation. Our friend Timothy Gully, who has occasionally dropped us a few lines, does not place his companions in arms in a much more favourable light than we were disposed to regard them in, but we see that the 'Times' correspondent has forwarded dispatches of such a nature, as to place the force in a light, if possible, even more contemptible than that in which we have been in the habit of regarding it. It seems from the Spanish news of the great Thunderer, that every English regiment has a light Spanish corps attached to it, to prevent the auxiliaries being called into action on trifling occasions. This is what we call, in plain language, a devilish cunning idea; for while the English do the whole of the strutting about, the poor Spaniards are forced to do the whole of the fighting. It is all excessively fine to call this sort of thing "saving them from trifling affairs," but we suspect, bayonets and cannon balls are the *trifling affairs* that the English auxiliaries are afraid of. Another grand measure of discipline is, allowing the troops to wear shoes instead of boots, on the plea, poor tender *soles* (or *souls*), that the boots hurt their feet. The fact is, these vagabonds have, for the most part, been in the habit of wearing nothing on their feet at all, and they are completely at sea when introduced to the unaccustomed luxury of decent shoe leather. There are exceptions, and we do not mean to bring the whole corps into contempt. Our ob-

servations only applying to that part of it which would rather face a Carlist than a Sheriff's officer, and has fled from the brink of a cognovit to the point of the bayonet.

TWADDLE FROM FRANCE

Though this country stands pre-eminent above all others for its love of stupid scandal and idle gossip, yet in other lands we sometimes meet with an ardent thirst for the trifling style of twaddle that is so great a characteristic of an English newspaper. Our journals have been copying from those of Paris a little paragraph on the subject of Morey, the accomplice of Fieschi, "who," say the French penny-a-liners, "has got his appetite, dresses himself, and walks about his room." Now, though it may be satisfactory, and even interesting to hear that a public criminal is safe, yet we cannot for the world see how the public can be concerned in the extent of his appetite, or in the fact of his dressing himself, and walking about his chamber. What can it matter to the public, whether Morey eats like a Newfoundland dog, drinks like a fish, or stuffs himself like an Alderman—so as the man is in custody, that is all the public has to do with him. Who cares whether he dresses himself, or prefers to sit all day in his *robe de nuit*, so that the authorities have him all right and tight, what can it signify? then again, who cares whether he walks about his room or chooses to smoke in the chimney corner, so as he don't walk out of his room, the public would be perfectly satisfied. But penny-a-liners must live, in France, as well as in England.

MORE SAGACITY

Last week or so we noticed the absurdity of some fellows meeting in the parish of St. James's, seconding each other's resolutions, and at the same time declaring them to be, in their private opinion, utterly ridiculous. We forget the names of the worthies who then distinguished themselves by this anomalous method of proceeding, but a reference to last week's FIGARO will refresh the reader's memory. This week we have another brilliant specimen of the sagacity of the attendants at public meetings, for a Mr. Ewing comes into the City, red hot from the parish of St. James (the seat, *par excellence*, of all folly), and proposes something or other, which nearly every one present seems to agree in thinking frightfully objectionable. Ewing, of course, persists, in spite of the general objection, and a man named Saunders gets up to second it, saying he thinks it injudicious, and he shall certainly *vote against it*. This merely shews that these people attend public meetings not to do good, but to vote fresh resolutions, and last, though far from least, set their names in the papers as the patriotic dealers in this or that commodity. The fact is, these meetings are, many of them, nothing more or less than indirect advertisements.

CITYANA—No 4

In consequence of the severe illness of our City reporter last week, we were prevented from presenting to our readers the customary intelligence in this department; but to obviate any accident for the future, Lord Copeland has, in the politest manner imaginable, ordered Hobler to convey to us the following:—

"Now, then," thundered forth Copeland, at the same time giving Hobler an officious wink, "Can you," he continued, "inform me what street Mr. Sheriff Salomons thinks of, when he wishes to avoid all conversation on the subject of his late turn out?" As usual, Hobler was at a stand still. "Why, *Alderman-bury*, of course," replied the civic monarch. Hobler swallowed the chair of office, thinking he could be cooled by the horse-air (hair). "Can you inform me, why I am likely to be a longer inhabitant on mother earth than any other being?" enquired the sagacious Copeland of his faithful follower; Hobler ventured to say, "that the cause might be his being taller than anybody else." "Certainly not," replied the head, "but, because I am a man of *Ware* (wear). Hobler impaled himself on the top of the toasting fork, for which rash act he was much *roasted*."

BREVITIES.

A Good Plea

A person was the other day selling beer without a license, and was threatened with an information, under the New Beer Act. "What?" said he, "you can't touch me under the *New Beer Act*, for mine's all *old beer*—so I can laugh at you." The exciseman persevered, and the conviction took place in spite of the retailer's logic.

The End and the Means

Sir Francis Burdett declares, in one of his epistles, that he has but one political end in view. We wish it was his own *political end*, which, by the bye, whether he sees it or not, we can tell him is very fast approaching.

Rather Unreasonable

Mr. Pease has been making a long speech, which nobody seems to have relished. This is quite natural, for *Peas* just now are quite out of season.

A Tap on the Head

It seems that a hair-dresser, named Ravenscroft, lost 900 pounds in the year 1832 by the bishops discontinuing the use of wigs. We were not aware so much was to be got by the bishops altogether, but it is evident that the *wigs* are the most profitable portions of their holinesses.

Striking a Balance

Sir Francis Burdett objects to his being called to account for his conduct. He has decidedly made himself a person of *no account*.

THEATRICAL CRITICS.

We are delighted—the Noodle in *The New Bell's Messenger* very properly feels hurt at the close shaving we have bestowed upon his twaddling and grossly partial theatrical criticism, if such affected rubbish can be dignified by that name. He has also applied an epithet to us for which we are grateful. That he means us, we are certain: the cap fits so exceedingly well, that it never could have been intended for any other head than our own. He calls us "The Bug of the Press!"—"We thank thee, Jew,"—we are the Bug—the veritable Bug. For, is it not our vocation to drain the veins of that most bloated of all insects, HUMBUG? And where does a greater humbug crawl between Heaven and earth than Noodle? Having favoured us with a name, we will quite politely return the compliment. "*The New Bell's Messenger*" shall henceforth be called "*The Weekly Louse, or persevering Prig*." For most assuredly does the louse infest the heads of all the leading Sunday papers. Let but the cranium of THE EXAMINER, or THE SPECTATOR, or THE WEEKLY DISPATCH, or THE SUNDAY TIMES, or any other talented paper, put forth a leading article, or political letter, Louse immediately fastens upon it, and fills up the pages of his own otherwise contemptible journal with its essence; thus most indisputably earning his name of PRIG and LOUSE. The death of Cobbett, and consequent loss of his head, must have been a sad bereavement for the louse: three or four columns from THE POLITICAL REGISTER every Sunday was a pretty decent specimen of priggery. The excellent leaders of *The Examiner*, the political gems of *The Spectator*, the powerful letters of Publicola in *The Dispatch*, which must cost the proprietors of those periodicals considerable sums to obtain, are filched every week by this persevering prig. The Hygeist doctor and his paid-for columns, are another wonderful help for Louse: indeed, but for such assistance, he would very soon be THE WEEKLY LOUSE, and with difficulty skip from Sunday to Sunday. He wishes to know who we are—the information will cheerfully be given at our place of publication. We may, when in the vein, favor our thousands of readers with Noodle's birth, parentage, education (?), character, and behaviour, but as such a document is not published till after a criminal's execution, we shall defer it, till the trial of Louse is over, and he shall have suffered the extreme penalty of our law. For the present, we leave him to get his daily bread in the natural manner of the mean animal to which he is now proved to belong.

THEATRICALS.

The whole town is now on the *qui vive* for the pantomimes: this being the festive and agreeable season of drunken men, turkeys, roast beef, sentimental dustmen, with Christmas copies of verses, and all the other agreeables that are necessary to give a full idea of the general cheerfulness.—At Covent Garden the advertised subject of their pantomime is 'Guy Fawkes, or the Fifth of November;' and from the mean way in which the management has been all along proceeding, we have no doubt that their *Fawkes* will be a regular *Guy*, and such a one as will get a good blowing up from every one. We understand that Osbaldiston himself will play Guy Fawkes; and it is expected that, from his peculiar resources, the managers will be enabled to get hold of the identical ha'porth of matches that was to have sent the whole Parliament to perdition on the night of the original gunpowder treason. We understand that it is the intention of Bunn to give a most awful crush to Covent Garden by bringing out the 'Bronze Horse' in grand style at Christmas, and that he means to play it with 'The Jewess' and the Pantomime; thus giving a concentration of attractions that it will be hopeless of Osbaldiston and Co. to attempt to rival. We believe that every one is determined to support Bunn in his grand and patriotic effort to keep the National Theatre respectable. When the 'Bronze Horse' is done with a strong operatic cast, we should imagine it would not be heard of again at Covent Garden, for there it is nothing more than *Fitzballiana*, with arrangements by Rodwell of about twenty notes of Auber's music, and an extensive inundation of his own.

Mr. Braham's Theatre in King-street, St. James's, opened on Monday, the 14th, but as we could not obtain a comfortable place, we did nothing more in our last than print the *address*, and took time to see and give our opinion upon the performances. The house, which is certainly the most beautiful in Europe, opened with a new opera, called 'Agnes Sorel.' The music is by Mrs. G. a'Beckett, and we are happy to be able to speak of it in terms of the highest praise. It is of that school in which it has been said our native composers are unable to compete with the Italians, but the success of Mrs. a'Beckett's opera, coming close on the heels of that by Mr. Balfe, just proves that we can. In 'Agnes Sorel,' the great fault is the length of some of the pieces, but we are inclined to overlook this in a young, and especially a female composer, for it is the privilege of the fair sex to run on at a greater rate than is always agreeable. It is likewise a fault that can easily be corrected; and we do not feel inclined, by a word of unkind disparagement, to throw a damp on genius which will, we predict, one day accomplish much for the musical reputation of this country. Mr. Braham played and sang with all the spirit of youth; and, in fact, we never hear him without thinking with good-humoured contempt of all the Wilsons and Templetons in existence, for however good they may be in some things, they know as well as everybody knows that they cannot be mentioned in the same breath with Braham. Mr. Barker is a great acquisition: he is the next best tenor in London to his manager, and will one day be a tremendous favourite. Miss Glossop made a most successful *debut*. She is very handsome, with a very fine voice and great musical acquisitions. The other performers all did justice to their parts, particularly Stretton and Miss P. Horton. Two new farces followed, and were completely successful. The papers all seem to agree in saying that never did so many novelties, including the new theatre, give on the same night so much satisfaction.

At the Olympic things have been going on prosperously, though Vestris's indisposition has been somewhat of a drawback to the usual prosperity of the establishment. She has, however, recovered, and so has Liston, and therefore her force is as great now as it ever used to be. The debut of Mr. Charles Mathews has been successfully followed up by his assumption of a part in 'Too Late for Dinner,' which he acted, if without all the finish and experience that Wrench could give it, at least with more talent than any other actor could have brought to bear upon it. On Monday we witnessed a new burletta, called 'Barbers at Court,' from the pen of Mr. Mayhew, we believe; and though extremely good, we do not think

it quite equal to the 'Wandering Minstrel,' which is, we understand, by the same gentleman. It is, however, not of so broad a description, but it is excessively humorous, and gives good scope for the exercise of the abilities of Keeley and Liston. It was, as it well deserved to be, quite successful. The Christmas piece at Vestris's is advertised under the title of the 'Olympic Pic-nic,' and is from the pen of S. Lover, Esq., who has supplanted Mr. Charles Dance, who formerly did the classical doggerel for Madame Vestris. Since his dismissal, Mr. Lover has produced some very pretty burlettas, so that we cannot help thinking the public has gained by the discharge of the former. We have no doubt the 'Olympic Pic-nic' will succeed, and we shall keep our eye upon the Athenæum to detect any illiberality. Dance will know what is meant; but, fortunately for Mr. Lover, if his piece be successful, not all the heavy stupidity of the *Asinæum*, as Balwer has christened it, can affect the success of it.

Preparations seem to be going on in all directions for the Christmas pieces. The Adelphi has announced a spectacle and a pantomime. We have not heard any thing named as in preparation for Mr. Braham's theatre. Possibly there has been no time, but we think a little extra activity would not have been thrown away in keeping pace with the other establishments. Probably the proprietor calculates on his first success, but in theatrical affairs there cannot be too much activity. Mitchell is a first-rate hand at getting up spectacles. We should expect great things from a pantomime under his direction.

At the Adelphi, Selby has produced a new farce, called 'The Widow's Victim.' It has been successful, but is not quite equal to his other productions. Jerrold's new piece, 'Doves in a Cage,' is quite a hit. The scene is laid in the Fleet—we should have thought this rather too confined a field, and one that a dramatist, above all other persons, would instinctively have avoided. He has, however, done a great deal within a very contracted compass. The acting of Mrs. Nisbett and Wrench deserves especial notice. Buckstone's 'Dream at Sea' keeps every one awake, and the proprietor was evidently not *at Sea* when the lucky thought entered his brain of producing it.

The Surrey and Victoria have both advertised pantomimes, and there can be no doubt in the world that the approaching Christmas will be one of the greatest theatrical excitement that has been known since the celebrated boxing-night on which Garrick played Pantaloon to John Kemble's Harlequin.

The Queen's is about to open under Mrs. Nisbett's management. The company seems, as the song says, "*werry respectable*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Strange has published Mr. T. H. Bayly's farce of 'A Gentleman in Difficulties,' uniform with the neat edition of Buckstone's Dramas. We think these publications both excellently got up; and now that the price is reduced, they form the cheapest as well as the best edition of the modern acting drama.

We shall be happy to hear again from "THETA," but to ensure his communication coming to hand he must be good enough to pay the postage.

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